

Specials from our Gent's Furnishing Dept.

GENTLEMEN:—Your careful attention is respectfully solicited to the attractive and remarkable offers as itemized below. Attractive, because among them are articles you need, or you will need in the near future. Remarkable, because they are offered at such a ridiculously low figure.

AMERICAN SOFT COLLARS.

50 doz. Men's Soft Collars in Palm Beach and Fancy Madras, selling at 22c. each.
20 doz. assorted Job Fancy Collars, assorted sizes, at 8c. each.

MEN'S FALL AND WINTER CAPS.

150 doz. comfortable, stylish Tweed Caps, a wonderful variety. You can count on your Cap in this assortment. Selling at 55, 65, 85c., \$1.00 up to \$1.70 each.

MEN'S FANCY DRESS SHIRTS.

10 doz. Fancy Dress Shirts, stiff cuffs and bosom. "Our Special." Sizes 14 to 17. \$1.80 value for \$1.40.

BOYS' JERSEYS.

30 dozen Boys' All Wool Jerseys, in shades of Navy, Saxe, Brown, Cardinal, White and Myrtle. Values: \$1.00 to \$1.30. Sizes: 18, 20 and 22. All One Price, 75c. each.

Marshall Bros

MEN'S WOOL UNDERCLOTHING.

We carry a full stock of the famous "New-Knit" all wool Underclothing. Owing to the large variety we have not space enough to itemize.

MEN'S FLEECE LINED UNDERCLOTHING.

300 doz. Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers, splendid quality, selling at 60c. and 65c. per garment.

AMERICAN NECK TIES.

200 doz. Gent's Neck Ties. The best assorted stock of Neck Ties in the city, wide end. Selling at Old Prices, 35, 45, 50, 60, 70c. each.

Motor Boats and Human Bodies.

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON

I have a friend who has a beloved motor boat. As is often the way with motor boats there is frequently something wrong with its innards.

He tried out One Thing After Another.

He used to pass my house on the way to the boat and he would tell me triumphantly each morning that he knew just what the matter was. Then he would go down to the boat and fix that thing and try to run the boat. And she (why is it that anything so unmanly obstinate as a motor boat is called 'she') would refuse to run.

And the next day he would decide there was something else wrong and tinker with that. "You see," he would explain, "you can't tell exactly what it is until you fix the thing and run her awhile. You've got to try out all the things that might be wrong."

Of course there is nothing very original or startling about this story, and doubtless you are wondering why I am telling it.

And this is why. Recently this same neighbour got all run down. His wife finally prevailed on him to go to a doctor. The doctor looked him over

and gave him some medicine and some diet rules. He had them for a week and did not get any better. The doctor tried again. Again he did not get any better.

"To the Dickens With Doctors" He Said.

That was the end of doctors for him. "To the dickens with doctors," he said. "He doesn't know what the trouble is with me. Look at the way he tries first one thing and then another."

Now, there cannot be much question which is the more delicate machine—a motor boat or a human body—and yet that man expects a doctor to fix up his body without trying out his readjustments by letting the machine run awhile.

They Don't Give The Doctor Half A Chance.

And not only he, but many thousands like him, who know that an automobile or a motor boat or a clock or any other delicate mechanism can not be fixed without adjustments and readjustments and trying out, will expect the doctor to give one look at them and fix up a body out of order with a bottle or two of medicine and a set of diet rules (most inadequately followed.)

Truly whoever it was that said "What fools these mortals be," which is one of those many sayings which sound about equally (like the Bible or Shakespeare) said something.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited Gents.—A customer of ours cured a very bad case of distemper in a valuable horse by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yours truly, VILANDIE FRERES.

A child's dress, outgrown, can sometimes be utilized for aprons.

Apples, Oranges, etc.

To arrive per steamers due this week:

160 brls. Gravenstein Apples—1's and 2's.
140 brls. Gravenstein Apples—Special 3's.
180 cases Calif. Oranges—All counts.
60 bags American Onions—100 lbs. each.
50 cases Spanish Onions—5's.
150 bags Split Peas—60's
200 bags Round Peas—100's.
200 bags White Beans—112's.

Soper & Moore,
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Phone 480.

Rann-dom Reels.

THE BIG HEAD.

The big head is an affliction of the upper part of the human skull which is caused by feeding conceit into a vacuum. After Nature has gone to the trouble of providing man with a large, unoccupied space in which to store thought and ready-to-wear information, it would seem that this opening could be used to better advantage than by filling it with a low grade of conceit and allowing it to evaporate in the direction of the general public.



