

A Bargain in Ladies' Fall & Winter Coats.

We are clearing a small quantity of
LADIES' FALL and WINTER COATS,

At Sharply Reduced Prices as follows:

Regular Prices--\$12.50, \$14.50, \$15.50, \$16.50, \$18.50, \$21.00, \$23.00, \$25.00.

Now--\$9.00, \$10.00, \$11.50, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.00.

SATURDAY OUR SPECIAL SALE DAY.

Readymades, Boots and Shoes, House Furnishings, Millinery, etc.,
At Greatly Reduced Prices on Saturday.

Marshall Bros

SELECTION
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OFFERING
BESTING
VALUES.



Side Talks by Ruth Cameron



RUTH CAMERON

A SPLENDID MOTHER.

In the paper the other morning I read a little item which gave me one of those fine little thrills one always feels when one comes upon "the noblesse that lies in other men's sleeping but never in their dead."

This was the substance of the item:

An eight-year-old boy had shot his playmate. The two had been playing Indian and cowboy together and, with a bow and arrow made from the ribs of an umbrella, the eight-year-old cowboy had shot the seven-year-old Indian in the eye and the wound had proved fatal. The boy was held for homicide but released on the plea of the mother of the child he had killed.

Isn't This Magnificent.

And this is what she had said: "It might just as well have been my own little boy. I harbor no resentment and ask that he be permitted to go home with his mother."

Doesn't that simple statement thrill you through and through?

Think of the perfectly tremendous self-control it connoted not to fling out a single word of bitter blame under perhaps the harshest wrench the human heart ever has to bear.

Think of the splendid decency of that put-yourself-in-his-place—spirit expressed in: "It might just as well have been my own little boy."

So Glad It Was a Mother Not a Father.

I am so proud to think it was a mother rather than a father who made this plea. For that is just the sort of spirit we women have been supposed to be lacking in.

I do not know whether that woman has other children. I hope with all my heart she has. Both for her own sake and because with such a mother they ought to be the kind of citizens the world sorely needs.

If I were a cosmic fairy god-mother and could wish for more of some one quality for all the people in the world in the great crises through which we are now passing, it would be more of that "spirit."

everyone had as much of that put-yourself-in-his-place spirit as that woman, the peace table would not have generated into a squabble; Europe would not be in tumult; Russia would not be starving, nor the United States throwing away the greatest economic opportunity a country ever had in industrial strife.

Education That Only Mothers Give.

And that woman's sons and the sons of mothers like her will have more of that spirit.

That is the sort of education which the world needs above all other, and it cannot be given in the school room, except incidentally.

Long life to all the mothers and fathers who can give it both by precept and example.

OCTOBER.

It makes me feel sober to know that October is just about due at the door; her curves all remind me, and short ones that stack up before October is ghostly, she's saddening, mostly with leaves falling down from the trees, with nights that are chilly and rains that are silly, and farwells to robins and bees. Oh, dreary October, in sadness they robe her, her garments are ashen and brown; the year's growing older and feebler and colder, which reminds me my sun's going down. October's the token of joys that are broken; the roses are withered and gone; nasturtiums and asters have met, with disasters, they flourish no more on the lawn. It rains, but the water would have to be hotter before it could nourish the heath; it's raw and its chilling and clammy and killing and brings me a message of death. The cool winds are sighing, the wild geese are flying, and honking like automobiles; their wide wings are humming, they herald the coming of weather that promptly congeals. The summer's departed and Autumn's well started, and winter will come with a rush, the winter so yellow—then happy the fellow who saved up a package of cash.

Fashions and Fads.

The cape-manteau has taken the place of the regular cape.

The skirt of a smart street frock is laid in cartridge plaits.

New coat models are frequently very straight and unbelted.

Narrow self-girdles are still fashionable for coats and dresses.

Some frocks feature narrow belts of black patent leather ribbon.

The new wraps of gray squirrel are nothing short of gorgeous.

Checked velour made in severely tailored fashion is very smart.

Cape collars are of white linen lawn, trimmed with drawn work.

Many of the skirts present a tucked-in-at-the-bottom appearance.

Net and lace are largely used for both afternoon and evening frocks.

Knee-length blouses of Georgette are very heavy from the waist down.

Fancy necklaces are worn with the neck finish of round plated metal.

Silk cord girdles are used on many of the smartest woolen dresses.

Large medallions of embroidery or lace are favorite means of trimming.

Girdles of fruit and flowers are used for some of the new evening gowns.

A charming little gown of blue chiffon has a garland of rosebuds for a girdle.

Bits of brocade are tucked in the neck, or at the waist, to give a plain frock charm.

