

Washable Fabrics for Summer Sewing

Splendid Qualities at values much out-of-the-ordinary.

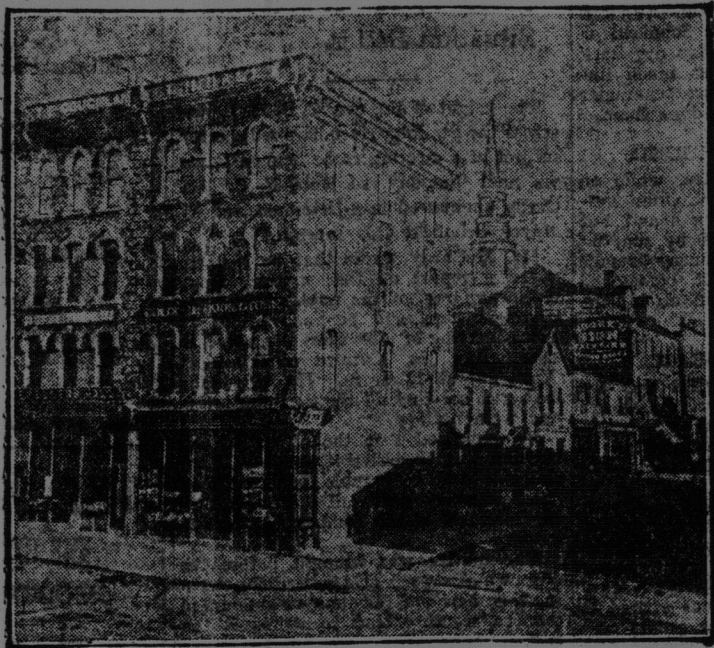
FANCY PRINTED VOILES—For the daintiest of Summer frocks and blouses Sale 55c to \$1.55 yard
PLAIN and CREPE VOILES in many plain colorings. Sale 55c yard
CREPE CLOTH—Fancy stripes, suitable for men's and boys' Shirts and Sleeping Garments; also much used for women's and Children's wear; 33 in. wide. Sale 35c yard
CEPEA SERGES—Showing in light stripes; all perfectly fast colors Sale 55c yard
GALATEAS—Light and dark colors; splendid for garments that get hard wear Sale 29c yard

Fine White Fabrics for children's dresses and graduation frocks. Also heavier white materials for skirts, middies, etc., all very specially reduced.

(Wash Goods Section, Ground Floor.)

Last Call To Our Fifty-Fifth Anniversary Sale

People have responded heartily to our invitation to share in the unusual values announced for ten days only. We thank them all for their appreciation and enthusiasm. After tomorrow night, all Anniversary Sale Prices will be detached and regular costs prevail. This is absolutely your final opportunity to share in the extraordinary values, prepared specially to mark the passing of our fifty-five successful business years in St. John. Every department shares in the out-of-the-ordinary value.



CORNER OF KING AND GERMAIN STREETS
FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

55
Years

55
Years

Be Sure and See These Smart Banded Regulation Sailors. All at One Price

\$3.55 for Friday

This is a big number for the closing day of our Anniversary Sale.

Sailors are in straight, rolled and flat brimmed styles, in plain brown, black, navy, pheasant, henna and grey; also two tone effects.

(Millinery Salon, Second Floor.)

You Will Make a Very Decided Saving by Buying Your Summer Underskirt Now

Here you will find Shot Taffetas in soft desirable qualities and beautiful colorings. The widths are particularly well suited to the present skirt styles.

Sale—\$4.55 to \$9.55

Sateen and Near Silk Taffeta Underskirts in a big variety of Spring colorings.

Sale—\$1.55 and \$1.85

Linen Room Bargains

UNBLEACHED SHEETS, hemmed ready for use. Size 2x2½ yards. Sale \$1.25 to \$1.55 each

FINE GREY COTTON—Sale 10 yards for \$2.45 and \$2.55

WHITE SHAKER FLANNEL—Two qualities. Sale 6 and 7 yards for \$1.55

UNBLEACHED SHEETING—Sale 2½ yards for \$1.55 Sale 5 1-8 yards for \$2.55

STRIPED SHAKER—Two qualities. Sale 7 and 8½ yards for \$1.55

(Linen Room, Ground Floor.)

Have You Seen the Three Big Coat Specials?

If you need a Spring Coat you shouldn't miss seeing these. Made of soft Polo Cloth, in fashionable three-quarter length. Several splendid colors for your choosing.

