



## Follow the Crowd: Where? Why to MARSHALL'S.

When? **SATURDAY, September 20th.**  
**SATURDAY, from now on, OUR SPECIAL SALE DAY.**  
 Sweeping Reductions in Every Department.



**Cash only. Goods charged to account at Regular Prices.**

Readymades, Boots & Shoes,  
 Special Sale Every Saturday.

# Marshall Bros

General Dry Goods, Millinery,  
 Special Sale Every Saturday.

### Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

#### THE AUTOMATIC DON'T.

Beware of the automatic "don't." That "beware" is meant especially for parents, but all who have anything to do with children may come in on it if they choose. You know, of course, what I mean by the automatic "don't"—the careless prohibition that slips out, not because there is really any need for it, but because "don't" is the natural thing to say to a child. I was walking down the road behind a woman and two small children, a boy and girl, the other evening and I could not help noticing how often she said "don't" in that automatic way.

The boy picked up an empty cigarette box. "Don't do that," she said sharply, "throw it right away."

Such Things are the Treasure Trove of Childhood.

Now I suppose somebody else's cigarette box isn't a particularly choice thing to pick up, but it is just the sort of thing which makes up the treasure trove of childhood, and after all, what harm could come to him from it? Germs, that bugaboo of the modern mother, perhaps; but unless one puts a child in a prophylactic nursery and boils everything that comes in its doors, he will have to get some germs, and I don't think the empty cigarette box could have contained any abnormal amount.

A little later the girl picked up a stick and began to give each tree a tap as she passed. "Don't do that, Phyllis," said her mother.

Finally, both boy and girl caught sight of a friend and began calling out to him in some typical childhood greetings. "Don't holler so," said their mother.

Five "Don'ts" in One Short Walk. Besides these three "don'ts," there were two other really necessary ones—that made five in all in a short walk.

Poor children, I pitied them! How it must wear on them to run their heads against a stone wall of prohibition everywhere they turn.

Of course, there have to be some stone walls or else children would harm themselves or trespass unduly on the rights of others. But the very fact that there have to be so many ought to keep one from erecting any that aren't necessary.

I don't doubt that this thoughtless nagging, this unnecessary interference with the way children want to conduct their lives, rubs them raw and makes them harder to manage in the necessary things.

Harder at First, Easier in the End. "I have to say 'don't' so many times when it's absolutely necessary that I try never to say it when it isn't necessary,"—so said one of the most successful mothers I ever knew.

I recommend that resolution to any mother.

It's not always easy at first, especially if you have already gotten the automatic "don't" habit. Instead of forbidding without thinking, you will have to stop and think. "Is there any reason why I must forbid?" And we all, by nature, prefer not to think. But in the end it will surely be easier both for the children and yourself.

A set of measuring spoons should be included in every kitchen equipment.

Carrots, apples and oranges equal parts, diced, the carrots cooked first till tender, and then the whole mixture cooked together with sugar, makes an unusual conserve.

**Just Received**  
**Two Thousand Bottles**  
**Wampoles**  
**Cod Liver Oil.**  
**DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,**  
 Wholesale and Retail  
 Chemists and Druggists,  
 St. John's, Nfld.

### Oranges!

We have been asked for a lower price on Oranges.

Please Phone for our price to-day. Our Phone is 480.

**Soper & Moore**  
 Wholesale only.

#### KEEP YOUR DATES.



If you promise you will meet me at the dump at half-past two, and at that hour fall to greet me—if so flagrantly you treat me, I am done, my friend, with you. You may meet me with excuses, telling why you were not there; but on such I call some truces; they're not worth as many deuces; explanations are hot air. Keep engagements to the minute, is the burden of my song, as I swat my lyre and spinnet, singing like a loosed linnet, caroling the whole day long. If you say you'll pay the baker for his pie, on Monday noon, do not prove yourself a faker, or a taradiddle maker—be there with the large doubloon. Keep your promises unbroken, let no pledge of yours sag down; keep your word, though lightly spoken, be of faith the sign and token, and you'll have a high renown. Keep your word, from A to Izzard, never overlook a date, though you walk through sleet or blizzard till you freeze your cherished gizzard—be the man who's never late.

#### Fat Men in History.

The general idea seems to be that fat and fame do not go together.

This is probably accounted for by the fact that those of large bulk are inclined to be easy-going and therefore lacking in that push which is said to bring a man to the fore. The only great statesman one can recall who was really a fat man was Charles James Fox, as can be seen even by his effigy in the Palace of Westminster, where he would make three of his great rival, Pitt the younger.

