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ADVERTISERS' NOTE. Circulation audited by A. B. C. Report furnished advertisers on request. London, Ontario, Tuesday, May 31.

THE VERDICT OF YAMASKA.

Mr. Meighen's ramshackle ministry may hold together a little while longer by the simple process of evading the verdict of a general election, but the day when it must inevitably be consigned to the lumber room of discredited cabinets cannot much longer be delayed. Although the Government candidate in York-Sunbury has managed to elbow his way to Ottawa, the result shows that more than 1,500 Conservatives must have changed their viewpoint since the election in 1917. As matters stand, the almost unbroken series of disasters which have overtaken the Meighenites all over the country cause them to hail as a victory anything which postpones for a little longer their Waterloo.

The result in Yamaska demonstrates that their tactics in this direction are meeting with unqualified defeat. Not even the prospect of one of those portfolios, which the Government appears to be ready to hand out to all and sundry, has had the desired effect, and they have had the mortification of discovering that "Yamaska is not for sale." The Liberal candidate's defeat of the Tory nominee by a majority of 1,608 is a verdict so decisive that no Government can afford to ignore it, no matter how anxious they may be to drink the last dregs of power.

The keenness of the electors in casting their ballots is another indication of the intensity of feeling pervading the country at the present time against a government which went into power under false pretences, and clings to that power by similar means. Owing to the taking of the census being a preliminary to the redistribution bill, which the Government is pledged to bring in before the next general election, it is not expected that the people will be afforded an opportunity of expressing their opinion before the beginning of next year. In the meantime, the Government will, no doubt, be supplied with continued proof that the people are impatient for the arrival of the time when they will be able to sweep them from their usurped position just as conclusively as their nominee has been swept aside in Yamaska.

FINDING MARKETS.

Our contentions on the matter of the provincial and federal departments of agriculture devoting more attention to the marketing of the produce of the country finds a sympathetic echo in the position of affairs in the United States, as disclosed in an interview, which the Dearborn Independent has had with Secretary Henry C. Wallace of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. As Mr. Wallace has expressed it, the question is not one of production alone, it is a question of the farmer being able to sell what he produces at a price which will justify him in continuing to produce. At this particular time in the United States prices of practically all farm products are not only far below the actual cost of production, but are relatively much less than the prices of other basic commodities. Prices of many of the larger farm crops are well below the pre-war normal, while almost none of them are above it.

"It is a terrible indictment of our modern civilization," says Mr. Wallace, "when this great country is in the period of what almost might be called economic chaos, because of our great surplus food supply, while across the seas, in both directions, almost half the world is suffering for want of food. Now, as to the present situation, surely the duty of the Department of Agriculture is evident. We should do everything possible to find an outlet for our great food surplus. We should search for ways to produce more cheaply. Our scientific men should try to find new uses for our surplus crops. We should help develop more efficient marketing methods."

This is precisely the position in Canada. Like the products of industry, the products of agriculture are looking for markets. The Young emergency tariff bill makes it more imperative that these markets must be found abroad. A square deal for the farmer, and also for those who handle or use the things which he sells, depends upon finding a new way for distributing the goods, so that they will reach the consumer in the shortest possible time, and at prices which will be equitable to all parties.

Mr. Wallace expresses the opinion that if the farmer were to practice a sound system of business economy, charging a fair interest on the capital invested, both in his farm and his farm equipment, a fair wage for the actual labor expended on the farm, against his receipts for the marketing of his crops, it would be found that he had not received for them enough to cover his actual costs. Therefore, the placing of the great agricultural industry upon a more sound economical basis is a problem which cannot much longer be delayed, if the country is to be saved from irreparable injury.

OVER A COUNTRY WAY.

The different driveways in the country surrounding London have each distinctive charms that leaves pictures in the memory. One of the most beautiful and varied is the one that winds its way to Springbank along the north side of the Thames.

As the roadway follows the curve from Mount Pleasant avenue, leaving the city behind, the wonderful beauty of irregular hill lines, hung in blue-gold mist of sunset, from tree-top to tree-top, enchantingly begins. Someone has said the river has a "song of its own" to sing. It tells of green banks lying far back in the quiet night, and the scent of wild mint drifting out in

a slow vapor, the eternal whisperings of the reeds, and the echo of many bird voices caught in the faint rhythm of its flowing; and it is certain that never had river sweeter cause for song than the gathering of the liquid notes along the lovely, hill-wreathed, hawthorned way to the city's wooded park.

