

DAINTY BLOUSES FOR DRESSY WEAR.

Superior indeed are the wonderfully beautiful Blouses to be found in this showing. We have them in White and Fancy Muslin. Priced at

\$1.00 and \$1.20.
Regular
\$1.80 and \$2.00.

LATEST AMERICAN STYLES.

We have just opened a most attractive display of **READY-TO-WEAR HATS**. Our Buyer being on the spot at an opportune time was able to secure several lots at greatly reduced prices. The benefit of these purchases is given to you. Note present prices as compared with what they would be if sold in a regular way.

Children's Ready-to-Wear Straw Hats 30c. Regular 80c. line.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Straw Hats \$1.10. Regular \$2.00 line

Lace Collars! Lace Collars!

A smart showing of these ever useful goods in White and Cream. To effect a speedy clearance we price them at

15c., 25c., 35c., 45c. each.

In addition to above four lots we offer a Big Job Lot from **5c. to 17c. each.**



A GLOVE NOVELTY.

Ladies' Rubber Gloves. Can be used in domestic work of every description, in the Nursery, for light gardening and Photography.

Divorced Life

By Helen Hanson Fuesate

Marian Peddles Her Wares.

The cheerless, almost chattering face of the "Cheering Hour Magazine" was tucked away at the end of a gloomy hallway in a dingy office building on Union Square. Gillis was its editor. His squeaking swivel chair and creaking, asthmatic voice were music to Marian's ears on the two occasions when she had made bold to visit his sanctum.

One day she pulled herself out of Fifth Avenue's brisk current of pedestrians for a third intrusion of the editor's office. In her handbag reposed a laboriously written manuscript. She had originally resolved to make an effort to sell her wares to the "Cheering Hour Magazine" because it looked to her like one of the humblest and most approachable private in the formidable army of New York publications.

She dodged into the entrance of the building with bated breath, and the hesitating elevator hoisted her dubiously to Gillis's floor. She found him dragging wearily at the stub of a cigar. His big, heavily-shod feet were deposited like clumsy cacti at the edge of the desert of disordered manuscript and his trained eyes traveled rapidly through its pages. When he had finished he blinked at her kindly and not without a look of pity through the horn-rimmed spectacles astride his enormous red nose, and said:

"There's something missing in your stuff. But you just keep coming. A beginner as got to sweat blood. One of these days your work will begin getting by, and then you'll have smoother sailing."

Marian's hungry soul devoured the crumbs of comfort that were tossed her by this royal chief of literature's kitchen. "Just what seems to be lacking in my work?" she asked,

bracing herself for the shock she felt was coming.

"It hasn't got the punch," replied Gillis. "There's a tired something about it. It lacks color and snap. You haven't put the real stuff into it that you shot into that newspaper yarn of yours you showed me. This, on the other hand, is just a little too artificial. You don't seem to know or feel your theme thoroughly enough. You try to write about Bohemia without apparently knowing Bohemia. (He referred to the point of view, not the land.) That's bad business. The plot's not so worse. But your background and people aren't real. The thing doesn't ring true."

"I'm sorry," was all that Marian could respond.

"Keep at it, Miss Winthrop," said the editor at parting. "Just now I'm afraid you'll find the markets pretty dull. However, business will get back to normal in time. Meantime, stick to the grind and one of these days you'll win."

Sadder, wiser and infinitely discouraged, Marian started uptown. On the streets newsboys were reading the air with shrill and strident cries about the latest horror. Over on the square an I. W. O. orator was declaiming against the workmen of one country shooting up those of another. Pedestrians wore worried, tense faces.

Gillis's words were flapping their way like malevolent bats through Marian's brain. Hitherto it had not occurred to her that business conditions would be likely to mean an untoward blow to her fortunes. She had not anticipated that a national depression would make it cruelly difficult for a new writer to maneuver her way into the market. She railed mentally at this blow of fate. Grim

depression settled upon her. To be a jobless divorcee, she realized now, was anything but a school girl's trouble.

To-morrow—The Ingenue Again.

