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biliousness, head- | thartics like Calomel, Salts, sickening enstipation so Oil or cramping Pills, To-night take Cascarets and get rid of the bowel inconveni- and liver poison which is keeping There is no griping and none you miserable and sick. Cascarets

Home, Sweet Home

A wanderer stood in the darkened street, looking through the

The man was John Howard Payne, and the song is "Home,

You may RE-CREATE in your own home this immortal song

window at a happy family within. The scene pictured the longing

The man slipped away unseen, and one day wrote a song—the song of his sort. And this song became immortal; the most beautiful

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If you love REAL music, ask for a copy of the beautiful book "Edison and Music;" and "What the Critics say," the booklet that proves Edison superiority.

"Home, Sweet Home," "Swance River," "Kathleen Mavourneen,"

and pathetic heart-song that the world has ever known.

in his soul for the home he did not have.

rand Old Traditions of the Press.

resenting Forces of Energy and ed Ruttley and Andrus struck down cussion and in anticipation of an un-Gravity.

grs, are many traditions which their writings had weight accordingly. Paper came out of a Friday. Mid- and then the real fun commenced.

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ORK ding, Duckworth t), on

er 17th. er 6 p.m.), 75c. ohn Browning at

<u> ଅତାତାତାତାତାତା</u>

ine," Women.

ES FOR LADIES pleasure that we Footwear for the

to the ordinary

ery store, where workshops of one

en's Shoes. the Fall models, e in showing our r that will be in

OOD, 220 Water St. 00000000

ng Telegral

Fred. V. Chesman,

Spect Home."

Z you own

Sc. John's, Nfld.

minutes and said that he couldn't rewas very serious business, as if that trials, in addition, I reached the conusion that the Press was in a class

of bodily ailments by a kind of laying munity a diverse collection of those later days the editor's individuality as those who permanently posed as as an apprentice I endeavored to be has become impersonal. Largely be- complete nervous wrocks, and as op- thorough. I hastened to place two craft of the Press may rightly cause the editor does not own his erations for the relief of appendicitia bricks, for bricks were the usual that in many respects it stands paper, or rather the journal for which had as yet not become popular or form of door holder, as we did not bull differing from all other pro- he writes. In the days when he was expensive, the pair had many applica- enjoy using boiler plate base, solid in that it combines the liter the proprietor, to a very much larger tions. By common consent the old lead, from the Central Press Agency. the mechanical. In the cen- extent than now, especially in con- reliable linseed meal poultice, the Placing the bricks I burried back to nection with papers in the larger cen- stand-by for all internal ills, was laid the scene of carnage. Mr. Romaine was evolved and has struggled tres, his work and worth stood out in on the shelf while the new cult was had hold of the intruder by the lapels mition, it has passed through the community as a driving and dir- given a chance to show itself. The of the pounce-colored coat and was influiation. And having now ecting power. He was inferred to practitioners had got a few days' dragging him about the room in an fulfilment of usefulness have gained his grasp of a field of start, and were doing nicely, thank effort to steer him through the doorrightly claim that indeed the thought as the result of tribulation you, when Mr. Romaine, of whom I way. The couple knocked over the and much burning of the midnight oil. have previously written, came home other chair, upset a small book-stand is mighter than the bout where he lived and printed his from a trip to Montreal. He hated a filled with Government reports and tionce other attributes press for paper and published his opinions such fakir and a sham, and pitched into the other priceless literature. The tall once other accepted as almost infallible by clique in a column of acuble-leaded man was remonstrating with utterminon. Consider the same a large section of readers. That day bourgoise, with what was, for the time ances of "see here," "hold on a to influence must have tradit- has passed, but it was a vital matter and situation, a real "swell heading." minute," "let me explain" and other se its claims be too modern to when men at the helm were of the It was a ringing denunciation of the respect. So hanging around calibre of George Brown, Richard whole thing, with a very apparent amity and concord were lost on Mr. spaper, and absorbed by its Dana and others. These men issued libel in every other sentence, in case Romaine. With a mighty tug he pullare many traditions which the personality conducted paper and the issue were taken into court.

