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A most remarkable saving in price on every article you buy. Come, Look, Investigate--the values are unsurpassed.

A Big Job in LADIES' SPRING MANTLES.

30 Ladies' Spring Mantles.
Value \$5.00. Sale Price . . . \$3.50

40 Ladies' Spring Mantles.
Value \$6.00. Sale Price . . . \$4.00

50 Ladies' Spring Mantles.
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These Mantles are made from dainty checked materials and have the latest style and finish.

NO APPROBATION.
All Goods must be selected at the Store.

Men's Shirts, Men's Shirts, Children's & Misses' Low Shoes

JOB LINE.
10 doz. MEN'S JOB SHIRTS, odd sizes and patterns. Values up to \$1.70. Selling all one price,
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20 doz. MEN'S FANCY SHIRTS, soft bosoms and cuffs; beautiful patterns; sizes 14 and 14½ only. Regular price \$2.00. Selling
\$1.40 each

Marshall Bros

Any article purchased from this line of Jobs will not be exchanged or taken back.

A Contrast.

By RUTH CAMERON.



Recently I had occasion to visit one of the finest and most luxurious hospitals in this country.

The lobby of this hospital is like the lobby of a beautiful hotel. Chinese rugs, shaded lights, an open fire, a library table pleasantly cluttered with books and magazines, deep cushioned arm chairs make a charming living room.

Sickness de Luxe.

The patients rooms, except for the light of the beds and the perfectly modern hotel. The furniture is in the daintiest of colors, at the windows are well chosen cretonne hangings, the same cretonne is used in the cushions of the big arm chairs which stand by the open fire, or by the window whose wide frames a picture of a sunny day.

On the floor on which I visited were eight patients. The door consists of four nurses and a nurse. Besides these, three of eight patients maintained their special nurses.

This, I said to myself, is surely sickness de luxe.

All the Misery of a Battlefield.

For certain reasons I was obliged to spend an hour in the lobby and to see the time I picked up one of the books from the table. It was a sort of tale of the war—I read it through. One chapter pictured a battlefield after the battle had passed on. vividly described the misery and helplessness, and desolation and helplessness, and agony and courage and patience of these wounded men. The sentence told how after passing such scenes as these the men came to realize the "incidental character of human life and suffering."

And here I sat in a costly room, and to the exact opposite—the suffering value of human life, the supreme effort to cushion and lessen the slightest human suffering.

What a contrast!

Contrast Not in Character But in Circumstance.

No, I am not going to say that it is wrong for us to do all we can to lessen the suffering of those we love. Hardly. Nor that there was an essential difference in character between those who lay in the soft white beds and those who lay on the battlefields. On the contrary. If the patients of the hospital had been on the field of battle I think the majority would have acted as those men did. And if the men who were soldiers had been in a rich man's hospital, the majority would probably have accepted the pampering and been ready for more.

And that the marvelous thing about it all. We bear what we have to. We rise to the demands of our circumstances. No wonder. Christ said what he did about the Needle's Eye.

Vindictive Wills.

A short time ago a provincial magistrate, after deluding his wife into the belief that she was his sole legatee, left her a shilling, and bequeathed seventy thousand pounds to others, including three thousand to a servant she had much reason to dislike.

After leaving the bulk of her property to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a certain testatrix proceeds to be cruel to humans. Her will contains this remarkable passage: "As to my family, my sisters, nieces, nephews, brother-in-law, and cousin, nothing shall come to them from me, except a bag of sand to rub themselves with. None deserve even a good-by. I do not recognize a single one of them." What the sand was meant for, whether to cleanse their souls or their bodies, it is hard to say.

A man does not need to be married to want to have a slap at the women even from the grave. A bachelor, rich and old, when he died, voiced his detestation of the fair sex even in his will.

"I beg that my executors will see that I am buried where there are no women interred, either to the right

Easter 1919.

Fresh Country EGGS

For Easter.

We have on hand and to arrive in time for Easter Trade

40 Cases, each 30 dozen

Fresh Eggs

For Table Use.

Don't disappoint your customers. Ring up Phone 480.

Soper & Moore

Importers and Jobbers.

or to the left of me. Should this not be practicable in the ordinary course of things, I direct that they purchase three graves, and bury me in the middle one of the three leaving the two others unoccupied."

A Young Wife.

"These apples are dirty," complained the young housekeeper. "Yes," admitted the farmer, "they are wind-falls, and that is why I sell them cheap." "You mean they've fallen from the trees but otherwise are all right?" the customer inquired, and then she bought them. Several days later she called the farmer's wife on the telephone. "I ordered the best cucumbers for pickling," she said sharply, "and you've sent me windfalls!" "Sent what?" gasped the farmer's wife. "Windfall cucumbers. I can tell; there's dirt on them!"

Every Saturday evening after 7 o'clock. Choice Ends of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Pork will be sold at cost. ELLIS & CO., LTD., 203 Water Street.—Nov 29.



