

Remarkable Values in Silk & Cotton Goods

Latest quotations show a steady advance in nearly all Dry Goods, and especially is this advance noticeable in such goods as Silks, Cottons and Mixed Fabrics; and latest advices point to still higher prices. We have on hand a large stock of Silk and Cotton Fabrics which were purchased during the "Slump" in the markets, and we are therefore enabled to offer them at prices much below present values. A careful perusal of these items offered below may be of benefit to you.

GINGHAMS.
Striped and Checked, 25 and 33c. yard.

LINENS.
Plain, Mid Blue30c. yard
Helio, Cream, Saxe55c. yard
Pink, Saxe, Grey60c. yard

LAKWOOD ZEPHYRS.
Pink, Blue, Grey, all with white stripe, 55c. yard.

WHITE MIDDY DRILL.
2 pieces only \$1.40 yard

LATEST ENGLISH SERGES.
English Wool Serge, 54 inches wide, \$5.50 yard

FANCY STRIPE DRESS SILK.
36 inches wide \$2.40 and \$2.70 yard

GEORGETTE CREPE AND CREPE DE CHENE.
Mauve, Pearl, Saxe, Myrtle, Grass, Prune, Wine, Navy and Nigger Brown, \$3.20 yard.
White and Seal Brown \$4.60 yard

ANTRIM LAWN.
Fancy floral design 28c. yard

WHITE COTTON VOILE, only 27c. yard.
COLORED FANCY STRIPED VOILES, 45, 50 and 55c. yard.

BLACK FANCY CHECK AND STRIPED VOILES, 50c. yard.

MUSSELINE DE SOU.
Black, White and Rose, 25 ins. wide, 65c. yard
Pink, Rose and White, 36 inches wide, \$1.30 yard

MUSLINS, fancy striped 33c. yard

SERPENTINE CREPE.
White, Saxe, Helio, Pink, Blue, in floral design, 55c. yard.

PLAIN COTTON CREPE.
Pink, Blue and Yellow 55c. yard
White 45 and 50c. yard

MERCERISED COTTON REPP.
Silk stripe; Black, Brown, Green, Saxe, Cardinal and Navy, 60c. yard.

LATEST AMERICAN DRESS MATERIALS.
All shades, from 80c. yard up to \$4.20.

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

SOME FORMS OF GENIUS.



RUTH CAMERON

When you stop to think of it isn't there something wonderful and impressive about the infinite number of motions, the infinitely patient repetition that goes into the creation of many of the finished products that we so easily take for granted?

I once assisted (slightly) at the building of a very little house. I have had a deeper respect for houses ever since. I don't wonder now why it takes so long to build them, but rather how anyone ever has the patience to keep tapping and sawing and sawing and tapping until the thing is done.

The Hammer Will Have Descended A Million Times.

They are building a house not far from here now (they are putting on the siding), and all day long I can hear the carpenter's hammer going thump thump thump thump, then a pause while he picks up a nail and then again, thump thump thump thump. (When I tried my hand at that job it took me from ten to fifteen thumps to send the nail home so I have a deep respect for the workman who can accomplish it in four.) It is not a large house they are working at—when it is done it will look like quite a simple affair—but to produce it the hammer will have descended at least a million times, and the saw will have swayed back and forth as many more.

Think of the Stitches in a Simple Gown!

It's the same with even a fairly simple gown if it has any hard work on it. One is appalled when one stops to think the number of times the needle has been pushed in and out, before the thing is completed. If one stopped to think of the stitches before one began to take them, surely one would be so appalled, that one would decide it wasn't worth while.

One of the Benefactors of the Race.

And did you ever pause—you who



WILL MASON

MY ICELAND.

Oh, Iceland, fair Iceland, my dear old childhood home, I'd like to sail to you again, across the waste of foam. In dreams I see my happy home, my home of long ago, where all the farmers planted ice, and all they reaped was snow. I often wonder why I left the floe where I was reared, for lands that sizzle in the sun, where men are scorched and seared; and I would give my halibut to be upon your shore, to see the musk ox eating ice, and hear the walrus roar. I used to kick, forsooth, because the kitchen fire would freeze, and one must use a crosscut saw to slice the bread and cheese; and often, lacking proper pride, I'd wring my hands and weep, because I had to shovel paths through drifts six furlongs deep. But time has shown me what is what, and also which is which, and if I had those snowdrifts now I'd think that I was rich. Oh, Iceland, when my jaded back is sore with prickly heat, I'd like to tread your frozen shore, and revel in your sleet! Oh, Iceland, when my nose is pealed by solar glow and glare, I'd like to drive along your lanes, behind a polar bear! Oh, Iceland, is the fairest land that mortal ever saw; she has a snowstorm every day, and never has a thaw.

He Changed His Mind.

Amongst many good stories told by Sir Frederick Bridge in his recently published volume of reminiscences, is one concerning a little actor who was bald. Also he was noted for his fiery temper.

