

FURS!

A remarkable Display of **STYLISH FURS** at Moderate Prices. Our showing includes many beautiful Sets as well as Muffs and Scarves, in

- Marmot, Muskrat,
- Seal, Otter, Beaver,
- Hare, Squirrel.

Dress Goods! Dress Goods.

We are showing a wonderfully Attractive Display of New Dress Goods, suggesting many beautiful Fabrics for Fall and Winter wear. The following Cloths are in great favor this season, viz:

- Amazon, Whipcords, Satin Cloths, Poplins,
- Venetian Fancy Checks, Serges in Navy, Black and Greys.

Cold. Nap Coatings, in Cardinal, Brown Fawn, Saxe and Navy.



Marshall Bros

Ladies',
Misses and

Children's
COATS.

It is conceded our selection here is second to none in style and general attractiveness.

A NOVELTY!

1 Jungle Coat

at a special price to clear.

Brave Deeds on Land and Sea.

BATTLE STORIES FROM THE FIRING LINE.

BRAVE CORPORAL BRINDALL

Drummer H. Savage, 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment, relates the story of the heroism of Corporal Brindall, of the same regiment. The British forces, he says, were attacking a bridge held by the Germans near Cambrai, and several men fell into the river and were in imminent danger of losing their lives. Brindall, who was an expert swimmer, rescued four of them, and was endeavoring to reach the top of the embankment when a German shell exploded, killing him instantly.

"OUT L. B. W."

It is a private in the Royal Irish Fusiliers who tells of the cheery remark made by an officer of the Cheshires, who is a bit of a cricketer, who was wounded in the thigh by a piece of shell. The officer had incautiously raised his leg above the trenches to ease the cramped feeling, when the shell hit him, and as he fell back all he said was, "Out, by George, l.b.w., as the umpire would say. Better luck next innings." A phrase like that should be remembered in any history of the war.

PROMOTED ON THE FIELD.

Private Tell, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, describing a small engagement on September 1st, in which the British captured several German guns says: "It was just at dawn when the Germans opened fire. Immediately the Bays and the Eleventh came galloping up, and after a desperate struggle we captured every gun. I saw one of the Bays, a lance-corporal,

run towards the enemy with a machine-gun on his shoulders. He fired several hundred rounds at them, and escaped without a scratch. He was promoted to sergeant for that."

AN HEROIC SERGT. MAJOR.

Corporal James Hes, of the 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays), in an interview, says: "One magnificent piece of bravery I witnessed was performed by Sergt.-Major Smith, of the B Squadron, 2nd Dragoons. One of our men had his horse shot from under him and was himself wounded. We had gone some distance, having been driven out of our position by the Germans, when Sergt.-Major Smith, seeing what had happened, returned, and under heavy fire, with shells bursting around him, picked up my comrade, placed him across his horse, and brought him back into safety."

CANDLES IN THE TRENCHES.

Hardly a night passes in the trenches without an alarm, a Times correspondent says, yet the men coolly nap by candle-light. They dare each other to do mad deeds. One stole forth on a dark night to carry off a German Maxim. He wriggled on his stomach to within a few yards of his object. He surprised the guard of five Prussians, slew them, and returned in triumph to his trench with the Maxim slung like a sheep across his shoulders. Rendered brazen by his success, he sallied forth again to collect the ammunition and belt which he had left behind on his first journey.

HIS LAST FIGHT.

There is a solitary grave near

Choley-au-Bac, which every day is strewn with fresh flowers. It is the last resting place of an English soldier who, quite alone, there fought his last fight till overwhelmed by numbers. During the great retreat he had strayed from his comrades and fallen exhausted from fatigue. Unable to find them he took up his quarters in an abandoned carriage, but thirty-six hours later the Germans appeared on the other side of the Aisne and fired at him. Undeterred by the fact that he was utterly alone, he replied, and such was his determination and accuracy of aim that the villagers declare he accounted for six German officers, one of them a General, before he fell under a volley. The French buried him where he had fought, erected a cross, and in honor of his gallantry lay fresh flowers each day on his grave.

WELL FIELDED!