On a particular spring evening, the sun, like an immense ruby, dropped lingeringly behind the green tones of a spring wood of delicate lacework of twigs and new leaves. Very softly the sky caught and kept the tender trail of salmon-pink that the crimson sun left behind as a memory. Over meadow green of field grasses, and dust-powdered slopes of the roadway, pale wreaths of early spring dandelions, lit with the last touch of the sky's radiance, hung like frail balls of frosted silver filigree, and the gold of amber light through young trees held the land in a spell.

What a feeling of "the magic road to anywhere" attends the following of a river's trail! Just at the Wonderland curve, the current is very quiet, and the perfect reflections of tree-deeps lie in pure lights and soft shadows undisturbed. Orchards sweep down in lovely lazy slopes to the water's edge, and through one of these frolicked a tiny black calf, a strange little dark blot in the glowing picture of varying greens. Around barnyards, snowy poultry idled in well-fed content, and under drooping elms, in meadows of just the required beauty of tree-setting, sheep and young lambs took their unconscious part in the making of a picture before which one pauses and wants to linger.

In a quiet gully, a little creek made a tender bit of water-song as it crept softly through thick creases. Above the small slope a low wood of hawthorns stood serene and silent in the sacred privilege of making a bird sanctuary, and for a little time hid the deep brown of the flowing river. Over a great oak woods a flight of blackbirds hovered in indecision, and finally rested like a gloomy cloud over the coral of new-leaved tree-tops. Everywhere on the opposite side of the river, the rolling lines of hills swept up in mysterious half-lights and deep shadows in the coming twilight, and every picture the roadway afforded was perfect but for one man-imposed blight.

Here, where quiet, soft, entrancing pictures hung in the gold of fading sunset, the speed fiend swept in his deadly work of disturbing dust. Just one speeding motor served to cloud the fresh loveliness for more than a mile. To this way of restfulness and beauty the laws of controlling speed should rigidly extend, if for no other reason than to teach the ministry of the gospel of unadorned beauty to unheeding eyes.

THE COST OF A NAVY.

The House of Commons, and, incidentally, the country, had opportunity at the end of the week to learn what it costs to go into the business of having a navy. The war-time navy of this country has just gone to the scrap heap—Rainbow, Niobe, and two submarines—and after the accounts are settled it will be a question if the country doesn't actually pay to get rid of them. The Rainbow has already gone to a Seattle firm for about the price of a Dundas street store, though it cost about a million and a half. The Niobe, costing about the same, has so far realized almost nothing, because the company which bought it for scrap has evidently been trying to get out of its bargain. The two subs, which Sir Richard McBride bought at the opening of the war without warrant from anyone, and which he managed to saddle on this country for a million and a half, have been sold for \$6,000 each.

Some of the members of the House appeared to be critical of the amounts received for these ships. They need expect nothing more, judging by Great Britain's own record of sales of obsolete ships. In 1909-10 Great Britain sold fifteen ships of various types, which originally cost \$19,227,914, and received for them \$676,207. The value of gear removed before selling was \$85,992, which brought the total receipts from the sale to \$762,190. Expenses of the sale reduced this to \$759,408. The percentage of net receipts to first cost was 3.8 per cent. And yet there are people in this country who are working to have Canada go into the business of building up a navy! As if our railroad problem were not already almost enough to bankrupt us, they propose to pour several millions each year into the sewer by building or buying war vessels. The United States has been giving a lot of attention to naval matters during the last few months, and here are the latest figures submitted at their official hearings as to the cost of naval vessels at the present time:

Table with 2 columns: Ship type and cost. Battleship with ammunition \$43,145,000; Battleship, without ammunition \$8,500,000; Aeroplane carrier, 35,000 tons \$28,600,000; Aeroplane carrier, 25,000 tons \$21,600,000; Cruiser, 10,000 tons \$9,900,000; Submarine chaser \$5,900,000; Fleet submarine \$4,000,000; Transport \$4,000,000; Mine-laying submarine \$2,500,000; Destroyer \$2,000,000; Gunboat \$1,100,000.

