

Extra!

Eight BIG SPECIALS

FOR THIS WEEK at

COLLINS'

LADIES' DRESSES
in Linen and Serge; colors: Navy Blue, Cream, Black, Tan and Lt. Blue.
At Half Price.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES
to fit 4 years to 8 years old.
At Half Price.

SKIRT EMBROIDERY,
45 inches wide.
Regular 75c. for . . . 57c.
Regular 1.00 for . . . 70c.

LADIES' SINGLETS.
Regular 15c. for . . . 8c.
Regular 20c. for . . . 13c.

MEN'S WORKING SHIRTS.
Direct from the factories and bought much below the regular value.
Regular 75c. for . . . 63c.
Regular 85c. for . . . 70c.

MEN'S WORKING PANTS.
Sizes 3 to 7; very strong material and worth \$1.80 a pair. Selling at \$1.30.

WHITE QUILTS.
A lot of American Cotton Quilts, bought direct from a jobber at anchor prices.
Regular \$2.00 for . . . \$1.30
Regular \$1.50 for . . . 85c.

Mill Ends of WHITE FLANNELETTES
Worth 15c. yd. for 10c. yd.

P. F. Collins.

Take a Mackintosh and You'll be Safe.

Fall days will soon be here, and Fall days mean rainy days; even if you go for a walk when it's nice and bright, it's safest to take a raincoat with you, for the fall showers come at a moment's notice.

"The best thing to do is to be prepared for the rainy day."

"We have just received a splendid stock of Men's and Women's Mackintoshes in all the newest styles and colorings, and in a great variety of textures and weights. These new Mackintoshes are in advanced styles and are in ready samples of what will be the leading fashions next Spring in 'rainy weather' wear.

Women's from . . . \$3.75 to \$16.
Men's from . . . \$6.75 to \$18.

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.

J. J. ST. JOHN.

10,000 VERY CHOICE CIGARS.
BROCK'S BIRD FOOD.
ROSE'S LIME JUICE.
SUNSHINE CUSTARD POWDER
BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER.
BLANC MANGE POWDER.
TINNED RABBIT.
TINNED BAKEAPPLES.

When you want a cup of appetizing TEA, get our 40c.

J. J. ST. JOHN.

NEW FLOOR COVERINGS.

Just opened another shipment of
Floor Canvas and Linoleums,
in the Newest, Neatest and most Attractive Patterns, at very Lowest Prices. We invite you to see our stock.

WILLIAM FREW

The Incomprehensible Sin.

BY RUTH CAMERON.



For each one of us I think there are certain meannesses, certain sins, that are almost uncomprehensible. The two that pass my understanding are first, the meanness of the man who deliberately repeats a disagreeable thing which one person has said about another to the person attacked.

It is difficult for me to believe such people exist, but I know they do. Of course the first class is rather out of my province as a rule, but the one case I came into contact with branded the knowledge on my mind. I once knew a brilliant kind-hearted lovable young newspaper man whom the whole office loved so well that they banded together to help him fight his besting weakness. He had taken a liquor cure and had been doing splendidly for six months and then the word went round that he had fallen more violently than ever. I asked how it happened and was told that another newspaper man who knew perfectly well how hard this man was fighting and how much it meant to him to keep straight that particular time had actually asked, my urged, this poor boy to have a drink with him.

I wish I were a Dante to arrange a special hades for that man.

Ruth Cameron

shovelfuls of coal from the tender behind me, distributing them with a deft turn of the wrist evenly over the great bed of flame four yards long within. I counted those shovelfuls—337 of them during the journey, each holding as much as a drawing room scuttle. Four tons we used in going from Paris to Calais.

In front of the driver was the speedometer. Over his shoulder I watched the needle climb gradually up the arc. "Good," I shouted above the roar as the pointer reached the 60-mile an hour mark. "Nothing," I saw, his lips say in reply. "Uphill," he made an ascending gesture with his hand. Looking through the window I saw that we were mounting a gradual slope to a distinct skyline. A moment later we reached it. The begrimed engine driver touched me on the arm. "Now—look," he roared in my ear, pointing to the speedometer.