There are several kinds of big head.

There are several kinds of big head, all of which are accompanied by intense swelling of the think chamber. This swelling does not cause pain to the owner, but creates a great deal of personal discomfort on the part of the average listener. Why is it that a man will not be able to sleep nights on account of the swelling from an ulcerated tooth, and yet not be disturbed in the slightest by an attack of the big head that resembles a toy balloon at a distance of three hundred feet? This shows rank favoritism on the part of Nature, which is supposed to be impartial in all her acts.

A certain amount of big head is in some respects a good thing, but when it begins to run out at the top and spin weird yarns faster than a cotton

gin, it should be provided with a wire muzzle and a hip reducer. Nobody ever got very far in the race of life without enough of the big head to prevent him from being pawed over on the remnant counter. Some of the biggest men this country has produced have had a noticeable enlargement of the cranial cavity, but they did not attempt to use it as a substitute for the intellect. A small quantity of the big head, driven with a high cheek, will not injure any man's chances so long as he keeps his fan belt tight.

It often happens that the man who has the most cause to carry around a violent case of the big head is the last one to show any signs of it. The genuinely modest man—who does big things in a quiet way—does not have to convert himself into a billboard with megaphone attachment. One of the finest things that can be said about American manhood is that the brag and the bob-tailed flush artist so seldom sit at the head of the board of directors.

Time will cure the big head, but it is liable to get mighty leg weary before withdrawing from the case.

FOLLOWING ADVICE.

Last spring wise people came around and said it was my duty to plant to spuds my garden ground, foregoing things of beauty, I'm fond of flowers and lovely buds, with care I grow and treat them, and I have not much use for spuds, excepting when I eat them. But then the sages came along, with taunting sneers and joshes, and said my beds of flowers were wrong, I should be raising squashes. The country needed sifted peas and other wholesome rations, not columbines and things like these, to feed the fighting nations. And so I planted peas and beans, uprooted all my lilies, and raised a thousand tons of greens, and now I have the willies. For no one seems to want the truck I raised with so much ardor; no man will blow a single buck to fill with it his larder. My neighbours all have done the same, great piles of fodder growing; the wise guys steered them to the game, just as they set me going. No nation comes to buy my peas, no king or queen has rubbered and priced my peas or snowgrass, my squashes, plain or Hubbard. So I lament my roses dead, my cup of sorrow drinking; next year the nations will be fed by someone else, I'm thinking.

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When the captain came on the bridge the second officer reported what he had seen. The captain laughed. He didn't believe that lobsters schooled in such a fashion. The second officer insisted that his vision was good and that the "bracing air" of the Bay of Fundy nor any other stimulant would make him see things that weren't there. "What is more," declared the second officer, "those lobsters were coming right off the United States coast and in the right claw which they were holding above water, each one of them gripped a little star and stripes. It was the prettiest sight I ever saw."

And the reporter believed him that it was.

When water is very hard the bluing water will probably streak the clothes. Add a cupful of sweet milk to each tubful of water before putting in the bluing, and this trouble will be obviated.

A drop of coals on the linen tablecloth can be removed with salt and lemon juice. Put the linen in the sun all day, and every hour wet with lemon juice and sprinkle with salt.

Strange Sight Near Bay of Fundy.

Second Officer of D. G. S. Tyrian Witnessed Thousands of Lobsters Schooling—Says Their Actions Were Peculiar.

Halifax, Sept. 25.—The D. G. cable steamer Tyrian, Capt. Alex. Dickson, is back in port after a successful cable repairing trip which took her to various points on the Cape Breton coast and then up the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Gaspe, whence she steamed for the Bay of Fundy. Her last repair was made in the line between Grand Manan and the mainland.

According to the captain the trip was uneventful, the weather for the most part fair and all the work they set out to do successfully accomplished. He had no story to tell of a news-seeking reporter.

The second officer of the ship, Michael Ryan, is more communicative. It will be remembered that it was from him came the story of the two German daschunds picked up from an iceberg on a last spring trip of the Tyrian; his surmise being that the dogs had deserted from a Hun submarine. In proof of his story he showed the two dogs. Not that the second officer of the Tyrian needs any proof for any story he tells for he has a better reputation than the late George Washington, the man that had the little hatchet. George couldn't tell a lie, Michael Ryan could but he won't.