The Canadian Government of today has no naval policy of any kind with regard to the future. It has scrapped the ships that were purchased a few years ago, and it has accepted a gift from Great Britain of other ships which will cost millions for maintenance, and will likewise be scrapped within a few years. What sort of thing is this going to lead us into? It is time that there was a definite statement as to the policy this country is going to pursue in a day when the nations are talking disarmament.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Yamaska and York-Sunbury have handed the Government "two lovely black eyes."

A big still has been found near Blenheim. The police still think there may still be more stills near this Blenheim still.

The Thorndale milk producers are going to handle their own milk and manufacture their cream into cheese and butter. Good for Thorndale!

The canny farmers of Lobo are no longer pinning their faith to apple-growing. They are going in extensively for the cultivation of the succulent strawberry.

Lady Astor alleges that the British Government is apathetic towards the League of Nations, and declares that sooner or later the women of the United States will get their country into some sort of a league. What about an anti-league league?

The Leipzig war criminal farce still goes merrily on. Ten months' imprisonment for cruelty is considered sufficient for a sergeant, six months in a fortress for a captain. By the time the court reaches a general it will be a week at a summer resort.

On Parliament Hill, Ottawa, there stands an obsolete gun, which, it is proposed, shall not be fired every day at noon, as heretofore. On Parliament Hill, Ottawa, there also stands an obsolete Government. Suppose we fire the Government instead, and fire it for good!

OTHERS' VIEWS

PEOPLE READ ADVERTISEMENTS. [Quebec Telegraph.]

An exchange well remarks that never was there a time when the people were as constant and inveterate readers of newspapers as they are today, and this is especially so in the matter of newspaper advertising. People who a few years ago would hardly look at an advertisement now digest every word of it, and they do it with a purpose. The human mind is broadening and expanding, and becoming more liberal. It demands food, and particularly that class of food that concerns the financial interests of the reader. The advertiser, satisfied in the perusal of advertisements as they appear from day to day in the Telegraph, provided quick action is taken to grasp the money-making opportunities offered. The well-worded advertisement appeals directly to every well-balanced mind. It points the way to economy. And the wise businessman advertises accordingly.

THE LENGTH OF WILLS. [New York Times.]

As the will of the late Chief Justice Hughes contains only a few words, and this has excited comment. Short as the document is, however, anybody except a lawyer would have written—or would have thought he had written—the substance of it in words considerably less numerous.

To the layman the announcement, "This is my last will," would have seemed unnecessary, as that fact was to be made obvious by the will itself, and besides, many a "last will" has one or several successors, as its or their date plainly shows. And why, the critic might ask, use "give, bequeath and devise" when it is followed by "I give, bequeath and devise" would have served? "Complete and perfect" also strikes the uninitiate as pleonastic, and would not "all my rights and property" have been enough, without adding "and natural"? Whether real, personal or mixed, where ever situated? And giving the heir and executrix of the estate "seizin thereof" is something the layman would not have thought of, and something he cannot see any need of doing.

Great lawyers before now have made wills that lawyers not as great succeeded in breaking. Chief Justice White's statement is not likely to suffer the fate, but who shall say that it would not have been as safe if it had contained only fifteen or twenty words instead of 517?

MAN'S POCKETS. [Chicago Journal of Commerce.]

An Eastern contemporary sees the absurdness of the waistcoat—the present leading. It has been retained for years merely because of its pockets. Men are as fond of pockets as women are of silk stockings. They have five pockets in their trousers—two side, two hip and one rear. A man's waistcoat sometimes has five in its waistcoat; and from five to seven in their coats. What does a man do with fifteen pockets? In his coat he carries his pocketbook, let alone the keys, his watch, his handkerchief, toothpicks; in his waistcoat there are pencils, fountain pen, watch nail equipment, emergency medical tablets, chewing gum, odds and ends; in his trousers are loose change, penknife, keys, extra handkerchiefs and glasses. When he loses his waistcoat and its four pockets he is muen put to it to dispose of the essential he carries. Talk about a boy's pockets! A man's carries a larger variety of all sorts of things.

