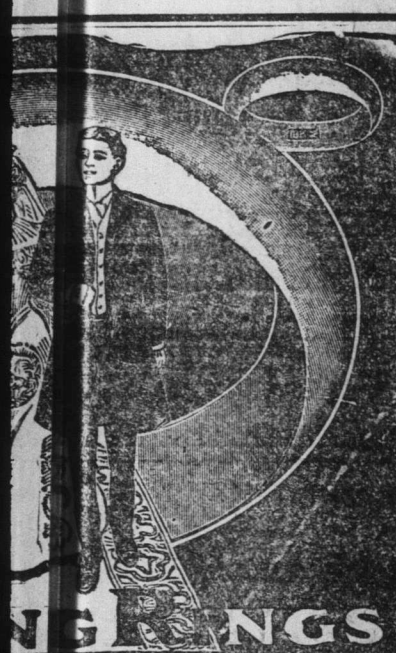


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Should Parsons Fight.

A Noted Free Church Minister An-
swers The Question.

(By The REV. B. MEYER, B.A., D.D.)

This question has been propounded for my consideration:—
Suppose a minister and a layman were walking together along a lonely road and were suddenly attacked by footpads, what would be the duty of the minister? Would it not be right for him to say to his companion: "This is not my business; it is within your sphere to do the fighting, not mine?"

That is the question, and, not for myself alone, but for everyone with an ounce of manhood, I should say that whilst it would be quite within the province of the minister to parley, to remonstrate, to show the wrongness and evil of the robbers' act, if they still persisted, it would surely be his duty, if possible, to arrest them in their wrong-doing, and secure them for the constable, the magistrate, and the court.

Their evil career, if pursued, would bring a world of misery and suffering in its train to weak and assailable persons, and when the law is not there to take its own measures it is the duty of every good and honest man, minister of religion or not, to interfere in the interests of the well-being of the community and bring the wrong-doers to justice. Of course, he would incidentally preserve his own property but that would be less of a consideration than the welfare of others and the right ordering of society.

The Fight For Right.

If, in the company of the minister and his lay friend, there happened to be a woman and child, whom the footpads roughly handled despite of sex and tender years, the call would be all the more urgent; and if the clerical attire and stock impeded his action, our ministerial friend would not hesitate to put them off, rather than give the manhooders the slightest chance of succeeding in their designs of robbery and outrage.

This illustration certainly throws light on the present situation. Hundreds of ministers of religion would be glad to serve at the front without a word of remonstrance or complaint, and their churches would be proud to maintain their families in the mean-while.

It is realized that this war is not for revenge, or even personal rights, but for the sake of the ordered constitution of the world, the rights of the defenceless and weak, and the safeguarding of woman's virtue and childhood's innocence.

Would not a minister of religion be absolutely unworthy of his position as a teacher and leader of men who should stand quietly by whilst the German or Turk treated his wife and girls as they have been treated in Flanders and Armenia? And if he must withstand the brutal violence, to which our enemies have accustomed us, on his own doorstep, is it not right to withstand it before the menace reaches it?

Is it not better to fight in France (Heaven help her!) than in Britain, if we have the choice?

There are thousands of clergymen and ministers in our country who are feeling their anomalous position very keenly, and who would welcome completion in order that all difficulties with church authorities might be brushed aside. According to my thinking, the number of Conscientious Objectors among the clergy and the ministers of the Free Churches would not be in greater proportion than among the laity.

After all, the minister is a citizen of two kingdoms, the Kingdom of Christ and the Kingdom of King George. Even if the call were one purely of patriotism, I should still hold that his warrant was sufficient. Many

Strong Enough to do Homestead Duty.

SIDNEY BENT GIVES THE CREDIT TO DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Six Years Ago He Had Kidney Disease So Bad His Friends Said He Would Not Live Long.

