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To See the New Stocks of Ladies' Wear We've Opened.



We have opened our new **BLOUSES**. Latest styles in Smocks, Long & Short Sleeves, in White and all the Newest Colours, in Crepe de Chene, Georgettes, Crepe, Tricollette, Voiles & Shantung Silks, etc., etc.

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Literary Celebrities Who Were Cripples.

It is one of the curiosities of literature, as well as one of the finest instances of the triumph of the spirit over the flesh, that Frank Smalley, the out-of-doors novelist, who wrote "Lewis Arandel" and "Frank Fairleigh," never set foot to ground during the whole course of his life.

To the tens of thousands of his readers in Mid-Victorian days, Smalley must have appeared as a man who was either a gentleman jockey or an enthusiastic rider, of every sport on the calendar, is almost uncanny.

Yet he wrote all his novels "on his back." They had an immense vogue in their day, and his success brought much cheer to one of the most delightful and optimistic of men.

Bryon's Brave Fight. But optimism and good spirits have not always been associated with crippled genius. Sometimes, as in the case of that literary giant, Alexander Pope, physical infirmity embitters both the temper and the pen. Certainly, from the point of view of brilliance, his satire is his best work, but it is, none the less, biting and acrid for that.

Pope was a sad cripple, his spine being so weak that he had always to wear stays to support it. In his later years he spent much of his time in his grotto at Twickenham, and when he did stir abroad sought the seclusion of a sedan chair with drawn blinds.

Bryon is the most romantic of literary cripples. The malformation of his feet was congenial, and was a source of lifelong misery, yet he was beloved of many women, had a countenance of singular nobility and even beauty, and was the most popular poet in his lifetime in the whole history of English literature.

Doubtless his mother's references to her "lame brat" made in his hearing when a child, had much to do with Bryon regarding his lameness, and to his defect must be attributed that of his work. Yet Bryon is admirable for the way he fought his infirmity.

He became a fine boxer, a splendid dancer, and, as everybody knows, he swam the Hellespont in imitation of Leander.

A Blessing in Disguise. Perhaps the most famous of all literary cripples is the Wizard of the North, Sir Walter Scott, patriot, poet, novelist, antiquarian, lawyer—a universal genius, and an out-door man par excellence. Yet he was partially a cripple.

It is told of him that when he was very young he one night showed such determined opposition to the idea of going to bed that his mother chased him round the room, presumably in a playful manner, and laid hold of him with more than usual roughness. Whether this had any deleterious effect upon him it is hard to say, but next morning he was in a high fever, and when, in a few days, he attempted to put his right foot to the floor, it was discovered that he had lost the use of it.

To his crying day he walked lame, although even in boyhood he triumphed sufficiently over his infirmity to fight and climb among the best. Doubtless he told the story himself concerning the strange apparent cause of his lameness, but otherwise, unlike Bryon, he never refers to it. He was of too robust a temperament to allow a physical infirmity to affect his manhood. It was, too, probably a blessing in disguise, for it threw him much into the company of old books and old folk, from which he gathered those stores of legendary lore which stood him in such good stead in his great literary career.

With Many Ailments. Samuel Johnson, the Sage of Fleet Street, is as famous well nigh for his physical defects as for his learning, conversation, and writings. His unwieldy form, his half-blind eyes, his scrofulous face, his St. Vitus' dance, are as familiar as his homespun coat and his ungartered stockings. He was not a cripple in the sense that Scott and Bryon were cripples, but his deformities had a profound influence upon his mind, and temperament, making him subject to deep depression at times. Elizabeth Barrett, before she mar-

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ried Browning, spent long years on her couch. At the age of fifteen she met with an injury to her spine, which kept her in a recumbent position for several years, and from the effects of which she never recovered. It was during these years that she wrote those sonnets which are her greatest claim to immortality.

Hash-Up of Fashions.

It would indeed be difficult to define exactly what is to be fashionable or not during the coming spring season—so varied and various is the taste of the great and despotic designers of Madame la Mode, writes a correspondent in Paris. I have spent two consecutive afternoons assisting at the great function of the parade of new models at two of the largest creative ateliers of Paris.

At one there were a hundred new models; at the other, two hundred and fifty. And, after viewing these two great shows, I am obliged to say there is in reality no really new mode.

This season is to be a sort of hash-up of every mode that has ever been conceived for the adornment of the feminine form divine.

You may follow the inspiration of any kind, sort, or period of fashion that suits your own particular style of beauty. You may attire yourself in the modes of ancient Egypt or Greece; you may be stately and mediaeval; you may be Elizabethan, with hooped skirts and even the suggestion of a ruff; you may wear the wide lace collars and flowing skirts of the period of Charles I., or the slim and more subdued draperies of all the old English painters of the 18th century, or again, the rounded and panniered robes and lace-trimmed bodies of the corresponding period of 18th century France.

Has there ever been an epoch when we have been offered so much choice?

The Ghosts of Famous Castles.

The news that a "veiled specter" has recently been seen on three separate occasions promenading the corridors of Windsor Castle recalls a story told by a young officer, Mr. Carr Glyn, of the Grenadier Guards, some twenty years ago.

Mr. Glyn was reading a book in the Castle library when, glancing up, he saw the black-veiled figure of a woman walk past him and disappear in the inner library. As she did not return, he followed her; but found to his amazement that she had completely vanished, although there was no means of exit from the inner room.

The Woman in Black.