Just Folks

by Edgar A. Guest

THE BIG PROBLEM.

He's a Hunkie or a Wop, he's a Dago or a Greek, And the language of our country is a tongue he cannot speak. He has sought the land of freedom for the dream is in his breast, And he's groping rather blindly for the things he knows are best, He's a power for good or evil, he will hate us or revere And become a friend or traitor from the way we treat him here.

He has heard about our country in a vague and hazy way, It's the land where men are happy and where little children play, But he's strange to all the customs that surround him now he's here And he misses much that's spoken, He would like to do as we do, but he doesn't quite know how, And he'll never grow to like us, if we all neglect him now.

There's a mighty force within him if we only understood, We can spur him to our danger, or can mold it to our good; We can turn our backs upon him, or can make of him a friend, Who will come to speak our language and the flag we love defend. But it's not enough to pay him for the labor of his hand, We must teach him all our customs till he learns to love our land.

He's a Hunkie or a Wop, he's a Dago or a Greek, But he's very busy thinking, though his thoughts he cannot speak. In the future he'll be something—that is true of every man—And the blame may be upon us if he's not American. So let's make of him a Yankee and let's treat him as a friend, And let's teach him love of freedom—it will pay us in the end.

For Spanish Influenza

The Liniment That Cures All Ailments—

MINARD'S

THE OLD RELIABLE — Try it MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LTD., Yarmouth, N.S.

Where the Cinema Scores.

Though even superior people have ceased to sneer at "the pictures" most people would say that the cinema is inferior to the stage because there is no spoken conversation.

Yet the cinema beats the stage at telling a story.

A well-told story on the cinema ought to need few, if any, words. Every picture tells a story where the cinema is concerned. Where the stage depends upon awkward explanations and dragged on "asides" for the exploitation of which it has to bring most unlikely people into most unlikely places, like a sweep in a boudoir—the cinema easily compasses by shifting the scene in a moment of time. In a play on the stage, with real flesh-and-blood actors, all the by-play, the things that happened yesterday, or round the corner, or anywhere else than in the midst of the scene-painter's scenery or domestic interest, have to be told by the actors in so many words.

In the cinema all these things are actually played before the camera, and the story is as complete as a novel, with all the sidelights and incidents complete, and, indeed, much of the atmosphere more vivid than any spoken or written word can make it. Thus a novel, which is often ruined when presented on the stage, is improved when presented on the film.

"Fishy" Pearls.

Pearls are not always the product of oysters. The imitation of these gems has been reduced to a fine art. Their manufacture embraces two processes—the making of a glass sphere, and filling it with a substance resembling the lustre of the pearl.

For some three hundred years mercury was used for the latter purpose, but in 1680 a substitute was found which was both harmless and more successful. This is made from the scales of a little white fish which abounds in certain French rivers. The fish are rubbed rather roughly in pure water in a large basin. The water is then drained carefully, and the residue allowed to settle. The fish are so small that 17,000 or 18,000 are required to furnish one pound of the essence of oyster, as it is called.

A genuine pearl may be distinguished from an artificial one by various methods. First, the real gem is much heavier than the imitation. Again, the holes drilled through them are, in the first case, very small, and with a sharp edge; while in the others they are larger, and have a blunt edge.

T. J. EDENS.

By Adolph and Coban:
30 crates New Cabbage.
40 boxes Wine Sap Apples.
50 boxes Cal. Oranges.
40 bags Onions.
5 cases Cal. Lemons.
5 cases Grape Fruit.
5 brls. Parsnips.
Turnips.

MOIR'S
FRESH CHOCOLATES.
1 lb. CAKES.
6c. BARS.

New York Corned Beef.
Pork Loins.
Family Mess Pork.
Jowls.
Spare Ribs.
Pigs' Tongues—Corned.

By Rail to-day:
30 Barrels
Kelligrews Potatoes.

T. J. EDENS.

151 Duckworth Street.

heavier than the imitation. Again, the holes drilled through them are, in the first case, very small, and with a sharp edge; while in the others they are larger, and have a blunt edge.

Fire Clay Substitute.

The great resistance to heat of ordinary coal ash has suggested the use of this material for fire bricks in place of fire clay. It is claimed that a suitable binder has been provided in a new process, and several thousand experimental bricks already made, are being tested, both as a fireproof building material and as a furnace lining.

Milady's Boudoir.

THE BUSINESS GIRL'S CLOTHES.

The business girl must be beautiful in herself, for a real business costume cannot be depended upon to add artifice to enhance the appearance. It is always unwise to select a street coat or tailored suit of ultra or obstructive style, for usually the business woman relies on the coat and very likely the whole suit, to last her more than one season.

Tailored suits this season suit the business woman to a T. They are smart, neat, a trifle severe and mannish, yet gracefully dashing and becoming. Skirts are short and coats loose enough to be easily donned. Coat sleeves are long, doing away with the bother and expense of long gloves.

