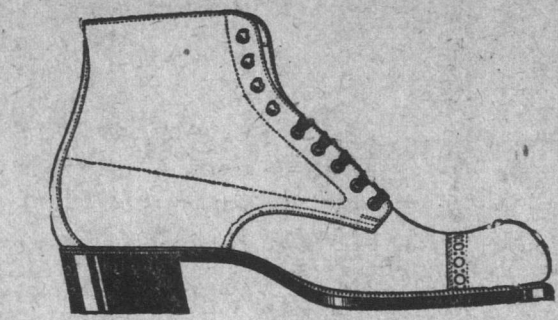


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are the first word in Comfort and Wear. They are made of the finest material on good comfortable wide lasts which do not pinch the feet. They are Flexible Goodyear Welt, which make walking easy, and the styles are very smart.

**10 per cent cash
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Shoes.**

F. SMALLWOOD, The Home of Good Shoes, WATER STREET.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

ON DEAD CATS.



I have a friend who is a beautiful housekeeper. Her home is always immaculate and in perfect order. It has to be, because if it is not, if there is a rug askew, if there are finger marks on the white paint, if the hearth is a bit untidy, she cannot be happy until she has corrected the defect.

Often when she is in great need of rest she will see something that ought to be done and instead of relaxing will wash a few windows or wash out the living room curtains or oil the floor.

She Sees Nothing Else.

When her husband begs her not to work so hard and to try to be content if things are not so perfect she says: "They bother me so that I can't rest. I can't see anything else in the room but those soiled curtains or those finger marks."

I think she thinks that is a virtue. I don't. I think it is a fault. Or rather I should say a misfortune. Not to be able to see anything in her beautiful room except one small defect. Poor foolish woman! How much of the joy she misses out of life by closing her eyes to the beautiful and opening them to the unbecoming!

There is an old story about Emerson and Carlyle to this effect: Emerson had been making the trip up the Thames and was very enthusiastic about it. He was talking to Carlyle about its beauty and the old cynic remarked dryly:

Quite Enough.

"Did she see the dead cats, Ralph?" Whereat Emerson replied simply: "No, Thomas, I did not see the dead cats."

That was all but it was enough. Of course Emerson didn't see the dead cats when there were beautiful shores and boats and a sunset to see. And of course Carlyle didn't see the sunset when there were dead cats.

SHERLOCK.



WALT MACON

There is a dead man on the floor, some party slew him with an ax; now the shining Sherlock comes, upon his brow an ample wreath; he glances at the dead man's thumbs, and takes a close-up of his teeth. Upon his famous knees he drops, his tapeline and his glass appear; he gazes at the baffled cops, and says, "There is no problem here." It's all so simple to the sleuth whose intellect is wide and deep; he reaches out and grabs the truth, while baffled cops sit down and weep. Year after year we read the tale of Sherlocks keen and Hawkshaws blind; and still the criminals in jail were put there by the Hawkshaw kind.

Cash Prizes in Aid of Forest Conservation.

Frank J. D. Barnjum, of Annapolis Royal, N.S., and Montreal, who recently awarded \$5,000.00 in prizes for the best treatise on the most practical methods of preserving Canadian timber from further destruction by the budworm and other insect pests which have recently caused such great losses to our forests, has now offered \$2,000.00 in prizes for the most convincing argument in favor of prohibiting the export of unmanufactured wood from Canada. One thousand dollars of this will be paid for the best argument written in the English language and \$1,000.00 for the best in French, in the following manner: Five hundred dollars to the winner of the first prize in each language; \$250.00 to the second; \$150.00 to the third, and \$100.00 to the fourth. The competition is open to all residents of Canada. The essays must not exceed 600 words in length. The competition will close on March 15th and no entry will be eligible bearing postmark later than that date. Entries should be addressed to Frank J. D. Barnjum, New Birks Bldg., Montreal, Que.

Mr. Barnjum is a strong advocate of the policy of retaining Canada's timber supply in the country for the protection of Canadian industries and for the benefit of our own people and one of his purposes in instituting this competition is to start more people thinking and also obtaining Government action on what he regards as Canada's most vital problem, namely forest conservation.

Strange Ceremonies in the Tower.

Within the ancient walls of the Tower of London, Britain's greatest State prison, are carried out ceremonies which date back to days when London was a very different city.

Sharp at eleven o'clock at night the outer gates of the Tower are closed. After then nobody can pass the Guard without giving the countersign. This word, changed every day, is sometimes forgotten by one or other of those quartered in the Tower. The rule is the same for everyone, and they have to sleep outside!

At the same hour a warder, accompanied by two "Beefeaters," locks up the inner gates and carries the keys to the house of the Major of the Tower. As this small procession tramps along towards the major's quarters it passes the Guard at the main gate.

Suddenly the ancient walls re-echo with the challenge, "Halt! Who goes there?" The warder bolts with the reply, "Keys!"

"Whose keys?" shouts the sentry. "The words 'King George's keys' come out of the darkness."

At once the sentry, satisfied that all is in order, proclaims, "Pass, keys, all's well." The Guard turns out, presents arms, and shouts with one voice, "God save King George."

Once the keys of the Tower are deposited in the major's room the inner gates of the stronghold are never, under any pretext, opened until the morning.

In one sense, indeed, the Tower is the kernel of the British Empire. For therein lie the Crown Jewels, the outward and visible sign of the Monarchy dear to the heart of the British people.

No Living Thing Seen on a Dying Island.

Strange Freak of Nature in Puget Sound Long Noted for Growth of Wonderful Trees.

(From the Portland, Oregonian?) A freak of nature, proving of more than ordinary interest, is a good sized island in Puget Sound, which is apparently dying from old age. It was observed last summer that every fir and cedar tree on the island was dead.

About the water's edge vegetation appeared withered and a thin vapor hung over the island during the day. Never inhabited, and about 100 acres in extent, the island has for years been noted for its growth of wonderful trees.

Firs three feet in diameter grew so thickly as to make travel through them almost impossible. Both cedar and alder flourished. The ownership of the tract has been in litigation for years and the timber could not be logged.

Now there is not a living thing on the island. Not a crow rests on the

dead tops, and as boats pass, an occasional crash tells of the falling of a great tree.

Scientists who have visited the island in the last few months believe the land has soured. The growth of trees and vegetation has been so rapid and dense as to exhaust the humus in the soil.

Another theory is that the soil rests on a rock base and the rootlets of the plants have come into contact with the brine of Puget Sound to such an extent that the salt has burned out the plant life.

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ST. JOHN'S GROCERY STORES

For a few days, we are offering the following special prices:
No. 1 Soda Biscuits, per lb. 12¢
No. 1 Pilot Biscuits, per lb. 12¢
Purity Milk, per tin 12¢
Pet Milk, per tin 12¢
Armour's Beans 2's, per tin 12¢
Campbell's Chicken, Oxtail, Tomato Soups, per tin 12¢
Cranberries, per gal. 8¢
High Test Kerosene Oil, per gal. 12¢
Pork, Fat Back, per lb. 10¢
Pork, Ham Butt, per lb. 10¢
Beef, New Choice Family, per lb. 12¢
Large Shore Herring, per doz. 12¢

FRESH EGGS. LOCAL CABBAGE.

J. J. ST. JOHN,
Duckworth St. & LeMarchant Road.

Serve cheese sauce with scalloped cabbage, and try adding a little minced onion to your fried cabbage.

Save pound tin cans which have held baking powder and use them for steaming bread and puddings.

MUTT AND JEFF



YOU CAN'T RUSH DAN CUPID WITH AUTOSUGGESTION.

—By Bud Fisher

