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FOR LITTLE LADIES.

You will find them here--MADGE EVANS' HATS--models that have caught the spirit and smartness of six to sixteen in every line--every droop--every up tilt--every swirl. Styled especially for the Little Lady in your home to delight in by creators who know how to make the most of the budding beauty of youthful faces. Smartly tailored of fine Milan Straw, trimmed with silk gross-grain ribbon and in the loveliest expression of various shapes. MADGE EVANS are practical enough for school wear and dainty enough for "occasional" wear.

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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

IN DEFENSE OF THE MOVIES.



RUTH CAMERON

Just about once in so often I have a letter from a friend who is disturbed because some neighbor of hers goes too constantly to the movies, and who asks what I think of such conduct. The latest letter along that line is a slight variation of the usual complaint--that the offender is neglecting her husband or a spending too much money. In this case she would like my opinion of "a minister's wife and daughter--running in the moving picture shows."

The Congregation Owned Grand-mother.

(I cannot refrain from straying to wonder what my grandmother, who was a Methodist Minister's wife, would think of the possibility of such attitude. My mother says her mother was so far owned by the congregation that they even complained when they bought the flowers on her hat were too bright.)

Now as to the movies and what I believe about "movie-itis," as another letter friend calls the craze for them:

I suppose my opinion is just exactly what any other sensible person perhaps I flatter myself? opinion is--that whereas attended in reason, the movies are an education and a joy forever, attended out of reason they are just as wrong as anything else which is carried to excess.

Your Excesses Don't Affect the Movies.

There is nothing intrinsically wrong in going to the movies five times a week, but there is a great deal in spending time and money there that you cannot afford.

If you skimp yourself of outdoor exercise; if you neglect your house work or your children; if you spend more money than you can afford at the movies (and then spend a little more buying delicatessen food because you haven't time to do your own baking, you are doing something that is not right. But that does not show that the movies are wicked any more than it shows that shops are wicked because women spend too much time shopping, or that golf is wicked because a man gets crazy about it and spends too much time playing the game.

A Blessing Sometimes.

When I see a woman who has a hard monotonous life at home, and who perhaps would not have gone to an ordinary theatre more than three or four times a year (if that often), setting out with a happy light on her face for her weekly or semi-weekly bit of romance at the movies, I am filled with thankfulness and gratitude that this wonderful bringing of books to life has come to pass.

I once managed to persuade such a woman who was temporarily in such straitened circumstances that even her movie money had to go, to accept the movie for bi-weekly visits from me. And I never gave away any money out of which I got such solid enjoyment in the surety of the joy it gave.

A Musiclock.

About the latest contrivance in the musical line is a combination phonograph and alarm clock, which Clarence L. Bull, a Rochester, N.Y. man has invented. Mr. Bull calls the instrument a "musiclock." This "musiclock" can be set not only to whatever time is desirable, but also to whatever tune the slumberer wishes to be aroused by. Upon going to bed at night the owner can select his favorite record, place it in the machine, set the alarm for the hour at which he wishes to arise, and then he retires. When the hands of the clock have reached the time the alarm is set for, a spring is released, and the record begins to play.

Mr. Bull was a fighter in the late world war, and was accustomed to arise at the reveille call of the bugler. This experience turned his thoughts to the idea, and the "musiclock" is the result.

Abandoning Fishery.

It is thought that a large number of vessels will not prosecute the fishery this year. The uncertainty of getting supplies, with the poor prospects of getting remunerative prices for the catch, has made many vessel-owners look to other avenues of employment, and some 50 vessels from points between Newtown and Greenspond hitherto employed at the fisheries will engage in the coasting trade this season.

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Modern Miracles.

THERE ARE MEN AND WOMEN ALIVE TO-DAY WHO HAVE BOLDLY DEFIED THE LAWS OF NATURE.

Mrs. Annie Hunter, a Bournemouth medium, has been upsetting the recognized laws of Nature, by carrying about in her bare hands a blazing log of wood, yet without the skin showing the slightest sign of bleeding.

This performance took place on a day in November last, in broad daylight, and before an audience including a reporter from a well-known London "daily." The latter attempted, himself, to handle the burning log, but found it utterly impossible. This is nothing new. Besides Western mediums. Hindu mystics and Buddhist priests in Japan are able, in some way not yet scientifically explained, to render themselves proof against fire and do other things even more mysterious. These performances have been seen by Europeans time and again.

Dr. Pascal has written a very full account of one such, which he witnessed at Benares on October 26th, 1898. A great trench was dug, nine yards long by two wide, and in this were laid fifteen large tree-trunks. These were fired, and allowed to burn until they were a mass of glowing embers.

More than fifty Hindus, many of them children, then proceeded to

walk across this miniature volcano. Now and then one would stop and plunge his hand into the bed of fire. One came out with a flaming cinder as big as a hen's egg sticking to the calf of his leg. He did not even notice it until someone mentioned it, when he pulled it off and threw it away.

None of these people were in any way damaged or burnt or blistered.