One day, while playing Faust, a super whose duty it was to whisk away the hero's stage wig and white beard, so that the young and joyous Faust, relieved of the trappings of old age, shall step forward into the limelight in the bloom and beauty of youth, overdid the thing, and dragged away the actor's own private wig along with the property one, to the huge amusement of the audience.

Later on (writes Sir Frederick) the actor, mad with rage, was searching all over the theatre for the offender, breathing out threatenings and slaughter.

Presently the super appeared—a huge man of brawn and muscle, in his shirt-sleeves and apron, just come from work.

"Hullo, sir," he cried, "do you want me?"

"But at the sight, the actor's bell-crow intentions vanished with the rapidity of his wig not many minutes before.

Looking his opponent up and down for a second, he gasped out, "Yes, sir! Confound you, sir!"—and ran.

White organdie frills are embroidered in pastel colorings.

The smart suit has sleeves and shoulders rather snugly fitted.

The new printed satins for wrap linings are very brilliant in color.

Even now some very chic dresses have fringed ends on their girdles.

READY

for delivery to-day.

200 only 90 lb. Bags

P. E. I. Blue Potatoes.

Soper & Moore Importers and Jobbers.

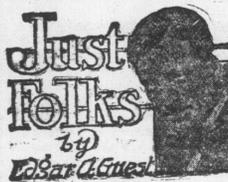
Press Briefs.

THE LIMIT.—Observing the glorification of DeValera in New York many Canadians are prompted to suggest that United States interference in affairs of the British Empire has gone far enough.—Ottawa Journal.

A ROYAL WELCOME.—Welcomed by the King, driven to Buckingham Palace through a cheering multitude to receive congratulations of the Queen, Lloyd-George surely must regard his return to London as the crowning event of a career unrivaled in fact or fiction.

HARMLESS TALK.—When it is said that British, French and Italian "labor representatives" are going to stage a demonstration against allied intervention in Russia, it should be understood that "labor" as thus used means about what we in America think of as a "Socialist."—Buffalo Express.

WHY NOT ACT NOW.—The eight-hour day has arrived and the attempts of Parliament and legislature to dodge responsibility for the passage of legislation would be better stopped. When the Peace Treaty is settled the shorter day will come as an international regulation, so why delay?—Cueph Herald.



VISIONS.

There are hills too steep for our feet to climb. There are goals too far to gain. And in every breast there's a glorious best.

The dreamer shall never attain. For the poet dies with his songs unsung. And the artist at last grows faint. And he sinks to sleep and the grave must keep.

The pictures he'd planned to paint. We never can finish the work of life. Nor live to our fullest here.

We must carry away from its house of clay The vision we've cherished dear. We dream fair dreams for the years to be. But merchant and toiler, too, And the soldier brave, take into the grave Some deeds they had hoped to do.

Perhaps they sing at their sweetest now. Those poets of yesterday. And have caught the themes of the golden dreams Which came from the far away. Perhaps the painters on canvas true. Now see with a clearer eye And paint the things of the visionings That were theirs in the days gone by.

Oh, never we reach to our fullest height. And never we do our all; We must turn away, at the close of day When the tools from our fingers fall.

But it isn't failure to hold a dream. That never on earth comes true. For the tasks of worth that we miss on earth Are reserved for our souls to do.

This is to certify that fourteen years ago I got the cords of my left wrist nearly severed, and was for about nine months that I had no use of my hand, and tried other liniments, also doctors, and was receiving no benefit. By a persuasion from a friend I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and used one bottle which completely cured me, and have been using MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family ever since and find it the same as when I first used it, and would never be without it.

ISAAC E. MANN, Metapedia, P. Q.

Aug. 31st 1908.

The Newest 1919 Trench Coats!

The Trench Coats for men we are now showing arrived on the last English boat and are quite the finest Coats we have ever handled. They are the product of a first class English firm, famed for its Military Tailoring, are built of fine quality Gabardine in all shades of Khaki, well-lined with smart-patterned Twill Plaid. Pockets velvet lined. Three very special features in these Coats are: (1) Extra high and well-fitting storm collar; (2) extra wide revers, forming when fastened ample throat and chest protection; (3) an entire interlining of Oilskin, rendering them not only doubly waterproof but absolutely wind and cold proof as well; forming an ideal Coat for all weathers. All Coats are belted and strapped at wrists. All sizes.

PRICE FROM \$30.00 UP.

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co., Men's Furnishings.

NEW MUSIC!

I have arranged with the publishers of New Music in the United States to have it on sale in St. John's just as soon as it is published, and I am selling it at less than half price to introduce it into Newfoundland.

Music will be tried over and sung for intending purchasers, and personally selected for Outports.

CHARLES HUTTON, The Reliable Piano and Organ Store.

AS WE GO TO PRESS, BILL'S KID IS STILL WAITING FOR A NAME.

