

Prepare for Spring Cleaning!

Our Wall Paper Department is now replete with the most beautiful patterns of Wall Papers it has ever been our privilege to offer our patrons. No house-holder need worry about Spring Cleaning. We will relieve you of all worry. Call and make your selection early.



Special Prices
to the Whole-
sale Trade.

Regular Wall Papers

50,000 Rolls

Artistic Wall Papers.

Our stock of regular Papers for 1918 exceeds in quantity and excels in quality and design our stocks of any previous years. Frieze and 9 inch Borders to match. Prices ranging from

25c. to \$1.00 per piece.

JOB WALL PAPERS

150,000 Rolls.

The largest stock of Job Wall Papers we have ever offered the trade. With this line of Jobs we have a large quantity of Borders which match the papers nicely.

Selling at Last Year's Prices.

24c., 27c. & 30c. per piece.



JOB WALL PAPER
cannot be exchanged
or taken back.

Marshall Bros

The Gowns of Yester year.

By RUTH CAMERON.



Yesterday, in the course of clean-up day, I put a discarded gown into the old clothes bag. As I stuffed it in to the bag, there came to me, in a sudden flash, a memory of the days when that gown was new. I bought it at the end of a period of financial depression and it was the first nice new gown I had had for many months. I could remember how excited I was when it came home from the shop, and how I tried it on and exacted its meed of admiration from each member of the family. And then I could remember the first day I wore it and how lovely it had looked laid out on the bed, with my best lingerie and a pair of bronze slippers I had had for Christmas, and one of the only two pairs of silk stockings I owned, beside it. Will you think me frivolous when I confess that my chiefest memory of the tea that followed centers about that gown and the impression I fancied it must be making?

From Best To Second Best.

The first winter I kept it so carefully, I didn't get half the wear out of it I should have. It seemed almost a desecration to wear it for any but special functions. At the beginning of its second season, however, I took it on a trip and wore it several times in the course of a few days. And that familiarity so lowered its standing with me, that I wore it with less effort after that.

From Second Best To Rag Bag.

Eventually the tragedy that comes to all such gowns, befell it. I had a newer gown, and it fell to second place in my affections. It now graced only second best occasions. Of course that evanescent golden quality of style and chicness had evaporated from it. It began to look a little shabby to me. A thin place appeared at the elbow and had to be patched and I took to wearing it in the house evenings. Then more thin places ap-

peared and the trip to the old clothes bag was inevitable.

A Plea For Patchwork Quilts.

What a lot of memories for a handful of silk and chiffon to contain! What an epitome of life; its eagerness, its satiety, its distaste. I had not grown to hate this gown, because it was an unusually becoming one; but there have been gowns in my history that I loved extravagantly, at first, and hated the sight of before I felt I could lay them aside. Do you remember the patch work quilts of our grandmothers, into which they worked bits of all the family and relatives? What fascinating store-houses of memories those quilts must have been! I'm sorry we don't make patchwork quilts nowadays. Aren't you?

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Bay of Islands. J. M. CAMPBELL.
I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Springhill, N.S. WM. DANIELS.
I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
GEO. TINGLEY.
Albert Co., N. B.

Your Boys and Girls

The physical signs by which the child shows his heart and mind distress must be treated with daily admonition, but it must all be most tenderly done. "Don't lift your shoulder, dear," the mother must say when one of those members of the body goes clumsily up to hide embarrassment. "Don't scrape your foot, dear," she must remark as placidly when this small member is misbehaving; and "Don't life your voice, dear," she must add when, under excitement, the child's tones rise shrilly.

These defects and countless more may be smoothed away with time and patience, though it must be remembered that parents and not the brothers and sisters, must do the correcting. Sensitiveness may not always go with an awkward, self-conscious manner, but rather with an abnormal self-esteem which has little fineness of nature to back it. In that event the child may need a little more "taking down" occasionally toward more hu-

GOODS NOW DUE.

Orders now booking for the following goods just to hand and to arrive to-day:

100 bris. 1's STARK APPLES.
100 bris. 2's ASSD. APPLES.
200 bris. 1's BEN DAVIS "
50 bris. 1's ASSD. APPLES.
25 bags PARSNIPS.
40 bris. WASHED PARSNIPS.
10 bags CARROTS.
10 cases BEETS.
30 cases RED ONIONS.
150 bags 100 lb. YELLOW ONIONS.
40 boxes TABLE APPLES.
10 cases CAL. LEMONS.
150 cases CAL. ORANGES—
250, 216 and 176 sizes.

Soper & Moore

mility in thought. But for the child who suffers acutely, who has some slumbering notions of justice, only the utmost care will bring an improvement. He needs to know every hour that he has the complete love of his parents, and with this made clear in a tactful way the battle against this not uncommon enemy of childhood will be decisively won in the end.