A DANGEROUS PLAYTHING. [Chicago Tribune.]

A pistol has only one purpose. That, to be used against a man. It is not a hunting weapon. Even when used in the practice of being used only to obtain proficiency in its real use, which is to shoot a man. Its valid uses are in war and defence, and criminals do not use it in either, but in attacks upon society. The manufacture of this weapon should be stopped except as the government manufactures. The Federal Government can make all the pistols and revolvers required by the military forces, but the citizens are to possess pistols plainly entitled to a weapon of self-defence.

WOMEN'S TASTE IN BOOKS. [London Daily News.]

We believe a great mass of women read, and read glibly, the sentimental novel, sloop, because the conditions of their life are so severely practical. Probably no man could read how grey and drab and lacking in light and color and incident these lives are. But are we then to say, so long as this is so, that the story, though it be trash, which lightens such days is worthless, and the reader found in it a source of pleasure was reprehensible? The man who says that is a fool or a Pharisee. The true cure for the taste for poor reading is the richer life which will reveal its poverty.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CANADA?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUESTIONS.

- 1-The Posts of the Western Sea was the name given to the chain of trading posts established by the French in Western Canada in the early days.
2-The first lieutenant-governor of Manitoba was A. G. Archibald.
3-Ontario has 82 House of Commons members.
4-Ottawa was the first Canadian city to use electric street cars.
5-The "Beaver" was the first steamship to plow the Pacific Ocean. It sailed from England for British Columbia in 1862.
6-Saskatchewan's population is .941 per square mile.
7-The cabinet or executive council is a committee appointed from the chief legislative body of either the province or the government. This council carries on the actual work of administration.
8-Point Pelee National Park is in Ontario, and was set aside for the protection of birds.
9-The first inhabitants of British Columbia were prospectors, employees of the Hudson's Bay Company traders and pioneer farmers.
10-Canada's two largest copper mines are the "Ansoy" and the "Britannia," both located in the coast range, British Columbia. They are the two largest copper mines in the world.

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

BY OAMILLA KENYON

"In the name of our absent friend, I thank you." In spite of wistful looks from the beautiful youth as we rose from the table, and the allurement of a tropic moon, I remained deprecatingly coughing and Aunt Jane, and immured myself in her stateroom, where I passed an enlightening evening listening to her moans. She showed a faint returning spark of life when I stepped out to murmur that he was Honorable and she understood though not the heir still likely to inherit and perhaps after all Providence.

The unspoken end of Aunt Jane's sentence pursued me into dreams in which an unknown gentleman obligingly broke his neck riding to hounds and left Apollo heir to the title and estates.

CHAPTER III. I Engage the Enemy.

It was fortunate that I slept well in my narrow berth on board the Rufus Smith, for the next day was one of trial. Aunt Jane had recovered what Mr. T. retained deprecatingly coughing behind his hand, alluded to as her seal, and staggered forth wanly, leaning on the arm of Miss Higglesey-Browne. Yes, of Miss Browne, while Mr. T. remained deprecatingly coughing mockingly in the rear with a cushion. Already I had begun to realize how fatally I had underrated the lady of the hyphen, in imagining I had only to come and see and conquer Aunt Jane. The grim and bony one had made way while the sun shone—while I was idling in California, and those criminally supine cousins were allowing Aunt Jane to run about New York at her own will, with Miss Higglesey-Browne had her own collar and tag on Aunt Jane now, while she, so complete was her perversion, fairly hugged her slavery and called it freedom. Yes, she talked of her own emancipation, and her Soul-force and her Individuality, prattling away like a child that has learned its lesson well.

"Mercy, aunt, what long words!" I cried, and I was down beside her and patting her hand. Usually I can do anything when I get her up a bit. But the eye of Miss Higglesey-Browne was on her—and Aunt Jane actually drew a gasp.

"Really, Virginia," she said, feebly endeavoring to rise to the occasion as she knew Miss Browne would have her rise, "really, while it's very nice to see you and all that, still I hope you realize that I have had a—deep Soul-force experience, and that I am no longer to be trifled with, and—treated as if I were—amusing. I am really at a loss to imagine why you came. I wrote you to the rest of the family."

