

Millinery Economy

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TRINITY.

BLACK FOX STORY.

It has been said that in the young man's fancies (or hearts) to love. In my case, the present spring thoughts are less sentimental and more north to seals and sealers on the "French Coast" some thirty-eight years ago. It was three years before I reached that nothing, for I had to read about, and write about, the men who lived and died years ago, as given in the Registers, that I some- how I knew them per- sonally. I got myself to believe that some truth in the words of a Physician—that as in- vaders are given the power to live in the far distant

will let it go at that, and the fact, that at the date I was there or there were several years ago, several Newfoundland merchants trading sealers on the "French Coast." Some of those mer- chants were T. Moore of Heart's Cove, James Field, Baxter Crocker, of Carbonear, John and Stephen of Harbour Grace, Ryan of Bonaville. Each had plans for carrying on the season had begun; but I suspect that all had in com- mon, every trader tried his very best to get his schooner on the "French Coast" first in the Spring.

It was wisdom in this, for the winter in the Spring made the sealers with the livers there, and hundreds of dollars worth of their winter catch and fur. There was not a business man among the sealers in the Spring, less than fifty before Jim Holloway had winter quarters, Ryan's schooner at King's Cove had fully equipped, and ready

for the "French Shore." Michael the clerk was sent in the schooner as the financial representative of the firm, with special instructions to buy all the seals and fur between Cape John and Cape Norman; but in no case was he to pay any cash. Those were years of hard times along the "Treaty Coast," and the first trader was hailed with delight by the settlers, who were short of everything—especially tobacco.

In due time Mr. Ryan's Trader reached Engles and in addition to the good business that Michael did there in seals and fur, he got inside information of the whereabouts and ownership of every seal's pelt; and the number and owner and colour of every fox skin along the Shore. From Engles they pushed on through the slack ice, and eventually reached St. Julien's, where, in exchange for goods, they secured every seal and every bit of fur in the place. At the entrance of St. Julien's is a cove known as Celot, where a family of Davises was living, John Davis and his four sons were good furriers, and usually had a good skin or two to tempt the Trader with. Michael learned at St. Julien's that this year they had several skins, and among them one beautiful Black Fox skin. Michael also knew from experience what a hard bargain the Davises could drive; with the Trader who betrayed his anxiety to possess their furs, and he acted accordingly. Michael knew that the Davises were watching him and expecting him to call on them. When, however, he had cleaned up everything at St. Julien's, Michael, who was a clever salesman, but with a limited knowledge of fur—said to the skipper of the schooner: "Holt away on the mainland." The seal was not half way up when, sure enough, four of the Davises were seen coming off in an old punt. Michael pretended that he was in no way interested in them, and he gave the order "Heave away on the windlass, skipper." As the windlass began to operate, old man Davis stood up in the old punt and shouted, and waved his arms like a windmill. "What do you fellows want?" "Oh," Davis said, "we got some fur." "Fur is not worth buying this year," said Michael, and without pretending to

notice Davis, Michael sang out: "Heave away on the windlass, boys."

Michael appeared to be in a great hurry to get away from St. Julien's, and Davis wanted to sell his fur. "Holt away the foresail, skipper," said Michael. "But," said Davis, "Mr. F—are you not going to buy my fur?" "What kind of fur have you got?" asked Michael. Davis replied "We have three yellow foxes and two black ones." "What do you want for them," asked Michael. "I will give you a barrel of flour for the lot." "Oh, no Mr. F,—I can't do that." "All right," said Michael, "Heave away on the windlass, skipper." "Oh, but Mr. F," said Davis, "look at this black fox, he is worth 500." "I don't want it," said Michael, "foxes are no good this year." "Well," said Davis, "give me a barrel of flour and a pound of haccy, and you can have them." "Avast heaving there boys," said Michael to the windlass man, "and give this man a barrel of flour; and here," he said to Davis, "here's your pound of haccy," and off went Davis. Michael was delighted, and so was Davis. Michael thought he had got the better of Davis, and Davis, (for reason that the reader will learn later) knew that he had got the better of Michael.

