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JOB Lace Curtains.

A few pairs remaining from our last shipment. Dainty White and Cream.

Amer. Lace Curtains

Come early as they are selling fast; 3 to 3 1/4 yards in length.

Only \$2.80 pair.

LADIES' SWEATER COATS.

Regular Price \$8.00, \$9.00 & \$10.00.

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A Sale of Importance to Economical Buyers is this

REMNANT SALE

Included are short lengths and odd pieces left over from our Fall and Winter Stock. To clear these out we are willing to sell them at most remarkable reductions.

DRESS GOODS, RIBBONS, LACES, FLANNELS, FLANNELETTES, LONDON SMOKE, COL'D VOILES, LAWNS, SHIRTINGS, COTTON CREPE.

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JOB BLINDS.

25 dozen Job Cream Blinds, with dependable Spring Roller and Fittings,

only 60c. each

WALL PAPER DEPARTMENT.

Best Wall Papers in the City. Highest Quality. Lowest Prices.

Not Necessarily a Pose.

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON

Did you ever meet the sort of person who thinks that any kind of taste which differs from his or her own is a pose? For instance, I know a woman who does not like very little babies. She is extremely fond of children but she says little babies do not appeal to her. She thinks little babies are cunning. I suppose she is perfectly sincere about this.

She said she would feel different when she was married.

But nothing ever so aroused some of her married friends as to hear her express this opinion. Some of them called it unnatural. Others called it a pose. They used to prophesy with the serene superiority that some married women affect, that when she was married she would feel differently about it. She is now married and has a baby. And I do not think her feelings about this matter are any more a pose than theirs.

She likes music with a tune to it. Another instance of this unwillingness to concede the possibility of any baby which these other women find more "highbrow" taste in music or art or literature a pose. One special instance rises to my mind of a woman who has very little musical taste and who cannot believe that anyone really likes Wagner or Brahms. "How can they like those things without any tune to them?" she says. "I like something with a tune to it. I think they're just letting it on." What makes this attitude of mind the more remarkable is that she has quite an aesthetic taste in her own home. She likes many things that would certainly be "caviare to the general." Wouldn't you think she would

translate her feeling for art into others' feeling for music? But no, she is sincere, the other is a pose. She Really Would Enjoy An Earthquake.

One more example. I heard a woman who was going to make a trip into the tropics to a region where earthquakes have some time occurred. "If there had to be an earthquake and if I could be there without being hurt, I wish it could happen while I am down there." The friend to whom she said it, who is as timid and home loving as the first woman is adventuresome and excitement loving, rebuked her sharply (she is one of those friends close enough to consider that she has that privilege). "Why will you say such silly things that you don't really mean at all?"

Now how did she know she didn't mean it?

As a matter of fact she was perfectly sincere.

How do I know? On the best authority in the world.

For He Was Scotch And So Was She.

They were a couple well content with what they earned and what they spent. Cared not a whit for style's decree. For he was Scotch and so was she. They loved to read of men who stood and held their faith so grand a thing. They scorned to yield it to a king. And proud of such they well might be. For he was Scotch and so was she. From neighbors' broil they kept away. No liking for such things had they. And ah, each had a canny mind. And could be deaf, or dumb, or blind. Of words nor peace were none too free. For he was Scotch and so was she.

I would not have you think this pair went on in weather always fair. For well you know in married life, will come sometimes the far and strife. They couldn't always just agree. For he was Scotch and so was she. But near of heart they ever kept. Until at close of life they slept. Just this to say, when all was past. They loved each other to the last. They're loving yet, up there, may be. For he was Scotch and so was she.

CHEESE

On Spot:

50 only P.E.I. SEPT. CHEESE.

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50 Whole ONTARIO CHEESE.

Soper & Moore
Wholesale Importers and Jobbers.

How to Address a Dame.

