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## Marshall Bros

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### A Fashion I Approve Of.

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON

There is a certain tendency in the styles of today which has my most enthusiastic approval (what a comfort that must be to Dame Fashion!) I refer to the widespread use of vari-colored head chains and also of many hued scarfs as a decorative feature in woman's dress.

**It Gave The Effect of Three Gowns.**  
 In a certain restaurant which I occasionally frequent I have several times seen a young woman whom I should say probably belonged to the upper ranks of business women. Each time I have seen her she has had on the same gown—a black satiny gown of rich material made very simply but on excellent lines. And each time the gown has looked different because of garniture or lack thereof. The first time I saw her was in the evening, she was dining with a young man apparently as a preliminary to some kind of evening entertainment. On this occasion the black satin was the background for a beautiful (but not necessarily expensive) chain fashioned of coral colored and jet beads. It hung half way to her waist, and when she got up to go out I observed that the note of coral was repeated in her stockings.

The next time I noticed her was on a Sunday noon. I should say she had just come from Church and the gown was worn without ornament of any sort. So different did this make it appear that I looked twice to be sure it was the same gown.

**This Time It was a Symphony of Blue and Black.**  
 The third time she appeared, she wore a long chain in which small black beads were punctuated at rhythmic intervals by large beads of that bright blue which in contrast with black is so popular just now. Tiny blue ear-rings and stockings to match completed a costume, Frenchy, in good taste and extremely becoming.

Again, I met some time ago a woman who always gave the impression of being dressed richly and with distinction. Later I knew her quite intimately and on closer acquaintance which she knew how to cleverly enhance and vary by the use of several rich scarfs in odd and most becoming shades. These she always keeps on hand, renewing them as fast as they wear out.

**Be On the Outlook for Such Aids to Beauty Growing.**  
 That was some years ago before scarfs were as popular as they are now. To-day, not to have at least one such scarf is to be behind the styles as well as neglectful of a great aid to one's wardrobe.

Every daughter of Eve instinctively loves beautiful things to wear. Some of us, however, do not feel that we can afford to sacrifice the large proportion of our income which maintaining a beautiful, up-to-date and well furnished wardrobe would eat up. But we can at least be on the outlook for all such comparatively inexpensive aids to beauty of gowning as these I have mentioned.

Color and line are what makes clothes beautiful and distinctive, not what they cost.

**Milady's Boudoir.**  
**LET'S MAKE BELIEVE.**  
 "Let's make believe it's snowing," came the shrill childish voice from the living room, followed by the merry jingle of bells and laughter. It was such a hot day too, everyone declared it was the record breaker. The city streets and shops were deserted, and no one ventured out, if they could help it. Women sat about on the verandas and groaned about the heat, and each straggling pedestrian paused to mop his brow and remark about it. But this living room was the scene of a paper snowstorm.

If more of us could pretend that things are, when they are not, and that they are not, when they are, perhaps we wouldn't find so many drawn mouth corners and deep furrows on foreheads every day. Everyone will admit that children are happier than grown folks, and the reason of this, they have no responsibilities.

This is of course only one of the reasons. Children are not cynical,

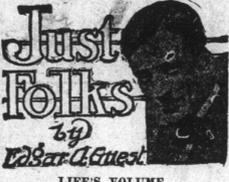
Easter 1919.

**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.



LIFE'S VOLUME.

**Just Folks**  
 by Edgar A. Guest

When life's last page before us lies And we have grown old and wise From pondering the volume through What shall we gather in review. What but some loved one's lovely smile Shall we determine most worth while.

There at the ending of life's book We'll turn for just one backward look And come to find that home and friends Are life's best treasures when life ends The gold we gathered and the fame Vanished as swiftly as they came.

The early chapters when we dreamed Were not as glorious as they seemed. Then we were hot for strife and sought The distant goals for which men fought Eviled, were envied in our turn, And quarreled over self's concern.

There were great disappointments met That caused us sorrow and regret Yet we outlived them all, and faced The next day's labor, undismayed. And found this truth, through good or ill The loyal friend is loyal still.

Much that we toiled for, craved and got. Thought worthy once, now matters not. But that which counted we shall find Was when another called us kind. And those days at our best were spent Which left us rich with sentiment.

When life's last page before us lies And we have learned its volume wise We shall not count our coins of gold Nor live the days when we were bold The days that saw our loved ones smile Will be the joys we hold worth while.

**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.  
 Manufactured only by **Dr. F. Stafford & Son,** Wholesale Chemists & Druggists, St. John's, Newfoundland.

### Married to a Madman.

(Pearson's Weekly.)

