

Freeman's Custard Powder

A wholesome and nutritious Food, which is at the same time a Delicacy. It is an invaluable addition to any Table, and is particularly agreeable with Fruit.

One of

FREEMAN'S ENGLISH FOODS

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

"HOW MUCH?"

Which would you rather do, knock a revolver out of a high-wayman's hand or go to a hotel and ask what a dinner cost before you bought it, and then, if you thought it cost too much, turn back and go out of the hotel?

(In making the comparison, I had the comparison between physical and moral courage in mind, but I am not sure that I did not unwittingly make another comparison, too.)

I do really think there are many men who would have the courage to do the first and not the courage to do the second part of the two things.

A Deserved Punishment.

The other day we got stuck with an absolutely miserable meal for which we paid \$2.50 apiece because we didn't ask "how much?" before we went in. Had we asked, knowing the character of the food the place is supposed to serve, we would never have entered. It was a maddening experience to see a \$5 bill go for weak fish chowder, thin, poorly cooked steak, indifferent French fried potatoes, wilted salad, fried cornish in a bird bathtub with corn syrup on it, commonplace vanilla ice cream and poor coffee. But it was a good lesson. We needed a punishment for our lack of courage and we got it. Hereafter we have made up our minds not to be afraid to ask what things cost before we order them, whether they be hotel dinners, or repairs to the auto, or silk stockings.

And if we keep our resolution we shall save far more in the end than we lost.

And save it not only for ourselves but for others.

Prices Come Down With a Bang.

I think there is no more salutary check on would-be profiteers than the person who asks how much a thing costs before he buys it. I know a merchant who was suspected of profiteering and who has been made so nervous by a systematic campaign among his customers of asking what each thing costs before ordering and then occasionally quoting him comparative prices from elsewhere, that he has come down with a bang in his prices.

Of course there is a fascination about making the large gesture of saying "I'll take it" without asking the price. Money is nothing to us, we imply, we don't have to consider it—which in 90 cases out of 100 is tommyrot, and is recognized as tommyrot by the people before whom the gesture is made.

They Needn't Be Afraid.

I think men are worse about this thing than women, for two reasons. In the first place, women are the chief purchasing agents and do most of the small shopping in the family and have to get the "How much is it?" habit, whereas men only buy now and then and feel that they can afford to buy less closely. Also men regard their ability to make money as the price tag on themselves, and if they hint by asking the price tag on an article that their ability to make money is limited, they think they are putting a cheap tag on themselves.

Personally, I think this an entirely false notion and I admire the moral courage of the man who isn't afraid to say "How much?" Don't you?

Let us put a smile on your countenance. Try a bottle of Brick's Tasteless at Stafford's Drug Store. Price \$1.00; postage 20c. extra.—apr26,tt



When Choosing the Material for a washable Frock for the growing child—

MOTHER naturally thinks of the possibilities of the fabric shrinking in the wash. It is therefore a relief to her to know that the fabric will not shrink or lose its charm if Lux is used for its cleansing.

Durability, charm of colour, quality of texture, the freshness of newness—these are preserved to all good fabrics washed with Lux. A packet of Lux—a bowl of warm water—and dainty hands can cleanse delightful fabrics in a delightfully easy manner.

The beautiful pure Lux flakes are whisked into a creamy, bubbly lather in an instant. Gently squeeze this cleansing foam through and through the soiled texture—then rinse in clean water and hang to dry. Lux cannot harm a silken thread. It coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

Saint Kentigern of Glasgow.

There is great uncertainty about the origin of S. Kentigern, who lived and labored early in the seventh century.

Legend says that he was the illegitimate son of Thein, daughter of Lotie, King of the Picts, by Eugenius III. King of Scots, and that her father, full of anger and grief, threw her over the rocks on Mount Dunceld. By some miraculous chance she was not injured, and her father relenting, she was sent to Culross, where, on the seashore, here boy, Kentigern, was born. Servan, a monk, found the mother and child, and exclaiming "My dear! my dear!" asked the outcast girl and her baby to share his call. He instructed the mother in the faith of Christ and baptized her giving her the name of Tanca. The baby he called Kentigern.

The child grew up in the monk's cell. Servan loved the boy dearly and commonly called him Mungo, which means dearest.

The mother who learned to love and serve God, bitterly regretted her sin.

Many are the legends connected with the childhood of Kentigern. Servan had a pet robin, which would eat out of his hand, and perched on his shoulder, and when the monk chanted the psalms of David, the little bird flapped its wings and twittered shrilly.

Servan had some pupils, at Culross, who were very jealous of their tutor's love for Kentigern, so they wrung the neck of the robin and said that Kentigern had done it. But Kentigern grieved for his dear master's sorrow, took the bird and prayed over it, and by the time the old man had returned from Church, the bird was alive and hopped to meet him.

In those days as there were no matches, fires were never allowed to die out entirely. It was the duty of the pupils of Servan to take turns in tending the fires. When Kentigern's week came round, his mates, extinguished the fires and Mungo, rising in the morning, found every spark gone and the ashes cold. Taking a stick, he placed it over the cold ashes, and invoking the name of the Holy Trinity, he blew upon the dead cinders, and a flame leaped up which kindled the branch; and thereafter he lighted the church candles.

