

A Most Opportune Offering.

The woman with an eye to economy will fairly revel in this wonderful sale of
Dainty Swiss and Lawn Embroideries.

The variety of patterns and styles offered is broad enough to please every taste. The workmanship is unmatched for perfection, and the low prices at which they are marked bring them within reach of every purse.

Prices, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 25, 30c and up. Also, 12 pieces White Embroidered Voile, 45 inches wide, value \$1.50 per yard. Selling at 90 cts. per yard.

Just opened, Venetian Ladder Tape. *Marshall Bros*

Here and There.

CHEVROLET 1919
ap25,41

AT THE CROSSING. — Messrs. Blanchett and R. Boyers are engaged at the crossing.

MAILS CLOSE. — Foreign mail going by the S.S. Kyle will close at 4 o'clock.

In almost every section of the Globe, Chevrolet Cars are well favorably known.—ap25,41

PORTIA LEAVES ST. MARTIN. — S.S. Portia left St. Martin's yesterday, coming here. She is due any minute.

CHOIR NOTICE. — There will be NO PRACTICE for the Street Choir to-night.—ap25,41

"STELLA MARIS" COMING. — S.S. Stella Maris, well known, has left New York for here bringing cargo of oil.

TRAIN MOVEMENTS. — Yesterday's west-bound express left St. John's at 10:30 a.m.; yesterday's east-bound express left Norris's Arm 8:45 a.m.

HEARING CONTINUED. — Hearing into the case of alleged murder, against the elderly man, Spaniards Bay was continued yesterday afternoon before Judge Morris.

COLORITE.

THE WONDERFUL LIQUID
 MAGICIAN.
 Instantly changes to any color or gives a beautiful glossy finish to

Straw Hats & Straw Goods.

We have in stock three colors: Black, Navy Blue and Brown. Price 50c. bot.

PETER O'MARA
 The Druggist
 46-48 WATER ST. WEST.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

St. John's General Hospital.

The Artificial Limb Department of the General Hospital will re-open on or about May 10th, and will continue in operation until May 31st inst.

It will be as heretofore under the management of an experienced fitter direct from the J. Rowley Company, Artificial Limb Manufacturers, Chicago, Illinois.

Those requiring new limbs can be measured and accurately fitted. Old limbs requiring adjustment and repairs will receive attention, and expert advice may be obtained on all matters pertaining to the Artificial Limb and its use.

For further particulars as to cost, etc., apply to the Superintendent.

By order,
 JAMES HARRIS
 Secretary

Dep't of Public Works,
 St. John's, Newfoundland
 apr25,51,ead

Grove Hill Bulletin

WREATHS & CROSSES.
 LETTUCE,
 PARSLEY.

Terms: Strictly Cash.
 Phone 247.

J. McNeil,
 Waterford Bridge Road.

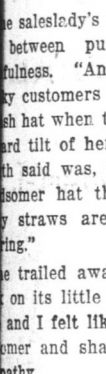
Dr. A. B. Lehr
 Dentist,
 Has returned to his practice.

Competing With Your Clothes.

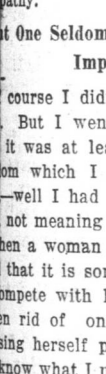
By RUTH CAMERON.



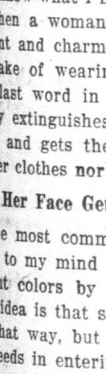
"It's a stunning hat," said the saleslady twirling the big brimmed, shiny straw hat temptingly about on her hand. "I know that," said the customer, "but I'm not stunning myself. That's just the trouble. Show me something not quite so stunning. Some straw not quite so shiny."



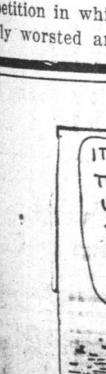
The saleslady's expression was half between puzzlement and discomfiture. "Another one of these customers who don't know a hat when they see it," said the girl to herself. "But all her hat was, 'You'll never get a smarter hat than that, and those straws are just what they're after.'"



She called away to put the hat on its little throne in the show and I felt like going up to the counter and shaking her hand in pity.



One seldom yields to these impulses. I didn't. One so seldom. But I went my way thinking that at least a seed pearl of wisdom which I had seen cast before me had better not finish its journey by being trampled underfoot.



When a woman gets it through her head that it is sometimes fatal to try to compete with her clothes she has a right to one big obstacle to her progress. Of course, she must mean by that phrase, "a woman naturally of the nature and charming type makes the art of wearing clothes that are in vogue in smartness, she can distinguish her own individuality and gets the full value neither her clothes nor of herself."



Her face gets The Worst Of It. The most common mistake of this kind is the wearing of colorless clothes. The colorless person is that she will one herself that way, but as a rule she only needs entering into an unhappy competition in which her face is completely worsted and is made to look

much more colorless than it would if framed by some soft neutral tint. Again one often sees women wearing materials that don't fit with their personalities. A dressmaker told me years ago that she considered satin something that only handsome women should wear. There is a shiny lustre and a handsomeness about it, she said that distinguishes a small pale woman. And I couldn't tell you how many times I have had occasion to think of that dictum.