Lydiard, Sask., June 11th.—Strong and healthy, and able to do the heavy work of homestead duty, Mr. Sidney Bent, a well-known settler here, is telling his friends of the great benefit he received from using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Six years ago I suffered a lot from my back and kidneys," Mr. Bent says. "I tried a lot of medicine and drugs, but kept getting worse, till some of my friends said I would not live long. Four years ago I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. After taking the first box I felt so much better I decided to continue the treatment."

"The result is I have been able to do my homestead duty for the last three winters. I would advise anyone suffering from kidney trouble to take Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have made their reputation by curing kidney diseases and the ills that spring from diseased kidneys. They are no cure-all. But if you are suffering from rheumatism, lambo, sore back, diabetes or some other form of kidney trouble, ask your neighbours what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for them.

a gallant servant of the Prince of Peace has stood in the breach and helped to stem the torrent of barbarism and devilish lust in this past.

Cleansing The Temple.

As a citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven, I think the call to fight is compelling, for everything for which Christianity stands is at stake in this gigantic conflict. It is literally a fight for the soul of the world. If our eyes could be opened we might actually see that it is, in the spiritual plane, a grim fight between Good and Evil, between God and Satan.

The issue is abundantly plain. The rights and wrongs of the matter are so well marked. Not one Briton in ten thousand has a doubt of the justice, necessity, and rightness of our cause. So patent is this to all right-thinking minds that the great free Democracy of America has fung herself into the fray against every dictate of expediency and tradition.

The cold fact is that no man who is a man, and is fit and whole, can, or ought, for any reason soever, to stand aside at this juncture. Christ said: "He that hath no sword let him sell his cloak and buy one." It seems to me that we are just at that tragic moment now when even the clerical cloak must be pawned and the sword buckled on. We must yield to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, as to God the things that are God's.

And cannot you see the Master, His face ablaze with indignation, with the whip in His hand, overturning as He goes the tables of the money-changers and hucksters, cleansing the Temple from the pollution of those who have desecrated it?

The Prince of Wales as He Is.

Some New Facts and Stories About Britain's Very Popular Heir-Apparent and a "Prince" of Real Good Fellows.

Though the Prince of Wales has a distinct dislike to appearing as the chief person at public functions, he has fulfilled such duties very creditably on the few occasions on which he has undertaken them.

One of the most trying ordeals in this way for the Prince was when he went to welcome M. Poincare at Dover, on the occasion of the visit of the French President to the English Court a few years ago. The Prince had to welcome the President in a short speech, which had, of course, to be spoken in French.

Now, although the Prince spoke French quite fluently, he rather doubted that his knowledge of French was sufficiently thorough to enable him to get through his task properly. In the morning of the day on which M. Poincare was to arrive the Prince said to one of his father's equerries: "I wish my father had sent Arthur to do this!" (meaning Prince Arthur of Connaught). "He speaks French perfectly."

Wealthy and Wise.

"So do you," replied the equerry. "If you didn't, the King would not have asked you to meet M. Poincare, you may be sure!"

The Prince, after rehearsing the speech of welcome for about the twentieth time, departed from the Palace. How creditably he got through it may be judged from the fact that when, some little time afterwards, a member of M. Poincare's suite, who had known King Edward well, met a member of the Royal household in Paris, he said to him: "I could not help thinking how pleased the Prince's grandfather would have been if he could have seen how the Prince of Wales greeted M. Poincare. The Prince's French was perfect, and his manners delightful!"

The Prince of Wales is one of the wealthiest princes in Europe. Since he came of age, in 1915, he has had complete control of an income exceeding £200,000 per annum, and of invested money amounting to over £500,000.

But the Prince is the reverse of extravagant. He smokes an occasional cigar, but more often a pipe, with tobacco as temperance an ounce. His dress-bills at Oxford never exceeded £150 per annum, and his Oxford days were his most extravagant period. The Prince's disposition is, however, the reverse of mean. He is, as a matter of fact, generous to a fault.

At the time when the Prince of Wales' Fund was established it was found necessary at the start to employ a rather larger staff than had been anticipated would be necessary, and the weekly pay-sheet became rather heavy. The Prince of Wales at once announced that he would pay every penny of the expenses in connection with the Fund himself. This the Prince did, and it was a pretty heavy burden on his pocket.

