

## A Job Lot.

**54**  
**White**  
**and**  
**Coloured**  
**Quilts.**

Values  
from  
**\$1.00**  
to  
**\$4.00**  
now  
**70cts.**  
to  
**\$2.80.**

## Sleep in Comfort and Warmth!

this winter and many winters to come under a pair of our BLANKETS or QUILTS. Prices to-day are lower than they will be for a long time to come, owing to enormous contracts being placed by the British Government. We have been fortunate in placing our orders before advances took place.

But come—see for yourself the excellence of the values we are showing.

**White Wool Blankets** - - - - - \$2.40, \$3.00, \$3.60, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00.

**Wadded Quilts** - - - - - \$1.40, \$1.70, \$2.20, \$3.40, \$4.50, \$5.00.

**Eiderdown Quilts** - - - - - \$5.50, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$9.50, \$10.50, 12.00, \$15.50, \$21.00.

**Eiderdown Crib Quilts** - - - - - 30 x 40 sizes, at \$2.90.

**Marshall Bros**

## Shattering the Nest.

(From a Sermon by the Rev. John Macneill, B.A., Toronto.)

There never was a better cause undertaken after more patient exhaustion of the means of an honorable peace, and in the face of more deliberate and insulting provocation, and there are no lengths of resistance and self-sacrifice, we believe, to which the British nation and the nations of the Empire will not be prepared to go to defend the right and to crush that mad spirit which, beginning in "folly," has had its end in "wickedness."

I speak of this because, without a clear conscience, our purpose cannot be high, our faith cannot be firm and strong, but with the profound conviction that our cause is right, the faith of the nation will remain unclouded, the courage of the nation will know no limits, no defeat shall ever dismay us, no victory shall ever spoil us, for with unshaken conscience we can and we will in humbled dependence wait upon God.

With that deep sense of right underlying all, what is to be the spirit of our people? There are three duties that await us:

1. We must seek, first of all, for the good that lies beyond this conflict, for good there surely is. It is not easy now to see its form. It is hard to trace one gleam of light through the cloud. It is difficult to behold anything in the immediate prospect but the incalculable suffering and misery that must fall on guilty and innocent alike, and the innumerable loss that must come, not to this country alone, but to every country, and not to this age alone, but to posterity and to the whole prospects of European civilization. But good there will be! I repeat, it is not easy now to see.

For who can so forecast the years. And find in loss a gain to match? Or reach a hand through time to catch The far-off interest of tears?

But a "far-off interest" there will surely be to all our tears, and in the providence of God a mightier gain will match each overwhelming loss. It may be that England needs this baptism of blood. We are not here to condemn one another, but to confess that as a nation, in the riot for gain and pleasure, we have been forgetting God. Isaiah tells of a time when

Bright, Browning, Tennyson, Shakespear, and many others, all born within ten years of each other. In these same ten years Italy sucked at her bleeding breasts Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and a few years later Victor Emmanuel, the four names worth mentioning in the last century of Italian history, the four men who secured the liberty of the Italian people and brought about the unity of the Italian kingdom. In those same ten years Germany, fighting then against the Caesarism of which she is now the exponent, produced her first and greatest statesman, Bismarck; France gave us Victor Hugo for literature; while the throbs of that world-upheaval seemed to reach America and there sprang into being Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, and last and most splendid of all, Abraham Lincoln, the flower of American manhood. No! I am not an advocate of war. I believe that "war is hell" and comes out of hell. But let us not forget that in His overruling wisdom God brings good out of evil; He will make the wrath of men to praise Him; and let us remember that the highest spiritual interests and hopes of the race were redeemed and secured out of the mystery of suffering by the very Saviour in Gethsemane and Calvary.

2. Our second duty, above all, is to remember that God is over all. In the stately words of our lesson, "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth and the inhabitants thereof are as grass-hoppers." The nations before Him are as a drop of a bucket. He is the exalter of princes and the debaser of monarchs. He setteth up whom He will and putteth down whom He shall choose. Eagle-like He moves with lofty power in lofty places. He is strong to destroy as well as to save. His eye is keen to mark every fault upon the earth. His sudden justice often swoops down on the rotting carcass of society to rend it in pieces with His unexpected judgment. We recall what Victor Hugo said of Waterloo: "Was it possible for Napoleon to win 'Waterloo'? We answer, No. Why? Because of Wellington? No. Because of Blucher? No. Because of the rain? No. Because of God. It was time this vast man should fall. He had been impeached before the throne of the Infinite and his fall had been decreed." And then Victor Hugo adds, with almost a touch of sacrilege: "Napoleon bothered God." We can hope for and ask for nothing higher than to be the instruments of His Will in all His unfolding of the moral order. And if so be that we are among those who are His chosen ministers of judgment, we must do our appointed work thoroughly and well.

