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We have high or low cuts in Patent Leather, Box-Calf or Vici, with or without Rubber Heels, in all sizes and half sizes.

MARSHALL Brothers.



Divorced Life

By Helen Hanson Fugate

A Startling Question

The droll young heir to western wealth took Marian motoring again after a few days. She, bewildered by the quick, unexpected sale of her one-hundred-dollar story, had striven in the interim to grind out more fiction. She told Meadows proudly of the sale.

"Bully work. By jove, I'm glad!" he exclaimed with deep and genuine satisfaction. "You're coming along wonderfully. I'm envious. I tell you it's great."

"I just happened to strike it lucky. But I hope the luck lasts," returned Marian anxiously. "I shall work heroically. I hope the magazines will soon be publishing enough of my work to beguile a good many idle hours for you during your honeymoon days abroad," she could not help adding.

Jack did not answer for a moment. He urged his car into one of the quiet, shade-hung roadways of Central Park, letting it hum slowly onward.

"Do you know," he said at length, looking at Marian with grave eyes, "the nearer I approach this marriage affair, the less philosophically I find myself viewing it?"

"Yes, I presume it's usual for people to approach the joyous shock and thrill of matrimony with a bit of nervousness," responded Marian lightly.

"Don't nag me, I beg of you," protested the rich youth. "I hoped that you would pity me a little."

"I do. I pity anyone who's on the brink of marriage," replied Marian seriously.

"Ah, I like that tone better," said Meadows, whipping a cigarette out of his case and lighting it. "Somehow, I seem to be weakening rapidly. Upon my word, I never thought I'd be a candidate for sympathy."

"I hope you're not going to be a candidate for divorce before the end of your escapade."

"Who knows?" mused the youth. "I fancy it's a pretty good sort of a remedy sometimes."

Marian smothered an impulse to speak of her own experience in divorce. Instead, she said: "Heavens, if that's the way you feel about it, why on earth go on?"

"Sweepingly put," smiled Meadows. "It's an indictment," said Marian sternly. "How do you ever expect to make that girl happy, if you feel this way? Think of her, as well as of the people who insist upon this marriage. Surely, you owe her something! I think it's wrong of you to go deliberately ahead with a course that will probably ruin her life for her. Will you forgive me for speaking bluntly?" she murmured, half sorry that she had gone so far.

"I suppose I'm both a coward and a cad," he said with a shrug. "I know I ought not to whine. I'll never do it again. I'll buckle down and make a glorious success yet out of the mess of my life. There's something about you that makes me feel more like a man than I've ever felt in my erring young life." Suddenly his slim, handsome hand left the steering wheel and closed over Marian's. "Will you do me a favor? The biggest favor that could possibly be done me?" he demanded abruptly.

"What?" she said with a strange shiver.

"Will you forget who I am and what I am? Will you help me start my life all over again—the right way, the way I should have started in the first place?"

Marian grew pale, then flushed, as the significance of Meadows' question smote her. She shook her head slowly, mechanically. "I'm sorry, but I couldn't," she said, trying hard to steady her words.

"Why not?" he demanded, his hand tightening over hers. "Why not? You've made me love you. You've made me see everything differently."

"Who knows?" mused the youth. "I fancy it's a pretty good sort of a

Hr. Grace Notes.

A young horse owned by Mr. M. Leary, was stolen from its pasture a week or so ago, and no trace whatever of it can be had.

We regret to report that Rev. J. M. Allen, of Bay of Islands, is very sick. His sister, Mrs. Holt, received a telegram on Friday, informing her of his condition, and she left immediately to visit him.

Mr. John Neil and his sister Miss Agnes Neil, are here from New York on a visit to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Neil.

Mrs. K. Murphy, St. John's, was in town on a visit to her many friends, and where a pleasant hour was spent. Mrs. Wm. Walsh, left for home on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Thomas, of St. John's (nee Miss Pretty), arrived by last night's train on a visit to her sister, Mrs. A. Sheppard and other friends.

Trade seems to be paralyzed here, and owing to the lack of work at Bell Island, poor fishery prospects, little else can be spoken of. Let us all hope that in a very short time prospects for our future welfare will be much brighter.