Of all the fair women at the Court of Louis XIV, incomparably the loveliest was Hortense Mancini, niece of the great Cardinal Mazarin, then in the zenith of his power and splendor. How beautiful she was even the gifted Saint Evremont, one of her most abject slaves, was powerless to portray. He raves of the glory of her eyes, which "combine the sweetness of blue, the gaiety of grey, and, above all, the fire of the black;" the exquisite music of her voice; her complexion, "whiter than driven snow;" and her black hair, "whose curls seem to rejoice to shade so lovely a head."

"That a woman so superbly dowered by Nature should have every high-placed gallant in France at her feet, is not to be wondered at. From Armand de la Porte, son of the great Marshal de la Meilleraye, to King Louis himself and his brother, the Duc d'Anjou, there was not one who would not have shed his blood to win her smiles.

Our own King, Charles II, then an exile, dangled before her eyes the crown that was so soon to be his; Pedro II came from Portugal, and Duke Charles Emmanuel from Savoy to implore her to share their thrones.

Lovers Came and Lovers Went. But to one and all the autocratic little lady turned a cold shoulder. Thus lovers came and went until at last her uncle, the Cardinal, seeing death approaching, and anxious to see his favorite niece a wife before he died, gave her hand to Armande de la Porte, whose offer he had contemptuously spurned a year earlier with the words:

"I would rather see Hortense married to a lackey!"

Thus we find our arch-coquette wedded to one of the most ill-favored men in France, a degenerate already showing signs of the insanity that was brooding over him. And the fact that she was now a Duchesse, and owner of five million pounds of her uncle's gold, proved poor consolation for the misery of wedded life with a madman.

It was not long, indeed, before her husband's insane fits of jealousy, his violence and his reckless squandering of her dower, compelled her to fly for refuge to a convent, where her high spirits found such an outlet in practical jokes on the nuns that she was politely invited to find another lodging. And we see the madcap riding away from the convent gates, attired as a cavalier, with a waiting-woman, masquerading as her squire, in attendance.

This was, indeed, an adventure after the heart of Mazarin's niece. She had the whole world before her; and her beauty to invest her wanderings with the flavor of romance. We see her queening it at Milan, and coquetting with Princes and Cardinals at Rome, as a preliminary to joining her sister, Marie, in her flight from the cruelties of her husband, the Constable Colonna.

Then followed perilous adventures by land and sea, pursuits and half-broth escapes—until at last Hortense, to avoid capture by her husband's emissaries, left her sister and found a regal welcome at the Court of her old lover, Charles Emmanuel II of Savoy, where for a few years, until the Duke's death sent her once more on her wanderings, she reigned as a Queen.

**A King Once More at Her Feet.**  
 When the roving Duchesse next appears on the scene, she is received with open arms by our second Charles at his Whitehall Court, with the Merry Monarch once more at the feet of the woman—now more lovely than ever in the maturity of her charms—who had refused to smile on his suit in his days of obscurity.

Now followed halcyon years for the fair fugitive, eager to drain every cup of pleasure and conquest that came her way. She was installed Queen of Beauty at England's Court, with the King ever at her side, surrounding her with homage and pomp and luxury.

Poets vied with each other to sing "the triumph of her conquering eyes;" painters tumbled over one another to make their canvases glow with her charms.

A few years of such triumph as few women have known. Then came the end of it all on that night of tragedy when Charles was struck down by his fatal illness, as, by her side, he presided over the revels in his Whitehall Palace, the jingle of gold-at-the-gaming-tables and the seductive strains of love-songs in his ears.

But though her sun of splendour had now set, the Duchesse still had her beauty and the feverish delights of gambling to console her; and years

later we catch our last glimpse of her, seated at the card-table stimulating her flagging strength with copious draughts of brandy.

Old age was now creeping on. The last traces of her loveliness vanished. And then at last the train of her life, we see her husband, come to his own at last, looking proudly on her dead body "pray to it as a saint and kneel with their chaplets."

**Fads and Fashions**  
 Silk corset laces are used as gerie ribbons.  
 Knotted silk fringe is used for trimming.  
 Moire silk is much used for noon dresses.  
 Some new booties for baby above the knee.  
 Show sleeves.  
 A few cholis dresses, mostly in colors, are seen.  
 Caps for the older child are imaginative styles.  
 A charming gown is embroidered in large white beads.  
 There are suits of heavy crepe in flesh color.  
 Pastel shades are the favorite dainty afternoon dresses.  
 Fashion is determined to have fullness at the hips.  
 Guitpes are close rivals to coats for tailor made.  
 Sleeveless fur vests are the development for spring.  
 Wide ribbon loops give a new line to the tailored hat.

**For Spanish Influenza**  
 The Liniment that Cures Ailments—  
**MINARD'S**  
 THE OLD RELIABLE —  
 MINARD'S LINIMENT CO.,  
 Yarmouth, N.S.

