

Cameras, Roll films & Equipment

Everything either Amateurs or advanced Photographers can possibly require may be immediately purchased at the Kodak Store.

Cameras of all grades, Roll Films of all sizes and all the equipment for perfect "snapshot" work are always in stock.

Don't let Summer pass without some Camera records of the happy days as they go by, and get your requirements from us.

Tooton, the Kodak Man, will give you Just what you want.

TOOTON'S The Kodak Store

LADIES' Ready-to-wear HATS

SMART STYLES

— PRICED —

FOR QUICK SELLING.

We know you cannot get as good values elsewhere.

CHILDREN'S & MISSES Ready-to-wear HATS

Very Dainty Styles at Lowest Prices.

Also, a very Special Selection

Children's White Silk HATS

HENRY BLAIR

Spanish War Pirze Scrapped

St. John's, June 7. (A.P.)—One of the prizes of the Spanish war has been sold for scrap after a career of 23 years in the service of the Government. She was the Spanish

steamship Rits. Captured in 1898 and renamed Burnside, she became an army transport and later was converted into a cable repair ship.

Wanted a Second Hand Fish Screw for cash fish. THE COWAN BROKERAGE CO. LTD. apr. 14

MUTT AND JEFF



SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

MENTAL PUSHING.

A friend of mine has just gotten the new house which she started to build last summer completely finished. At last it is ready to move into.

But my friend, who has looked forward to this moment so eagerly, is not ready to move into it.

Instead she is going to take a rest cure.

She has finished the house, as she puts it, and at the same time the house has finished her.

It is a lovely house, she had plenty of money to build it with and to correct mistakes when things didn't turn out as she had planned, and her friends cannot see why it should have tired her so.

"She Didn't Do Anything To Speak Of."

"She didn't have to do anything but tell the architect and contractor and the decorator what she wanted done," says one of the neighbors. "I wonder how she would feel if she did as I did and painted all her walls and rubbed down all her floors herself. Then she might have something to be tired out over. As it is I don't see any reason why it should have tired her so. She didn't do anything to speak of."

In a way her critic is right. There isn't any reason why she needed to tire herself out so over the thing. But I think I can understand perfectly why she did.

And a sentence that I heard her use over and over again in the long months when the work was dragging along in the way such work almost always drags, is the keynote of that

"It doesn't seem as if I could wait to see how it is going to look," she would say to me over and over again about some effect that she was working towards.

She Was Always Pushing Forward. You could tell by her tone and her look just how eagerly she was trying to push the work forward with her mind.

And I think it was undoubtedly that impatience, that constant mental pushing that tired her out so completely.

It always does. There is no form of physical exercise that is any more exhausting than that mental exercise.

I know people who drive automobiles that way. A car ahead of them that they can't get by is something that their mind constantly pushes against. And they are the people who find driving so tiring.

A Day's Work To Push A Trolley Car.

When you are in a hurry to catch a train or to make an appointment and the trolley goes slowly, don't you sometimes catch yourself sitting forward in your seat all tensed up and trying to push the car along with your mind? And when you have been doing that don't you always arrive at your destination as worn out as if you had done a day's work? Small wonder. It is a day's work for one man to push a trolley car even if he does it with his mind.

Mental pushing, whether it be of the trolley or of the auto, or of the slow workman, or of time itself, is something to be carefully avoided. You use up an amount of energy by it that is simply incalculable. And the worst of it is that you don't help things out one tiny bit. Could any use of energy be more foolish or more extravagant.

Film Players of Ability in 'Singed Wings'

Bebe Daniels and Conrad Nagel Featured in Cast of Great Strength.

Another of those splendid casts that are characteristic of Paramount pictures, has been assembled for "Singed Wings," Penrhyn Stanlaw's new Paramount production in which Bebe Daniels and Conrad Nagel are featured, and which comes to the Star Theatre to-night. Miss Daniels has the role of Bonita Della Guardia, a beautiful Spanish cafe dancer, while Mr. Nagel plays the leading masculine part, that of Peter Gordon. Mr. Nagel is regarded as one of the screen's best young actors and his role in "Singed Wings" gives him ample opportunity to display his talent to the best advantage.

The heavy role is played by Adolphe Menjou, one of the best players of ballroom and polished villain roles. Don Jose Della Guardia, grandfather of Bonita, is played by Robert Brower. An old man, hardly able to walk with the aid of his cane and teased to exasperation by Emilio, a simple minded clown, Mr. Brower has created a character of great strength.

Ernest Torrence has the part of Emilio, one of the strongest characterizations in the picture. Emilio is a clown in the cafe at which Bonita dances. He is simple minded but cunning nevertheless. He loves Bonita who treats him kindly, and thereby provokes a tragedy. The remaining role, that of Eve Gordon, the neglected wife of Bliss Gordon, is played by Mabel Trunnelle. Finding herself losing the love of her husband, she faces death, and is killed, in an effort to regain that love.

Eat more fish is a good suggestion, but be sure that your fish is fried in delicious Crisco. advt.

New Film Death in 'The Last Moment'

Incident in New Film Shows A Person Held Captive By Abalone Until He Is Drowned.

Nearly every imaginable kind of death has been utilized by motion pictures to afford variety even to the end that takes off suggestive characters, but it remained for J. Parker Read, Jr., producer of "The Last Moment," the Jack Boyle original screen story distributed by Goldwyn, to make use of a death entirely new to the screen. "The Last Moment" will be the attraction at the Nickel Theatre for three days, beginning to-night.