Two Good Rules. A certain woman's club, to which I sometimes refer, has in its bulletin this month a few short paragraphs under the head of "A Few Art Principles applied to Clothing." And these are two of the clothing provisos. "Garments should reflect the spirit of the occasion and the wearer."

THE BREAD AND BUTTER MAN. I'm just a bread and butter man. And glad I am to be it. Though others ask a greater task. Somehow I cannot see it; I have no wish to rise to fame. Nor with the great to flutter. My one concern is just to earn. My children's bread and butter.

I'm just a bread and butter man. I have no great ambition. From day to day I go my way. Upon my simple mission. I do not seek the mountain peak. Nor would I be a strutter. Among the wise; my pleasure lies in making bread and butter.

They look at me at night and say, "Tell us what you've been doing? Why do you go and leave us so? What goal are you pursuing?" And then I wear my proudest grin. And tenderly I utter. This answer gay: I've been away. To make your bread and butter.

I'm just a bread and butter man. And that job keeps me busy; I would not claim the heights of fame. For they might set me dizzy. A happy man I'll live and die. So long as I can mutter. That at my trade I've always made. My children's bread and butter.

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.

"The Virgins of Verdun"

The great German attack on Verdun had a fate very different from that which attended the Prussian invasion of the town on the occasion of the Brunswick invasion in 1792. Although fortified, the place was so ill-equipped that after a two hours' bombardment from the surrounding heights, the inhabitants clamoured for surrender, and a council of war also pronounced for it when called on by the commander, Beaurepaire, who shot himself in consequence. A change shot killed a Prussian officer in the town, and therefore, in the hope of appeasing the Prussian King's anger, a deputation of ladies went to the camp to offer him a pretty basket containing sweetmeats, for which Verdun was noted. The gift was graciously accepted, and the town was spared; but the deputation was destined to pay a heavy price. Months later they were arrested by order of the Convention and carried to Paris, where they were arraigned before the Revolutionary Tribunal on April 24, 1793. The trial was the usual farce. Behind the judges, women sat toying and jesting with them, and the counsel

assigned to the accused was allowed only a quarter of an hour in which to speak on their behalf. All were found guilty—fourteen women and girls—as a matter of course, and were condemned to death, except Claire and Barbe Henry, who, being under sixteen were sentenced to stand for six hours on the scaffold and to be imprisoned for twenty years. Twelve were guillotined, but on a platform erected for the purpose, with an inscription stating that they had furnished money, food and munitions to the enemy. Three years later, when sanity returned, Barbe and Claire were liberated.

A Tale of Horror.

(Boston Transcript.)

The following remarkable letter is just received, and not yet elsewhere published, from Mme. Ignace Padewski, wife of the premier of Poland, to Mme. Padewski's son, W. O. Golski, of New York city, and by him communicated to a friend in this city: Warsaw, Feb. 23, 1919.

My Dear Son: A diplomatic courier will leave for Paris to-day. I want him to take along my letter to you. I must hurry, therefore, for he may be calling for it at any moment.

What can I tell you about ourselves? As I wrote you before, the life we are leading is like a fairy tale. Mr. Padewski stands at the head of the government, prime minister and minister of foreign affairs. He has the love of the whole nation, which trusts him and regards him as a savior. And all around us are the Polish people, the Polish army, the Polish government and the Polish assembly—and our hearts and souls go out to God in expressions of gratitude for having accomplished this miracle—for a miracle it is indeed.

Nevertheless everything is not for the best as yet. War is raging on four fronts. Our wonderful soldiers, in rags, without shoes, oftentimes even without a shirt on their backs, hungry and cold, stubbornly resist the onslaught of our enemies. While our own boys frequently lack weapons and shells, the Bolsheviks around Bialystok, and the Ukrainians in Galicia are making use of poisonous gas in their fight against the Poles. They obtain it from the Germans, who also supply them with arms, ammunition and officers. Thousands of university and high-school students have already been killed. Lemberg is still resisting, defended as it is by women and mere boys. The spirit of its defenders remains unbroken in spite

of the atrocities committed by the Ukrainians on captured prisoners. The other day were brought back from Lemberg to Warsaw and placed in one of the hospitals which I visit daily, six Polish nurses and four boy scouts. They had had the misfortune of falling into Ukrainian hands. The nurses had been impaled and then, after a few hours of torture, in order that their agony might be prolonged, taken off and thrown into a field to die at leisure. The boy scouts had been tied together with barbed wire, buried up to their necks in a isolated spot but within sight of the Polish lines. They were rescued by some of our own men. I doubt whether any of the nurses will survive their injuries. Four have already died at the time I am writing these lines. The boys, I hope, will recover. These are but isolated cases which have come to my attention, but I know that wholesale atrocities have been committed by the Ukrainians.