"Friends?" I echoed, aggrievedly. "Friends are all very well, of course, but when you and I have just each other, aunt, I think it is unkind of you to expect me to stay thousands of miles away from you all by myself!"

"But it was you who sent me to New York, and insisted on my staying there!" she cried. Evidently she had been living over her wrongs. "Yes—but how different!" I interrupted hastily. "There were the cousins—of course, I have to spare you sometimes to the rest of the family." Aunt Jane is strong on family feeling, and frequently reproaches me with my lack of it.

But in expecting Aunt Jane to soften at this I was wrong without Miss Higglesey-Browne. A dart from the cold grey eyes galvanized my aunt into a sudden rigid erectness.

"My dear Virginia," she said, with quivering severity, "the respect you that there are ties even dearer than those of blood—soul-affinities, you know, and—in short, in my dear friend Miss Higglesey-Browne I have met the one true friend in my life. Sympathetic Intelligence that understands Me!"

So that was Violet's line! I surveyed the Sympathetic Intelligence with a smug interest. "Really, how nice! And, of course, you feel quite sure that on your side you thoroughly understand—Miss Higglesey-Browne?"

Miss Browne's hair was rather like a clothes-horse in her mildest moods. In her rising wrath it seemed to quiver like a lion's mane.

"Miss Harding," she said, in the chest-thones she reserved for critical moments, "and a nature impatient to deceive, because itself incapable of deception. Miss Harding and I first met on this present plane—in an atmosphere unusually favorable to soul-revelation. I knew at once that here was the appointed center of my life. Miss Harding there was the immediate recognition of a complementary spiritual force."

"It's perfectly true, Virginia," exclaimed Aunt Jane, leaning to cry. "You and Susan and everybody have always treated me as if I were a child and didn't know what I wanted, when the fact is I always have known perfectly well!" The last words issued in a wail from the depths of her head-kerchief.

"You mean, I suppose," I exploded, "that what you have always wanted was to go off on this perfectly crazy scheme of coming to my treasure?" There, now I had gone and done it. Of course, it was my red hair.

"Jane," muttered Miss Higglesey-Browne in deep and awful tones, "do you or do you not realize how strangely prophetic were the warnings I gave you from the first—that if you revealed our plans malignant Influences would be brought to bear? Be strong, Jane—cling to the Dynamic Thought."

"I'm clinging to Aunt Jane, dabbling away her tears. I never saw anyone get so pink about the eyes and nose at the smallest sign of weeping, and yet she is always doing it. 'Really, Virginia,' she broke out in a whimper. 'It is not kind to say, I suppose, but I would just as soon you hadn't come. Just when I was learning to expand my individuality—and then you come and somehow make it seem so much more difficult.' I rose. 'Very well, Aunt Jane!' I said coolly. 'Expand all you like. When you get to the bursting point I'll do my best to save the pieces. For the present, I suppose I had better leave you to company so much more favorable to your soul development.' And I walked away with my head in the air.

occasion of Prince Hirohito's visit was guilty of a serious faux pas. When the lord mayor arrives at the Guildhall in full state, with mace-bearer, sword-bearer, city marshal, and many other attendants, it is customary for what-ever band is performing in the gallery to play the march from "Scipio." I have never known any departure from this practice. Today, however, the band went on steadily playing the music which it had begun some minutes before the lord mayor and crown prince of Japan appeared. The music was that of "Chu Chin Chow," and the mayor's party advanced to the dais to the accompanying strains of the March of the Robbers!

Wednesday Morning BARGAINS IN MEN'S STORE

Silk-Finish Wash Neckwear, in light and dark colors; regular \$1.00 49c. Men's Cotton Bathing Suits, navy blue, contrasting trimmings, all sizes; regular \$1.50 98c. Boys' Khaki Overalls, with bib and brace, sizes 16 and 16 1/2 only; regular \$1.25 and \$1.50 69c. Boys' Dark Print Shirts, sizes 12 and 12 1/2 only; also 6 and 7 sizes in blouses 45c. Men's \$1.00 and \$1.25 Lisle Web Suspenders, horsehide ends, for 59c.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Men's Fine Homespun and Palm Beach Two-Piece Suits, in greys and tans, smart patterns, fine qualities, made and well made; regular \$26.50, \$28.00, \$30.00 \$19.00.