We were on a down slope. The din of the heavy train increased. The floor of the 85 ton engine swung from side to side. The thick steel rod to which I was holding quivered and jerked as if it was loose. The needle leapt up the dial in a series of convulsive little jerks. Fields on either side of the line were streaming giddily past us, with every feature washed out of sight till they looked like no more than a streak of green paint from a brush. The line stretched far ahead of us, a gleaming ribbon of steel, ceaselessly devoured by the roaring monster of a train.

Up and up went the pointer; 60—70—75 miles an hour. And at that speed it hung for ten minutes. During that time we shot through woods that we only saw when they were past; we tore across a viaduct from one hill to another at such a speed that I could have avowed we had leapt the valley clear. We shot past a local train on another line as a motor car overtakes a rabbit. We hurtled through tunnels black as a mine, where the roof pressed down on one till eardrums were fit to burst with the din, and where the sweating stoker, jerking open the white-hot cavern of a furnace, gleamed red as he swung his shovel, like a demon of Hades. Through the little window you could see the great green engine waving a feathering plume of grey steam in sheer pride of power. Through villages that never saw us; past stations that whizzed by, the Calais express tore on its way, until far down the line a signal barred the road. The driver swung a lever, there was a buzz of steam, and in the space of a few yards, it seemed, we were crawling along at four miles an hour. "Guigne," said the driver. "We shall lose four minutes."

"Can't you go faster than seventy-five?" I asked him.

"We could, but we are not allowed. There is a speed register. See," he touched a tiny official seal of lead. "The government inspector takes out our speed record for each journey. If we had gone above seventy-five miles an hour there would be trouble."

"Oh, 80—90—perhaps more. Pardon"—the signal had changed, and three minutes later we were at full heading speed again.

We made up the four minutes lost at the signal, and fifty miles further on were a minute ahead of time. "I like to be a minute ahead," said the driver.

And with that much in hand we drew up in Calais harbor alongside the steamer. It had taken 4 tons of coal and 140 cubic feet of water to take us there. Yet none of the passengers even glanced at the new \$25,000 engine that had brought them on their homeward way at this wonderful speed.

The attention which I seemed to attract as I went on board the boat was explained as soon as I reached a mirror.

Bright scourgings with soap and hot water and one massage with cold cream has not yet completely freed me of my own coal consumption during that 75-mile-an-hour run.

If by accident you have made a mistake in marking linen, place the article immediately in cold water to which a little lemon juice has been added. Let this soak for about fifteen minutes, then soap the stained part and rinse.

MIRNARD'S LINIMENT BELIEVES NEURALGIA.

Travelling on the Engine of the Fastest Train in the World at 75 Miles an Hour.

(By G. Ward Price, in the London Daily Mail.)

In July and August the Gare du Nord is the most Anglo-Saxon place in Paris. A ceaseless tide of English travellers ebbs and flows through it half a dozen times a day. It is a holiday clearing house.

On every side you hear that clear, precise, high-pitched English female voice which becomes so startling a national characteristic as soon as English women are mingled with the more subdued-toned women of other countries. Even the porters themselves are infected with the prevailing English atmosphere. "London? Yes, all right!" they shout cheerfully as the taxicabs drive up.

For the returning traveller, whether he be a week-end tourist or an Anglo-Indian home from a life's exile, the gate of England is the Gare du Nord. Few of these gay home-coming English people who crowd the great station realize that the train in which they are actually to travel is the fastest train in the world—a train that reaches the speed of seventy-five miles an hour.

There are two trains each day from Paris that attain this speed during their journey of three hours and ten minutes to Calais. Their average for the 185 miles is fifty-seven miles an hour, but there are gradients to be mounted, there are checks at signals to be made up, there are junctions that must be passed through cautiously and curves to be rounded where the speed must drop to below

forty. The high average of fifty-seven is only kept up by travelling over the long straight reaches of the line, where it is perfectly safe to do so at seventy-five miles an hour, the highest speed allowed by law in France.

For an aeroplane seventy-five miles an hour is not remarkable, but this train is not a kite of wood and canvas, but a ponderous thing of 400 tons and carrying 300 passengers.

To realize to the full the terrific effect of this enormous mass hurtling along at such a speed a post on the engine is the only place. It was by a favor of the Nord Company that I have had this experience.

"This is an age of new speed sensations. Until a time within the memory of men still living the world had known no new means of travel since wheels were first invented. Nor can future generations hope to enjoy the unique thrills that are reserved for us. For submarine and hydroplane train and motor car, aeroplane and dirigible have exhausted the possibilities of sensation.