At last, Kentigern, unable to endure the envy of his fellow pupils, ran away and eventually settled near Glasgow, where he inhabited a cave in the face of the rock. Here he enjoyed the sea breezes and converted the people who came to hear him, among others, the King of Strathclyde. Here he was consecrated bishop by an Irish prelate. The district of Strathclyde, or Cumbria, on the west coast of Britain, from the mouth of the Clyde to that of the Mersey, that is to say from Glasgow to Liverpool, was occupied by a mingled race of Picts and Scots, whose capital was Al-Cluid, now Dumbarton. It was in this region that S. Kentigern was called to labor.

Although a bishop, he still lived in his rocky cell with a stone for his pillow, and in order to insure his body to hardships, he stood in the Clyde to recite his daily psalter.

A garment of goat-skin around about his loins, and a hood, and over all his alb, was his only clothing. In one hand he carried a plain wooden staff, in the other a book. His food consisted of bread and cheese and milk.

Driven out of Scotland by the usurper, Morken Manor, S. Kentigern took refuge in Wales with David, Bishop of Menevia. Here he remained and built the famous monastery of Lan-Elwyn, afterwards called St. Asaph. And there he gathered about him a number of disciples and scholars, and he was there at the date of death of St. David, in 544.

In 560 he was recalled to Glasgow, and took with him many Welsh monks. There he established the first foundations of the great cathedral, which still bears his name.

He gathered round him numerous disciples, "all learned in holy literature, all working with their hands and possessing nothing as individuals."

"They dwell," says Jocelyn "in separate cells, as did Kentigern, thence they were called Calledel."

Here he was visited by Columba, who came from Iona, accompanied by a great train of monks. Columba and Kentigern exchanged staffs before they parted and the staff of S. Columba, was in later times given to Wilfred, who placed it in the monastic church he founded at Ripon.

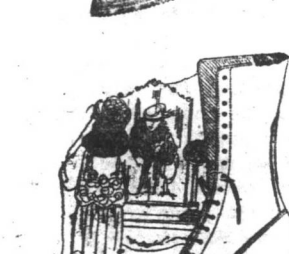
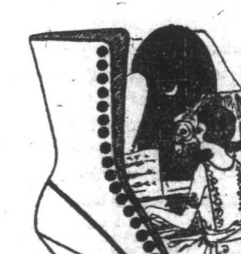
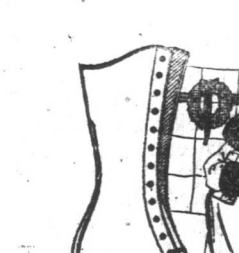
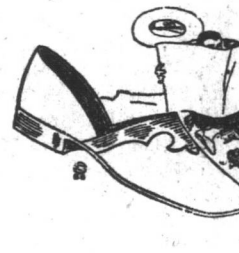
The following is one of the best known legends connected with the name of Kentigern. The wife of Roderick, in a moment of weakness, gave a knight of her husband's court a ring that the latter had given her. The King discovered this, one day when out hunting, and taking the ring from the knight's finger, threw it into the river. Then he demanded the return of the ring from his consort.

She, in trouble, went to S. Kentigern, and begged him to help her. "Sorry for her Saint Kentigern prayed for the discovery of the ring, which was found in the belly of a salmon, caught in the Clyde. Thus the Queen escaped severe punishment, at the hands of the king. And for this reason, the ancient effigies of S. Kentigern, represent him, holding the episcopal cross in one hand, and in the other a salmon with a ring in its mouth.

Saint Kentigern, who lived to be a ripe old age, died in the year 601.

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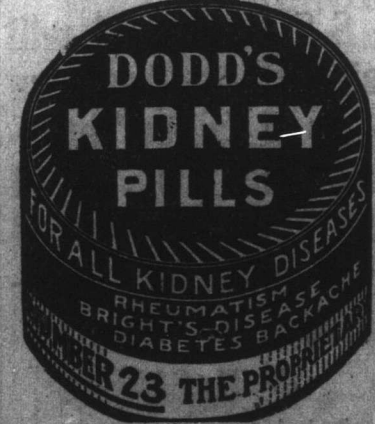
In China, great and happy land, the doctor's only in demand when folks are feeling fine; he's paid to keep his patients hale; if they fall sick he draws no kale, and must take in his sign.

And so we see him on the jump to cure the measles or the mump, or other fell disease; it doesn't pay to have men sick, so he prescribes his powdered brick, his pills and healing teas. And if the patient catches in, the heels kick up a frightful din that indicates their

ire; they camp upon the doctor's trail, and ride that learned man on a rail, and set his house afire. And in our land, where culture reigns, when we fall sick, with pea green pains, we call the nearest doc; when we are well we care no whoop for all the potions in his coop, for all the pills in stock. The doctor knows we have a wad, a bundle opulent and broad, he knows we'll pay his bill; and he would more than human be if he were not inclined to see how long we'll take his pills. We put temptation in his way; why should he heal us in a day, or even in a year? Why should he show his smoothest curve, and toll and strain his every nerve to put our works in gear? The Chinese plan is much the best, in fact, the peoples of the West might learn much from Cathay; her methods often are so sane they make our finest schemes look vain, like pipe dreams gone astray.

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