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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

ONE COMPENSATION FOR THE H.C.L.

What a wonderful time we do live in!

Here are three little tokens of that fact that came to me within a few days of each other.

I picked up my newspaper and saw headlines across the page to the effect that mysterious wireless messages had been received all over the country and that it was thought possible that Mars was trying to signal us.

Another morning I saw an item quoting Sir Oliver Lodge. This famous scientist declared that the next great discovery would be a way to release the force that holds the atoms together. So inconceivably great is this force, he declared that if it could be released, the force that holds an atom of matter together would be sufficient to raise the German fleet that lies at the bottom of the Scapa Flow and put it on top of the Scottish mountains.

He Hopes It Will Not Be Discovered Yet.

Of course you may say that neither of these items represents anything tangible that has really come to pass. One is a vague conjecture, the other a prophecy about something that may never come to pass. Sir Oliver Lodge himself says he hopes the discovery will not be made until the world is more civilised and able to use it more wisely than at present.

But before you say that, choose a wonderful age to live in, consider the light of a third.

Passengers Watch Clouds Instead of Waves.

The third was not a printed item, but a picture of the cabin of a transatlantic airship. It was beautifully fitted up with wicker chairs, in which the passengers are evidently reclining at ease while through the windows they observe the clouds as once upon a time we observed the waves.

And this isn't a vague conjecture or a prophecy—it's a fact!

Yet 20 years ago would not the suggestion that people would soon be crossing the Atlantic in the air, have been considered just about as preposterous as a message from Mars holding the atoms together?

Yesterday's Miracle.

Only 10 years ago I went to the

first air meet that was held in my part of the country, and I remember the awe and thrill we felt when the first machine rose feebly from the ground.

And 20 years ago, Darius Green and his Flying Machine was a humorous recitation beloved of all schoolboys.

In the light of what 20 years ago thought of to-day's miracle, are you not afraid to declare anything impossible in the next 20 years?

A Doctor Peer.

Before streaks of silver began to change the Prime Minister's locks, Sir Bertrand Dawson, one of the new peers, was occasionally mistaken for Mr. Lloyd George.

The King's physician, Sir Bertrand did some wonderful work as head of the medical staff on the Western front.

The story of his marriage to a daughter of Sir William Yarrow, the famous shipbuilder, provides a charming romance. Regarded as "a coming man" in his profession, he was taken by the family on a yachting cruise for the benefit of Miss Yarrow's health.

The end of that cruise has been succinctly summed up in these words: "The daughter regained her health, but the doctor succumbed—to the daughter."

Coughs and Colds.

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AWAY FROM THE WORLD.

It's good for a fellow to walk away from the busy world and the busy day.

It's good for him now and then to turn from the crowded streets, where there's gold to earn, and spend some time in a quiet zone and be for a little while alone.

It's good for a man to take his ease in the shade of the wise and ancient trees;

To lie by a stream that has danced along since the world began with its right and wrong, and spend some time with the constant things

That has outlived empires and crowns and kings.

It is good for a man when the spring comes back,

To get away from the beaten track, To quit the hurry and fret and grind Of the daily tasks, and rest his mind In the fields and woods, where the air is clean,

And ponder awhile on what has been.

So when spring returns and the trees awake And the streams the shackles of winter break.

It is good for a man to leave the crowd And turn from the eager and rich and proud, To walk alone where the skies are fair— For he shall strengthen his faith out there.

Millionaire Humorist.

In private life John D. Rockefeller, who has broken all donation records by his latest gift of \$25,000,000 to American institutions, is by no means the morose recluse he is sometimes thought to be.

He is a man of careless, cheerful, and humorous demeanour.

His pet aversion is having his portrait taken. "I wonder you don't get Sargent or Abbey to paint your portrait," suggested a lady. "John D." smiled.

"Oh, no madam," he said. "That would never do. You see, I have never yet been done in oil, and I don't want to spoil the record."

We have been using MINARD'S LINIMENT in our home for a number of years and use no other Liniment but MINARD'S, and we can recommend it highly for sprains, bruises, pains or tightness of the chest, soreness of the throat, headache or anything of that sort. We will not be without it one single day, for we get a new bottle before the other is all used. I can recommend it highly to anyone.

JOHN WALKFIELD.
 LaHave Islands, Lunenburg Co., N.S.

THE FUNERAL.