The British Society excursion took place yesterday and was attended by about 60 people and very enjoyable trip to St. John's was had. The train arrived at St. John's at 12.15. The committee were received by the members of the N.B.S. and escorted to the hall where a pleasant hour was spent.

Mr. Eli Stowe has some very good early potatoes. They are large and floury and among the best we have seen for the season.

Hr. Grace, Aug. 13, 1914. —COR.

Art Fletcher.

You hear guys say the outfield's soft. Well, they got joints loose in their lofts—there's vacant space up there. There ain't no job on any nine that's soft or cinchy, I opine. An' my opinion's fair. At any rate there ain't no yep who'll say the Red McGhee shortstop's job's a snap an' try to make it stick. It takes a star to fill that part. That's why my lid is off to Art, for Fletcher does it slick.

He's been a reg'lar now four years an' Muggs McGraw would shed real tears if Fletcher should peter out. He came to Muggs in 1910 an' stepped right in the lineup when McGraw let Bridwell out. He's rangy, like the Texas steers he played among a couple years before his Giant days. There ain't no surer guy than Art at executin' plays.

An' Art can wield the wazon-tongue. You'll always find him up among the leadin' knights o' swat. He bats right hand but bangs 'em hard to all the corners of the yard. He's not slow on the trot. His battin's steady, too, you'll find. Last year in that world series grind, when all the Giants slumped, ol' Fletcher kept right up in his stride at banging out the ol' horsehide. His record wasn't bumpy.

He's a reg'lar now four years an' Muggs McGraw would shed real tears if Fletcher should peter out. He came to Muggs in 1910 an' stepped right in the lineup when McGraw let Bridwell out. He's rangy, like the Texas steers he played among a couple years before his Giant days. There ain't no surer guy than Art at executin' plays.

Facts and Possibilities.

(The Evening Post, New York.)

Germany, having grasped her sword, is laying about her with a high hand. Her entrance into Luxembourg, her invasion of Belgium—both of which have had their neutralization solemnly guaranteed by the European Powers, Germany included—were the directest kind of challenge to England. There could be no doubt how it was to be answered. More than that, by this action Germany showed herself ready to lift an outlaw hand against the whole of Western Europe. It is not simply that she stands as one prepared to violate international compacts. Treaties go crashing to the earth in time of war, and the German authorities may plead military necessity. But their ultimate purposes, the enormous stakes for which the Emperor is hazarding all, are not concealed. If Germany could beat the armies of both France and Russia, with England remaining aloof, she would attain not only the hegemony of all Europe, but complete dominance. She will seize Belgium and Holland, and present a formidable front on the North Sea. By means of these latent threats, which must be vividly in the mind of all European statesmen to-day, the Emperor or William has, as it were, put himself in the position of the first Napoleon.

If a coalition against his overbearing pretensions did not exist, it would have to be invented. Luxembourg in 1914 recalls Luxembourg in 1867. At that time it was Napoleon III. who was planning to take possession of the Duchy. General Moltke wished to seize the occasion to make war upon France. But Bismarck put his veto on the plan. Moltke pledged his word that the Prussians could whip the French. War was bound to come sooner or later, so why not force it at once? Bismarck refused. He said that he did not believe in the policy of anticipatory or preventive wars. Moreover, and this was his real reason, Prussia could not be sure that an unprovoked attack on France would not create military alliances against her too powerful to be overcome. So he contented himself for the moment with checkmating Napoleon III. by making public the secret treaties of offensive and defensive that neutralized Luxembourg. But in those days there was a great statesman at Berlin, imposing his will upon the King. To-day we have a feeble Chancellor entirely overruled by the Emperor. Kaiser Wilhelm has indeed, dropped the pilot!

The German Emperor protests that he has been "forced" into war by his

envious enemies. Of this history will judge. By the light we have at present, this at least is clear, that if Emperor William did not directly cause and desire the war, he at least failed to prevent it when it would have been easy for him to do so. The proof of this lies upon the surface of events, as one reads their succession in the European press. There was nowhere in Europe the stunned surprise of the United States at the sudden rise of the spectre of war. There the danger was instantly visible. It was felt to be acute at the moment of the presentation of the rough Austrian note to Serbia. Everybody at once jumped to the conclusion that the move had been made with Germany's privity and consent. The German Foreign Office did not deny it, though it gave out a statement to the effect that, while it had been aware in general of the "scope" of the Austrian demand on Serbia, it was not to be understood as approving the violent language in which it was couched. So there was such a thing as Austria stamping her big boots too noisily for even a Prussian Junker! But the point to watch was St. Petersburg. There the Austrian affront to Serbia caused extreme emotion. An extraordinary Council of Ministers was informed: "Ministers are unanimously agreed that Austria-Hungary has thrown down a challenge to Russia, and that, in St. Sazonoff's words, there could be only one answer."