The Bolsheviks gouge the eyes and cut out the tongues of the prisoners they capture and bury them alive after having broken every bone in their legs and arms with hammers. Their Chinese mercenaries excel in that sort of cruelty. And I thought that peace had come back to earth bringing with it good will toward men!

The arrival here of Allied missions helped to keep up our spirits. Relief in shape of food, clothing and arms is also on its way. If only Haller's Polish army, detained in France for some incomprehensible reason, would be sent to Poland!

ST AFFORDS' 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.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

War and the Sea Problem.

Did the war settle the sex question? Every thoughtful writer has a word to say about this, and every thoughtful reader wants to hear what there is to be said. Here is what William Frederick Bigelow says in Good Housekeeping:

"The war has liberated women from sex thralldom. They have found that men have done few things that they cannot do as well. They are everywhere conscious of a change in their relations to the body politic, a change which has nothing to do with their registering or not registering, a political opinion. They have made mankind their debtor. And they have done this without slighting their duties as women. There has been more home-keeping in America since America got into the war than there was all the decade preceding. Women have merely worked instead of playing. They have released their energies in useful channels rather than in adventures after pleasures—and have found that happiness is a state of mind and not a condition, their hearts, their imaginations, were captured by the need for them, by the knowledge that, without them, their world would be broken up in chaos, and they responded to every call."

British Cruiser "Gladiator" Rammied.

The American liner, 'St. Paul,' left Southampton Docks on the afternoon of April 25, 1908, and shortly afterwards ran into a blizzard of snow and sleet. So heavy was the downfall that the 'St. Paul' was blotted from view, and the look-out did not observe the approach of another vessel until too late to avoid a collision. The great liner crashed into the vessel, which proved to be H. M. S. 'Gladiator.' When the 'St. Paul' backed away, it was seen that a great hole had been made in the cruiser's side, which had smashed her boats, while her boilers had burst, killing the stokers and enveloping that part of the ship in scalding clouds of steam. Tons of water poured into the interior of the 'Gladiator,' giving her immediately a tremendous list to starboard. Nothing could be done to save her, and she was headed for the shore, where she stranded. Some of the men dived off and swam ashore; others, clung to the wreckage until picked up, the 'St. Paul' lowering her boats as soon as possible. Then oc-

cured one of the many plucky acts which the emergency produced. As Mr. Chapman, the torpedo-gunner, was swimming to the shore, the sea bitterly cold, he got into difficulties and shouted for help. Lance-Corporal Poole, R.E., who had rushed to the beach from Fort Victoria to aid in the work of rescue, heard the cry, and, stripping off his clothes, gallantly swam out to Chapman, a distance of about 150 yards, and brought him ashore in a terrible exhausted condition. On the other hand there is a tragic tale of a life lost after being saved. A Maltese steward had taken his discharge and was going back to Malta from Portsmouth. When the disaster occurred he got safely off the 'Gladiator' and reached the shore, but recollecting that he had left his money behind (a sum of about thirty pounds) he swam back. Climbing aboard the warship, he got his money, and fastening it to his waist, plunged again into the water, but was in too exhausted a condition by this time to reach the shore; his body with the money still around his waist was washed ashore some hours later. In all, twenty-seven lives were lost. The seamen who perished mostly lost their lives through being thrown into the water when the 'Gladiator' lurched over, while the stokers were killed in the bunkers or on the mess deck.

KEEP YOUR HEALTH

TO-NIGHT TRY

MINARD'S LINIMENT

for that Cold and Tired Feeling. Get Well, Keep Well, Kill Spanish Flu

by using the OLD RELIABLE MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Ltd.,

BOLSHIEVIE.

I endorse the good old plan of the brotherhood of man, and I hate assassinated kings, thrones and sceptres and such things. Therefore let me have a gun, and amuck I'll gladly run, shooting people as I go, causing streams of blood to flow. Oh, for victims I will search, and I'll burn the village church, and I'll blow up all the schools with my bombs and kindred tools. For I love my fellow men, and I'd see them free again, as they were before the flood, ere the race's name was Mud. I'd destroy the tyrant's works; so I'll shoot a dozen clerks, and I'll pillage, slay and rob, till I weary of the job. There will be a brighter day when old things are done away, when there are no laws in force, and red murder takes its course, when the courthouse is a dive for the toughest bums alive, and the bats and ravens perch in the old dismantled church. It will be a splendid time when we're free to wade in crime, scalping people every day, with no cop to cry, "Nay, nay!" Let me have my rough on rats, and my trusty pair of gats, for I wish to go down street laying every one I meet; thus I'll help to speed the day when old things are done away.

Fashions and Fads.

Little bolts of bright colored ribbon are popular for the white costume. Hats with flower heads of brilliant varnished kid are a Paris novelty. Children's party frocks are sometimes made with ruffles to the waist line. Many of the rich fancy ribbons are used for the present fashionable