Struggling for Patronage.

At Oxford there were several who have reason to remember his generosity. More than one of his fellow undergraduates would have had to go down from Oxford practically ruined but for the timely help they received from the Heir Apparent.

The Prince, but for the outbreak of the war, would have probably set up a separate household for himself by this. As it is, he has a suite of rooms always ready for him at Buckingham Palace—including a reception-room, smoking-room, and bedrooms. Before the war, the Prince, in anticipation that he would soon set up a separate establishment, was inundated with tradesmen's circulars of all sorts, and the most strenuous and active efforts were made by tradespeople all over the world to secure his patronage.

A motor-car manufacturer in the States sent over a representative of the special purpose of securing an order from the Prince. A jeweller in Paris sent over a representative to Buckingham Palace with about £5,000 worth of plate and jewellery to wait on him, and to ask him to retain all the jewellery and plate as samples, if he pleased to do so. Of course, the Prince did not do so. He purchased a gold cigarette case for five pounds, and this quite satisfied the tradesman, for he was thus able to announce that he was patronised by the Prince of Wales.

Everybody who was known to have any influence with the Prince was besieged with requests from tradespeople to secure them orders from His Royal Highness when he should set up his own establishment. Hotel-keepers in all parts of the world sent him specially printed booklets, got up in the most expensive manner, about their hotels, and even guides, living in curious and out-of-the-way parts of the world, wrote offering their services, in case he should visit these remote quarters of the earth.

But the Prince for the moment is no longer troubled with such importunities. For it is most unlikely that the Prince will set up a separate establishment until the war is over, unless he marries. But there have been rumours that the Prince is polishing up his Italian so that he may "pop the question" to the eighteen-year-old Princess Yolande, the eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy—London Answers.

Soldiers Superstitions.

Some Quaint and Curious Beliefs Men Have at the Front.

Never before have the soldiers of the world's armies amassed so large a number of superstitions, charms, mascots and luck-bringers.

Superstitions have to do with the number 3 are the most widespread. The third of anything is fatal. Soldiers of all armies don't like their third leaves. Some refuse to go home on a third leave, for fear they will be killed upon returning.

The lighting of three cigarettes with the same match forms the basis for another very widespread superstition. One of the three soldiers is bound to be killed before many weeks are over, and even those who see the three-time sharing of the same match will share in the ill-luck. This being so, every watcher turns his back upon the smokers in the hope of avoiding the ill-luck. Men who know say the origin of this superstition is a religious one, and goes back to the lighting of the lamps in the churches of Greece. It is most popular in the British Navy, which is the home of a good many superstitions.

A Quaint Survival.

British gunners still expostorate on their shells before firing them in battle. Most people think this is an amusing triviality; but, as a matter of fact, it is an act of sacrifice of very great antiquity. In the long, long ago, primitive folk considered that the saliva was part of the soul of the individual, and that to part with it in the act of spitting was tantamount to making sacrifice, and this not only a sane act of propitiation, but also as a thank-offering, and we all know that gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come. The survival of this remarkable form of sacrifice are far more numerous than is generally thought.

To-day trawlermen spit into the mouth of the first fish of the fishing as an offering to the sea god. They also spit upon their long lines, into their trawls, and into their drift-nets for a similar reason.

Pliny himself states that spitting was observed in giving a shrewder blow to the enemy; hence we find pugilists spitting into their fists, and hence we find gunners in the British Navy doing the very thing that Pliny wrote about, and thus appealing to the God of Battles.

I find a good many minor superstitions. Until this war all the odd numbers, except thirteen, were supposed to be lucky, especially seven and nine. Now, however, all odd numbers are unlucky, so unlucky that thirteen has no longer any distinction.

Friday is no longer an unlucky day, but Sunday is a very lucky day on which to go into battle. White heather tucked away in the bands of the cap saves the wearer from a fatal wound.

Fatalism at the Front.

