

Good Stories From the Magazines.

A clergyman of our town had occasion to catch some young women in a Bible Class upon the parable of the unjust steward. "What is a steward?" he asked. After some hesitation one of the young women, who had been abroad a number of times, replied, with a reminiscent expression, "He is the man who brings you a basin."—Harper's Magazine.

The new maid was entirely a war-time makeshift and the mistress bore with her patiently at first. But on the third day she placed a very unclean dinner plate on the table, and patience broke down. "Really, Mary, you might at least see that the plates are clean." "Well, mum, Mary rejoined, "I owns to them thumb marks, but that dried mustard was there afore I come."—The Treasury.

A well-known schoolmaster once wrote his initials, "A. S.," on the title page of one of his books. A saucy boy in his form, who got hold of the book, added a second S; but the master discovered the addition and, knowing who had made it, simply handed the book back to the boy with the words, "I wish you would not write your name in my book." The lesson of so delicate a retort was not lost upon the offender or upon his companions. — Organist and Choir-master.

A house-hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy standing near—"My boy, I am looking for Mr. Smith's new block of semi-detached houses. How far are they from here?" "About twenty minutes' walk," said the boy. "Twenty minutes!" exclaimed the house-hunter. "Not more!" The advertisement said five. "Well," replied the boy, "you can believe me or the advertisement, whichever you want. But I ain't trying to make a sale."—The Windsor Magazine.

"Would you bring a cake of soap for this room, please?" said the new lodger. The gaunt landlady sternly pointed to a minute and well-worn fragment reposing in the soap-dish. "That is all the soap I can allow for this room in war-time," she said. "Well, then," he replied, "I will take two rooms. I sometimes like to wash my face in the morning."—Pearson's Magazine.

Mother: "Johnny, stop using such dreadful language!" Johnny: "Well,

TO ALL KIDNEY SUFFERERS

Rheumatism, swollen joints, constant headaches, pains in the back and sides are all indications of kidney trouble, such as is referred to in the following letter.

Davisville, North Toronto. We have used your pills for the last two years and they have never failed us. We look upon you as the Old Country some time ago and gave some to relatives and friends and they have asked us to find out where they can buy GIN PILLS over there. Will you let me know if you have any agents in England?

All druggists sell Gin Pills at 50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sample free if you write to NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS

A company of British soldiers were camping near a railway station "somewhere on the Continent." One morning early the sergeant came to the tent and sang out: "Hey, you fellows! some of you are wanted at the station to take the place of the porters, and so on! Now, Private Jones, what are you going to be?" Private Jones: (drowsily): "Oh! put me down as a sleeper."—Boy's Own Paper.

A newly married lady was being interviewed by the reporter of the local newspaper just after the ceremony. "And after the honeymoon, where do you intend to settle down?" was his final question. "At the old manse," said the bride, as she hurried away. The reporter thought it sounded unusually familiar, but he decided to use it, so when it appeared in print the report finished up: "After the honeymoon the happy couple intend to live at the old man's."—Cassell's Magazine.

Out at the front, "somewhere in France," two regiments were returning to the trenches when they chanced to meet. At once there was the usual exchange of wit. "When's this bloom-in' war goin' to finish?" asked one Devonshire lad. "Dunno," replied one of the South-shires. "We've planted some daffodils in front of our trench." "Giddy optimists!" snorted the man from the West. "We've ylaneted acorns!"—Royal Magazine.

The conductor of a band, giving an open-air concert, beat time very energetically, leaning now towards one in-

strument, now towards another, and stamping his foot apparently in paroxysms of musical fervour. Mike in the audience, watched him, fascinated; but at the end of the selection, with a disappointed air, he turned to leave. "How did ye like it, Mike?" asked his friend. "Come away," said Mike in disgust. "O've been watching him for half an hour, and he hasn't hit one of them yet."—The Monthly Musical Review.

LAST INVESTMENT.

Before I buy my gasoline, I pay the grocer for his prunes, the druggist for his Paris green, the clothier for his pantaloons. I wouldn't m u c h enjoy my car, if I were for back-seat travel. It's hard to drive, in pomp and state, across the market's paving stones, and run across some peedy skate to whom I owe eleven bones. My car may rust in yonder shed before I'll send it on its way, to meet the chap who sold me bread and had to wustle for his pay. I pay the barber for his shave, the hairdresser for his hair, the sexton for his back-seat travel. It's hard to drive, in pomp and state, across the market's paving stones, and run across some peedy skate to whom I owe eleven bones. My car may rust in yonder shed before I'll send it on its way, to meet the chap who sold me bread and had to wustle for his pay. I pay the barber for his shave, the hairdresser for his hair, the sexton for his back-seat travel. It's hard to drive, in pomp and state, across the market's paving stones, and run across some peedy skate to whom I owe eleven bones. My car may rust in yonder shed before I'll send it on its way, to meet the chap who sold me bread and had to wustle for his pay.

Dr. Prince's Race With Death Across the Atlantic Ended.

Uncle of Famous American Aviator Who Gave His Life for Allies Was Aided by British Government With Fast Destroyer.