Several readers have asked how to address a Dame of the Order of the British Empire. An authority at the College of Heraldry tells us that "A Dame should be addressed by letter as Dame Mary Smith, or whatever her names may be. Supposing the Dame holds no higher rank than that of Dame, and neither she nor her husband has any other title, strangers, in writing, would address her as 'Madam' or 'Dear Madam,' acquaintances as 'Dear Dame Mary Smith,' and friends as 'Dear Dame Mary.' As far as precedence is concerned, a Dame goes before a Knight or the wife of a Knight of the same Order."

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THE YOUTHFUL DAY.

There's nothing old about a day; It's always new and fresh and bright. Each morning takes a different way Into the sable realm of night. Sometimes the sun withholds his face. Sometimes the fields are splashed with rain. Sometimes as children we may race Or join with men and strive for gain. This day perchance a friend we find. Tomorrow may a friend depart; The next may bring us peace of mind Or else the tears of grief may start. One day we touch the hem of fame. The next we wince 'neath failure's stings. Nor shall tomorrow be the same. For something new each morning brings. The day is never old and gray. Nor like the ones which went before. What it will bring no man can say Until its round of life is o'er. And he is young, whoever he be, Despite of care and sorrow's stings. The changes that each morning brings.

Not Confirmed.

A well-known music hall artist was chatting with a London journalist whose paper is not always to be relied upon for accuracy of statements. "My dear fellow," the comedian said, "I think that what you want is a bishop. Why?" asked the journalist in amazement. "Because," answered the other, with a smile, "some of the statements in your paper are in sore need of confirmation."

ULYSSES AT OXFORD.

"The great majority of the men who have returned to Oxford," says the Field, "and in their spirits now the craving of the wanderer. They have seen Egypt, Macedonia, France, Belgium, and perhaps Russia; and they are restless, compelled by a desire of wandering; so the calm and tranquillity which they appreciated so much before are now becoming tedious. They feel they must travel, and travel quickly."

Milady's Boudoir.

SHAMPOOING OILY HAIR.

An opposite treatment from what I gave you yesterday, is needed, when shampooing oily hair. Here you can use a little alkali, such as borax. Make a strong suds of pure olive oil soap or standard white soap which does not "bite" the tongue when you taste it. To a basin of water add a pinch of borax and finely-shaved soap until you have a thick lather.

Never rub the soap directly on the scalp. Apply this shampoo mixture either with a sponge or by having it poured on to the head while you rub it in with your fingertips. Rinse and dry as described above, but do not finish off with the brilliantine application. Simply brush it until it shines. If between shampoos you wish to cleanse the hair, try this mixture:

Powdered orris root, one-half pound; bergamot tincture, two and three-quarter drams; cassia flowers, two and three-quarter drams; cloves, (coarsely ground) one-half dram. Mix these ingredients and pass through a sieve twice. Powder the hair at night with it, and massage for ten minutes. In the morning massage for five minutes, and shake the hair and brush all the powder out.

The towel used should be as free from lint as possible, and a bath towel ought never to be used. If there is no shower bath or spray buy a little spray that can be attached to any faucet.

Captain Fryatt's Last Farewell.

The tragic story of Capt. Fryatt's farewell has just come to hand. Frederick Thurlow, his chief engineer aboard the "Brussels" when she was captured by the Huns in June, 1916, has just returned home from captivity. Telling of his experiences, he says: "Four German destroyers came alongside and ordered us to stop. German sailors boarded the vessel and Captain Fryatt was ordered to proceed to Zeebrugge. From there they were taken to Ruhleben Camp, and later Capt. Fryatt was taken back to Zeebrugge to stand his trial by German court martial, which ordered his execution. His last words to Mr. Thurlow were, 'Good-bye, old man. I don't expect to see you again.'"