Attempted Plan to Kill the Czar

St. Petersburg, Russia, July 15.—

Details of a plot to assassinate the Czar and his family at Odessa are published here. A well-dressed, well-mannered stranger arrived at the leading hotel on the eve of the Czar's visit, and at 9 o'clock next morning, one hour before the Czar was expected to reach the hotel, took up his stand in the hotel entrance. He was arrested but nothing suspicious was found in his baggage and he was about to be released when a waiter told the detectives that the stranger immediately after his arrival gave him a box to keep on ice, saying it contained food. The box was opened and found to contain two loaded bombs. The man thereupon confessed that he had been sent by the revolutionary committee and intended to throw the bombs at the Czar as his majesty passed through the streets.

Ponderous Personages

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED. By GEORGE FITCH.

Author of "A Good Old Swash."

Richard, the Lion-Hearted, was the son of King Henry II. of England and lived something more than seven hundred years ago.

This was a time when there was no more peace in Europe than there is in Mexico to-day and the man who knew how to play a good broadsword shot was sure to become famous if he kept his health. Richard was born a prince but he did not waste any time enjoying the emoluments of office. He was as big as a house and he liked fighting better than eating. Year after year he practiced on the enemies of the kingdom and when the supply ran out, he got up tournaments and let daylight through his personal friends—so that when he became King of England in 1189 he was the best two-handed fighter in Europe and when he charged down on the enemy sword in hand, whole companies broke for the nearest shelter.

Nowadays a king stays at home and goes over figures and reports at a desk, but that was not the kind of a king Richard was. As soon as he was crowned, he sold off whatever he could get rid of, including several miscellaneous smaller kingdoms and raised an army. Then he set off for Jerusalem. Palestine at that time was swarming with hostile Turks and afforded the finest fighting imaginable.

Richard got to Palestine and had a beautiful time slicing up vast numbers of infidels, battering down city walls, toasting women and children, fighting duels with brave enemies and indulging in all the glories and delights of war. He was the hardest fighter who ever invaded the country and all Europe rang with his exploits—which didn't make Richard mad at all.

Richard didn't capture Jerusalem, but made peace when his provisions were exhausted and started for home alone. He was captured in Anafra and lay in prison for a year while his managers in England pawned everything movable to raise his ransom.

Finally he arrived in England just in time to discourage his grabby brother from stealing the kingdom and after getting a new suit of armor and a few hearty meals, he hurried off to France to fight Philip with all the eagerness of a downtrodden business man getting out to the golf links on Saturday afternoon.

Richard was killed in 1199 while fighting in France. He made a great reputation as a soldier and as he did absolutely nothing toward governing his country, he made a good reputation as a king, too, and people shed tears over his death.

Out of Debt.



At breakfast time, at eve, at noon, I eat a cabbage and a prune, as oft I've done before: I smile and chortle as I dine, for what I eat is strictly mine, and paid for at the store. No man can say to me, "You ought to pay me for that prune, before you eat the same;" no man has mortgage, claim or lien, upon the cabbage, rich and green, with which I pad my frame. A cup of water from the hill tastes better than a pint or gill of grapejuice bought on tick; and when I've chewed my victuals down, I'm the sereneest guy in town, with conscience smooth and slick. Oh, better far for any man, a can of soup, a ball of bran, and have the merchants look on him, and tell you that your name is Fance, when you drop in to buy. The worst old scheme invented yet is that of going into debt; it keeps the people broke; within my means I always keep, and while the others wall and weep, I sit in peace and smoke.

Fads and Fashions.

Collars and gimpes are so much alike this season it is hard to tell the two apart.

Tango color, purple and turquoise are a surprising color combination seen in silks.

Outing and motor coats frequently have the big, loose cut of the summer circular.

Pastel tinted taffeta frocks will enjoy a considerable vogue throughout the summer.

Awning stripes are much used for the skirts of the afternoon dresses in either silk or wool.

An indispensable part of the summer lingerie dress is its little separate coat of tulle.

Many brides this year are wearing long sleeves and no gloves with their wedding gowns.

Skirts of the newest are trimmed with circular boucés, sometimes piped with plain colors.

Young girls are wearing the sweet pea shades, and older women choose the deeper colors.

Thin sheer materials call for classical treatment when they are chosen for wedding gowns.

Drowns When Running Rapids.

Blind River, Que., July 16.—Owing to the disobedience of a foreman's orders four lives were imperiled and one lost at McGanley's chute on the Mississauga river last night.

A party of five men returning from the lumber drive on the river attempted against orders to run the rapids. Their boat struck a log and capsized.

