

Hosiery for Everybody

INFANTS' FANCY SOCKS.

Infants' Black, White and Colored Hose. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

CHILDREN'S & MISSES' HOSE.

A large variety comprising Black, White and Tan in different grades and sizes. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

Ladies' Cotton, Cashmere and Silk Hose, in Black, White and Coloured. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

MEN'S HALF HOSE.

Cotton, Cashmere and Silk, Black and Coloured. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

DO YOU WANT TO SAVE MONEY?

If you do, follow the crowd to our

Special Sale Friday and Saturday.

A Wonderful Assortment of Waists.

Call and inspect our stock of

Ladies' English and American Waists.

WHITE MUSLIN from \$1.70 up to \$7.30 each
GREY and KHAKI FLANNEL at \$2.00 each
GEORGETTE and CREPE DE CHINE \$6.30 to \$15.50 each
SPECIAL PRICES FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

Marshall Bros

Footwear for Everybody

CHILDREN'S & MISSES' BOOTS & SHOES.

All lines at Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

YOUTHS' and BOYS' BOOTS.

A large and well assorted stock of Youths' and Boys' Boots; a full range of sizes. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

LADIES' BOOTS and SHOES.

A nice range of Ladies' Boots and Shoes. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

MEN'S BOOTS and SHOES.

Including the well known "Invictus" at Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

DO YOU FEEL ADEQUATE?



RUTH CAMERON

There is a woman in our town whom many people have been inclined to call lazy. She doesn't keep her house as clean as one likes to see a house; she is always slumping down in an easy chair or lying on a couch even when she has callers; and the ladies of the Church claim that she never does her part there and that they feel she should do it just as well as they. "Look me, with three children and no help even so much as to do the washing for me, and she with not a chick or a child and sits her washing up, one woman said to me last summer. I guess if I can help about the Church suppers, she can."

"Perhaps she is ill," I suggested. "Never has a doctor," answered she. "The three children, tight-lipped, fuss if there was anything much to matter with her, she'd have a fit. No, I guess the thing that's wrong with her has eight letters in it and the first is L."

A Wonderful Change.

A week or two ago I met this much accused person at a Church supper. She was wearing a new dress, and she was really looking well. "I asked for her health and she answered me with her eyes sparkling. 'I'm a new woman,' she said. 'You know I never was really sick, but up till this year I've never been really well. I never went to the doctor because I wasn't sick—just didn't seem to have any strength, but I never felt so wretched that I longed to go to a doctor and he started me on the right path and you don't know how different I feel. I try to describe the difference to myself and one word that seems to hit it is 'adequate.' I feel so adequate now the work I have to do, and when things go wrong I don't let it fret the way I used to. I feel adequate now with it."

The House Fretted Her.

I used to feel inadequate all the time. I'd know the house wasn't clean

and it would make me feel miserable, but I didn't feel adequate to go at it and get it clean and keep it clean. I'd feel as if I ought to go about with my husband and do more outside like other women, and yet I just didn't feel as if I could.

"You can't think how I enjoy working when I feel this way. Work isn't anything to mind when you have the strength to do it. The dreadful thing is to have it to do and to feel inadequate."

"Of course you have to do what a doctor says and stick to it if you're going to make yourself well, and it takes some time to get a start. But my, it's worth it, a thousand times!"

I Hope You Like Morals.

I wonder if people like a moral hitched on to the end of a chat or prefer to supply their own?

Maybe I'm funny that way but when I used to read Esop's Fables I was most disappointed with the ones where the moral wasn't written out in plain letters.

I hope some people feel the same, for this time there are two morals: The first is, if you do have that dreadful inadequate feeling, it's up to you to get rid of it and feel adequate. The gist of the second I know you've guessed, but just for the interest of it—look up Luke IV:37, and see if you were right.

Our Uncle Sam.

The unveiling of Abraham Lincoln's statue was typical of England and our climate, for it was in pitiless rain from a sour grey sky that Gouden's fine effigy looked out across the sea of dripping umbrellas to Westminster Abbey. The speeches were not without their references to international politics. Mr. Ellhu Root declared that no great world emergency could ever range our Uncle Sam and ourselves on opposing sides, and Mr. Lloyd George, in a pointed allusion to America's present aloofness, pictured a torn and bleeding world calling for the help of the America of Abraham Lincoln. But the "Sammy" of those days was not the "Sammy" of these. And for our part we don't call him 'uncle' quite as much as we once did—Liverpool Post.

