RELIABLE RUBBER FOOTWEAR

THE Spring Season is fast approaching, and with it conditions of weather which will necessitate the constant use of Rubber Boots or Shoes. Despite the difficulties of transportation, we find ourselves at the present time with a well-assorted stock of Rubber Goods, including the famous

MERCHANT'S BRAND RUBBERS.

LADIES' ANCHOR BRAND.
Low Cut . . . . . 75c. pair
High Cut . . . . . 80c. pair

The following well-known styles in MERCHANTS.
Elva, Low Cut . . . . . 85c pair
Esther, Low Cut . . . . . 85c. pair
Ethel, Low Cut . . . . . 85c. pair
Stormont, High Cut . . . . . 90c. pair
Sizes 2 to 8, including all ½ sizes.

These Rubbers are made to fit low and high heel boots.
Merchant's Rubber Boots . . . . . $2.60 pair

CHILDREN'S ANCHOR BRAND.
Low Cut, sizes 3 to 10 . . . . 46c. to 60c. pr.
High Cut, sizes 3 to 10 . . . . 56c. to 70c. pr.
Rubber Boots, sizes 6 to 10, 1.70 to 2.10 pr.
Prices according to size.

YOUTHS' ANCHOR BRAND.
Low Cut, sizes 9 to 13 . . . . 70c. to 80c. pr.
High Cut, sizes, 9 to 13 . . . . 75c. to 85c. pr.
Rubber Boots, sizes 9 to 13, 2.20 to 2.60 pr.
Prices according to size.

MISSES' ANCHOR BRAND.
Low Cut, sizes 11 to 2 . . . . 62c. to 70c. pr.
High Cut, sizes 11 to 2 . . . . 72c. to 80c. pr.
Rubber Boots, sizes 11 to 2, 2.20 to 2.60 pr.
Prices according to size.

BOYS' ANCHOR BRAND.
Low Cut, sizes 1 to 5 . . . . 80c. to 90c. pr.
High Cut, sizes 1 to 5 . . . . 85c. to 95c. pr.
Rubber Boots, sizes 1 to 5, $2.70 to 3.10 pr.
Prices according to size.

GENT'S ANCHOR BRAND.
Low Cut . . . . . 95c. pair
High Cut . . . . . $1.00 pair

The following well-known styles in MERCHANTS.
Cardinal, Low Cut . . . . . $1.15 pair
Manor, Low Cut . . . . . $1.15 pair
Stazon, Low Cut . . . . . $1.15 pair
Hagar, Low Cut . . . . . $1.30 pair
Stormont, High Cut . . . . . $1.15 pair
Sizes 6 to 11, including ½ sizes.

Rubber Boots from . . . . . $4.20 to $5.80 pr.

Marshall Bros

Afraid in the Dark.

By RUTH CAMERON.

RUTH CAMERON

There are two ways of being afraid in the dark. One is the child's way. He is afraid of hob goblins and boggie men in the dark corners.

The other less recognized, but just as poignant, kind of night fear is the grown-ups unreasoning fear of the future, or to call it by its commoner name, is worrying.

The grown-up may no longer see hobgoblins in the corners when he wakes up in the night, but he sees all sorts of hobgoblin difficulties and goodie men dangers in his path of life.

It is really uncanny how night can convert the most distant possibility into the most distant possibility into a gloomy probability, or a molehill.

I Knew I Was Going To Be Sick.

The other night I waked up somewhere in the wee small hours with a pain in my shoulder. In the daytime I should have thought nothing of it. As it was, I felt quite convinced that my old and dreaded enemy neuritis was about to make an attack upon me and I fairly cringed before that hobgoblin.

I rehearsed all the horrors of the attack that has given my fear of it. Then the fact that I had two engagements for the morrow popped into my mind.

What Shall I do About These Engagements.

Instantly I was wider awake and more nervous than ever. If I kept the engagements I might bring the neuritis on. I might keep one and let the other go. No, if I did that, the other person would be sure to hear of it and be indignant. "If I break that second engagement she will think I'm spleeny because I broke one before on account of a cold," I mused. (I am one of those fool people—who let what I think other people think of me make me uncomfortable even when I am justified in my own mind).

And then by-and-by I woke up with a start of surprise. I must have fallen asleep and it is morning and the sun is shining. I test my shoulder gingerly. Why it isn't so bad after all. Half an hour later I am purring over my cup of coffee and planning a new engagement on top of the other two.

Things Look Utterly Different.