An incident in this photoplay shows a person drowned from having unwittingly placed his hand in a abalone (often called sea-ear or ear-shell). The abalone immediately closes down and holds the hand tight in its grasp until the person dies from drowning.

The abalone is ordinarily only six or seven inches in diameter, but some of them grow to be a foot or more in diameter. This novel way of bringing about the death of a character in a motion picture is absolutely authentic, although it has never before been used in the films—and has very seldom happened in real life.

When Jack Boyle, the author of "The Last Moment," was searching for a unique manner in which to visit death upon a character in the story he remembered the days when he was a newspaper reporter in San Francisco. He was assigned to cover the death of a Chinese fisherman just outside the Golden Gate. The Chinese was found with his hand still fast by the abalone; he had been unable to break the clasp about his hand and had been drowned when the tide came in.

Discarded powder puffs make excellent erasers for the children's blackboards.

"The Speed Girl" at the Crescent To-Night

Also Mack Bennett's Latest Comedy Sensation.

The Crescent Theatre offers its patrons to-night an unexcelled programme of pictures, the outstanding of which is Mack Bennett's latest comedy sensation, "Where Is My Wandering Boy This Evening?" featuring the man with the "cockbe eyes," Ben Turpin. It's the only sure cure for the blues beyond medical skill. Bring your worries to the Crescent to-night, and you'll forget you had any. The feature picture is "The Speed Girl," starring Bebe Daniels.

Miss Daniels is supported by a cast which fully meets the requirements of the action, as well as fulfilling the Regular standard of excellence. Theodore Von Eltz is leading man and looks very swank in his uniform of blue. Walter Hiers, the press agent, supplies his inimitable kind of comedy. Frank Elliott, who has played "heavies" in a number of pictures for other companies, is seen as an ardent admirer of Bebe's while Steve Johnson plays Hilda, the girl who contributes an important boost to the surprising solution.

To-morrow night there will be a championship dance at this theatre between Martin Day and David Mansfield when a bumper house is assured. Watch the advertisement space in this paper to-morrow.

IT IS STRANGE.

When Bandy Bing came back from France, and other 1 a n d s across the brine, he tried to pour, at every chance, long stories in these ears of mine, so that, on seeing him advance, I'd hide behind my tree and vine. And

divers neighbours said to me, "While Bandy Bing's a frightful bore; he'll talk for seven hours or three about his tour on 'other shore; we would that he would cross the sea again and come back here no more."

The pastor of the village kirk agreed that Bandy was a bore; "When Bandy Bing gets in his work," he said, "our patience he'll exhaust; it's sad that bores so often lurk along our paths, in language lost." I nearly tumbled from my perch, I went up an astonished screech, when told the ladies of that church had chartered Bing to make a speech, concerning all his vain research along a distant foreign beach. The pastor introduced this Bing, and said his talk would be a treat; "We are in luck," he said, "by Bing, so famed a traveller to meet; of orators he is the king, his entertainment can't be beat." And all the fellows who were bored when Bing in private told his tales, sat up in front and cheered and roared; their laughter rose in a fitful gale, and Bing his recollections poured upon us all, by bales and bales. It's passing strange that men of gall can bore us till our senses reel; we'd like to back them to a wall and shoot them with a ton of steel; but let them lecture in a hall, and we will pay to hear their spiel.

VAL MATCH

Man-Killing White Tiger SLAIN BY INDIAN RAJAH. CALCUTTA, June 1. (A.P.)—Sportmen all over India are greatly interested in the skin of a white tiger recently shot by the Maharaja of Sirur and which is now on display here.

Except for a few darker stripes the pelt is almost pure white and measures nine feet eight inches from nose to tail tip. The white tiger is extremely rare, but few specimens ever having been secured, and this one is reported to have had a career of predation that included three human victims and innumerable cattle.

Japanese Wage Rates

TOKIO.—(A.P.)—The average daily wage of Japanese laborers, including

New Swedish Air Service

LONDON, May 16. (A.P.)—A new air service is to be opened between London and Stockholm during the coming summer. It is proposed to operate three airplanes capable of carrying 25 passengers each. The ships will leave both capitals daily.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A GUEST

THE WHISTLING FISHER LAD. Here's a blue sky overhead and a world with sun aglow, And the fishing's mighty good in a little stream I know. And the birds are all a-wing and the stage is set for me! Everything is as it was in the days that used to be; But one note is missing now and I wish that I could hear The whistle of a boy down the road-way, ringing clear.

I wish that I could turn from my dreary task and see That glad rascal at the gate whistling long and loud for me. With his pole and can of bait and his most enticing smile, Bidding me to come along and go fishing for awhile. Yes, I wish that I could know that long vanished thrill of joy When I stole away from care to the whistle of a boy.

There was something in the charm of that summons strong and clear Which the grown-ups never know and the grown-ups never hear. For a fishing trip back then wasn't tediously planned. But just happened in a way that all youngsters understand. And you didn't have to dream as an old man does, and wait, You were whisked from your task by a small boy at the gate.

I may go out fishing and may steal a day or two, But the journey must be planned and the work done when I do. I may sometimes lie and dream where the willows line the shore. But the joy of it has changed, for a youngster calls no more. And on summer days like this oft I wish that I could see That lost comrade at the gate whistling long and loud for me.

Once you use Crisco for frying codfish you will never fry your fish without it.—advt.

A VERY EXCELLENT SYSTEM, WE'LL SAY.