Lace dresses show black and white effects.

Booking Orders.

We are now booking orders to arrive Tuesday and Thursday:

- 50 crates New Cabbage.
- 50 bunches Bananas.
- 200 cases 200, 216 and 176 count Oranges.
- 100 boxes New Gravenstein Apples.

ON SPOT:

- 50 kegs Green Grapes.
- 50 crates Onions.
- 20 cases Onions.

Soper & Moore

Wholesale Grocers.

Please note our new address: QUEEN STREET, cor. of QUEEN.

Phone 480. P. O. B. 425.

Fads and Fashions.

Skirts may be draped in front. Skirts will be self-tone embroidered. Beaded laces are claiming attention. Novelty crepes are favored for Fall. Ornate gloves are favored by Paris. Some sleeves are wide at the wrist. Paris favors knitted woollens for Fall wear.

Early autumn will see the long narrow collar.

Hats and muffs will be made to match this winter.

Silk will be a winter favorite for wraps and dresses.

Ostrich fringes retain their popularity as trimming.

The wide muffer collar is used on both coats and suits.

Plaid and serge will still be a favorite combination.

Intermediate length gloves will be worn most for Fall.

Gorgeous brocaded silks are much in vogue for Fall wraps.

Bright colored silk braids are much used as trimmings.

The Medici type of fur collar is seen on some Fall suits.

A kiddie's smart hat of brown velvet has coral pipings.

Tailored garments promise to be moderately long and full.

HIRED, HELP.



WILL MARSH

We used to have a stately butler, the most impressive gent alive, a major-domo and a butler, and proud domestics four or five. Before the war they did their duties as good retainers ought to do; they seemed to us a bunch of beauties who well deserved the wage they drew. But since the times became unsettled they tried to travel on their gall, and they became so highly mettled we had to can them, one and all. And now my wife does all the cooking, rejoicing that the gang is gone, and I, besmewing and gadzooking, keep up the fires and mow the lawn. About my household tasks I scuttle, so say I carol songs aloud, and I'm convinced that I can butle as well as any hiring proud. My wife is singing "Annie Rooney" and other good old songs of yore, before song writers all grew looney, as she mops up the kitchen floor. Without hired help my heart is bubbling with harmless mirth, that makes a hit; my days no more are filled with troubling fear some haughty maid will quit. The pies are burned, the bread is soggy, the meat comes smoking from the stove, but I'm so glad I'm feeling groggy, because we fired that grouchy drove. I do not care two jots or tittles what people say of us in town; far better live on ruined vittles than wilt beneath a servant's frown.

A Dean's Tip.

The Dean of Lincoln, the Very Rev. Dr. Fry, in a recent speech at Nottingham said that many Lincoln race-goers always visited the Cathedral. On one occasion when he had shown a party of them around, a big Irishman from Liverpool, thinking that the Dean was a vergar, insisted on giving him 6d. "I told him that I did not need it," said the Dean, "but he pressed it into my hand and whispered, 'well, buy yourself a drink and a cigar.' 'I am a teetotaler and a non-smoker,' added the Dean.



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Edgar Guest

BOB WHITE.

Out near the links where I go to play My favorite game from day to day, There's a friend of mine that I've never met. Walked with or broken bread with, yet I've talked to him oft and he's talked to me. Whenever I've been where he's chanced to be; He's a cheery old chap who keeps out of sight, A gay little fellow whose name's Bob White.

Bob White! Bob White! I can hear him call As I follow the trail to my little ball— Bob White! Bob White! With a note of cheer That was just designed for a mortal ear. Then I drift far off from the world of men, And stand an answer him back right then, And we whistle away to each other there, Glad of the life which is ours to share.

Bob White! Bob White! May you live to be The head of a numerous family! May you boldly call to your friends out here, With never an enemy's gun to fear; I'm a better man as I pass along, For your cheery call and your bit of song. May your food be plenty and skies be bright To the end of your days, good friend, Bob White!

He Knew the Cause.

At an engineer's shop the proprietor had one man upon whom he could rely for being punctual to his time. Just recently he had fallen from this habit, and on several occasions had been late. He was behind time a few mornings ago, and the proprietor called him into his office. "Can't you manage to get here at your old time, James, as you used to do?" he said. "I can't sleep nights now, sir, and it makes me late sometimes, but I will try and alter it," replied the man. "If it is sleeplessness you suffer from, James, why don't you consult a doctor and find out the cause?" "Oh, I know the cause, sir. It is six weeks old."