Our Daily Story.

ESSENTIA OILS.

Essentia Oils stepped gracefully from her 23-cylinder Pierced-Packard and entered the Red Cross recruiting office. With the immediate, unerring instinct of the real American girl, she stopped at the desk marked: "Apply Here."

"Are you Mr. Here?" inquired Essentia Oils.

"Mr. Which?" said the man behind the desk.

"Mr. Apply Here—I noticed the name on the desk," explained Essentia.

"Oh, I see. No, he's at the other end of the building this morning, assisting Mr. Entrance Out. My name is Burford Seeds, and if there's anything in the line of anything I can do for you—"

"I want to go to France and be a nurse," said Miss Oils.

"Splendid! Splendid! You can take a four months' course at the school for nurses, and then, if you pass the examinations—"

"That's too slow," interrupted Essentia.

"I want to go right away."

"That's the spirit we like to see," approved Burford Seeds warmly.

"And, if you have any special qualifications—"

"I've got it all figured out," explained Essentia chipily. "In the first place, I'm just naturally suited to be a nurse. I'm simply bubbling over with life and animation, and if I do my imitations of George M. Cohan and Harry Lauder for the men suffering from shell shock, it ought to do them no end of good. And then I'm generally conceded to be the best dancer in our set, and I'll consider it part of my duties to dance with all the convalescents and take their minds off their wounds. I'm naturally

an early riser, and if necessary I can sign a contract to begin my imitations each morning not later than ten-thirty."

Burford Seeds clasped the desk to keep from falling under it.

"We'll—we'll send for you when we need you," he gasped glibly.

"Now or never!" said Essentia, and swept haughtily out and drove to Mrs. Upson-Downs' bandage-winding headquarters, where she made it a point to wind two bandages every day.

THE YELLOW PERIL.

Once more we face the dandelions, and fortune impasse. Bryan could not express the grief we're knowing, as we behold the rank weeds growing. Once more, with knives and spades and diggers, we buckle down among the chiggers, uprooting weeds that keep on thriving, that simply will not quit surviving. Oh, there are other deadly battles than those which wax where cannon rattles; and there are foes a lot more yellow than any dandelion. Tenton fellow. Through wintry months I have been yearning to see the good old spring returning; I prayed for April with an ardor that made the March wind howl the harder; I filled the air with scolding epithets; but I forgot the dandelions. Jings! I was thinking of the roses which charm our winter weary noses; and of the buttercups and lilies which shoo away the dunks and willies. The dandelions I'd forgotten, and now they are a nuisance rotten. Each day my frau gives me a wiggling because I hate the endless digging. "Go, do your bit," she says, upliftly, "and make the place look neat and thrifty; our neighbours there, the stately Ryans, have cleared their lawn of dandelions." And so with digger I am wending, to start the war that knows no ending.

Half the rushing about we do is unnecessary, unimportant and unresultant. It leaves us worn out and without vitality to our credit.

It aches us when we think it is helping us to keep young. It makes us most unpleasant persons to live with, for the poor woman with ragged nerves cannot help being irritable and irresponsible and it makes her woefully inefficient. The first thing such women need to learn is how to let go and rest. Go into some quiet nook and lie down and forget the outside world. Let nature do what all the physicians cannot do without her help.

Run away into the lovely pink and green country and let the soft breezes cool your throbbing head and blow the wrinkles out of your strained face, and let the birds and the brooks sing you to placidness.

In the meantime we may seek beauty and nerve balm in tonic baths. We can all manage to have the soothing luxury of a sea salt bath before we retire, and we can have a cold sponge bath in the morning with the water tinged with just a little alcohol.

There are other wonderful baths that will make you feel like a new woman. Roll half a pound of pine cones half an hour and strain the infusion into the bedtime bath. Or mix together one ounce of tincture of camphor, two ounces of cologne and half an ounce of tincture of benzoin. Add enough to the tub water to make it milky and soft.

Look at a Child's Tongue When Cross, Feverish and Sick

Take no chances! Move poisons from liver and bowels at once.

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, and they become tightly packed, liver gets sluggish and stomach disordered.

When cross, feverish, restless, see if tongue is coated, then give this delicious "fruit laxative." Children love it, and it can not cause injury. No difference what all your little one is full of cold, or a sore throat, diarrhoea, stomach-ache, bad breath, remember, a gentle "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given.

"Full directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." We make no smaller size. Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup.

Household Notes.

Start the tomato seeds in the house in boxes now. You will have good sturdy plants ready to set out when the time comes.

Very nice earthen bowls can be bought at little cost and are useful for putting leftovers in the refrigerator. The food can be warmed and served in them.

All blooming shrubs should be trimmed after they have stopped blooming. It is the new growth that makes the blooms, and if that is cut off in the spring the bush will not bloom well.