Michael was very proud of his "Black Fox Skin." He had made a good trading trip, and had got clear of a good deal of old stuff—to use Michael's own words "what they would not otherwise have done." So they bore up for home and got back to King's Cove the first week in June, and after taking on board some seals that had been bought by the agent there, they left for St. John's. Before leaving for St. John's Michael told the owners that he had done a black fox skin at a bargain price. Messrs. Shirran, Pippy, & Co. had always bought their furs, and were good judges of real value, so Michael took the stock to them for examination and to be valued. Mr. Shirran took the skins one by one, and made some careful mental notes. When he came to the black one, he looked at it, smiled and put it on one side. When Mr. Shirran had satisfied himself about the value of the furs, he made his best offer for the pile of reds and silver-grays. The offer was a good one and Michael was satisfied with it. His thoughts, however, were on the black fellow; and he said "All right, Mr. Shirran; and now for the black beauty. What will you give for it?" "Oh," said Mr. Shirran, "we don't want that one Mr. F.—" Michael could not understand this, nor would Mr. Shirran talk about it, other than to repeat what he had already said: "We don't want it Mr. F.—"

Michael admitted that he was young and did not know very much about the technical value of fur. He, however, decided to try to sell it, and he took it to the representative of Messrs.

Ayre & Marshall. He, too, smiled but did not want it. Michael was becoming increasingly puzzled, and after a few more attempts to sell the skin, but with no better success, he took it back to the schooner, with his mind made up to take it back with him to King's Cove. Whilst they were waiting for a fair wind, one of the crew Michael to go on shore and try to sell the Fox Skin, at the same time giving him two and sixpence to get his grog. Some one to whom Patrick showed the skin (acting upon a first-of-April custom of sending the fool farther) told Patrick that the Bishop used to buy black fox skins. With this information Patrick fortified himself and called on the Bishop, produced the skin, and asked his Lordship if he would buy a fine black fox skin. The Bishop examined the skin, looked very cross, and asked Patrick who he was, where he had come from, and who had sent him. Patrick could not remember the name of the man on Water Street who had sent him to the Bishop. His Lordship gave Patrick a severe reprimand, and told him that if he was not had himself, he was the victim of a bad adviser—and Patrick well nigh swooned, when the Bishop told him that he could be prosecuted for trying to sell the skin of a black hound, and representing it (knowingly or unknowingly) as a fox-skin. Patrick was not long in getting back to the schooner, thoroughly ashamed of himself; and it was only when he told Michael what the Bishop had told him about the cat-skin, that Michael realized that old man Davis had intentionally fooled him.

Michael had the good sense to see that he had learned a valuable lesson in the school of experience, so he "took his medicine" like a man, and took the Cat-skin back with him to King's Cove. With the tacit understanding that it was "a fox-skin," he hung it up in the office, where at a distance it looked so fine, that those who saw it there took it for granted that it was a fox-skin all right. In the meantime Michael said nothing, but like "Mr. Micawber," he waited for something to turn up. Something did turn up, too, considerably to Michael's financial benefit—the details of which will be given in next week's items. (For shame, most worthy searber, breaking off like this.—Editor.)

April 22nd—To-morrow, Sunday, St. George's Day, a holy day to-morrow, and a holiday on Monday, St. George the patron Saint of England. "The Dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet."

St. George on horse-back killing the dragon. The old legend and picture so well-known to us years ago, and immortalized by Merrie England, by making it the reverse of the most beautiful gold coin of the Empire. Some years ago when the Bank failures had made people suspicious of Bank payments, a Bank in St. John's began to pay a crowd of sealers the money coming to them, in American gold. The men looked at the coins and refused to take them. They demanded that they be paid in the gold coins with "the galloping horse" on them. The men did not know every- thing; but they knew that meant British gold, and that was good enough.

The women who have been working during Lent for Queen's College, will hold a Sale of their work in the Parish Hall on Monday, April 24th.

The members of the Orange Lodge at Port Rexton, and the members of the United Fishermen of Port Rexton and Trinity East will unite in a Church Parade on St. George's Day, Canon Field taught the Fishermen years ago, to observe this day of attending a Church Service.

The members of the Blackledge Club, Port Rexton, after an intelligent discussion of the subject at one of their regular debates, decided by a fair majority, that Confederation with Canada would be advantageous to Newfoundland.

Answers to Correspondents. "Enquirer." The Cove at Trinity East to which you refer is Pease Cove. (not Pease Cove) It was called Pease Cove because of the abundance of the Pease plants that grew all around its shores in the early days. "Champney"—Yes, Fox Island was fortified by the English in 1711, and garrisoned by the male inhabitants of the place, under Capt. Craive, R. N. Some day I hope to write an article on this Island, and then I will give you more information.