But this mater of traditions. I ask- dle of the morning I was holding some It will be apparent to any one who man accepts and stands for a as myself when going to cat, if there Mr. Romaine, when the office door was to hold public respect but fact, and he got so mad that he grey trousers. Such apparel was

It looked as if hostilities wo off his coat, cast it on the desk, rolled with a perfectly delightful disregard

separating the sanctum from the workcomes in, bursts in, to express the ing staff the entire and joyous pro of the editor "who writ that piece that are ever ready to appreciate a situaintruder was at once taken hold of by opportunity offer. Such is quite in line the editor and summarily tossed down | with good tradition. Work had stopwindow. This fine old tradition, I Oshawa Gordon ceased. The comp. gret to say, is now much more hon- who was locking up an auction sale ored in the breach than in the obser- poster, paused with the mallet in midbution day, with all the general re-It was along back in the late sixties, laxation following the long night's work. The hands waited for the con-

caste on the stage was about to fur-

nish both comedy and tragedy. who were periodically infirm as well to put a brick against the door. Now ed the struggler through the door,

disregarded, for the true news- ed a friend who walks the same way copy while proof was being read by has been incarcerated in an old-time man accepts and stands of the may not were any traditions about his business flung open and a large man strode for judicious violence is among the impugning his posi- and work. He was a plumber. "Not into the room and demanded to be ina without impugning his post that I know of," he said, and added, formed if the editor was in. The large passage to the outer door snubbed traditions. We find example "only that people say that we charge man (Ruttley) was wearing a silk hat on to anything that promised a hold. of traditions. We find the about three prices for what we do." and a pounce-colored, light overcoat He clawed at the top cap case of an of newspapers that fall from I replied that that was not tradition, and his legs were encased in light Old Style Long Primer and the case fell on the floor with a noise to wake wouldn't speak to me for a week. plainly an offence in itself and the the dead. The pair caremed up that counts and that a nation is not ong the mass of tradition is one I asked still another friend, who hands made audible remark as to the against the corner of a composing concerns the editor. In these is in the way of making the most hibiliment. Mr. Romaine was pointed stone, twisted around the corner of a news form, and about a column and half of paid advertising, top of col- Prince Greets umn, next to reading, fell out of the chase with a fearful crash. The timehonored tin can, half full of dirty water and the sponge, standing on the High School Boys and Girls Have other corner of the stone was knocked off and the contents irrigated the overcoat and the grey trousers.

is subject to fractious exertion by some other fellow bent on personal destruction. I pledged myself that presently there would be a casualty. The couple, in their gyrations, walked into a double-demy stallion route bill (it was early in May), and all that was left of the embroglio was a cluster of wooden type, the empty chase, sidesticks and quoins.

Finally with a mighty heave Mr. Romaine thrust the man through the door, the door, mind you, against which I had placed the bricks, and stood him up for a moment's rest on the landing. The stranger anticipated early release. But not so, for Mr. Romaine twisted him around, for a fair start, got behind him and hurled him bodily down the stairs. And I am sure that all concerned in the Craft will appreciate how my juvenile faith in the best traditions of the Press was strengthened and widened, heartened and broadened as I saw and heard that large man go thumping down the office stair. It was a magnificent expression of the combined forces of energy and gravity. Side by side with this relation may I remark that such was the kindergarten of my initiation.

Laughter Solved the Problem.

Probably the most delicate of the blems that in a country like this one confront the Prince of Wales are these that were well illustrated when at the Academy of Music he found a large and stately armchair-a sort of throne-in which he expected to sit. It was a well-meant attention, of course, and a less wise Prince might have accepted it as his due, seated himself at such a time in such a chair and have made himself by doing is

a somewhat amusing spectacle.