An autumn coat of scarlet velour has its shoulders and sleeves cut in one with the coat.

A black charmeuse gown has a deep, square neck and a skirt of tiers of black fringe.

A cape of geantum velvet is lined with red and silver tinsel brocade, and is trimmed with gray fox.

What is Phoratone?

Phoratone is a preparation manufactured by Dr. F. Stafford & Son for all kinds of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and various Lung Troubles. It is the result of 25 years' experience and thousands of bottles are being sold every year. At the present time quite a large number of people are suffering from Sore Throats, Coughs and Colds, etc., and if you will only try a bottle of this Phoratone you will be surprised with results. You can purchase same at Stafford's Drug Store, Theatre Hill, for 30c. a bottle. Postage 10c. extra.

Dr. F. Stafford & Son,
Wholesale & Retail Chemists,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Oranges!

We have been asked for a lower price on Oranges.

Please Phone for our price to-day. Our Phone is 480.

Soper & Moore
Wholesale only.

Squires' Political Doom Prophesied.

(The Advocate, March 22nd, 1919.)

The Hon. R. A. Squires has got to blame the loss of his public services; the usurping of offices he did not fairly win at the polls; the ignoring of public interrogations relative to actions which needed explanation; the queer methods of engaging in political campaigns; the guerrilla, and clandestine, tactics towards honourable opponents, such as George Gushue, and others, and the consciously unjust criticism, censure and calumny, heaped upon those who are trying to do their best for the people, while his taste of power was a cue for him to do his best for himself, for the reason that the public distrust his politics. Perhaps a correct solution of the following questions would inspire confidence. Did Mr. Squires accept money from Messrs. Reid when he was Colonial Secretary? If so, did such loan create obligation? Is it because the Reds refused to grant more loans that Mr. Squires is so opposed to them now? We will reserve other questions until some future date. Say near election time—the time of his political doom.



Ed Saraguest

ALL THAT LIFE CAN GIVE.

When the gentle mother's singing, and the children are at play, and the home seems filled with laughter at the ending of the day, I can settle down contented and discover there and then that I'm owning all the gladness that life has to give to men.

When the little ones are healthy and the mother wears a smile, I don't need to sigh for riches for I've everything worth while; when the nights are calm and peaceful and the daily tasks are o'er, I find that I'm possessing all that men are striving for.

When I'm free from all distraction and my thoughts are running clear, when the sound of happy children is the music that I hear, through the sham of earthly glory and its golden lure I see, though I've neither fame nor fortune, all their joys belong to me.

He that finds his loved ones happy when his daily tasks are through, and has brought them to contentment, has done all that man can do.

For the purpose of all struggle when the clash and clamor cease, be the toiler great or humble, is a home that's rich with peace.

Greenspond Decidedly for Government.

Special to Evening Telegram.

GREENSPOND, Yesterday.

At the meeting held here on Saturday night, by the Government candidates, all were heard without disturbance; marked enthusiasm prevailed. Co-operators called for cheers for the President of the Union, but they were drowned by the cheers for the Government candidates. This place will give the latter a record majority. All rumors that any places in this Bay will not give Government candidates a good hearing or will exercise any form of violence, are an insult to the intelligence of a self-respecting people. The electors are listening and will vote more calmly this time in the light of reason and common sense than ever before.

A. B. MORINE.

Cashin Will Come Back.

Fall Styles The First Showing.

A limited quantity of very smart frocks for Fall and Winter were opened by us on Friday last, and are to-day on view in our Showrooms.

These are exclusive French and American models, no two alike. Among the selection may be seen:—

1. Black Satin Sonple, heavily piped on sleeves and overdress.
2. Black Plain Silk Jersey, round neck, self buttons, side fastening, loose girdle. (An ideal model, giving long slender lines.)
3. Navy Ribbed Silk Jersey, round neck, and Russian Blouse effect.
4. Navy Serge, trimmed Military braid, Sand Jersey Vest and Cuffs.

This showing includes some beautiful models in Serge and Satin, Serge and Fur and Serge and Military Braid.

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.,
The Home of Fashion.

The Brunswick Gramophone

like the Emerson Piano needs no puffing

Come, see and hear, and make comparisons.

CHARLES HUTTON,
Distributor for Newfoundland.

THE JOKE OF IT IS, JEFF HATES SOUP WORSE THAN MUTT DOES.



Mrs. Wm. Jan. Leo Mar. to and and sad

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.
THERAPION No. 1
THERAPION No. 2
THERAPION No. 3

1 for Stomach, 2 for Liver, 3 for Blood.

DR. J. H. B. STANLEY, 100, WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

WARD'S LINIMENT CURES GAIN GET IN COWS.