

"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

for Insect bites

also for sunburn and prickly heat

THE troubles that summer brings to the skin yield quickly to Mentholatum. It instantly soothes the sting and smart of sunburn and stops the itch of insect bites.

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A HEALING CREAM

is truly marvelous for cuts, burns, nervous headache and colds. Antiseptic and gentle in its action.

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George Romney and His Divine Lady.

When George Romney was born, one December day in 1734, under the humbled roof of his father, the village carpenter of Beckside, near Dalton-Furness, he seemed as remote from fame and romance as from Mars; and yet he was fated to become one of the greatest artists of his day, to move in high circles, and to have his name romantically linked through the ages with one of the most beautiful women who have ever enslaved men.

A Sordid Boyhood.

One of a large family, he spent a sordid boyhood in the Lancashire village. At ten his pitiful schooling was ended, and he was working at his father's bench, carving wood and drawing in his few spare hours, until he won this emancipation when a Kendal artist, called Steele, saw the lad's promise and took him into his studio to teach him the art of science of a painter.

Later, when Steele left him in the arch by eloping with an heiress to Petta Green, we find young Romney, possibly infected by his patron's example, challenging Fate by adding to his handicap the burden of a wife. How and where he first met Mary Abbot, of Kirkland, we know not. We know, however, that she was an exceedingly worthy girl, with some pretensions to artistic beauty, and that, after a brief and unromantic wooing, he married her one day in 1756, more from a sense of duty than from any love she had inspired in him.

Turn Your Rain Coat Into an Overcoat.

Overcoat prices are going to be high this winter, and overcoats no better. \$70, \$80, \$90, sound dolefully to the ears of your pocket-book, eh? Why not turn your raincoat into an overcoat? And that's where we step into the breach. Yes, sir, when we present one of our cosy lamb's fleece linings to your admiring gaze your sense of comfort will rise in rejoicing and your pocket-book shout hurrah! For here's the solution to high overcoat prices.

Fleece Interlinings for Raglans, Raincoats, and Overcoats.

Buttons inside your own raincoat, remains invisible; the only difference it makes is in your added comfort. The whole combination weighs scarcely half as heavy as a winter coat. Bring this with you and you are prepared for any weather, rain, hail or snow—or shine. In summer just unbutton the lining and wear the coat in the ordinary way. An overcoat can be worn only for one season; fit your raincoat or raglan with a fleece lining and you can wear it all through the year. Yes, it sure does put the half-Nelson on the weather.

Special To-Day:

Waterproof Walking Coat, fitted with lamb's wool lining, both totalling \$60.

\$50 To-Day.

Fleece Linings separately, priced \$20.

\$15 To-Day.

Kearney's

A Bid For Fame And Fortune.

However cold-blooded his marriage may have been, it at least served the purpose of "putting him on his mettle," and he set to work to keep his domestic cupboard supplied by painting portraits of the local gentry at "two guineas a head, life-size, and small and small full-lengths six guineas."

And such was his success that he was not only able to provide a comfortable home for his wife and the two babies that came to them, but to save money. It was not long, however, before Romney wearied of his prosaic home-life and his restricted field of work. He yearned to go out into the world and try his wings at loftier flights; and in 1762 we see him handing seventy pounds of his little nest-egg of a hundred pounds to his wife and, with the remaining thirty pounds in his pocket, faring south to London and, as he hoped, to fame and fortune—little dreaming under what changed and pathetic conditions he would return, nearly forty years later, to the wife on whom he so lightly turned his back.

"How touching," says Edward Fitzgerald, "is the close of Romney's life. He married at twenty-one and, because Sir Joshua and others had said that marriage spoiled an artist, left his wife in the north, and saw her but twice till the end of his life, when, old, nearly mad, and quite desolate, he went back to her, and she received him and nursed him till he died."

Whatever may have been the precise motive of this cowardly desertion, which will always sully Romney's memory, we know that he settled down quite happily to his battle with fortune in London, with little thought of the deserted wife and the children he had left so far away; and it was not long before Fortune began to smile sweetly on the runaway.

So successful was he with his portrait-painting that he had soon saved enough money to pay an artistic visit to Paris in 1764; and on his return to London his studio in Great Newport Street was so besieged by sitters that even the great Sir Joshua Reynolds had at last a really formidable rival.

Thousands a Year.

His income was now soaring into thousands a year—in one year his portraits brought him 3,500 guineas, an enormous revenue from art in those days; and during these long years of rich harvesting we are told "he almost entirely neglected his wife and children, and only twice did he visit them." He was now the second most successful portrait-painter in London, with five, and occasionally six, sitters a day; a favourite in society circles, and an intimate friend of many of the greatest in England. And it was at this time of triumph that romance came to him for the first and last time in his life.

One day in 1782 the Honourable Charles Greville, a younger son of the Earl of Warwick, introduced Romney to his protegee, the beautiful Emma Hart, who in the years to come was to blossom into My Lady Hamilton, as wife of our Ambassador at the Court of Naples, and to live in history as Nelson's "beloved Emma."

The Beautiful Emma.