My whole life has taken on an entirely different complexion.

Truly the hardest things to bear are the things that never come, especially when you think of them at night.

Night seems to loosen the inhibitions of common sense.

Moral? Tell yourself the next time you wake up in the night and begin to worry that things will look very different in the morning.

(But I'm awfully afraid you won't believe it.)

Ever Feel "Dopy" After Meals?

At times we all feel dull and heavy. Just one thing to do—relax the bowels and cleanse the system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Unclean matter is flushed out, the liver is toned, blood is purified, and at once you feel better. Good health and jovial spirits are quickly found in this celebrated medicine. Enormous benfits follow the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills in every case; they are very mild, very prompt and guarantee by the makers. Insist on getting Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box everywhere.

Ex s.s. Florizel to-day, Feb. 20th:
CALIFORNIA ORANGES, LEMONS and APPLES, JUMBO PEANUTS, FRESH CANADIAN EGGS.

LENTEN GOODS OF BEST QUALITY.

Burgess Essence of Lobster.
Fresh Frozen Herring.
Smoked Bloaters.
Fish Sounds.
Boneless Codfish.
Mackerel in tins.
Boyer's Oysters, 1 & 2 lb. tins.
Lyle's Golden Syrup, 2 lb. tins.
Herring in Anchovy Sauce.
Herring in Shrimp Sauce.
Kippered Herring in tins.

Skipper Sardines.
P. E. I. Clams.
"Ocean" Brand Salmon.
"Ocean" Brand Lobster.
Asstd. Fish Pastes in tins and glass.
Heinz Peanut Butter.
Hartley's Jams & Marmalade.

EX TRAIN TO-DAY:
FRESH COUNTRY EGGS.
FRESH RABBITS.

C. P. EAGAN
DUCKWORTH STREET & QUEEN'S ROAD.

Don't Worry!

We have them ready.
42 brls. Cranberries.
50 bags Parsnips.
5 bags Beets.
100 bags P.E.I. Blues.
60 cs. Calif. Oranges.
15's, 215's, 250's.

150's, 215's, 250's.

Soper & Moore,
Importers & Jobbers.

An Old Time Chat on Topics in General

UP AT TUCKER'S.

Denis Kelley, he's Mrs. Tucker's first cousin, is in town, or as the papers say of Mr. Button—"is again amongst us." Last night he came up to the house, and as the "Cute Man" was present, I tell ye we had a fine old-time chat. Kelley is of the keen type of outport politicians who place Governments in power, and fire 'em out, when they feel like. He is cuter than the "Cute Man," and that describes him to you "gentle reader" just as well as if you beheld his foxey side-lights and gazed into his penetrating eyes.

The "Cute Man," always on the alert for news, is keener than ever when a visitor from the outports strikes the entertaining home of the popular Tuckers. He bazzed questions at our friend Kelley at the rate of forty a minute, until streams of perspiration trickled down Kelley's narrow forehead, and wended their way into the eyes of our visitoir. But Kelley didn't seem a bit put out, in fact he seemed highly honoured to be asked to give out his opinion on public matters in such distinguished company.

What do you think of our sessions, says the "Cute Man," as you read the report of 'em in the People's Paper. How do they impress you?

The visitor, Kelley, looked over at Mrs. Tucker as if fearing to arouse the indignation of that amiable lady by giving an honest opinion. Well, says he, kind of thoughtfully: "Sometimes they're all right, sometimes middlin' and now and then a kind o' puzzling." "There's one thing about 'em," said Kelley, "and that is they are read, and mind you that says a lot.

The advertisement for "make hens lay" is also read, says Mrs. Tucker, with a smile, but to my mind that don't mean much. Anyway, said she, we never lose any sleep as to how popular they are, popularity in this country don't count for much. You can be as popular as you like, but you can die in the Poor House if you don't carve out your own way of getting along through the world.

Look here, Mr. Kelley, says she, did it ever occur to you that popular persons are as a rule not worth a fish ha-penny, whereas on the other hand, unpopular persons seem to "rool in riches."

There's more in the world that's worth having, says Kelley, than money. For my own part, I'd prefer being known as an honest man than to be known to have a big bank account. Of course, I'd like, says he, to be a little independent, but I'd never hanker after owning a big lot of money.

'Tis only the man who can't get the big pile that says that, said Mrs. Tucker. Get the money and you can be as ugly as you like, and as ignorant as the greatest ignoramus that ever lived, and still all hands are ready to bow and scrape to you.