Wenham, Oct. 30.—When the doors of Princemere were opened to him last night, Dr. Morton Prince, 4,000-mile race with death, through England and across the Atlantic, was ended. In France he left the body of his nephew, Norman Prince, the American aviator who was killed in the service of the Allies, and in the course of his long journey he was haunted by the fear that his brother, Frederick H. Prince, the father of Norman, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, would not survive his arrival. Upon arriving in New York yesterday, on the steamship Philadelphia, from Liverpool, Dr. Prince learned that the condition of his brother was such that he now might be regarded as out of danger.

Dr. Prince was in England at the time that his nephew, Norman, received the injuries which resulted in his death a few hours later. Norman was still alive, however, when Dr. Prince started for his bedside in France. When his purpose became known to the British government it at once placed a fast torpedo boat destroyer at his service, and on this he crossed the channel.

In this race, however, death was the victor. Dr. Prince failed to reach his nephew before he died. He was making preparations for the removal of the body to this country when he received news of the serious illness of his brother. The body of Norman was left in a vault at Luxail, and Dr. Prince's long, anxious journey to Liverpool, and thence across the Atlantic was begun.

Wilson's Opportunity.

(From the New York Herald.) If the merchant steamship Marina was sunk without warning, and the lives of Americans were lost or jeopardized the Government of the United States must pronounce the attack such a violation of law and of the pledges of Prussianism as President Wilson has said would mean a severance of diplomatic relations. If Mr. Wilson acts promptly and breaks off diplomatic relations he will almost certainly be re-elected.

More Spirits Consumed.

The Prohibition Movement in Canada has not lessened Consumption of Liquor. Ottawa, Oct. 25.—Despite the growth of the Prohibition movement in Canada, there seems to be as much spirit as ever consumed in the Dominion. The Inland Revenue Statement for September shows a total revenue of \$2,123,812, as against \$1,850,109 for the same month of a year ago, an increase of \$173,703.

TURN THE STORE INSIDE OUT WITH THESE SENSATIONAL REDUCTIONS. Crowds! Crowds! Crowds! It's this Store that has turned 31 souqs ndspæ pomæ. C. L. MARCH CO., LTD., empties out the entire stock. Keeping up the terrific selling—lot after lot sacrificed. Cost lost sight of, profits ignored. All our good merchandise, Men's Suits, Women's Coats and Suits, Dry Goods, Enamelware and Glassware at drastic reductions. A wholesale eviction of all present stocks is the order from Main Office, and everything goes. DON'T STOP. COME IN! NEVER AGAIN such a chance to buy Quality Goods at Enormous Reductions. \$6.95 FOR ONE LOT OF MEN'S SUITS. COME QUICK. Extra Special Boys' Sweaters, all wool. Reg. price \$1.40. Move Out 95c. \$6.95 FOR ONE LOT OF WOMEN'S FALL & WINTER COATS. Hurry for These. Everything in the Shop has received Get Out Orders. Men's Vests, a big assortment, sensationally low priced 49c. Job Lot of Children's Coats. Values up to \$2.50. Saturday 95c. Men's Raincoats, \$5.00 values. Move Out \$2.50. 85c. Men's Laundered Shirts, extra special. 50c. BIG BARGAINS FOR 5, 10, 15, 20, 25c. Mattresses from \$2.00 up. Springs from \$2.00 up. Bedsteads from \$3.95 up. Come To-Night for Bargains. Store Wide Open. 2 in 1 SHOE POLISH, extra special 9c. TEA APRONS, nicely trimmed with lace and insertion. Reg. 25c. Move Out Price 19c. MEN'S HEAVY SOCKS in heather and grey mixed 29c. WOMEN'S BLOUSES, special assortment 50c. 75c. BOYS' SHIRTS 39c. \$1.00 BOOKS. Move Out Price 30c. MISSES' SKIRTS, \$2.50 values. Special 95c. SUN STOVE PASTE. Move Out Price 5c. 15c. GINGHAMS. Move Out Price 11c. \$1.25 WOMEN'S RUBBERS. Move Out Price 99c. BEDSTEAD, MATTRESS and SPRING, complete \$7.95. THE FAIR C. L. MARCH CO., LTD. Cor. Water & Springdale Streets.

SOMETHING GOOD THAT IMPROVES WITH AGE. NEWMAN'S Celebrated Port Wine. ELLIS & CO., Ltd., 203 Water Street., Grocers and Wine Merchants. We have recently purchased 18 Hogsheads of this CELEBRATED PORT WINE, Equalling nearly 1000 Gallons, or 450 Cases of 1 doz. each, or 5400 Bottles. We are now booking orders for immediate delivery, or within the next 2 months, for Cases, Gallons or Bottles. Now is the time to avail of this opportunity and purchase while there is yet time. It improves with age and keeps on improving. Also, remember our stock of WINES—Sparkling and Still. Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, Ales, Stouts and Liqueurs. We have all to be disposed of during the next 2 Months. Don't Neglect Ordering Now, and not leave till too late.