3. Our third duty is to fortify ourselves for great sacrifice. We shall all be sufferers. There is no one rich or poor, high or low, from the King with his overwrought anxiety to the lowliest child, on whom the burden will not fall. The pressure of pain will come upon Society everywhere. Destitution will not be slow to visit us. Sorrow shall sit on every door step. The homes of great and small will be wrapped in gloom alike because the light will have died out of young eyes, and the strong hearts of fathers and husbands and brothers and sons will have ceased to beat. It is the duty of all to sink their selfish interests in the interests of mankind. We must tend ourselves—as each one

## Divorced Life

by Helen Hesong Fuesle

## The Titanic Play-Spot

Summer was hurrying the last of its waves of play-seekers upon the beach and board-walk of Atlantic City, Marian Winthrop had heard and read much of the famous wreck. She found it a perfect wicker of bizarre and barbaric color. Here was democracy engaged in a brooding, morbid, and morose of the Maxie-mad horde in the ball-room, set like a flaming jewel in the end of that gaudy bar-pin, the steel pier, to the endless parade of strollers on the boardwalk, and the wave-splashed thousands of bathers in the foaming surf, she found everything and more than she had expected.

Over seas to the east, war was raging Europe with unprecedented ferocity, yet here, save for the titanic headlines of the newspapers and their vendors' shrill cries, the only evidence of conflict was that of gaudy color with color among the promenaders, and the battle of breakers with bathers on the crowded beach. Marian spent her first day soaking up impressions and making notes for the article the editor of the "Cliff Dweller" had suggested. Gathering her material was easy. It surrounded her in gobs. The task of wringing it into attractive form was less facile of accomplishment. For two days she toiled, then viewed the completed work with pleasure and dispatched it to New York.

Her immediate work done, Marian let herself relax, determined to have a good time. She dabbled with the fake jewels offered for sale in the endless shops and marvelled at the flashing surfaces of dollar "diamonds" and fifty-cent "sapphires." She sent picture post cards to a dozen of her friends. She visited the steptenase and its laugh provokers, nibbled salt water taffy, rode in wheel chairs, bathed in the ocean, basked in the warm sand, watched brazen bathers tangoing in the wet sand, listened to brass bands and orchestras, watched nimble-footed negroes smirking and doing the cake-walk, and beheld the one-step lay hold of whole armies of its devotees and hurl them into its weird gyrations.

It was here, watching the sea-wind-swept, dance-obsessed merry-makers in the ball-room far out on the far-flung pier, that the first feelings of loneliness began affecting her. At one time she had been very much of a social creature. She loved to dance. Yet here she was, amid a whole army of dancers, but utterly alone.

She found herself wishing that Bert Barker were here, or Jack Meadows. Yet, as she thought of them, she became aware that both of these men who in turn had laid such strong hold of her interest and friendship, had begun to fade greatly in her memory. And Marian Winthrop faced the knowledge that Charles Challoner had become the one man who meant the most to her in the world just now.

Conflicting emotions played with her as the evening wore on. Uppermost in her heart was the feeling of consuming and oppressive loneliness. She wanted this man Challoner—and more than she was willing to admit. To-morrow—Trying to Forge Challenor.

**IRISH BUTTER, 1-lb. blocks and by the lb.**  
**CANADIAN ONIONS, in sacks.**  
**SPANISH SILVERPEEL ONIONS, in cases.**

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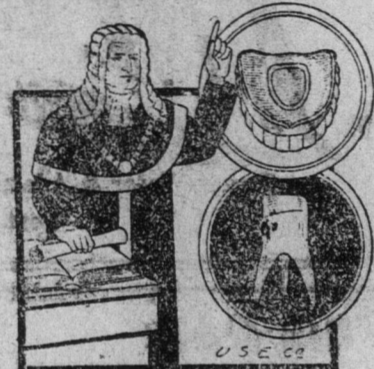
It is the right kind for your family to use, as it is prepared in accordance with the most approved sanitary methods.

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Foster's Wrinkled Peas, cartons.  
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By s.s. Stephano, Oct. 15th:  
100 bbls. Gravenstein Apples.  
Ripe Bananas.  
California Oranges.  
Grape Fruit.  
Lemons.  
Cauliflower.  
Fresh Oysters.  
N. Y. Corned Beef.  
20 kegs Almeria Grapes.  
200 boxes Corn, \$2.10 bag.  
100 bags Bran.

Am. Granulated Sugar . . . 5c. lb.  
Straw & Rasp, Jan. 1 lb. pot. 15c.  
Apricot & Damson Jam, 1 lb. pot. . . . . 16c.  
Lemon Cheese, 1 lb. pot. . . 17c.  
Robinson's Barley . . . . . 22c.  
Robinson's Groats . . . . . 22c.  
Shelf Lights, 5 Candles . . . 25c.  
Coffee Essence, 1 qt. bl. . . 12c.  
Dutch Butter . . . . . 25c. lb.  
Hunter's Oatmeal . . . 15c. pkg.  
Campbell's Soup . . . . . 12c. tin.  
Raffia Hammy, 3 lb. tin. 10c.  
Corn Flakes . . . . . 12c. pkg.

**BULLDOG TEA,**  
40c. lb.; 5 lbs. at 35c. lb.

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50c. lb.; 5 lbs. at 45c. lb.

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