No business woman of good sense would dream of appearing at the office in a velvet gown, but corduroy is quite appropriate. It is practical since it may be washed out and hung up to dry with no need of ironing afterwards. It is the ambition of every business woman to look prosperous, for success begets success. The business woman desires to look pretty, too, but the right kind of employer prefers prettiness surprised into exquisitely neat comeliness, to prettiness flaunted in frills and furbelows in a busy office.

STAFFORDS' PHORATONE.

A reliable combination of expectorants for relief of pulmonary affections,

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis,

and other inflamed conditions of the lungs and air passages.

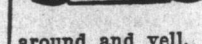
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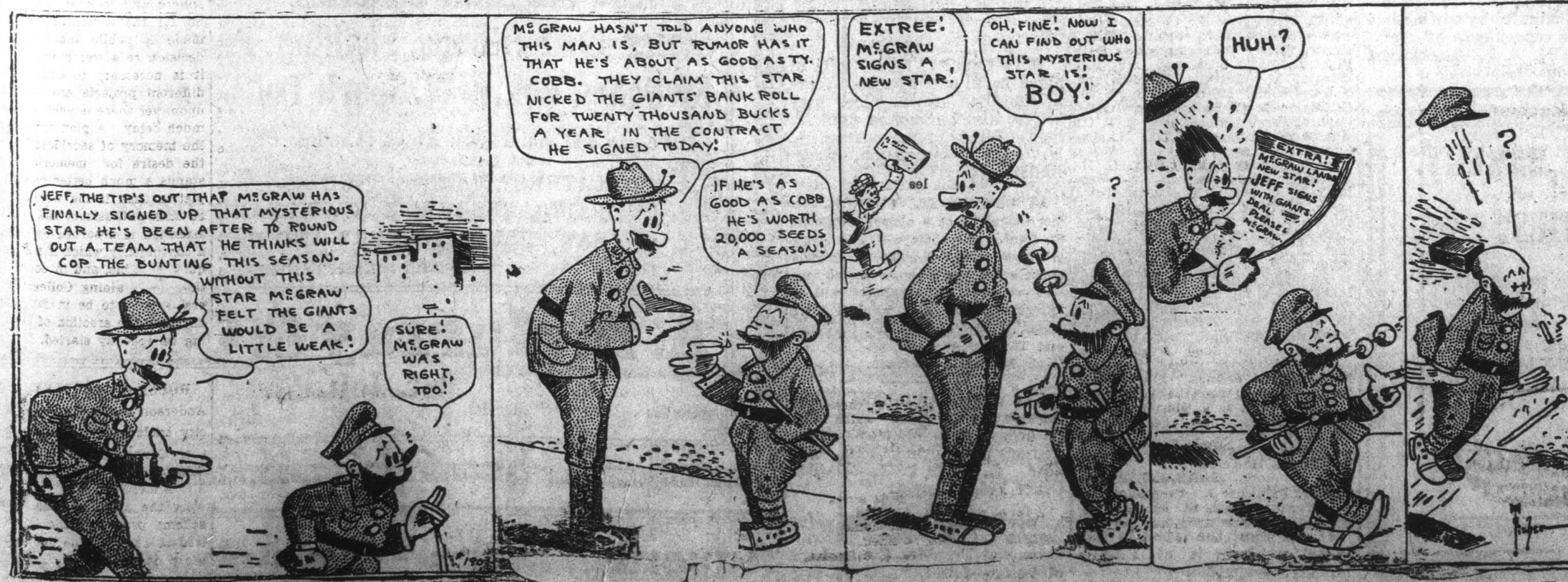
NOAH'S ARK.

It is hard to write a packet of the verse that man enjoys when the house is full of racket, full of fifty kinds of noise. Oh, the boys and girls assemble in the shack wherein I dwell, making that old structure tremble, while they whoop around and yell. Then I think of Father Noah and his cargo in the ark of his warthog and his boar, and his large man eating shark. I appreciate his feelings while he tried to do his chores, 'im the yappings and the squealings and the whinnies and roars. When he tried to give instructions to his helpers, Shem and Ham, some old bull was raising ructions, scuffling with the Southdown ram. It is strange that Father Noah found an hour in which to sleep while he steered his ark cooled pro's o'er the wide and wailing deep. For the horses all were neighing and he heard hyenas croon, and the mules were doubtless braying, all their voices out of tune; and the roosters did their crowing just as though they were on land, and the cows were bawling, loving, in a style to beat the band. Yet there is no record written that old Noah made a scene, even when his leg was bitten by a mangy wolverine. And if he could do his choring with those critters all around, I have no excuse for roaring at a little vagrant sound.



WALT MASON

OF COURSE, THAT SETTLES THE PENNANT RACE.



HOUSING PROBLEM.—Hon. J. Anderson and the presidents of the city trades and labor unions met at City Council yesterday forenoon to discuss the housing problem. Mr. Anderson and T. M. White were the speakers, and outlined a scheme proposed; the Council promised to reply to the deputation at an early date.