There is a strong feeling of fatalism among the soldiers of all armies. There is a feeling that if the bullet

is not made for you, you will come through all right. One Frenchman told me that he knew he would come through all right, for when he first went in, a shrapnel shell burst in front of him at the Marne, and a large piece of it came down at his feet. He picked it up and found his initial on it. "It was my piece of shrapnel all right," he said, "and if it didn't get me, none other can." And, in fact, he has been through the thick of a number of battles since then, but he has never been wounded.

A certain British battalion regards the Military Cross as an omen of ill-luck, and views with alarm any recommendation to bestow the Military Cross on any member. Whether officers or men, all winners of the Military Cross in the battalion have been killed in action.

The black cat is an omen of the greatest good luck in all armies. To order from the cuckoo calling before breakfast is, in the British Army, a sign of bad luck.

The submarine warfare has renewed the demand for cauls as a charm against loss of life at sea. A caul is the membrane which sometimes encloses the head of new-born infant, and from quite remote times it has been regarded as a luck-bringer, and an infallible amulet against deaths by drowning.

At many places around the docks in the great European ports one can see the little signs, "A Child's Caul for Sale," and fancy figures are demanded for them—Answers.

Too Nervous to Sleep.

Nerves Wrecked by Accident—Was Afraid to Go to a Crowd or to Stay Alone—Tells of His Cure.

Much sympathy was felt in this city for Mr. Dorsey, who met with a distressing accident when his foot was smashed in an elevator.

The shock to the nervous system was so great that Mr. Dorsey was in a pitiable condition for a long time. He was like a child in that he required his mother's care nearly all the time. He feared a crowd, could not stay alone and could not sleep because of the weakened and excited condition of his nerves.

Detroit doctors did what they could for him, but he could not get back his strength and vigor until he fortunately heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is no mere accident that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves to be exactly what is needed in so many cases of exhausted nerves. It is composed of the ingredients which nature requires to form new blood and create new nerve force. For this reason it cannot fail and for this reason it succeeds when ordinary medicines fail.

Mr. Laurence E. Dorsey, 39 Stanley Street, London, Ont., writes: "About three years ago I got my foot smashed in an elevator in Detroit, which completely wrecked my nerves. I doctored with the doctors there, but they did not seem to be able to help me. My nerves were in such a state that I could not go down town alone, or go any place where there was a crowd. Sometimes my mother would have to sit and watch over me at night, and sometimes I could not get any sleep at all. But one day last winter I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before I had completely used the first box I could see a difference in my condition. I continued using these pills for some time. The result was splendid. I feel so much better, can sleep well at night, can go out on the street and attend gatherings like the rest of my family. I am so pleased, I am able to tell you what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for me, and to recommend it to other people."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

Lawsuits Over Trifles.

There are numerous foolish people who are ready to seize upon the smallest grievance, real or fancied, as a pretext for setting the costly machinery of the law in motion. One man of this type figured as a plaintiff in a court of law something like 150 times within three or four years, and, as may be imagined, some of the actions which he brought were of the most trivial nature.

As an instance may be mentioned one which was simply a dispute about an old wooden post, to which he in common with a neighbour had claim, and which marked the division of property belonging to each. The thing itself was not worth a shilling, and not a ghost of a principle was involved in the action, but it was carried through three courts, at a probable expense to each litigant of something like £300.

An old lady once brought an action against a coal merchant whose carrier unwittingly shot a sack of coals on to the back of a favorite cat sleeping at the time in the coal cellar, inflicting injuries thereby that necessitated its destruction.

Probably the smallest suit on record was one tried in Scotland for a halfpenny, and brought against a tramway company. The plaintiff was carried in one of the defendants' cars beyond his destination and compelled to pay the halfpenny as extra fare. He sued the company in the county court, and, recovering the judgment, compelled them to refund the coin with costs.

The folly of rushing to the law to settle every little dispute is demonstrated by an action between two partners for a sum of £2. After being in court for eleven years, it was put end to by being referred to arbitrators, who decided in favour of the defendant in the case, and ordered the plaintiff to pay all the costs incurred in the proceedings, which were assessed at £1,000.