When he told his uncanny story the following morning it created consternation in the Palace, especially when it was discovered that three centuries ago the room had had an exit at the very place through which the black lady had passed. It was generally believed that the mysterious figure must have been that of Queen Elizabeth herself, of whose midnight appearances in her old haunts in the Castle many stories are told.

But Queen Bess is only one of the several royal spectres which are said to haunt our royal palaces. The Duchesse de Mazarino, one of the Merry Monarch's many favourites, has been seen more than once in the rooms and corridors of St. James's Palace, which is also said to be a favourite haunt of Nell Gwyn, of the saucy tongue and merry laughter; and of that turgid beauty, the Duchess of Cleveland.

Hampton Court Palace, too, has the reputation of being visited by the shades of several great people who have once "walked in splendor" within its historic walls. Strange tales are told of spectral figures which vanish when accosted; of mysterious noises, the uncanny opening of doors without visible agency, and of sounds of merriment and snatches of song proceeding from empty rooms.

When Henry's Wives "Walk."

But the most affrighting vision of all is that of a white-robed figure running down a corridor, with her long hair streaming behind her, and disappearing into the chapel. This startling apparition is said to be that of the unhappy Catherine Howard, the second queen whom Henry VIII. sent to the executioner's block; and who, so long after her tragic death, repeats an incident in her troubled existence when, escaping from her guards, she rushed into the chapel to beg for her life from her tyrannous lord who was praying there.

Catherine of Aragon is also said to haunt the Palace of Hampton, where her spectre has been seen many a time, clothed in black, and lighted taper in her hand, walking up a certain staircase, and disappearing

through the beautiful archway known as Queen's Gate.

On the night before the death of Frederick III, father of the present ex-Kaiser, a sentry declares that he had seen the figure of an old woman, bowed with age, and carrying a broom in her hand; and his story would certainly have been scoffed at as the creature of a disordered brain, had not a similar figure been seen on former occasions, notably on the death of the Emperor William I. This grotesque old lady, whose visits bode so little good to the House of Hohenzollern, is disrespectfully spoken of as "The Sweeper."

A Herald of Calamity.

Spectres in white or even in black are perhaps intelligible, but what are we to think of the "Red Man," who is said to haunt the Tuilleries, and to have been seen by no less famous persons than Catherine de Medicis and the great Napoleon, the latter of whom is said to have had a long conversation with him on the eve of his ill-fated Russian campaign.

During the night before the late Empress of Austria was so treacherously assassinated, a sentry on guard in the Castle of Schonbrunn was frightened "out of his wits" by the spectacle of a beautiful woman, robed in white, and wearing a long, flowing white veil, walking along the corridor where he was on duty. Thrice he challenged the trespasser, and had started in pursuit of her, when she vanished as suddenly and mysteriously as she had appeared.

This was by no means the first appearance of the "lady in white," for she was seen as long ago as 1867, just before the tragic death of Maximilian, the ill-fated Archduke, who was made Emperor of Mexico; again, in 1889, on the very night when Rudolf, of the very Austrian throne, was so strangely done to death in the forest of Mayerling; and on other occasions when a member of the Imperial family has died.

So coincident have been her appearances with disaster to the reigning house of Austro-Hungary that her visits have always been dreaded as the heralds of calamity.

I want another bottle of "Brick's Tasteless", it is the best preparation I have ever taken to give me an appetite.—apr28,12

Fighting H. C. L.

(From the Sydney Record.)

The "Overall Clubs" in some American states have been formed in an effort to pull down the cost of living. The example is being followed in North Sydney. The theory is that a lessened use of ordinary suits will help to enable supply to catch up to demand and so to bring prices down and, in the second place, that any excessive prices for suits which they have in stock will be glad enough to cut down the profit and price when they find the goods staying on shelves and hangers, because men are substituting overalls and old coats for new suits. But what is to happen to overall prices in these American states? If demand for overalls catches up on supply, or if there are profiteers among overall dealers, a further upward trend in the prices of these goods will follow. Moreover, the maker of suits will scarcely operate his factory to capacity and so pile up a surplus stock, at a time when production costs are high, if demand shows signs of slackening off; on the contrary, if his plant is suited to the work at all, he is more likely to add overall-making, to his undertakings. In that case, perhaps, there would be a check to rising overall cost, but what of the price of suits since suit production would have been lessened?

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HENRY BLAIR

Genuine Clearing Sale!

Having decided to discontinue our Boot and Shoe Department, we are offering the balance of our stock at very attractive prices.

- 4 pairs LADIES' PATENT OXFORDS, French Heel; sizes 3½ to 5. Price
- 21 pairs BLACK DONGOLA OXFORDS, Military Heel; sizes 3 to 7. Price \$6.50
- 21 prs. TAN KID OXFORDS, French Heel Price \$6.00
- 27 prs. TAN KID OXFORDS, Military Heel; sizes 3 to 7. Price \$6.00
- 22 pairs DARK BROWN, Military Heel; sizes 3 to 6½. Price \$6.50
- 16 pairs WHITE CANVAS SHOES, French Heel; sizes 3½ to 6½. Price \$3.60
- 13 pairs WHITE CANVAS SHOES, Medium Heel; sizes 3 to 7. Price \$3.80
- 59 pairs WHITE CANVAS SHOES, Rubber Sole and Heel; sizes 3 to 6½. Price \$2.25
- 38 pairs WHITE CANVAS BOOTS, Leather Sole, French Heel; sizes 2½ to 6. Price \$4.00
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