RAN-DOM REELS Howard L. Rann. Of shoes and ships - and sealing wax - of cabbages & kings. THE OVERALL. Before the great European war opened up there were a great many indigo blue overalls with a stout rigid complexion in this country. A pair of these overalls could be sent to the steam laundry week after week without shrinking around the waist or looking pale around the gills. This was because they were vaccinated with German dyes, which have never been taught how to run. But as these dyes have now become scarcer than tooth-brushes in Chihuahua, we are compelled to rely upon a base imitation, which holds its color about as long as a timid man in a free clinic. There is a disposition in some quarters to look down on the man who wears overalls, but with brick-layers asking for \$1 an hour this is poor policy. Why should a man who wears creased pants and a green sport shirt and earns \$15 a week by stabilizing an adding machine in the face look down upon the humble and unostentatious bricklayer, who earns more money than anybody in town except the postmaster? People who stick up their noses at the dexterous plumber because he goes to work in overalls will do so no longer when they consider the high, Mt. Shasta altitude from which he labors. Overalls are not worn by women in this country to any marked extent, but in the warring countries of Europe their neat, baggy outlines can be seen on every corner. It must be very humiliating to the proud European to have to confess that his wife or sister or sweetheart can do his work better than he can, which teaches us that when woman begins to wear the pants man's dominion is not worth ten cents on the dollar. Discussion re Strike. A special meeting of the Firemen's Union was held last night further to consider the strike situation. The question arose as to whether or not the Union should continue longer in existence, there being strong and sufficient reason that the Union was not being recognized as such by ship-owners. After lengthy debate pro and con on the matter an adjournment was taken at 10.30 p.m. to be continued again to-morrow night. Who Wrote "Old Mother Hubbard?" Probably very few people could say who wrote the famous "Mother Hubbard" lines, and fewer still know where the writer is buried. The author was Sarah Catherine Martin, and she was buried at Loughton, in Essex. Miss Martin was born in January, 1768, and was about thirty-seven years of age when she wrote the story of the old lady and her dog. Tradition says the original "Old Mother Hubbard" was the housekeeper at Kitley Hall, Yealton, the residence of Miss Martin's married sister. At any rate, it was when on a visit to her sister at Kitley that the famous rhyme was penned. The original publication is still at Kitley, and a cupboard is pointed out as being "the" cupboard. Is Your Tongue Furred? Have You Headache? How few feel well this time of the year? The whole system needs housecleaning; the blood is impure; it needs enriching. Nothing will do the work more effectively than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Take them at night and you feel better next morning. They work wonders in the body while you sleep. Being composed of pure vegetable extracts and juices, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are safe for the young and old alike. Try this wonderful family medicine to-day, it will do you a world of good. Whether for biliousness, headache, lack of appetite or constipation, Dr. Hamilton's Pills will quickly cure, 25c. per box at all dealers. The proper shoe for afternoon wear has the black patent leather vamp and heel and black cloth top. "ARE WE DOWNHEARTED—NO." The British Army's new marching song, words and music by Robert Harkness, 40c. post paid. All the latest and popular Army and Navy Patriotic Songs at GARLAND'S BOOKSTORE, 177-9 Water Street, St. John's.—Nov. 6.

NOW IS THE TIME to send some Zam-Buk to soldier friend at the front. The coming of cold weather, the men in the trenches all suffer, or less, with chapped hands, cracks, chilblains and colds, and the soldier who has a Zam-Buk on hand to apply immediately any of these painful ailments, make their appearance, will save hours of suffering. P. E. Westfield of "Crest" writes: "We wish our friends would send us out more Zam-Buk. It is splendid for sore hands, cracks, cold sores, etc. Nothing ends pain and heat so quickly as Zam-Buk, and its germicidal, it prevents blood-poisoning. 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25. all druggists or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto." ZAM-BUK The Three Lads (By Elizabeth Chandler Form the Nation, London.) Down the road rides a German into the distance grey; Straight towards the north as flies, The dusky north, with its cold skies; But the song that he sings is and glad, For he's off to the war and 'Then hey! for our righteous (he cries) 'And the good old God in his skies! And ho! for love and a pair of eyes, For I'm off to the war and a Down the road rides a Russian into the distance grey; Out towards the glare of the he spurs, And he hears the wolves in the fern fires; But the song that he sings is and glad, For he's off to the war and 'Then hey! for our noble task (he cries) 'And liberty that never dies! And ho! for love and a pair of eyes, For I'm off to the war and a Down the road rides an English into the distance grey; Through the mud and fog and river's breath, Through the dank, dark night in his death; But the song that he sings is and glad, For he's off to the war and 'Then hey! for our honest kind (he cries) 'And hey! for truth, and down lies! And ho! for love and a pair of eyes, For I'm off to the war and a BE READY for the cold. Fuel. GAS COKE is an excellent substitute for hard coal. We have COKE of best quality made from Pennsylvania, which we are selling at 10c per ton at the Gas Works, \$9.20 per ton sent home, in your order now. ST. JO GAS LIGHT COMPANY. HERE AND GONE.—The s.s. I. arrived in port at 6 o'clock evening from P.E.I. and North S. bringing a cargo of produce and etc. The work of discharging the was continued last night and should again this morning.