T. J. EDENS.

MOIR'S CHOCOLATES & CAKE

by Express to-day.
100 blue boxes Chocs. 5 lbs. ea.
100 boxes Jersey Caramels.
50 boxes Caracas Chocolates, 5 lbs. each.
50 boxes A. No. 1 Chocolates, 5 lbs. each.
20 doz. Soft Centre, 1 lb.
20 doz. Hard Centre, 1 lb.
20 doz. Hard Centre, 1 lb.
20 boxes Ass'd. Kisses, 25 lbs. each.
200 boxes Ass'd. Bars, 6c.
Cocoa Bars, Filbert Bars, Almond Bars, Raisin Bars, Nut Milk Bars, Bordeaux Bars, Scotch Mints.
200 Moir's 1 lb. Cakes—Plain and Sultana.

Beans—Rangoon, 10c. lb.
Beans—Good Sound, 8c. lb.
Ceylon Tea, 50c. lb.; 5 lbs., 45c. lb.
Purity Milk, 22c. tin.

TOBACCO—
Richmond Best—The great
Edgeworth.
Prince Albert.

FISH.
Fresh Cod—Order on Tuesdays and Thursdays.
Labrador Herring.
Cod Tongues—1 lb. tins.
Salmon—No. 1.
Fish Pastes—Assorted.
Lobster—No. 1.
Sardines.

FRESH EGGS.
RABBITS—Last for season.

T. J. EDENS.

Duckworth Street.

A Picturesque Rascal.

Few know William Page sufficiently well to assign him his place among "knights of the road," and yet he was as gallant and impatient as any who ever wore a mask on the highways of England. As a boy he played many parts, from "tipster's boy" to printer's "devil"; then footman, porter, valet, and "boots." But he had a proud spirit, and could not brook manual labour. He came to the conclusion that nature had designed him for a gentleman, and he could only pursue his destiny in the avenue of the King's highway, and he took to

the work as a duck takes to water. But Page took care to have liberal doses of pleasure. He had his sumptuous suite of rooms near Grosvenor Square, and posed in his leisure hours as a man about town. Picture the highwayman as gay and rollicking "buck" as ever clogged the dice, broke the street lamp, upset a "Charley," roystered in a tavern, or swaggered along the Mall in silk stockings, laced waistcoat, rakishly cocked hat, with a sword ready to clip out of its scabbard at a word. A favourite plan of his was to drive out of London in a phantom behind a pair of high stepping horses, bewigged and dressed as a man of fashion. Reaching a suitable spot he would abandon his equipage, change his clothes, mount one of his carriage horses, and ride away to "hold up" coach or chaise. On one occasion the tables were turned on Page. Three gentlemen overtook him, flung him down, and, searching him, they found such a harvest of pistols, bullets and powder, with a crepe mask, that left little doubt as to the prisoner's profession. He was charged with highway robbery, but through insufficient evidence narrowly missed conviction. But the day of reckoning came at last. He was arrested in one of his favourite haunts and went gaily to the gallows at Maidstone on April 2, 1758. "A shot life and a merry one! Here's to the next!" are said to have been his last words as he drained his last tankard before setting out for the hangman's rope.

RESTFUL SILENCE.

Most topics that you would discuss are sad and tiresome things to us; for we are tired and prone to balk at all the endless streams of talk. We long for silence, quiet, peace, and wish to have an eloquence would cease. How sweet and restful it would seem if every bore and every theme could be by might of law suppressed! Oh, that would soothe our souls distressed. We're tired of war and politics, of Huns and all their Hunnish tricks, of problems large and problems small, of Russian freaks and Prussian gall of which bores spiel. Oh, for a glen or bosky dell, where we remote from talk might dwell! Oh, for some hollow in the ground, where Windy Jims are never found! Some hermitage among the trees, where one might live on bark and peas, and never meet a noisy bore who'd thrash the moldy topics o'er! We'd think our thoughts and read our books in sylvan glades, by babbling brooks, where wordless songs by birds are sung, and never hear a human tongue. For we are weary, heartsick, gentle; we're tired of stale old arguments; oh, for some cavern in the west, where talkative delegates might rest!