At sight of Emma's radiant young loveliness the middle-aged artist is said to have completely lost his heart. Nor can we wonder when we look on any of the canvases on which Romney has made her beauty immortal. From

that hour she was to him his "divine lady," "the most perfect woman in the world." She was an object of worship, rather than of mortal passion. To be near her, to feast on her loveliness, to sit at her feet in the home she shared with her mother and Greville in Edgware Row, was "all of Heaven he craved."

"If Romney painted that superb creature once," we are told, "he painted her scores of times"—as Hebe and as a Bacchante. And this love, this idolatry, remained with Romney to his last day, long years after she had passed out of his life.—John O'London's Weekly.

Old Friends Are Best.

True friendships like the old oak tree, When bending to the blast, It sinks its roots in safety, And holds on to the last.

And so it is with old-time friends— We'll never let them go Until our earthly trouble ends, Because we love them so.

We love old friends, for, don't you see, They know us to the core And bring again to memory The youthful days once more.

We love old friends the very best, The reason why is clear, We love them better than the rest, They've proved themselves sincere.

No matter where grim duty sends Us onward by the way, We treasure them a few old friends To chum with while we stay.

And when we leave this world of care, To back in Heaven's sunshine, We'll hunt a cosy corner there And sing of "Auld Lang Syne."

OTHER TABLETS NOT ASPIRIN AT ALL

Only Tablets with "Bayer Cross" are Genuine Aspirin



If you don't see the "Bayer Cross" on the tablets, you are not getting Aspirin—Remember this! Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" are now made in America by an American Company. No German interest whatever, all rights being purchased from the United States Government.

During the war, acid imitations were sold as Aspirin in pill boxes and various other containers. The "Bayer Cross" is your only way of knowing that you are getting genuine Aspirin, proved safe by millions for Headache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, and for pain generally. Aspirin is the trade mark (Newfoundland Registration No. 761), of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacid-ester of Salicylicacid. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—also larger sizes. "Bayer" packages can be had at drug stores.

The Bayer Co., Inc., U.S.A.

Feathered Frauds.

Apart from the natural camouflage which speckled feathers and patches of colour, like dazzle painting on ships, afford birds for their protection, there is no doubt that birds have little tricks which, consciously or instinctively, they employ to frighten away intruders. Can anyone doubt that the long neck of goose and swan, and the hissing sound they both make, is a good imitation of the snake in the grass? Of course, it is necessary to think of these birds in their wild state, nesting among the reeds. A marauding fox, or wolf, or pine-martin, happens along, intent on eggs for breakfast at least, or, better still, a tender gosling, or cygnet. Suddenly, out darts the snake-like neck hissing like a whole basketful of serpents, and the intruder turns tail and flees from the poisonous spot.

The wryneck builds its nest in the hollow of a tree, and if any prying person should thrust a hand into this hole he hears a most menacing hissing, and he withdraws the hand very smartly, lest the adder should bite him. Even the blue titmouse, an inoffensive little bird enough, will imitate a snake, producing a most alarming hiss if her nest is approached by cat or human.

The well-known dodge of the lapwing to lure the egg-gatherer from her eggs is another case of cute trickery. The lapwing, or plover, makes her nest on the ground, and when she sees a stranger approaching she flies just in front of him, constantly seeming to fall, as if her wing were injured or broken. Naturally, boy or man will make some attempt to catch her, and that is exactly what she wants.

Ladies' Black Kid High Laced Boots, with a good walking heel. Worth \$11.00 per pair, only \$8.75 at SMALLWOOD'S.

STORM SEVERELY FELT.—Saturday night's storm was severely felt along the West Coast, the coastal steamers being held up as a result, while the telegraph lines were also put out of commission at several places.

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The Reliable Ignition Unit has the same vigorous, flashing energy and hot spark, to quickly start an engine or run a washing machine.

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TORONTO CANADA

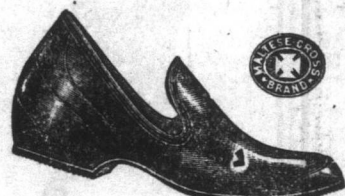
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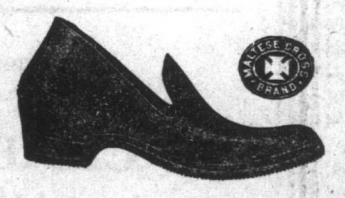
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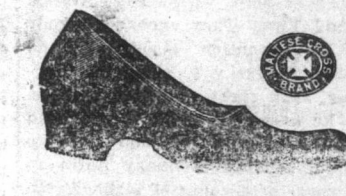


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218 and 220 Water Street.

At the age of 70 years Anatole France, the author, whose engagement to marry Miss Emma La Pre-votte has just been announced, says he is now ready to undertake his life work, which is to make a home

for his wife and to advance the principles of Sovietism, of which he is a leading advocate in France. Anatole France, whose real name is Jacques Thibault, has been writing for half a century, contributing many poems, articles and criticisms to leading French magazines and journals, many of which are famous. Anatole France is descended from one of the most notable Jewish families of Paris.

His chief work, "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," was published in 1881. One of the English translations was by Lafcadio Hearn.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR RUINS, ETC.