THE INVICTUS

A shoe for well-dressed men. Costs enough to insure a perfect shoe, but is as low as a shoe of this character can be sold. Seen beside a cheaper shoe, the difference is unmistakable.

Men who want appearance, satisfying wear, and solid comfort, should wear the "Invictus Shoe."

Two Leading LEATHERWARE Lines

In Shoes; Low Prices and Cheapness

Are as far apart as the Poles. Cheapness in Shoes does not depend upon their price, but upon the service they give. To maintain the Low Price of cheap shoes it is necessary to use even more inferior leather than usual. That can only result in one thing---less service---less wear---therefore less economy. No substitution of inferior stock has been made in either of our two Leading Lines for Men and Women.

FOR MEN:
INVICTUS.
Manufactured by GEO. A. SLATER of Montreal stands unrivalled

FOR LADIES:
DOROTHY DODD
Has stood the test of many years, and is just as popular as ever.

MARSHALL BROTHERS,

SOLE AGENTS FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

Only on the Level.

A young school friend of mine has been reading about the Spanish Inquisition and the burning of the heretics in Mary's reign. She is horrified. "I am so glad I didn't live in those times," she said. "I know I couldn't have stood having people burned to death just because they felt diffrently about religion. I should have been burnt to death myself."

"Don't you feel that way because you live in a more tolerant age?" I asked. "Don't you think you might have felt differently if you had lived in an age of intolerence?"

"Of course I wouldn't," she said indignantly. "It wouldn't have mattered when I lived. I shouldn't have believed in such things."

She Wouldn't Want Anyone Burned To Death But——

I know nothing could convince her otherwise. And yet—well, I know she has her religious prejudices as strong and no stronger than those of the age in which she lives. She wouldn't want anyone burned to death for belonging to an alien religion—no; but she would vote to have a girl kept out of a society to which she belonged for that same reason.

In other words, she is neither above nor below, but even with, the level of religious toleration of her day. What right, then, has she to assume that she would be above the level of a tolerance of another age if she had been born then? She would have been a product of that age, just as she is of this.

A Common Form Of Self-Deceit.

I think it is a rather common form of self-deceit to fancy that the standards of tolerance, of education, etc., that one holds in this age and under the circumstances in which one lives, one would still cling to in a less propitious age and environment.

For instance, I found myself thinking when I read about the ignorance and semi-slavery of the women of the middle ages, "I would never have stood that; I would have insisted upon learning to read. I would have demanded more freedom." Then I thought it over and asked myself, "Am I more educated than the women who have had my opportunities, more independent than the women of to-day?" And, finding myself only even with the level of those who have had my opportunities and environment, I had to decide that I would not have risen above the level in those days.

They Think They Would Be Cleaner.

People who are offended by the lack of personal cleanliness in the "lower classes" often announce that they would manage to keep themselves clean even if they were handcapped by the lack of tub and other facilities. The answer is, "Are you more immaculate than the people with your opportunities?" Very well, then, finish the equation for yourself.

This habit of believing that we would have been superior to a former age is one of many pleasant illusions which most of us like to cherish about ourselves. Perhaps it is foolish to destroy them because they make us a little happier, but if self-ignorance is bliss is it folly to be wise? I wonder. No, I don't.

I fell from a building and received what the doctor called a very bad sprained ankle, and told me I must not walk on it for three weeks. I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and in six days I was not to work again. I think it the best Liniment made.

ARCHIE E. LAUNDRY.
Edmonton.

New Turnips.

20 brls. New Turnips.
Per s.s. Stephano.

California Oranges.

40 cases . . . . . 216 count
20 cases . . . . . 176 count
40 cases . . . . . 150 count

ALL SOUND & EXTRA SWEET.

Soper & Moore,
Retail and Wholesale.

Dining Cars

By GEORGE FITCH
Author of "At Good Old Siwash"

A dining car is a restaurant on wheels, which moves swiftly from place to place at a cost of two cents a mile for transportation and fifty cents a mile for food.

However, the short-sighted railroad officials did not follow up this great idea and put the dining-car waiters on wheels, the fixed or immovable kind being used.

Dining cars are handsomely fitted up with mahogany furniture, flower baskets, stained glass, and red and green carpets. However, they do not contain orchestras. For this reason, many people are passionately devoted to dining cars and eat in them until they starve to death or their creditors interfere.

Dining cars travel very rapidly and have double-tracked scenery—equal portions on each side. The first course usually consists of fifteen miles of scenery, after which the diner may eat five miles of oysters, twenty-five miles of steak and fifteen miles of ice-cream without inconvenience — that is, on good roads. On railroads suffering from senile debility of the roadbed, eating in a dining car is a feat, not a pastime. Unless the traveler is experienced he is almost certain to drink his coffee with his vest, eat his soup with his eye, and take a large forkful of ear by mistake while chasing his roast beef.