There is a cricketer's flavor, too, in a story illustrating the coolness of one of the Gloucesters. While a certain company were having some food in the trenches a shell fell in the middle of them. "It didn't explode," says the private who tells the story; "so one of the chaps just dropped his biscuit, got up, and threw the shell out of the trenches, just as you might pick up a cricket ball that had come over your garden wall at home. Then he went on with his meal."

WITH LANCE, SABRE AND FIST.

A graphic description of how the Cossacks charge and fight is given in the story of an Austrian Hussar who was captured in Galicia. "Our cavalry advanced to the battle with ardour," he says, "but the Cossacks fell on us like a whirlwind. Hardly were we in touch than a Cossack dealt me three simultaneous blows. He did it I do not know, but he did not even give me time to fall. He seized me by the collar, lifted me on to his horse and carried me off. His comrades acted similarly, and a good number of our Hussars were thus taken prisoners."

"STICK IT, WELSH!"

These were the last words of gallant Captain Haggard, of the 2nd Welsh Regiment (a nephew of the famous poetist), who met his death in the desperate fighting at the beginning of the Battle of the Aisne. With his regiment he had reached the crest of a hill and there caught sight of the Germans. "Fix bayonets, boys—here they are!" he cried. But a storm of Maxim fire checked the charge. Bullets came from the front and both flanks. Officers fell rapidly, including Captain Haggard, mortally wounded, who, as the shells burst, would occasionally open his eyes and call out—but very weakly—"Stick it, Welsh!" And with these words on his lips he died—an officer and a gentleman.

HIS LIFE FOR HIS COMRADES.

It was in order to give his wounded comrades a drop of water that an engineer sacrificed his own life. The story is told by the corporal of a Bedfordshire regiment. "It was in the Aisne Battle," he says. "Near the trenches there were a lot of wounded, and their cries for water were pitiful. A quiet chap of the Engineers could stand it no longer. He collected all the water bottles he could lay hold of, and said he was going out. The air was thick with shell and rifle fire, and to show yourself at all was to sign your death warrant. He got to the

A Little Knowledge.

By RUTH CAMERON.



The Greek motto "Know Thyself" which I so often quote, refers to physical as well as to mental and spiritual self-knowledge.

And yet it is possible to know and think too much about one's physical self.

There has never been a time when

the popular interest in medical science was so great as it is to-day. Medical articles are no longer relegated to scientific periodicals, but appear in our most popular magazines. As you doubtless remember, in last month's issue of a magazine which is making a strong bid for popular circulation, the leading article was medical. Furthermore, practically everyone to whom I spoke on the subject had read that article.

The outcome of all this is that the popular mind is turned towards the subject of disease, and many people acquire a strange smattering of medical knowledge.

In so far as they use this knowledge to keep well with, nothing could be better.

But they do not always use it so wisely.

Let me illustrate. A friend of mine who has a deep interest in things medical reads and talks a great deal about disease. The result is that she is always watching herself and others for symptoms, and fancying that she detects the beginnings of some disease.

For instance, "I've got such a terrible pain behind my eyes. I do hope it isn't conjunctivitis. My eye itched this morning and I was foolish enough to rub it. That's the way con-

junctivitis starts,—getting a germ in. The doctor said that was what started Mary's attack, and you know what a terrible time she had staying in that dark room for weeks. Wouldn't it be dreadful if something like that happened to me just as we are planning to go away?"

Again, "I'm so worried. Ruth has a sore throat and a fever, and you know that's just the way scarlet fever starts. I don't know what I should do if she should come down with that. We'd have to take the other children out of school and none of them have had it."

Needless to say the pain behind the eyes turned out to be an indigestion headache, and little Ruth's trouble proved to be an ordinary sore throat.

If my friend had had little less medical knowledge she would have had a great deal less worry.

Perhaps I am wrong in thinking that this type is common, but as I have several in my own acquaintance I assumed that it might be.

There is such a thing as thinking too little about one's health—not knowing or heeding the common danger signals. And there is such a thing as thinking too much about diseases, being too ready to expect them, too eagerly fearful to detect them. Don't think too much about disease. It isn't a pleasant subject. Leave that to the doctors. Have a good trustworthy family doctor and go straight to him when things get out of order in spite of you. It's cheaper in the end. But for your part think about health. Study preventive medicine all you want. Study how to make your body strong and able to throw off disease. That's the best way to "know thyself."