There are some fine fat jobs vacant just now around here, says Kelley, and 'tis a wonder to me that you don't try to use your influence in getting your husband put into one of 'em.

Oh, yes, says Mrs. Tucker, there's the job on the Bench, in the Magistrate's Court, and there's the Deputy Minister of Justice, a nice clean job, too, but we seem to be getting along first rate without having them filled, and between you and me, sometimes I think that we could save a heap of money to the Revenue if half of the big jobs were left vacant for ever. We don't seem to have the same rule that applies to the ordinary man who has to work every day, hold good in the big positions at all. The better paid a man is in this country the less is expected of him, and he must always have an assistant, or a deputy, on whom he can throw over the biggest share of the work.

Oh, you know, says Kelley, that rule holds good right through life, the more soft snaps we get the more we look for; when a man is poor and is inclined to take things as easy as possible we call him a lazy man, but in the "aFt Salary man" we say that "the burden of his duties have weakened his constitution" and that his doctor has ordered him a "complete rest."

That's true, says Mrs. Tucker, now that I think of it I fancy that most men do get sickly when they get into comfortable jobs, and I believe the reason of it is that the job they strike is heaven-like that they worry themselves to death trying to live long. You take a man for instance who is used to knocking around at the fishery, or has been engaged in any of the tough occupations of this country. While he is at it he can stand any amount of cold or hardship, but let him get into politics and afterwards get himself placed into a fine snug job and he must not let the wind blow on him or he'll catch a cold that will "confine him to his room" for a fortnight at the least.

I'll tell you the reason of that, says Kelley, half the "snug job men" wouldn't be half as sick were it not for the papers. They find out that the "snug man" is sick, and they announce it in the Press, and the "snug man" reading it, and his wife reading it, decides that he must "stay in" for a fortnight at least, in order that the Public will not lose confidence in the "reliability of the Press."

There's a lot in your argument, says Mrs. Tucker, and I'm beginning to wonder why you, Mr. Kelley, escaped getting into politics you are such a knowledgeable man. I think, mind you that you'd make a dandy third man in a district where two members are elected. But to get back to the discourse, I think you're pretty well right about the Papers being the cause of prolonging half of the sickness in town. The Press can make a man popular, the Press can make a man who is not worth his salt possess the wisdom of Solomon in the eyes of the Public, and in like manner the Press can make a man with an ordinary cold believe that he has reached the stage where the country should pay him an annual pension for remaining at home. The Press is a great agency for good, says Tucker, who had just finished cobbling a pair of boots, and joined in the conversation. But, now that the People of this town have seven papers to wade through daily, 'tis a wonder to me that they are as well as they are. Papers were all right in the olden times when they contained three or four pages, but now no ordinary man can stand the strain, for if you want to find out if a vessel arrived, or where to buy a hogshead o' good round coal, why you'd need to have a compass with you.

Tucker quit talking for a while to light his pipe, and when he got her in full bloom, he says: look here, Kelley, says he, I'd like to make a suggestion to the Governor of the Pen, and that is, that he get a copy of all the Papers sent down to that Institution, and make the prisoners read them all, and ye can take my word for it, that once they get their freedom, they'll not go back there again for fear the dose may be repeated.

TIM SHANNAHAN.

—a Blooming Cheek
—and a Sparkling Eye
—are assured to Girls
—who daily try
—a Glass of

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

for Nerves take
ABBEY'S VITA TABLETS
50 Cents a Box

The Ranger.

Ten weeks ago the Telegram gave a description of the extensive repairs to the sealing steamer Ranger. The ship was practically rebuilt at a cost of $25,000. She is now at Bowring's Southside premises and will haul over to the north side next week to be outfitted for the sealing voyage. Capt. S. R. Winsor, who brought in a load of seals last spring in the Terra Nova, goes in charge of the Ranger and we wish him a bumper trip.

ASK FOR MINARD'S LINIMENT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

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The art of Picture-framing is a more intricate one than is generally understood. It is not merely the making of a frame, but the selection of suitable Mouldings for the many different subjects, as pictures that are undoubtedly beautiful are often spoilt by unsuitable framing.

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Spark Plugs, Tool Boxes, Head, Side and Tail Lamps, Gasolene Gauges, Pumps, Jacks, Stewart's Electric and Hand Horns, Tire Chains, 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4, etc.; K. W. Road Smoothers for Fords.

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Your Business Success in 1917

Rests upon the dependability of your service of supply.

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