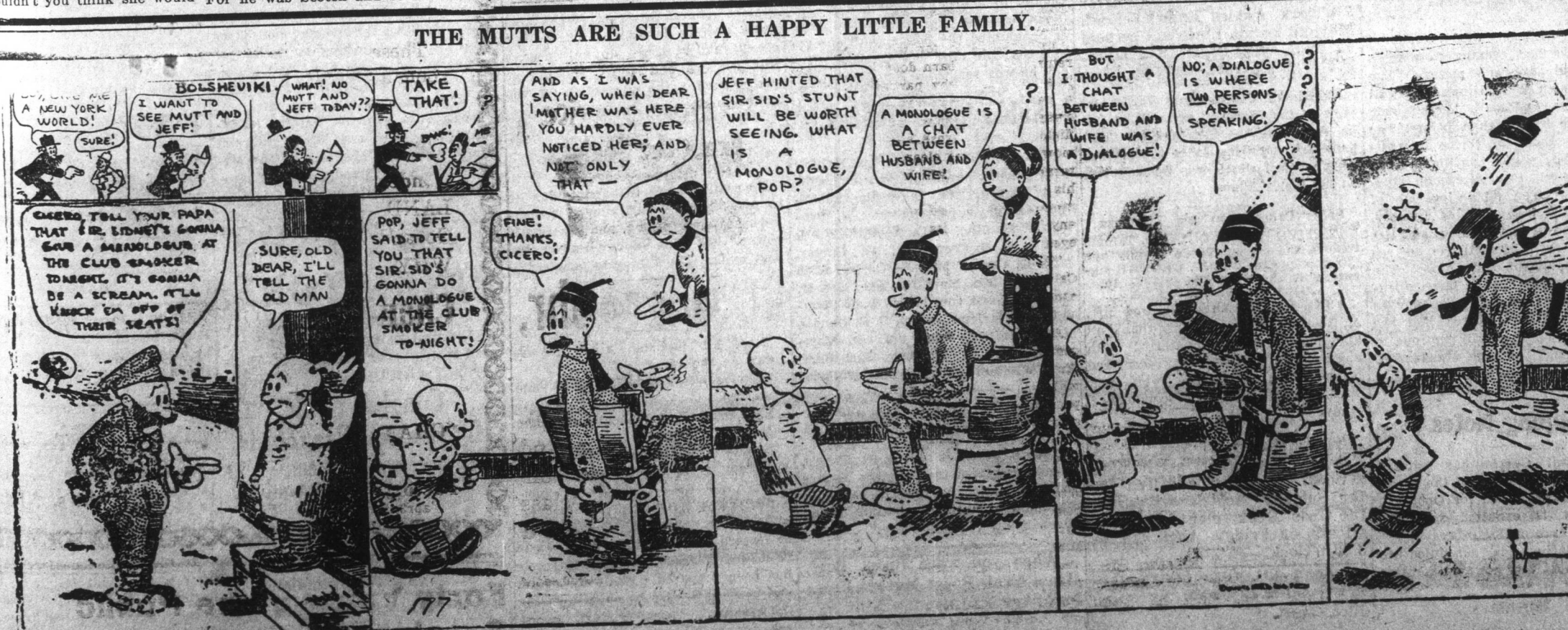
TOBACCO FACTORIES SOLD.

The Imperial Tobacco Company announces that it has acquired the Bristol factories of the British American Tobacco Company, at which firm 2,000 to 3,000 hands are employed. The Imperial Company intends to continue the working of the factories, but is not certain whether it will be able to take over all the workpeople, owing to the varying manufacturing conditions. It is believed that a very large proportion of the hands, if not all, will be retained.—The Times.

Soap powder makes dish washing easier.

If the oven is too hot, sprinkle a little coal on the fire.

Good macaroni is of a brownish color, not pure white.



THE MUTTS ARE SUCH A HAPPY LITTLE FAMILY.

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