Dining-car kitchens are so small that all the porterhouse steaks have to be fried lengthwise, and the cook keeps the salt cellar in his hip pocket to save space. All our best jugglers and rope walkers are recruited from dining-car waiters, who are trained to carry a platter of food up and down and around a dining-car floor on a worm fence road and deal three full hands off of it without dropping a card.

Dining-cars are very expensive to run and the railroads declare that they only operate them because of their kind feelings toward the public. This confines their use to the upper classes and compels the common day-coach traveler to subsist on peanuts and petrified oranges. If dining-cars are a philanthropy, what we need in this country is a system of endowed cars, and Andrew Carnegie may embrace this suggestion free of charge.

Incandescent Gas Lighting.

Possibly, the feature of incandescent gas lighting most frequently noted by casual observers is the great ease with which tasks, ordinarily arduous under artificial light may be performed under the Welsbach gas mantle. The light has a peculiarly "soft" quality, difficult to describe, but which is readily recognized by those who have had experience with the gas mantle lamp.

In its general effect upon bodily health and comfort, the use of incandescent gas lighting is decidedly favorable. The currents of air set up by the burning gas improves ventilation, tending to expel the air vitiated by respiration and draw in fresh air to replace it. Harmful or dangerous disease germs are instantly destroyed in the flame. The extent to which this effect takes place may be verified by placing a gas lamp close to a ceiling without any provision for interfering with the up-rushing air currents. The charred particles which collect immediately above the lamp are the remains of dust particles which before passing through the flames were laden with germs and microbes. Actual experiments have shown that the burning of gas lamps in rooms previously containing bacteria, resulted in absolute sterilization of the air.

Contrary to the popular notion the temperature of rooms lighted by incandescent gas lamps is seldom markedly greater than under incandescent electric light, even under unfavorable conditions of ventilation, while in rooms provided with the ventilating facilities required by the demands of hygiene, the temperature in gas-lighted rooms is frequently lower.

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An Empire's Tears.

Lady Frances Balfour (she is a sister of the late Duke of Argyle and sister-in-law to the great Mr. Balfour,) contributing to the British Weekly an account of the Memorial Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, says that if Kitchener had sent a message home to his nation by any earthly lips, the message would have been that of the Hebrew captain of old, "Say unto the people that they go forward." Lady Frances Balfour has a more excellent gift in writing than her brother had. She is not infrequently contributor to the British Weekly. She tells how the long farewell of the "Last Post" echoed through the Cathedral, and its echoes rolled from soul to soul and died away in our thoughts which were not in that great multitude, but in the storm sweeping on the wings of mighty winds across the waters that make our island story."

But the most impressive report that I have seen of the service came from the pen of Mr. James Douglas:

An age was there as well as a world, with divine music interpreting its awe, its reverence, its grief, and its unwavering faith. Never has music touched hearts more subtlely or more profoundly.

"This service seemed to be like a great Miltonic sonnet, ebbing and flowing from majesty to majesty, from sublimity to sublimity. It was by turns august and homely, proud and compassionate, lordly and contrite. It rose to the height of hope and sank to the very depths of anguish. It touched every beautiful and tender chord in the human heart. It left us shaken and almost broken with its mystical poetry or sorrow.

"There were many great men round the King and the two Queens, but they were all merged in the greatness of death. The sense of brotherhood and comradeship melted us all into one marvellous sodality of patriotism. We were one people under the dome.

"Then a great hush, out of which stole the sweetness of that wondrous hymn, 'Abide With Me.' It adumbrated our inmost thoughts of the soldier's last home in the desolate solitude of the Orkneys:

"'Abide with me; fast falls the evening tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.'

"From that grave and serene mood the service swept perfectly from phase to phase of beauty. Everything seemed to be charged with an appropriate message.

"As the choir chanted 'DeProfundis,' the noble prose pierced our hearts with its meaning.

"Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord . . . . . O let Thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint. If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it? . . . . My soul fleeth unto the Lord; before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch. O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy. And He shall redeem Israel.'"

The lesson was from 1 Corinthians xv., and then followed the "Dead March in Saul," played by the Royal Engineers:

"It opened with a terrible volley of drum-taps that beat on every heart. Then it broke in rafales and gusts of brazen sounds that seemed to be the echo of the never-silent guns coming across the sea. It rang in our ears like the very voice of battle, and it hurt us, wounded us; hurt us, and wounded us so sorely that we could hardly hear the victorious cry of faith in its close. Wave after wave of sublime statement surged through the grey spaces of the Cathedral, and humbled us all with a knowledge of our mortal frailty.

"There was a gracious fitness in the hymn which led us up to the close. 'For all the Saints who from their labors rest,' for in it we found this verse:

"'And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the air the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!'