All Europe saw at once in this a threat of war in which no country could set a limit. Then it was that the English Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, going straight to the core of the matter, addressed his appeal to the German Emperor. He besought Emperor William to join with England in immediately calling a Congress of the Powers to deal with the differences between Austria and Serbia, and so prevent war. After a day's deliberation, the Kaiser declined the offer. He still professed to desire peace, and to be working for it earnestly, but whether he was sincere or not, the fact is now plain that his refusal of the British plan was fatal. It is idle to speculate on his motives. But the conclusion cannot be escaped that he either made a gross miscalculation of the diplomatic situation and was completely deceived as to his own power to bluff Russia off again, or else that he deliberately chose a path which he knew could issue only in a war.

Either way, it was a decision big with fate. The human mind cannot yet begin to grasp the consequences. One of them, however, seems plainly written in the book of the future. It is that, after this most awful and

most wicked of all wars is over, the power of life and death over millions of men, the right to decree the ruin of industry and commerce and finance with untold human misery stalking through the land like a plague, will be taken away from three men. No safe prediction of actual results of battle can be made. Dynasties may crumble before all is done; empires change their form of government. But whatever happens, Europe—humanity—will not settle back again into a position enabling three Emperors—one of them senile, another subject to melancholia, and the third often showing signs of disturbed mental balance to give, in their individual choice or whim, the signal for destruction and massacre.

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You don't have to wait all day to get the kink out of a stiff neck if you rub on Nerviline. And you don't need to go around complaining about lumbago any more. You can rub such things away very quickly with Nerviline. It's the grandest liniment, the quickest to penetrate, the speediest to ease muscular pain of any kind.

One twenty-five cent trial bottle of Nerviline will cure any attack of lumbago or lame back. This has been proved a thousand times, just as it was in the case of Mrs. E. J. Graydon, of Caledonia, who writes:—"I wouldn't think of going to bed without knowing we had Nerviline in the house. I have used it for twenty odd years and appreciate its value as a family remedy more and more every day. If any of the children gets a stiff neck, Nerviline cures quickly. If it is earache, toothache, cold on the chest, sore throat, Nerviline is always my standby. My husband once cured himself of a frightful attack of lumbago by Nerviline, and for a hundred ailments that turn up in a large family Nerviline is by far the best thing to have about you."

Marine Notes.

The Mongolian is due here Monday morning from Liverpool.
The Kanawha is expected to leave London on Thursday next for this port direct.
The Digby leaves Halifax to-day for here.
The Stephano leaves New York to-day for Halifax and this port.
The Carthaginian sails from Philadelphia to-day for here.

Where Responsibility Lies.

No matter how large, or how small, a business may be, nobody can deny that its Office is the nerve centre of the firm. Every transaction, important or trivial, must be recorded at the Office. An order is received at the Office, its history is recorded at the Office, and finally payment is received at the Office. If the Office makes an error the firm stands the loss. That's why you must be sure that your office is modernly and dependably equipped for the care of all important papers. To do this effectively you need the up-to-date equipment of the "GLOBE-WERNICKE CO." When sixty offices in St. John's have found this necessity this equipment can surely be of use to you. Mr. Percie Johnson represents this world known firm in Newfoundland. —ap17,14

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N.B.—Is your size here? 600 Pairs Ladies' Low Shoes in the following sizes: 1, 1½, 2, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½. Original price \$3.00 per pair, now \$1.50 to clear. Remember, \$3.00 Shoes for \$1.50. 217 Pairs Ladies' Boots in sizes 1, 1½, 2, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½. Original price \$3.50; to clear at \$2.00 per pair.

These Shoes are solid through and through and cannot be duplicated elsewhere for double the price we are asking.

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