Consulting his log-book second officer Ryan told the reporter that it was at 10.30 o'clock in the forenoon of Sept. 8, in latitude 43.48-25 W., longitude 66.32-5 N., that he was on the bridge when he saw something schooling in the water. The disturbance he at first witnessed was of such a nature that his mind naturally carried him to thoughts of submarines. As the Tyrian drew closer to the troubled waters he saw that it was a school of lobsters, thousands of them. Each lobster had its two long smellers up out of water and its right claw. Then he recalled that before he had left his native shores of Newfoundland it was no very unusual sight to see lobsters schooling and such an event was a sure forerunner of a beautiful spell of calm weather.

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HAVE YOUR PICTURES FRAMED!

And hang them where you can see them every day. Many a trouble seems easier after a glimpse at some well-loved pictured face, and many a dull day brighter after a glance at some beautiful bit of landscape.

Picture framing has long been a specialty with us, it has been the study of years. And our stock of Mouldings—our working equipment—our craftsmen—and our finished work is too well known to need advertisement.

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Advertise in the Telegram

Women's Patriotic Association Meeting.

(Continued from 3rd)

The Executive was elected as follows: Lady Horwood, Mrs. Cashin, Vice-Presidents, succeeding Lady Morris; Mrs. son, Treasurer; Mrs. Gosling, Secretary; Mrs. John Harvey, Secretary, and Mrs. Cluney, son. The directors of were also re-elected. Lady Horwood then read

following
FAREWELL ADDRESS

DAVIDSON:

To Lady Davidson from the Association of the Women of Newfoundland.

Dear Lady Davidson,—It is with deep regret that the association assemblies here this noon to meet you for the last time. Since you called it into existence just three years ago, you have been so much the guiding spirit in our efforts, that a feeling of dismay over its members at hearing of your departure from our midst.

The women of Newfoundland have never been lacking in patriotic feeling. It needed your inspiring words to bring it to life, and so direct the great results of which we are justly proud.

From a small group of women gathered together at Government House to knit socks for our soldiers, the Association has extended its network, and wherever a branch exists, there your name is a household word, not only as President of the W.P.A. but as the kindly friend, sympathetic word was always first to soothe the sorrow which entered so many homes in these days through which we are passing. And as times which are hard in storm and stress are even more enduring, we feel that the bond which unites us to you will not wear time but that your joys and sorrows will ever find a responsive echo in our hearts. We trust that the memory of the Southern Cross will be the memory of the years spent in the snows of Newfoundland.

We are, Yours,
Lady Davidson desires to be acknowledged of the Patriotic Association of the Women of Newfoundland.

LADY DAVIDSON'S REPLY

I thank you for the Address of the Patriotic Association of the Women of Newfoundland. I want to honor more highly than to have the President of the W.P.A. continue your work as surely resolutely as in the years we have worked together. I shall myself to other duties, but the dress, so charmingly worded and beautifully engrossed, will be with me always in the place of honor, as my most cherished possession. Often I shall look on the picture of the Narrows, the rocky pass through which we were welcomed here at solid old Government House, typical of the place and where we have worked together with anxious hearts, during brave and sad years, holding in memory for our fighting men.

We came to Newfoundland, my husband and I, in all straightforward simplicity to do our best within the limits assigned to our position. We tried to help the helpless, to sympathize with the sorrow and to help in making the high standard of social life which is the most marked feature of this country. In normal times we might have done our best and yet not have entered into the inmost life of the people and women who we desired to help. But the day of trial arrived; and we learnt to know each other, as we stood together to face an enemy which comes but rarely in a peaceful history. Thank God, the men of Newfoundland have been true to their proud traditions of valour and honor. We part from the glory of the snows of Newfoundland, typical of its purity and stainlessness. We part from an island with settled traditions, dogged and resolute as their forefathers were. We leave a new home whose heraldic emblem is the brightness of the Southern Cross, the stars which dominate the southern heavens. We shall be true to a great nation in the making, built up on the surest foundations. For the builders have laid aside personal aims and have, under the gravest test of manhood, made name and fame of the new and the British Commonwealth of Australia.

I thank you all very much. Half of my heart stays here. At the close of the meeting an interesting account, which we hope to publish later, was given by Miss Emerson, of her experiences acting as nurse at Etaples.

ASK FOR MINARD'S LINIMENT. TAKE NO OTHERS.