Remove water spots from a dress by dampening in lukewarm water; then place a piece of cloth over the water spots on the right side and press until both pieces of material are dry.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
St. John's, Nfld.

In Our Picture-Framing Department---

Orders for the Framing of Pictures will be accepted during the present month at a liberal discount off regular prices, owing to the inevitable slackness that prevails between seasons.

We have the finest stock of Mouldings in the Island for you to select from, or, if you wish, you can send your unframed Pictures to us, and feel confident that they will be perfectly framed in Mouldings that will enhance the beauty of the subject.

Send your unframed Pictures to the Picture-framing experts at the

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.
St. John's.

The Approach of Spring

Is not for Newfoundland altogether suggestive of

Beauty & Springing Flowers.

In fact it is mostly suggestive of dirty streets and April showers. The streets, perhaps, you and I cannot help, but there is no reason

Why you should not Get in Out of the Wet,

as we can help you out there. We are showing

LADIES' and MEN'S UMBRELLAS—Reasonably priced.

LADIES' BLACK RUBBER COATS and WATERPROOFS.

LADIES' SHOWER and COVERT COATS—

In these we are showing a lot of New Sample Coats in styles a la militaire and otherwise.

MEN'S GREY COVERT CLOTH COATS only \$15.00 each.—These are made in the newest style, but from pre-war cloth at a pre-war price, hence the Special Value.

HENRY BLAIR

Florizel' Inquiry.

ADDRESS OF MR. DUNFIELD TO THE COURT, SUMMING UP THE EVIDENCE AND STATING THE CASE FOR THE CROWN.

(Continued.)

Now if we take the distance from this point where I submit he probably was at midnight to the point A at or near which he must have turned at 8 a.m., we find it is about 16 miles and requires an actual course about S. by E. to reach it.

The wind reached its maximum about 1.00 o'clock when he was still about 100 yards from the shore, and probably still in the densest inshore ice, and I submit that between 12 o'clock and 3 a.m. which latter hour he reached the point of the ice, his speed would be a minimum and his leeway at a maximum. Let us assume that between 12 o'clock and 1 when the wind was at its maximum he made 4 knots; at between 1 o'clock and 2 when the wind was still very high, he made perhaps 4½ knots; and between 2 o'clock and 3, when the wind was slightly reduced, he made 4½ knots again. I suggest also that during these 3 hours he must have been carried by the ice and wind some 3 miles seaward; but this figure may perhaps be reduced, as mentioned later.

This would bring him to a point at 3 o'clock, where Ferryland light would be from 3 to 4 miles away upon his starboard quarter. It will be seen from the evidence that about 3 o'clock leading seaman (R.N.R.) Hatchard who was on lookout, and second officer King who was on the bridge, thought independently that they perceived a light on the starboard quarter, and seaman Hatchard states that he did not directly see the light itself, but rather a glare or reflection such as is cast by a lighthouse. It appears that the master was unable to pick up this light with his glasses, and that the lookout man and the second officer thereupon decided that they must have imagined it; but the fact of their having supposed that they saw this light independently and in the same direction, goes very strongly to suggest that it was in fact real light, and the course which the ship must have taken to reach Cappaden, must, it is practically certain, have put her in a position where at light could be seen on the quarter about 3 o'clock, if there was a temporary break in the curtain of snow and sleet between her ship and the light.

About 3 o'clock the ship got out of the ice, and we may consequently assume that in open water the sea was heavier, while the wind blew very strong and a 4 o'clock decreased but little. There is evidence that shortly after 4 o'clock, water came in around the bows on the port side; about 4 o'clock water came in at a port hole on the quarter, and several officers, passengers, stewards and seamen concur in stating that after the ship turned towards land at 4 o'clock the rolling motion of the common furniture and other articles were thrown about, and some cargo got adrift in the hold, water came in at various places. One witness, Major Sullivan, was told by steward that a skylight had been broken in by water, and people could remain on lounges without holding on. We have testimony along these lines from 8 or 9 persons; and we are such as to make their labour heavy and ship a good deal of water. The condition of the sea being thus suggested that between 3 and 4 a.m. the speed did not increase but remained at about 4 knots, the absence of ice being compensated for by the increased violence of the sea, against which she was steaming.

A distance of something over 4 miles from a point where Ferryland light could be seen on the starboard quarter, would take the ship to a point about a mile to the S. W. of point A, the point previously referred to, at or near which the ship must have been at 4 o'clock, if we reckon her course and distances without regard to tides. Between 3 o'clock and 4 I have assumed that the ship made little if any leeway, being now out of the ice, and more head to wind. From this point which I have supposed the ship to reach at 4 o'clock, W. S. W. course would have brought it