England Lack Hairpins.

Women May 'Bob' Locks.

London, May 18.—(Correspondence)—The hairpin is to be combed out. The difficulty of mere man in deciding the age of woman in these days of very feminine fashions will be harder in the near future. Up to the present one could guess with a certain amount of skill the difference between the "flapper" and a drier older sister, the usual rule being that the one had her hair flowing or tied in a neat plait with a bow of ribbon and the other had her hair up.

In the days to come with no women using hairpins even the guess will be denied.

Less than a three months' supply of hairpins remain in the country and the authorities who control the issue of metal and raw materials for metal manufacture have decided that no wire is to be released for the manufacture of hairpins.

Every woman is now considering whether to be "bobbed" or to plait her hair. Every manufacturer is experimenting with substitutes, and men will now take great care of that hairpin with which they clean their ripes.

Everybody who has used it in some form or other as a substitute for other missing articles will regret the passing of one of the most useful articles of commerce.

Give Them More of It.

(From the Westminster Gazette.)

The outcry in the Cologne Press against the daylight raid upon that town is characteristic of German mentality. The Volkzeitung is indignant that Whiteaunt, one of the Church's sacred festivals, should have been chosen as the time of attack. We doubt whether even a German journalist could have brought himself to write that passage had he known that his own countrymen were bombing London on Whitsunday, but he did write it with the knowledge that the Germans deliberately trained their long-range gun upon Paris on Good Friday, and struck a church in which people were worshipping. The Cologne Gazette makes the remarkable complaint that the Allies used bombs filled with low explosives, and the damage done by the fragments was correspondingly greater. A German mind is required to detect the peculiar mercy which lies in high explosives. If anything were needed to convince the Allies of the value of reprisals against the German towns, it would be found in the pained surprise which Cologne expresses at the failure of its defences. Germany will have to divert an immense amount of energy from its other war preparations if it hopes to make the Rhine towns safe from attack.

If you are going to get that new suit of clothes, get it now, as with new shipments of goods prices are going to soar. We have a splendid stock to select from, and you can rely on a good fit in any style you wish to have it made. SPURRELL the Tailor, 365 Water St.—June 7, 1918, t.f.

TO-DAY'S Offerings!

Girls, you will be needing a new Middy Suit for summer. We have two charming suits that have a stunning effect.

MIDDY and SKIRT, made in White Pique. Price \$3.00

WHITE MIDDY with Fancy Striped Skirt. Price \$3.20

Price and quality of those garments will both appeal to you.

Also a complete line of MIDDY BLOUSES to fit all ages. Prices ranging from 50c. to \$1.80.

Clearing Sale of WHITE and COLOURED WASH SKIRTS. See them on our table at \$1.49.

WHITE EMBROIDERY DRESSES—Cool Summer Dresses which are being cleared from our stocks. Plenty of wear for them. Special Price while they last, \$2.75.

Special Offering of LADIES' COLOURED HOSE in Sky, Helio, Pink, White and Cream, 15c. per pair.

TAN MERCERIZED HOSE 25, 30 and 45c. per pair

BLACK SEAMLESS COTTON HOSE, 18, 25 and 30c. per pair

S. MILLEY.

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TO THE TRADE!

FANCY SPARE RIBS, 200 lb. barrels.

CHOICE BEEF CUTTINGS.

MORRIS & CO'S FAMOUS HAMS & BACON.

HARVEY & CO., Ltd., WHOLESALE ONLY.

SLATTERY'S Wholesale Dry Goods

Are now showing the following goods:—

American Millinery Hats, Boys' Cotton Suits, Ladies' White Skirts, Ladies' Hosiery, Misses' & Children's Hosiery, White Curtain Scrims, White Dress Crepe, 38 ins. wide; Colored Dress Goods; and a splendid assortment of smallwares. Wholesale only.

SLATTERY BLDG., Duckworth & George Sts.

Just Received 10,000 Cabbage Plants.

BURT & LAWRENCE, 14 New Gower Street.