

Exceptional Values for Your Money

Is what you get here on Friday and Saturday.

If you have so far missed your chance at these unusual offerings, don't delay any longer but come at once and see what remarkable purchasing power we have crowded into every dollar.

GOLD POCKET KNIVES.

1 doz. only Boys' Gold Plated Pocket Knives, guaranteed for 10 years. Regular Price 48c. each. Friday and Saturday, 40c. each.

MESH BAGS.

20 doz. Chain Mesh Bags, suitable for birthday presents. Regular Prices 45c. to \$2.00 each. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

TOOTH BRUSHES.

We have a big assortment of Tooth Brushes, one of the largest in the city, ranging in price from 17c. to 35c. each. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

CORTICELLI WOOL.

10 boxes only Corticelli Wool for knitting jerseys, sweaters, coats, etc.; shades of Golf Green, Brown, Black, Gendarme, Beryl, Jade, Doe and Begonia. Regular Price 40c. ball. Friday and Saturday, 38c. ball.

BONE KNITTING PINS.

A long felt want supplied. We have a large assortment in stock; assorted sizes for knitting sweaters. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

ALUMINUM BROOCHES.

3 doz. Aluminum Bar Brooches, newest Brooch on the market, guaranteed not to change color. Regular Price \$1.70 each. Friday and Saturday, \$1.55 each.

HAIR BRUSHES.

3 doz. only White Back Hair Brushes, good bristles. Regular Price 42c. each. Friday and Saturday, 39c. each.

COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM.

10 gross Colgate's Dental Cream, the best on the market. Still selling at old prices. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

DO WE NEED TO GUARD AGAINST TOO MUCH SAFETY?



There is something that I want very much to say to-day and yet am almost afraid to say. Suppose I put it in the form of a question—Don't you think there can be such a thing as too much of the safety first spirit?

We have been carried along in the last few years on a high wave of this safety first idea. We have been urged to guard ourselves from this infection and that germ, to clean our teeth with antiseptic tooth pastes half a dozen times a day, and wash our hands with antiseptic soaps before we touch food, and sterilize the slightest cut, and spray our throats against the germ that lurks in our neighbor's sneeze, until it seems to us as if we may perhaps be in danger of putting too much attention on the whole subject of health, and need a safety first movement away from that.

Too Much Prevention.
True, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, but it seems as if some people used at least a pound of prevention to save them from the chance of having to use a pound of cure.

Many doctors feel that a large percent of indigestion is caused by nothing except too much thought as to whether this or that is going to agree with one. Wonderful cures have been wrought by getting the patient to stop thinking so much about his digestive processes and let them work in the peaceful unconscious way Nature meant them to.

Of course no one would advise that the simple laws of health should be neglected. One comes back in this, as in everything, to the old Greek motto—"Nothing in Excess." In other words, don't let the wave of safety first publicity carry you too far, don't get an obsession on the subject—or, like the man who got one devil out only to make room for seven more, your last state will be worse than your first.

Household Notes.

How About Your Childhood?
The feeling has been growing in me for some time, but the thing that crystallized it was reading in a safety first article that 25 per cent of all slight cuts became infected. Is it possible that that is not an exaggeration? Would it be possible for any statistician to really know about anything like that?

When you wish to dry your hair in the sun after a shampoo, pull it through a crownless broad-brimmed hat. Medium-weight Turkish toweling is excellent used for dishcloths. It is more expensive, but worth the difference.

An excellent hair shampoo may be made by saving small scraps of white soap and melting them to a jelly. Flour and sugar sacks are well worth saving; they may be used for dish towels, breadcloths and cheese-bags.

Perhaps there are holes in your tinted walls. Fill them with plaster of paris mixed with a little coloring matter. Protect the edges of your knives by a pocket arrangement. Silver should never be simply thrown into a drawer.

Cut up left-over cooked carrots, turnips and beets. Mix with celery and French dressing, and serve with cold meat. Cook turnips in unsalted water until transparent. They will be coarse and indigestible if cooked in salted water.

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A Few Laughs.

Mrs. Knicker—"Have you had a busy week?"
Mrs. Bocker—"Rather; I've had two husbands, three landlords, and four cooks."

Bridget O'Flynn—"Toimes have changed, indade."
Nora O'Toole—"Tis true fur yes! O! used to cook fur women that O! wouldn't play bridge wid nowadays."