J. J. ST. JOHN.

LUBRICATING OIL,

For Motor Boats and Motor Cars. We have about 35 barrels on hand and will sell at \$1.00 gallon, why pay \$1.50

J. J. ST. JOHN, Duckworth St.

Decorated Graves of Titanic Victims.

Eight years ago in April, a cold spring day that had little of the warmth and promise of spring about it, a long sad procession wended its way from the Dogyard to the churches and cemeteries of Halifax. It was the funeral of the Titanic dead, those who had perished when the ill-fated White Star liner crashed into an ice berg and went to the bottom. Even the elements seemed to be in sympathy with the tragedy for the winds howled and the storm clouds lowered. Since then

the neat grassy plots where the victims sleep side by side has been pointed to as one of the saddest monuments of the sea.

Friday's brilliant sunshine and soft breezes were little suggestive of that other day when the Titanic dead were buried, and yet there was a similarity, for Friday each grave was marked with a cross of pine and oak, symbol of courage and strength. The branches are placed on the graves by Mrs. J. J. Brown and her two nieces, Mrs. William Harper and Miss Helen Tobin, of Newport and New York. Down the long length of the aisle which the graves form in Fairview Cemetery the emblems were placed and the three ladies strewed white flowers over the graves. On one small grave, that of an unknown child, a great bunch of white flowers were placed. In Fairview Cemetery there were two more recent graves laid side by side with the victims of that older tragedy, the graves of two unidentified British officers who lost their lives in the Halifax explosion. Their graves, unmarked and as yet not green, were covered with the fragrant pine and oak. In Fairview Cemetery, there are on hundred and twenty three graves, in the Jewish Cemetery, there are ten graves, and in the Catholic Cemetery, the last visited, there are nineteen. Many of these graves bear but a number, others have larger and pretentious stones.

The car which conveyed Mrs. Brown and her niece to the Cemetery was laden with the great mass of fragrant boughs and white flowers—Halifax Morning Chronicle, Aug. 9.

Don't miss the exciting contest between the Truckmen's winning Regatta crew and the picked team from Tor's Cove at the Tor's Cove Garden Party on August 15th—Aug 12.

60 Years Old Today

Feels as young as ever

PEOPLE who are able to talk like this can't possibly have impure blood—they just feel fit—no headaches, dyspepsia or bilious disorders.

These diseases can be cured by

Dr. Wilson's
Herbina Bitters

A true blood purifier containing the active principles of Dandelion, Marsh-mallows, Burdock and other medicinal herbs. Sold at your store, a bottle, Family size, five times as large 21.00.

THE BRATLEY DRUG CO., Limited, ST. JOHN, N.S.

Dr. Wilson's Dandelion Bitters, in candy form, cures various ailments, Biliousness, Nervousness.

For sale by all Druggists and first-class Grocers.

JEFF SPREADS THE BOOST-DOPE ON A LITTLE TOO THICK.

By Bud Fisher.

I DON'T KNOW A MAN ON THIS GANG AND I'M LONESOME! IF MUTT AND SPIVUS COULD LAND A JOB HERE IT WOULD BE FINE! THEY AIN'T MUCH GOOD BUT MAYBE I CAN LAND THEM A JOB ANYWAY. I'LL SEE THE FOREMAN.

BOSS, I'D LIKE TO GET A JOB FOR MR. MUTT! HE NEVER WATCHES THE CLOCK AND HE'S JUST AS GOOD A MAN AS I AM! CAN YOU FIX HIM UP HERE?

I GUESS SO! SEND HIM HERE TOMORROW MORNING!

THANKS, BOSS! AND WHILE I'M ABOUT IT I WANT TO PUT IN A WORD FOR MY OTHER FRIEND, MISTER SPIVUS!

IS HE A GOOD MAN, TOO?

IS HE GOOD? LISTEN! SPIVUS IS A BETTER MAN THAN MUTT AND HE PUT TOGETHER! THAT'S HOW GOOD HE IS!

M-M! IN THAT CASE—

YOU CAN TELL SPIVUS TO COME TO WORK AND MUTT CAN LOOK FOR OTHER JOBS!