When Jimson died (we miss him vastly, whose face we never again shall see) we made his funeral more ghastly than any human rite should be. The pastor's talk was long and dismal, and fraught with morals stale and trite; he spoke about the void abyssal, more than he spoke of morning light. And while the clergyman was droning, and filling all our souls with dread, a lot of socks kept on meaning as though they hoped to raise the dead. And then the choir sang dreary dirges, in voices wet with useless tears, till we could hear the wailing surges of Death's cold river, in our ears. No hope inspiring hymn they lifted, but dirges full of maudlin whines, and women wet and strong men wilted, and felt pink gooseflesh down their spines. Oh, when I die, and folks assemble, to see that I am planted right, let no man spiel, with voice a-tremble, about my sins or virtues bright. What man may say will cut no figure when I have met the common fate, and I step up, with pep and vigor, to dodge old Peter at his gate. No, let the urbane undertaker get busy, like a dead game sport, and take me to the churchyard acre, with all the briny stuff cut short.

At the Big Food Depot.

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 QUEEN STREET.

Titled Lady Mohammedan.

The spirit of adventure in the Dunmore Murders that led the late earl into Christian Science and helped the present peer to win the Victoria Cross, shows itself also in Lady Evelyn Cobbold, Lord Dunmore's eldest sister. Married to a wealthy Suffolk man with a beautiful home that more or less dominates Ipswich, with two daughters, who wedded young and satisfactorily, and a son who in son-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire, Lady Evelyn seems more and more inclined to escape from the shackles of English social life and habits. She became a Mohammedan some time ago, it is understood, and she is going to Morocco soon for a visit that will be of a more intimate character than the ordinary tourist's trip. Believing that to get the full flavour of life in an Eastern country you must live as the

natives do, the intrepid Scotswoman will reside in a tent. She is well known and greatly respected in Morocco.

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The World's Biggest Choir.

Facts About the Royal Choral Society.

The Royal Choral Society has just over a thousand members, and is thus the largest as well as the most important choir in the world.

This famous choir used to be known simply as the Royal Albert Hall Choir, owing to the fact that its concerts were always given in that magnificent building. However, a few years ago the King, who is its patron, commanded that it should be renamed the Royal Choral Society.

The Duke of Connaught is the Society's president, and Sir Frederick Bridge is leader of the choir. Mr. H. L. Balfour is its organist, and few musicians can control the Albert Hall's gigantic instrument as he does.

The immortal composer of "Faust" founded the choir in 1871. Then, after Gounod relinquished the leadership, the baton was taken over by the late Sir Joseph Barnby, the composer of many beautiful songs and works, who gave up a £3,000 a year post in order to have the honour of conducting the Royal Choral Society.

During Sir Joseph Barnby's leadership, Sir John Stainer presided at the organ, and his son, Dr. Stainer, is the husband of the present leader's youngest daughter. Sir Frederick Bridge became leader of the choir about seventeen years ago.

Each member of the choir receives a free ticket for all concerts and a pass that admits a friend to rehearsals. The members are not paid, and it is considered a great honour to be accepted by this charmed choral circle after having passed the stiff sight-reading and singing tests held by Sir Frederick Bridge.

Every Monday evening during the season a rehearsal is held at the Albert Hall, and it is then that Sir Frederick Bridge gives vent to his humorous sallies.

One evening, during a rehearsal of the oratorio, "Israel," a number of members' friends in the stalls were fidgeting and disturbing Sir Frederick.

He turned round once or twice and looked reprovingly at the offenders, but still they rustled and chattered. Then Sir Frederick stopped again and looked in the direction with a severe frown. At that the disturbers of his peace got up and walked towards an exit.

"Now," said Sir Frederick, tapping his desk with his baton, "let us start again at the line: 'And Israel was glad at their departing!'"

A delightful illustration of his humour is provided by a parody of the famous ballad, "Sally in our Alley," which he wrote and called "Lobby in our Abbey." He sang it at a choir dinner in 1902. The parody was written when Mr. Labouchere, the well-known journalist and editor of "Truth," lived in a house near Westminster Abbey. The last verse was as follows:—

The Ministers and members all
 Made game of truthful Lobby,
 Though but for him 'tis said they'd be
 A sleepy set and flabby.

And when their seven long years
 are out
 They hope to bury Lobby;
 Ah! then how peacefully he'll lie,
 But not in our Abbey.

A picturesque feature of the Royal Choral Society is that on concert nights each lady member wears a wide silk sash across her shoulder. Those on the right of the organ wear bright blue from the left shoulder; those on the left, bright red from the right shoulder. These sashes are worn thus in order to form a huge V in honor of Queen Victoria.

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By Gene Byrnes