Ruth Cameron

first man all sight and gave him a swig from a bottle. He crawled along the ground to others until he was about a quarter of a mile away from us. He was hit badly, and with just a slight upward fling of his arms he dropped to earth like the hero he was."

MARCH PAST A HERO.

With colours flying and the band playing the "Marseillaise," the 127th Regiment of French Infantry marched past the youngest soldier in their ranks, Leon Lemaire, who, although only twenty years of age, has been presented with the distinction coveted in the French army above all others, the Military Medal. This is how he won it. A few days before the Colonel of the 127th had sent Lemaire with an important message to the captain of one of the companies of the regiment in the trenches. He had no sooner shown himself on the level ground to run forward on his errand than the German troops, whose trenches were here only at short range, opened a fierce fire upon him by volleys. First a bullet passed through the young man's great coat; then his cap was struck; his haversack and water-bottle were riddled by several shots; then a hole was bored through the scabbard of his bayonet.

Through it all young Lemaire advanced coolly and without faltering, and finally he reached the trench where the captain to whom he bore the message was—miraculously enough without a wound.

Vigorol

VIGOROL, the Great French Tonic, is opposed to disease; therefore it finds it out and drives it away. Your nerves are toned up. Your bowels made healthy and strong. Your blood purified. The kidneys and liver cleaned. Headaches, biliousness, and that heavy, ill-as feeling, will go. You will feel like a new person. Don't be fooled—get VIGOROL, and you will never regret it. Sold at all drug stores.

Some of the new jackets are made with belts showing in front, but hidden under the jacket in the back. Wine-colored velvet suits are trimmed with cords of the velvet and buttons embroidered with steel beads.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARTER IN COWS.

For Sleep, Comfort,

Looks and Wearing Qualities and Prices that Please, Buy Your **Pyjamas and Nightshirts**

— at —
SMYTH'S.

PHONE 726.

G. F. KEARNEY, Manager.

Irish {J. J. St. John} Butter

Gentle and simple like

Good Butter.

The s.s. Carthaginian brought us another fresh shipment from the Lakes of Killarney. Nothing better ever entered the Narrows.

J. J. ST. JOHN,

Duckworth Street and LeMarchant Road.

The Elite Tonsorial Parlour,

Prescott Street, near Rawlin's Cross.

F. ROBERTS, Proprietor,
Has just installed the very latest appliance in Electric Massage Machine for face and hair. Also we carry a full line of Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos, etc.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT TILL 11 P.M.

The state of war makes our winters none the less severe. In making your old suit or overcoat do for the winter may be false economy. Protect your body from the warring elements by ordering one of our Heavy-weight Overcoatings. Owing to general depression in the woolens we were enabled to buy in a splendid variety at a considerably reduced figure. Also a very fine range of Winter Suitings. Write for samples and self-measuring cards, as we guarantee results.

John Maundel's
TAILORS' CLOTHES
St. John's, N.F.

Homestead

Tea is on

a Pinnacle

by itself when tea values are being discussed, because of its quality, its fragrance and richness.

"There's a smile in every cup of Homestead",
50c. lb.

For 5lb. parcels 10 per cent. discount allowed.

C. P. EAGAN,

Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.

PURE CANADIAN CREAMERY BUTTER.

14 lb. boxes, 56 lb. boxes. IRISH BUTTER, 1lb prints

APPLES.

100 brls. "King" Apples—1's, 2's and 3's.
50 brls. Ribston—1's & 2's
50 brls. Gravenstein—1's and 2's.
To arrive Nov. 2nd.

Fish Sounds 7c. lb.
Pickled Trout 4c. lb.
Cranberries 40c. gallon
Irish Bacon.

Sinclair's Fidelity Hams.
Moir's Caramels—Pails.
Moir's Kisses—Pails.
Moir's Confectionery, 1/2's and 1's.

Montreal
Quebec
Charlott
return
Sydney
Children
betw
HA

Adv