Men's Toyo Panama Hats, in Alpine and negligee shapes; values \$2.50 to \$4.00 \$1.65. Men's Cotton Lisle Socks, in black, blue and grey colors, all sizes... 4 for \$1.00.

Boys' White Cotton Jerseys, some with colored trimming; sizes 20 to 32, 30c. Men's Black Sateen Work Shirts, splendid cut, extra quality, \$1.50 98c. Painters' White Duck Overalls, with bib and braces, good strong cloth. \$1.05.

Men's White Lawn Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, Irish make, good size. \$1.25. Dozen On sale \$1.05.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Men's White Duck Pants, good cloth, well tailored, with cuff bottoms, men's and youths' sizes, 28 to 44; also a few cream drill pants in odd sizes. On sale \$1.98.

\$28.00

Another and last lot of those Pure Wool Grey Worsted Suits, smart three-button sack coat styles, fine wool lining and splendid tailoring; sizes for Wednesday morning 36 to 46; value \$45.00.

R. J. Young & Co.

R. J. YOUNG & CO.

Wednesday Morning Specials

Merchandise at Tempting Prices

READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR.

22 only Women's Poplin Walking Skirts, in taupe and grey, made with pockets, trimmed with fancy pearl buttons; size 25 to 28 bands; regular \$5.50. Wednesday morning \$2.98.

Pleated and Box-Pleated Serge Skirts, one rack of these all-wool Botany serge skirts, navy blue and black, in four styles of pleated and box-pleated designs; size 25 to 30 inch bands \$5.95.

White Gabardine Wash Skirts, made with pockets and separate belt; size 25 to 30 bands. Wednesday morning \$4.50.

Shot Taffeta Silk Petticoats, in best quality of shot taffeta, 12-inch flounce, pleated and tucked, in shades of blue, brown, green, purple and grey; regular \$8.50 and \$10.00. For \$4.95.

10 DOZEN CHILDREN'S PLAY DRESSES. 10 DOZEN CHILDREN'S ROMPERS. Sizes 2 to 6 years, good quality American percales; colors of pink, rose, sky, blue, mid blue and navy; neck edged with braid; trimmed with hemstitching and buttons. Wednesday morning 69c. In plain and striped percale, size 1 to 2 years; colors of pink, marine blue and blue and white stripes; belt edged with white. Wednesday morning 69c.

Six pieces Printed Cotton Challie, in beautiful designs on light grounds, 36 inches wide. For \$2.9c.

Bleached Sheeting in ends of 2 1/2 to 5 yards; regular 75c and \$1.00. For 59c.

Ends of White Cotton, 2 to 7 yards. Wednesday morning for, per yard 19c.

68-inch Full-Bleached Table Damask, beautiful design, \$2.00 quality, for \$1.39.

54-inch Full-Bleached Damask for \$1.75c.

One table of Colored Cotton Voiles, in lengths of 1 1/2 to 6 yards; snaps. Per yard .76c.

All-Linen Toweling, red border, for 25c.

Wednesday Millinery Specials.

Two dozen Untrimmed Shapes, all shades, for 98c. Two dozen Trimmed, ready to wear. \$1.49. Also complete showing of Summer Millinery.

Children's Ribbed Hose, in white and brown and black; sizes 6 to 9; four pairs \$1.00.

Women's Lisle Hose, in brown, black and white; sizes 8 1/2, 9 and 9 1/2. For 2 pairs, 75c. Wednesday 89c.

10 Pink Bloomers, women's size. Special \$3.5c. Women's Combinations, sizes 36 and 38. For 75c.

Women's O. S. Vests, short sleeve or strap 69c. Silk Camisoles, in white; regular \$2.00. Wednesday morning for \$1.50.

25 pairs Corsets, special quality, sizes 20 to 26. For \$1.69.

One counter Dress Goods, in Serges, Poplins, Satin Cloth and Checks, in all-wool and union, 40 to 46 inches; in navy, brown and green. Wednesday morning 98c.

R. J. Young & Co.