"E.G."—The Engineer on the S.S. Lion when she was lost, was Mr. Aspley. There is a mural tablet to his memory in the Mortuary Chapel, Trinity.

"Medical." There is no reference in the Church Books to the Doctor Gott who once lived in God's Cove. The reference that you have in mind is, I presume in the book of court proceedings, and as such they are officially private.

"Old Timer." Nanny White was the widow of George White the blacksmith. She lived on the Neck, when I was a small boy. The death of her

TO-DAY--AT THE CRESCENT THEATRE--TO-DAY.
"BETTY DONN"
 IN SONG INTERPRETATIONS.
 Miss Donn will sing each afternoon at 4 and each night at 9 o'clock.
 First National Pictures present Constance Talmadge in "GOOD REFERENCES"—8 big reels—8.

Pains After Eating
 Today thousands are afraid to eat because of the pains that follow even a light meal of good and wholesome food. Nester's Syrup, taken after meals, has helped tens of thousands to enjoy their food, and put an end to the pains and miseries of indigestion. Sold in 50c. and \$1.00 bottles at drug stores.

Store Open Every Night. **SUMMERS** "The Store of Greater Service."
 The Store that Gives Big Values
 Patched Oil Clothes, \$3.15 suit. Postage extra, 20c

BOYS' DRESS SHIRTS. Made of soft finish Percale; neat patterns, pointed collar and pocket. Each, \$1.10, \$1.15.	TWEED PANTS. Medium weight Cotton-ade, double stripe pattern; plain bottoms. Each, \$2.00	MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS Made of a neat stripe Percale. Coat style, soft double cuffs. Each, \$1.45
LAWN 95c. Pound.	SATEEN SUIT CASES Brown Leatherette 6 1/2 inches deep, metal corners, leather anchor handle. Each, \$1.90	CREPE 10c.
MEN'S CAPS A large assortment of Caps at a popular price; neat patterns and styles. Each, 75c. 80c.	HAIR BRUSHES 35c. Each.	CHILDREN'S HOSE In Black and Tan; an ideal Stocking for Spring wear. From 20c. to 30c. Pr.
OVERALL PANTS Made of good Blue Denim, a long wearing, comfortable Overall. Pair, \$1.40.	MEN'S NIGHT SHIRTS Nice assortment of patterns. \$2.30 Each.	MEN'S HOSE 25c. Pair.
M. J. SUMMERS, 330 Water Street.		

How dear to my heart
 Are the scenes of my Childhood

THE old home where we spent so many happy days—the games we played with dear old father and mother looking on.
 The old home itself, mellowed with time is still as well preserved as it was in our childhood days.
 Its preservation is due to the surface protection which only good paint can give.

B-H "ENGLISH" PAINT 70% Pure White Lead (Brandram's Genuine B.H.) 30% Pure White Zinc 100% Pure Paint

Unequaled in covering capacity—no other brand can equal its record for permanence. By using this paint of extreme durability your house is protected for years.

B-H "English" Paint's record for surface saving is the result of its guaranteed formula—70% of its base is Brandram's Genuine B.H. White Lead, the world's standard for almost two hundred years, and 30% pure White Zinc. Paint your family home with B-H "English" Paint and it will remain protected.

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IF A BETTER tire than the SILVERTOWN CORD is ever made, it will still be a Silvertown Tire, and Goodrich will make it.

Goodrich Silvertown
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Think of us the next time you think of buying a TIRE, and you will not have to think of buying another for a long time.

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 Hardware Department.

After Ten Long Years of Suffering.

HE SINGS THE PRAISES OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Jules Labrosse, who had Bright's Disease, Gravel, Dropsy and Diabetes. Tells of Benefit he got from Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Papineauville, Lab'le Co., Que. April 21st.—(Special)—After suffering for ten-years from various forms of kidney disease which included Bright's disease, gravel, dropsy and diabetes, Mr. Jules Labrosse, a well known resident here, is now so far recovered that he is singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have rendered me an immense benefit for which I am happy," Mr. Labrosse says in telling his story. "I suffered for ten years and am now very well. I went down in weight to 125 lbs. Now I weigh 160 lbs."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are purely a kidney remedy. Healthy kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood. Pure blood carries new strength to all parts of the body. Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills do not make healthy kidneys.