Jamie Thompson, the author of "The Seasons," is probably the only really fat poet. He was a comfortable, lazy, slovenly man, of whom it is related that he would eat peaches off the wall, not taking the trouble to take his hands out of his pockets to pluck them. Yet, despite his lazy disposition, he managed to write one of the longest of English poems, as well as "The Castle of Indolence"—a castle in which he habitually dwelt.

G. K. Chesterton, one of the stoutest of living celebrities, has on several occasions made up in the character of the age of Fleet Street with excellent success. It is a little remarkable, too, that one of his closest friends, Hilaire Belloc, is almost as noted for his bulk as he is for his criticism of military operations, his poetry, his history, and his fiction.

St. Joseph, Lewis, July 14, 1903.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen,—I was badly kicked by my horse last May, and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do. My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES,  
 Commercial Traveller.

#### Wireless Telephony Wonder.

Norway Station Hears Voice From America.

Paris, Sept. 12.—Reports received by the Radio Agency from Christiania announce that the government wireless station at Bergen, Norway, has been called up twice recently by a voice from a wireless station on the American coast. The Bergen station, which is not fitted with a wireless telephone transmitter, sent wireless telegraphic messages in reply. The voice heard is said to have been perfectly clear.



**Old Folks**  
 ORDER HAVE MORE SENSE.

"Order have more sense," he said as he sent him up to bed. "Coz the little tykke had done Somethin' in his chase for fun."

"What d'yer think yer whipped him for?" "What'd I whip him for," says he, "Coz he stamped his foot at me! An he should have had more sense than to climb on that there fence." "No," say I, "that isn't so! Right this minute you don't know just the reason for the slap."

"That you gave that little chap. 'Twasn't what he did or said. Made you send him up to bed. But because he lacks the sense born of your experience."

"All you let your temper go for, is coz he doesn't know quite as much 'bout what to do as a grown-up man like you. You expect a child to be just as wise as you or me—An' it's my experience, Old Folks order have more sense."

What an intense relief it is to read the following story of the decent way one German acted:—

In the course of the recent trials at Paris of De Toque and other traitorous Frenchmen who were spies in German pay, a striking story was narrated by one of the witnesses. An old man of seventy, named Bernier, a manufacturer at Pourmies, described his trial by a German court-martial when accused by a French spy, Helene Ferris. He expected a sentence of death. A German chaplain, who happened to be in court, came to him and offered to speak in his defence. "I can pay you no fee," answered Monsieur Bernier, "nor do I like to be under the protection of a German." The chaplain replied, "I do not wish for a fee. And it is not as a German, but as a brother-man, that I want to help you." The Frenchman accepted the help, and got off with a sentence of imprisonment. Next day this German chaplain visited M. Bernier in his cell, and, as his sole fee, begged leave to kiss the old man whose life he had saved.—Ex.

### Fall Styles The First Showing.

A limited quantity of very smart frocks for Fall and Winter were opened by us on Friday last, and are to-day on view in our Showrooms.

These are exclusive French and American models, no two alike. Among the selection may be seen:—

1. Black Satin Sonple, heavily piped on sleeves and overdress.
2. Black Plain Silk Jersey, round neck, self buttons, side fastening, loose girdle. (An ideal model, giving long slender lines.)
3. Navy Ribbed Silk Jersey, round neck, and Russian Blouse effect.
4. Navy Serge, trimmed Military braid, Sand Jersey Vest and Cuffs.

This showing includes some beautiful models in Serge and Satin, Serge and Fur and Serge and Military Braid.

**U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.,**  
 The Home of Fashion.

### Gravenstein Apples!

One Car to arrive the 20th of the month.

Now Booking Orders.  
**BURT & LAWRENCE,**  
 13 New Gower St.

#### NOTICE!

We personally attend to the sale of Codfish, Cod Oil, Salmon, Herring, etc. Will guarantee the highest market price with the most satisfactory results. Returns on all shipments made promptly. Consignments solicited.

**P. J. SHEA,**  
 Broker & Commission Merchant.  
 Office: 314 Water Street. Wharf: Cliff's Cove.

THIS HALF-PINT OF "MEDICINE" HASN'T GOT A CHANCE—NOT A CHANCE.



Government Service.

North Coast.

by S. PROSPERO will be received at the Brothers, Limited, day.

**CROSBIE,**  
 Shipping.

iced coffee with oranges is made with a cupful of sweetened orange juice to every quart of strong cold coffee.

More Chocolates at THE BEEHIVE STORE.