This Prince avoided the double danger of the situation—he did not hurt the feelings of those who had tried to be kind, but he sat in a little chair instead of the big one. He did it, seemingly, by turning the episode



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common agreement of all who meet American flags.

lesson that, as regards forms of gov- made preparations for them. necessarily enslaved because it choos- forward deck and the sailors placed many girls and boys of the New York es to have a King.-N. Y. Times.

1.000 Pupils.

I never beheld so many flying legs of Wales. They were conveyed to the tenders with the school girls on will carry away a happy memory of and obtrusive feet. It beats all how the warship in a naval tug and two board came alongside they sang my party. and obtrusive feet. It boats all how loose-pointed a man can be when he of the municipal steam boats. The glees, and the Prince of Wales, "I want

a joke, which he enjoyed him- Police Boat Patrol, covered with Am- dressed in the uniform of a naval cisely the right kind wouldn't, and by mainder were youths who carried ting.

electric switchback railway on the said: "I am delighted to welcome so hand-spikes in the steam capstan aft schools on board the Renown, and I for the children to sit upon and have thank you for the kindly welcome a merry-go-round. The officers of you have given me in New York and the Renown made a bran bag, which the friendly words which have been is one of the ship's canvas bags filled addressed to me. The Renown, as their hands. These childlike pas- York whom I would like to invite on One thousand New Yrok school times were abandoned when the news board to-day. I have been having a children from twenty-nine high was sent off to the Commander of very good time in this great city, and pols went aboard the British bat- the Renown that there would not be I hope you will have a good time tle cruiser Renown to see the Prince any little children in the party. As here this afternoon, and I hope you

self, for the same reason that those erican and British flags and the band captain, stood on the grating of the around him enjoyed it, and tact was on deck playing popular airs, circled accommodation ladder on the starrequired for doing that successfully, around during the reception. About board quarter and saluted them. Ta-The chances are that he did not have half the nur er were young women bles were set out for tea on the after to think what to do. A Prince of pre- with a sprinkling of girls, and the re- deck, and 500 were served at a sit-

or see this one he is of precisely the The officers and the crew of the guests were assembled and cheering Renown expected to have 1,000 chil- him on the quarter deck under the The carpenter's mates rigged up an ing with one foot on the capstan with bran and all kinds of little gifts you see, is a very large ship, but she placed inside done up in small boxes is not large enough to hold the many or the little ones to dive for with thousands of boys and girls of New

> "I want you to have some small memento of this party and I have therefore arranged for you to be given a box of chocolates before leaving the ship. I thank you for com-

The Collie.

Dogs seem to know human nature perhaps better than we do, and collie dogs especially seem almost human. There is a story told by Albert Payson Terhune, himself the owner of the famous prize collie "Lad," of a dog which came into the home as a playmate and guardian of the wee girl. Collie and baby grew up together, and though the dog worshipped the child, the master was the one who came first. When war broke out the man enlisted, and over in France was wounded. The collie had gone to sleep that night on the verandah, and at just the same time his master was wounded the dog began to give the most agonizing cries, and tried to get his mistress to follow him down the road. She did go with him for a little way, and then the dog stopped, as though baffled, and turned once more homeward. Word came from the master in a French hospital, and things went along as usual until one evening, at sunset, the collie, which had been romping, suddenly stiffened and, throwing back his head, gave one sharp bark. His mistress spoke to him, and he came over near her, head down and his whole body drooping. In the hospital just at that time, the master had died. The author calls his story "Something," and it is a something that we are unable to explain. Some people will not believe that dogs have this sense of knowing, but men who know and make a study of dogs say they have it.

NOTE OF THANKS.—The family of the late Mrs. James Kean wishes to thank the Doctors and Nurses of the General Hospital for their kindness and attention to their mother during her stay at the institution, especially Nurses Hogan, Squires, Murray, and Cashin; Sisters Ecott and Larner, and all kind friends who helped and sent notes of sympathy and wreaths to adorn the casket.



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