In all these vehicles except a submarine I had already travelled, yet among them there is none that creates, with the same force, the impression of force, all-powerful speed made by this 1800-h.p. locomotive thundering along at seventy-five miles an hour.

A small earthquake is the only thing that I remember that produced the same sensation of quivering, gigantic strength that fills one on that rocking foot plate.

Ten coaches, weighing 332 tons, stretched behind us in the Gare du Nord, yet at the cry "En route" we started easily, gently, without an effort.

Holding on to an upright rod of steel, I stood behind the driver, a typical mechanic of the race that are the best mechanics in the world.

With one hand on the Westinghouse brake and the other on the regulator, he peered through his little window along the side of the great green boiler stretching out like a gigantic motor car bonnet in front of us. On the other side of the engine cab was the stoker, keeping a look out along the line through another little window. Every three minutes he would swing open the great white maw of the furnace in front of the cab and throw in five or six great

Twice Proven Cure for Nerves

Irritable, Hysterical, Sleepless, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Restores Health.

There is a message in this letter for thousands of women who are suffering from broken-down nervous systems. Sleepless nights, much irritability over little things, spells of dizziness and nervous sick headaches are among the symptoms.

You may not realize the nature of your ailment until nervous prostration comes upon you. But in whatever stage you find yourself, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is ready to help you.

Mrs. W. J. May, 88 Annette street, Toronto, writes: "Some years ago I suffered from nervous trouble, and took Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which completely cured me. About six months ago I received a shock which again shattered my nervous system to such an extent that I was irritable and hysterical, and could not sleep nights. I began to use the Nerve Food again and was not disappointed. Improvement was apparent from the first box, and now I am entirely well."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 9 for \$5.00, 24 dealers.

September Magazines and Fashion Books.

Argosy, Alliance, American All-Story, Blue Book, Cosmopolitan, Cassells, Everybody's, Fry's, Grand, London, Munssey, McClure's, Metropolitan, New Nash's, Popular, Popular Mechanics, Physical Culture, Red, Red Book, Railroad, Royal, Review of Reviews, Smart Set, Strand, Story-Teller, Top Notch, Windsor, Technical World, Wide World.

Delineator, Designer, Fashions for All, Jose Lilles Practical, Leach's Children, Ladies' Home Journal, Ladies' Companion, Pictorial Review, Weldon's Journal of Costumes, Weldon's Ladies' Journal, Weldon's Children's Fashions, Weldon's Illustrated Dressmaker, Woman's Home Companion, Woman at Home.

GARLAND'S Bookstore,

177-353 Water Street, St. John's.

Phoenix Insurance Co., Of Hartford, Conn. Capital \$2,000,000.

Surplus to policy holders, \$4,155,090. Losses paid since organization, \$73,400,000.

The following letter is an indication of this Company's promptitude and liberality in settling claims:—

To MESSRS. C. F. BENNETT & CO., Agents Phoenix Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen,—I beg to tender you my most sincere thanks for your liberality and promptitude in settling my claim for loss sustained by the recent fire which occurred at New Gower Street on Thursday morning, the 29th inst.

Your readiness to meet my claim and the liberal manner in which your representative acted have greatly relieved me and have tended to lighten the burden which would otherwise have been heavy.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) FRED ROSE,
aug 4, 1m
St. John's, Nfld., July 31st, 1913.

ANCHOR BRAND HERRING NETS

The Fisherman's Favorite.
Most Satisfactory Cheap Net on the Market.
Robert TEMPLETON,
Wholesale and Retail.

"Scotia" Six per cent Debenture Stock, Seasoned Security, Safe as regards Principal Invested. Sure as regards Interest Return. Secured by Assets valued at nearly Five Times Amount Debenture Stock Issued. Price 98 and Interest.

F. B. McCURDY & CO., Members Montreal Stock Exchange.
C. A. C. BRUCE, Manager,
St. John's, Nfld.

The Surplus Earned.

In 1912 the Canadian Life earned surplus of \$1,530,667, exceeding by over \$237,000 the earnings of 1911, and by a much larger amount the earnings of any previous year. This is of importance to policyholders, for their Dividends must come from this account.

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
C. A. C. BRUCE, Manager,
St. John's.