**WAR BOOKS.**  
 I'm tired of stories of battles of bones and helmets of brass and so I'm turning to a book that will kick up a storm. Perhaps you've heard of a fellow, indeed, seeing me looking a pale and dazed.

funny to read. But I am so tired of the trenches, of chargers and horns! A book on such a subject just wrenches my system clear to my corns. I'm tired of the and the colonels, I'm tired of traitor and spy; I'm sick of the related journals which harrow my till I cry. I've sighted till I'm of sighing. I've wept till I'm brine; and so, all conventions being, I ask for some humor in the years have been slow and treading, the sad years of sorrow; wrong; to laugh is a joy and a long. The most of the war books, lemons, they're bloody and and vain; so hand me some by Clemens, who's known to be able as Twain. And even old Ward, are better than stories of ings, and corpses heaped up by cord. I've wept till my weary, I've sobbed till my sore; so lend me a book that cheery, that isn't all sticky with

### JEFF HELPS OUT BILL SPIVINS IN AN HOUR OF TRIAL.

**BILL SPIVINS' MOTHER-IN-LAW PASSED AWAY LAST NIGHT, AND WHILE IT AIN'T A NICE THING TO SAY, I KNOW SHE MADE LIFE MISERABLE FOR BILL. SHE TREATED BILL LIKE A DOG.**

**BILL ALWAYS SAID SHE HAD THE DISPOSITION OF A TIGER. BUT IT'S ALL OVER NOW, SHE'S GONE! BILL WANTS TO WEAR MOURNING BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THE CUSTOM IS. I SAID I'D ASK MUTT!**

**MUTT, WHAT ARE THEY WEARING NOW FOR MOURNING?**

**WELL, FOR A VERY NEAR RELATIVE ONE SHOULD WEAR A BLACK SUIT. A BLACK BAND ON HIS HAT AND BLACK GLOVES. FOR SOMEONE NOT SO NEAR OR DEAR, ONE MAY HAVE A BROAD BAND OF BLACK ON THE LEFT SLEEVE.**

**FOR SOMEONE MORE DISTANT A TRIFLE NARROWER BAND ON THE SLEEVE WOULD SUFFICE. IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW DEAR THE DEPARTED ONE WAS TO YOU!**

**HELLO BILL! JUST TIE A BLACK STRAP AROUND YOUR LEFT SLEEVE. THAT'S ALL!**

**I'M ASKING FOR BILL SPIVINS. HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW HAS PASSED AWAY!**

In Store  
**Gardner Tools**  
 Four Tine Digging  
 Six Tine Manure  
 Rakes, Etc.  
**Wolsesal**  
**The Direct Agency**  
 ap11.1f

of E. Cathedral.  
 congregations attended all services of the Cathedral yesterday and the Easter messages delivered were appropriate and forcibly presented. At the close of Evensong following selection of Easter was given by the choir:—  
 Carol: Faithful People now  
 Anthem: Lord of Our Life  
 214 A. & M.) by Messrs. South and F. J. Cornick (barytone solo).  
 Carol: Easter Flowers are  
 Solo: (Soprano)—The Resurrection and the Life (Shackley, by  
 Carol: Ring the Bells of Easter  
 Carol: Hail to the Risen  
 Anthem: Open to Me the Gates  
 Hymn 121 (A. & M.)  
 foregoing were most beautiful. The soprano of Miss Stafford capturing all the heart, while the tenor and bass solo were fittingly delivered, in the production "The Heavens are  
 the voices of the full choir of the full-toned organ made a combination of music thrilling to both the ear and soul, and the whole selection occurring in its effects on the character.

**At St. Thomas's.**  
 yesterday may be styled as a day of continuous Thanksgiving at St. Thomas's.  
 The two celebrations of the Holy Spirit at 6.30 and 8 o'clock, respectively, more than 1,000 persons attended. Then came the service at 10 o'clock when Rev. C. A. Moulton presided on the theme of the day, the resurrection, pointing out the joyous victory of Christ over death to Christians. At 3 o'clock the Rev. Mr. Jones, addressed the children on the importance of the day, bidding them roll the stone of sin away from their hearts that God might enter

**Your Easter Shoes**  
 Our selection of Spring await your inspection. In styles you will find a simple snappy and stylish last. **MEN'S MAHOGANY TAN Round Toe.** **MEN'S MAHOGANY TAN Toe,** at \$7.00, \$7.50 to **MEN'S BLACK VICI BLU** with Rubber Heel attachment. **MEN'S VICI BLUCHER,** L Cushion Innersole and \$5.50.  
**PARKER & MOORE**  
 THE SHO