"How unworthy I am of you, dear," he murmured as he held her close.
"Oh, Fred," she sighed, "if you and father only agreed on everything the way you do on that, how happy we would be."

"Isn't Miss Priscilla Knowitall a professor in that girls' college any more?" "Oh, no; she's gone way up in the world since she was there. She's getting a cook's pay now."

"Any malaria around here?" inquired the stranger. "I dunno," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop, very cautiously. "Did you come prepared with any special medicine for it?"

Each time a preserve jar is emptied, wash, scald, put on its lid and return to the preserve closet ready for use.

DISEASES AND REMEDIES.



I've tried all kinds of remedies which are supposed to cure disease, and there are some which give relief from anguish, faintness, pain and grief. Pills will drive away the pain, and leave you feeling safe and sane, but only for a while, be sure! There is relief, but there's no cure. The dark green pains will all come back and make your weary sinews crack, and smoking, slide along your bones until you fill the night with groans. Beware the pills, whatever their hue, the green, the purple or the blue, which lull you for a little while, and seem to urge a hopeful smile. For when the aches come back again, as they will come to pillfed men, they'll climb your tendons and your thews, and they'll have spikes upon their shoes. There's but one cure for fleshly ills, and that cure's not disguised as pills. The Good Book tells of one old gent who 'neath his maladies was bent; he often to the doctors stept, "and with his fathers then he slept." And that's the only cure I know for all life's miseries and woes; just cast away the juice of squills, the porous

plasters and the pills, the trusses and the liver pads, and go and slumber with your dads.

Newfoundland's Political Merry-Go-Round.

A correspondent from the codfish zone writes: "If Canada wants an Irish problem all she has to do is to get Newfoundland into Confederation. The political dog days down here last the year round." This was meant by way of commentary on the latest political embroglio in the most ancient colony, which involves His Excellency the Governor, Sir Charles Alexander Harris, K.C.M., and his chief adviser, Hon. Richard Anderson Squires.

The Prime Minister is, comparatively speaking, a new comer in office, having defeated the Cashin regime at the polls some months ago. It appears that there were demands in Hon. Mr. Squires' political fold that the conduct of the members of the preceding Government should be investigated. When the Governor was approached on the matter, he remarked, no doubt in bitterness of soul, that from his knowledge of political conditions in Newfoundland during the past two or three years he would consider it disastrous to the interests of that country abroad if such an enquiry into the conduct of some of his late advisers were held.

This remark was necessarily confidential, but the Prime Minister did not seem to appreciate that governmental principle and later, when speaking on a public platform, cited the Governor's words in support of a diatribe of his own against his political opponents. Following the amenities of Newfoundland politics his veracity was questioned and he followed up his speech with an affidavit giving the Governor's words in greater detail. His Excellency is therefore placed in a pretty predicament, although he has so far chosen to ignore the matter. Since he only mentioned "some of his late advisers" the demand is made that he give names and separate the sheep from the goats. Then the question is raised, why, if he was convinced of the sinister nature of some of these late advisers, did he not invoke the Crown prerogative to dismiss them from office? Newfoundlanders are sticklers for constitutional points, and they carry the argument even further. For instance, a Cabinet (it is argued), is one and indivisible, and one Cabinet Minister is responsible for the acts of all so long as he remains a member of the ministry; ergo, all members of the Cashin Government are

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guilty of conduct that would be disastrous to Newfoundland's reputation abroad if ventilated. And so the argument goes on ad infinitum. It would appear that His Excellency, who was obviously actuated by a desire to end the carnival of political recrimination which has been in progress for some years, by suggesting that the Prime Minister lay-by-gones be by-gones, has unintentionally got himself inextricably mixed up in a partizan affray, and will be a storm centre until the next political mare's nest is discovered.—Saturday Night, Toronto.

Dasher—"This parcel-post package is being delivered in unusually quick time. How do you account for it?"
Mail-Carrier—"The department thought it contained a time-bomb, sir."

A story is told that Mr. Rockefeller was once asked by a lady why he did not get Sargent to paint his portrait. "Oh, no," was Mr. Rockefeller's reply. "It would spoil my record." "Record?" "What record?" "Well, I've never been done in oils yet," answered the famous oil king.

Wor—"smooth one small cream cheese. Beat into it French dressing to which a little onion juice and chopped parsley have been added. A delicious dressing."

THERE ARE ALSO SIGNS THAT LEAD TO BEANING.