"The triumph-song may be distant, but it seemed to be nearer as the hymn died away, and as we stood up after the benediction, pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and listened to the silver grief of "The Last Post,' the slow and passionate cry of the trumpets seemed to fall from heaven. Again and again, between dramatic pauses, the trumpets repeated their long cry, and rent us with their exquisite sorrow.

"I think we could have borne no more. It was not a congregation that was shedding its tears; it was an Empire."

There is no funeral service so touching, none that stirs the deep recesses of the soul as that of the Church of England. There is no panegyric nor any need of it. More, there would seem to be an awful audacity in it.

A Word about Carpet Squares!

We have just opened the finest display of Wilton, Axminster and Tapestry Carpet Squares that have ever been seen in the Island.

These Carpet Squares are remarkable for their exquisite colors and perfect design. Beautiful old Blues and deep Brown tones are blended in a fine Wilton that is very pleasing and restful to the eye. Another—a Tapestry in quaint Grey Tints has a lovely Pompadour border of roses in subdued colors. Yet another in lovely Old Rose and Reseda.

There is also a quantity of handsome Axminster Art Squares suitable for Den, Dining-room and Library.

U. S. Picture and Portrait Co.

"There is Nothing New Under the Sun."

This old quotation does not apply here. Every day sees some new delicacy in our Store.

You are always certain of finding something to suit your individual taste.

Open Day and Night.

STEWART'S
Fancy Bakery,
Opposite Seaman's Institute.
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You Ought to Try Homestead Tea . . and see how Good it is!

"There's a smile in every cup of Homestead."

New Fruit Etc., Etc.

Ex s.s. Florizel, July 14th:
Cucumbers.
Fresh Gooseberries—quart baskets.
Fresh Tomatoes.
California Oranges.
California Lemons.
Table Apples.
New Turnips.
New Cabbage.
Fresh Dates—bulk & pkgs.
Freshly Made Canadian Creamery Butter—28 and 56 lb. boxes.
1 lb. blocks Maypole Margarine—made from nuts and milk.

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

Telegram Ads. Pay

The Last
See L

SURVIVORS' SPECIAL
TIVES.

Waiting Calmly, He Went D
Ship.

(By Our Special Corresp
How Lord Kitchener died
scribed to me by Leading
Rogerson, a survivor from
Hampshire, whose home is
ford.

"Of those who left the
have survived," said Rogerson
the one who saw Lord Kitche
He went down with the ship
not leave her.

"I saw Capt. Savill help
crew to clear away his galley
same time the captain was
Lord Kitchener to come to
but owing to the noise mad
wind and sea Lord Kitchener
not hear him, I think.

"When the explosion occu
Kitchener walked calmly
captain's cabin, went up th
and on to the quarter de
I saw him walking quite c
talking to two of the offi
three were wearing khaki
no overcoats on. In fact, th
dressed as they were when
on board. Lord Kitchene
watched the preparations
doning the ship, which wer
in quite a steady and order

"The crew just went to
tions and obeyed orders, an
best to get out the boats, bu
impossible. Owing to the
ther no boats could be
Those that were got out were
ed up at once. No boats le
What the people on shore
be boats leaving were the
did get into the boats as
their cradles, thinking that
went under them the boats
But the ship sank by the
when she went she turned
sault forward, carrying
her all the boats and those
"I do not think Lord Kitche
into a boat. When I sprang
he was still on the starboard
the quarter deck talking
officers. From the little
elapsed between my leavin
and her sinking I feel c
Lord Kitchener went down
and was on the deck at th
sank. Of the civilian mem
suite I saw nothing.

Dying on the Ra

"I got away on one of
and we had a terrible fi
the water. It was so rou
seas beat down on us,
were killed by the buffe
others died from the pie
I was quite numbed, and
powering desire to sleep
us. To keep this away
each other on the back.
who went to sleep never
When the men died it wa
though they were falling
man stood upright for fi
the raft with dead lying
him, and one man died in
"As we got near the sh
uation grew worse. The
blowing on shore, and the
sea dashed our raft agains
with tremendous force.
killed in this way, and o
thrice overturned. I
know how I got ashore,
ing had gone out of me.
very kindly treated by the
picked us up. They said
worst storm they had for
"Although I do not r
what happened, my belief
Hampshire struck a min
ploded under her fore pa
not have been a submari
weather, and an internal
one of her magazines w
ripped her apart. It was
coming to such an end
through the battle of J
scathed. We led the Iron
action and sank a Ge
cruiser and two submarin
not have a single casualty

5c. The Cr
EVERY AFT

Presenting R
"Th
A powerful featu
"THINK, MOTHER
turing Mary Ch
"DIPLOMATIC HE
and Mrs. Sidne
PROFESSOR
A NEW AND CLAS
—COOL A