The occupants were thrown into the stream and with difficulty four scrambled and swam to safety, one, August Chentier, 20 years of age, disappeared, and being drowned. His body is still missing.

The young man's parents live at Athabasca, Man., and much sympathy is felt for his untimely end.

Sergeant-Major Under General French

Veteran of Boer War Who Lost Health on the Veldt Tells Experience.

Good Advice for All Who Have Indigestion or Stomach Disorders.

In his home at Waldegrave, N. S., no one is better known than Sergeant-Major Cross, late of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars. Speaking of the ill-effects of a campaign upon a man's constitution, the Sergeant-Major writes:

"I served under General French during the late Boer war, in the capacity of Sergeant-Major. It was perhaps owing to a continued diet of bull beef, hard tack, and bad water, but at any rate my stomach entirely gave out. I was in such a state that I could eat nothing without the greatest suffering. The army doctors did not help me much, and since leaving the service I have been very miserable. Some few months ago, a friend told me he had been a great sufferer from indigestion until he tried Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they cured him. I confess it was without much faith I bought a box, but the first dose made me feel better than I had been for a long time. Dr. Hamilton's Pills completely cured, and now I can eat everything and anything. I have recommended them to others and in every case the result has been similar to mine."

Quick, sure results attend the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cure disorders of the stomach, correct indigestion, make you feel uplifted and strengthened. To renew or maintain health, Dr. Hamilton's Pills always prove a good prescription. 25c. per box, five boxes for \$1.00. All Dealers, or the Cataract Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

Volcanoes Continue Active

Redding, Cal., July 18.—Black smoke belched a mile high from the crater on Lassen Peak to-day, and then drifted southward before the wind in a banner ten miles long. The amount of falling ashes was small compared with the great eruption of June 14, although the volume of the cloud was fully as great and the duration of the disturbance greater. The first violence of the outbreak began to dwindle after two hours, though the mountain still belched smoke. To-day is the eighteenth eruption since May 30.

Verbena Flour

Never Fails.

In four great essentials.

Strength, Color, Flavor, Yield.

That is the SECRET of the increasing demand.

Wholesale Agent.



W. A. MUNN,

July 18, 20, 22

DEPENDABLE EATABLES.

You can always depend on having them just as they should be if you

Buy Them Here.

TINNED FRUITS.

Sliced Peaches
Whole Peaches
Sliced Apricots
Whole Apricots
Sliced Pineapple
Whole Pineapple
White Cherries

WRINKLED PEAS

in the Wrinkled Box

NEHLSON'S CHOCOLATES.

JACOBS' Ginger & Vanilla Waters

CRAWFORD'S Lemon Puffs, Puff Creams, Pufflets, Ufflets, Tea Cakes, Meadow Creams, Currant Puffs

Ripe Bananas, Pears, Cal. Oranges, Table Apples, Grape Fruit, Table Plums, Ripe Tomatoes, Lemons, Cucumbers, Pineapples, Cocoanuts.

FRUITS IN GLASS.

Hawaiian Pineapple
Peaches
Strawberries
Greenapples
Cherries in Maraschino
Cherries
Pears
Elras Plums

MOIR'S CAKES.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Ltd.

Phone 332. GROCERY. Phone 332

BABY'S WRAPS.

Mothers should have the little articles of baby's wear Dry Cleaned. The method is absolutely sanitary and beautifully refreshes the garments.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS, HALIFAX.

Messrs. Nicholle, Inkpen & Chafe, Ltd., Agents.

w.t.m

Buy the Higher Grade TEAS

and effect true economy.

Purity, freshness and absolute cleanliness are factors that add their attractiveness to "Homestead" quality.

"There's a smile in every cup of Homestead"—40c. lb. For 5 lb. parcels 10 per cent discount.



C. P. EAGAN,

Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.

RICH, THICK CREAM,

"Goldfinch" Brand.

6 oz. tins—14 oz. tins.

Table Apples.

California Oranges.

Valencia Oranges, 25c. doz.

Remy's Starch—White and Blue.

Eagan's Pure Cocoa—1/4's and 1/2's.

Foster's Sweet Wrinkled Peas, 10c. carton.

Moir's Tango Kisses, 3 lb. boxes.

Knox's Gelatine.

Valencia Onions.

New York Corned Beef.