.. Sale—\$19.55, \$21.55, \$24.55 ..

AFTERNOON DRESSES

\$29.55 and \$32.55

Included in these special groupings are light colors for semi-evening wear and darker colors for street or afternoon uses. Styles are thoroughly up-to-the-minute and feature many new trimming effects. The materials are mostly taffeta, messaline and crepe-de-chine.



(Costume Section, Second Floor.)

Bargains in Cut Glass

This Sale provides an excellent opportunity to select a lovely piece for a Wedding Gift, or for one's own home, and at a price that means an effective saving.

Among the different pieces are:

Water Sets
Cream and Sugar
Vases
Candy Jars
Butter Dishes
Pitchers
Nappies
Compotes



These are only a few of the many. Almost any piece you might want is here.

(Art Department, Germain Street Entrance.)

MEN'S SILK SHIRTS

Extraordinary Value

\$6.55 and \$8.55

Even if you haven't been wearing Silk Shirts, you'll want some this summer.

There is an appearance and tone to them you can't get in any other kind. You ought to make sure you will have what you need while they can be purchased for two such very reasonable prices.

(Men's Furnishings Section, Ground Floor.)



Manchester Roberton Allison Limited
KING STREET GERMAIN STREET MARKET SQUARE

Out With The Tide

(R. H. C. in Manchester Guardian.)

He must keep up. His was no bottom. Yet he kept his nerve, knowing that if he swam straight for the beach he would soon be in his depth again. But the big wave caught him up behind, filling his mouth and his ears so that he struck the water wildly in a panic.

Then he had only kept afloat by the full force of his will, and when he was steady again he found the beach had gone back and the bathers were smaller. He was out among the big waves.

After his first shock he had faintly cried for help, but it had seemed a weak and silly thing to do when only a few strokes would take him to safety. Now he cried out loudly, but he was too far away. He was in the current.

He would have trod water if he had dared, but he dare not. He had never done it before. He might go down. He must not go down. He must keep on moving. . . . moving with all the life that was in him! No other thought glimmered across his wild consciousness.

He who had been so careful in his swimming trials in the shallows was actually out here in the waste of waters, the little insignificant land growing less, the sky above. Once he thought: "I will give up. I will go down. I will not try."

But the buoy—bobbing on the waters, the good black anchored buoy! The current set that way, and if he could get hold of the buoy he would cling there, for hours if must be, in his cold semi-nakedness, until help came. The wind might cut through his thin swimming habit, but he would grip with his legs and with his arms and be saved.

and more cruel than all other things. He hated the monster waves to the depth of his soul. They were out to destroy him! He fought fiercely against them all—the thousands of waves! . . . Perhaps twenty feet of green heaving water divided him from it at the nearest. But he could not get closer and was carried past. He did not give in, for the sight of his solid substance inspired him to a courage beyond himself. He tried to tread water to rest himself for a great effort. Failing, he went down.

He returned choking and fighting. The buoy was some thirty feet off, but he gave it up. He dare not risk the attempt to turn himself round in the current towards it. He might go down again, and at no cost, no cost whatever, would he go down again. It seemed he was in argument with someone on that point and was taking up an immovable position.

His brain burned within the walls of his head like a fire-bell.

He would continue keeping up, making the legs kick out frog-like, torturing the arms in a rhythmic backward sweep for that sole result. He pitted himself with the mind of another for being a cold little thing in agony seeking to ward off the approaching, inscrutable last act of the deep. The joints of the body, like the brain, were burning to an intense flame.

He saw no boats, though perception strained and kept strung, like a fiddle-string. Through it, after he had taken draught after draught from his ebbing strength in crying to the aloof sky, the distant white cliffs came into his consciousness. The current set that way. He had forgotten the beach, forgotten

all but the immeasurable waters around. But when he became aware of the cliffs a dim hope blurred the agony within the brain. He would reach the shore! Swimming still, after swimming so long, he might yet continue, somehow, across that long field of shifting surface, foam-blossoms, and changing lights. His will was stiff to salvation.

He was sure the cliffs stood a little higher, though the gulf between was so vast. Too vast for him? He strained the thought in his painful birth. Salt water was his trouble. Long ago, before he missed the buoy, he rejected it as well as he could. But now the effort cost him too much. He drank the water that filled his mouth. It burned in his throat, but did not deflect him from his wilful course shorewards. He gulped and gulped. The sea could not glut him.