But the same thing has been done in England long before the present day. In trance state both Eglington and Home were able to handle fire without injury.

Home could perform other miracles even more amazing. He could upset the laws of gravity. Sir William Crookes has described how, more than once, he saw Home "levitate"--that is, raise himself from the ground, and hang suspended in mid-air.

The most amazing of all these cases occurred on December 16th, 1868, in London, and there were present Lord Lindsay, Lord Adre, and Captain Wynne. These people saw Home, in a state of trance, suspended in mid-air outside the window of the upper room in which they were sitting. The moon, shining brilliantly, showed his figure as plain as day. He remained in this position for several seconds, then glided in again through the open window, feet foremost, and sat down.

Dying at Will.

There are over one hundred cases on record of Home levitating himself, and many in which he caused other people or heavy objects to rise in similar fashion.

That well-known Italian medium, Eusapia Palladino, gave proof of being able to raise himself into the air in the same way that Home did.

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Feels as young as ever

PEOPLE who are able to talk like this can't possibly have impure blood--they just feel fit--no headaches, dyspepsia or bilious disorders.

These diseases can be cured by **Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters**

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One case at Naples in 1899 was performed before reliable witnesses.

Hindu Yogis can in some cases die or expire at pleasure, reviving again after a certain period. One of these men, having previously prepared himself by power of digestion, stopped with wax all the apertures of the body except his mouth. He then turned his tongue back, so as to close the gullet, and relapsed into a state of insensibility.

His body, stripped, was sewn in a linen bag; the bag was placed in a deal box or coffin, and buried. The earth was trodden down, and a crop of barley sown over the spot.

At the end of ten months this man was dug up, and found to be an exactly the same state as when first buried, except that his tongue was stiff, and took time to restore to its proper position.

Revived with hot water and oil, he was soon himself again. This experiment was carried out under the supervision of Europeans, among them Captain Wade, political agent at Loodhiana.

With Medical Witnesses.

An Englishman, Colonel Townsend, who had for long studied the method of the fakirs, was eventually able to "die" and come to life again. He performed the experiment in the presence of three doctors. One held his wrist, a second kept a hand upon his heart, while a third held a looking-glass before his lips.

Their report was that the heart completely ceased beating, and that all traces of respiration ceased. Colonel Townsend himself declared that the whole thing was effected by an effort of will.

Without doubt, miracles have been accomplished in the way of healing disease, of turning cripples into sound men, of restoring hearing to the deaf, and sight to the blind.

Modern science will eventually tackle these seeming miracles and explain them. It must be remembered that there is no such thing as "supernatural," and that the use of such a word is foolish--Answers.

Shipping Notes.

Schooner Dazzle, Capt. Snow, R.N.R., which left Cadiz April 5th, arrived in port yesterday with a cargo of salt to Campbell and McKay.

S. S. Meigle, Capt. C. Cross, arrived from North Sydney yesterday at 2.30 p.m., bringing a full freight, 17 passengers and 216 packages of mail matter.

S. S. Sachem is due to-morrow from Liverpool.

Schooner Falka, 42 days from Cadiz, has arrived with a cargo of salt to Morey & Co.

The S. S. Canadian Aviator, the first of the new line of ships to run between Montreal and this port, left the former place on Saturday. She calls at Charlottetown en route.

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SPRING MUSIC.

I like to sing of balmy Spring, the season most inspiring; my harp I swat and keep it hot, until it needs new wiring. I like to praise the woodland ways where we will soon be roaming, and shady nooks and babbling brooks with cascades brightly foaming. No gent, I wist, can well resist the Spring, with all its glamor, unless he's old, with blood so cold it gives him katzenjammer. When I'm so chilled, my heart so filled with wintry slush and water, that I don't sing to welcome Spring, then lead me to the slaughter. My eyes are weak, my hinges creak, I bend them with a lever; my thews are stiff, but what's the diff? I'm just as young as ever. And so I prance and whoop and dance when Spring comes up the valley; and if a cop should bid me stop, I chase him down an alley. The winter's flown, the coal men groan, and idle is the plumber--the birds and bees and bugs and fleas have come to

spend the summer. The vernal rain has come again, a resurrection bringing, so let us sing a song of Spring and chortle while we're singing.

In the Minority.

At a recent gathering of theatrical celebrities (says Mr. Bourchier) the question arose as to what was the most effective and witty retort ever made from the stage to the gallery. There was considerable discussion, but in the end the palm was awarded to George Bernard Shaw in connection with an incident that marked the opening night of his play, *Androcles and the Lion*.

The piece went splendidly from start to finish, and at the fall of the curtain the house rose, and the author was brought on the stage to bow to the storm of applause.

A solitary man in the gallery shouted, "I call it rot!" "My friend," said G. B. S., "I quite agree with you, but what are we two against so many of a contrary opinion?"

I want another bottle of "Brick's Tasteless," it is the best preparation I have ever taken to give me an appetite.--apr28,tt

"Reg'lar Fellers"

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By Gene Byrnes



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