The sun in the braid did not burn towards setting but towards dawn. The cliffs were bolder. They were far away, but they grew.

How immense a thing it was, he thought, to beat the sea! The shadow of exhaustion might rise and fall, but he swam still. Faint and gulping, troubled with strange boundings in the head, he willed that he should endure to his goal.

Sometimes the cliffs were lost a moment in a slight throbbing mist; sometimes his legs would stop moving, but he forced them to labor again. Heavy pains were in his side, but pain he now knew. Pain might rise to sick height, but should never break him. Was it not now half-broken, else why did it rise and wane? Surely God, who was steady in him and soothing him by the waves of restfulness that ever and anon flooded

his being, was for him and not for the sea. God would finally judge all things, and would condemn the cold and cruel sea.

Then there came color; great rose flashes, through which the far-distant shore grew for a moment near. They were Gods assurance that the brave should not die; the brave who endured and conquered the merciless sea. . . . He dipped in the swirl.

. . . Who were mightier than the sea!

That was his thought, his great and crowning triumph, as he rose and fell in the trough of the waves.

THE BRITISH CRISIS.

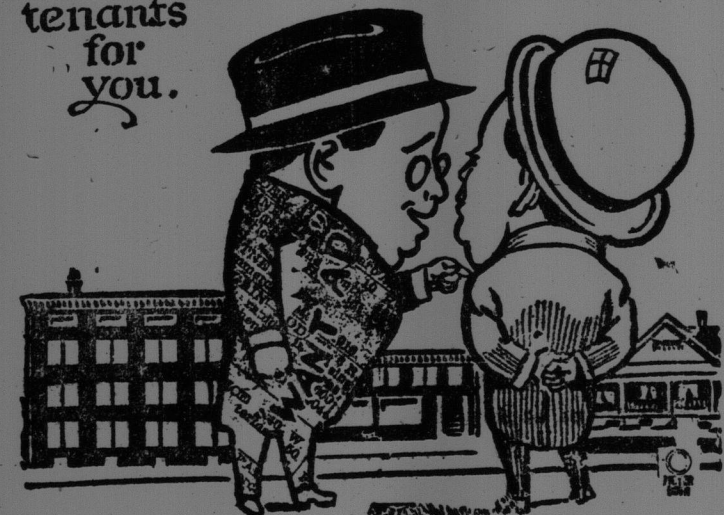
(Hamilton Herald.)

One is forced to the conclusion that this is not a mere fight for the retention of the high war-wages in the coal-mining industry. There is something larger, more sinister and perilous behind. Undoubtedly the extremists among the miners, railway men and transport workers aim at revolution—the overturning of the existing order and the establishment of a new one based more or less on the communist principles of the Third International. The red flag of the social revolution has already been flaunted by the strikers at several points. But how large a proportion of the workers has been infected with communistic doctrines remains to be seen.

Whether that extreme element is strong enough to dominate the situation we shall soon see. If it is, there will be a serious attempt at revolution. But it is quite certain that the great majority of the British people do not desire revolution and would fight rather than submit to the dictation of a group of British Lenines and Trotskys. The attempt could not succeed, but in their attempt the revolutionists might succeed in destroying the elements of British prosperity and plunging the nation into economic ruin.

In shutting down the lid of his wife's trunk, locking it and securing it with ropes and leather straps, for the purpose of making the structure capable of being thrown about in the luggage van, Mr. McSwatt had spent half an hour. "Now," Lohelia, he said, after he had loaded the thing into the cab, "you have just three-quarters of an hour to get to the station and have your trunk checked. Got your ticket handy?" "That's safe enough, Samuel. It's in the bottom of the trunk."

Mr. Landlord, I know many tenants for you.



If your house or flat is vacant rent it through my for rent columns in the

Evening Times Star

Greatest SALE in Years of Pictures Framed Pictures Art Novelties, Etc.

As we are retiring from Retail Business, we are offering our Entire Stock and Fixtures at wonderful **BARGAINS**

Everything Must be Sold by May 1st

Come Early For Best Bargains

SALE STARTS THURSDAY, APRIL 14th

HOYT BROS. ART STORE
47 Germain St.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

On and after May 1st, Mr. John Frodsham will continue at 49 Germain street (just next door) the Picture Framing and the Developing and Printing of Films. The same care and attention will be given to work as given in the past by us and we hope the public will continue the same patronage.