

## POWDER

Having flour, eggs and sugar, quantity of milk and butter, will satisfy any housewife. No other.

a complete line of fruit

roughly dependable substi-  
Saves money.

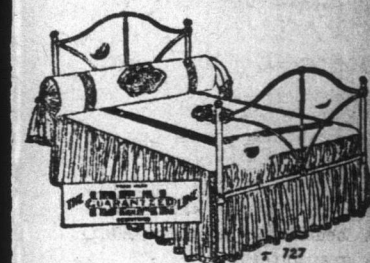
can be prepared in five min-  
ute of it at all times, and

Use the telephone.

Phone  
11.

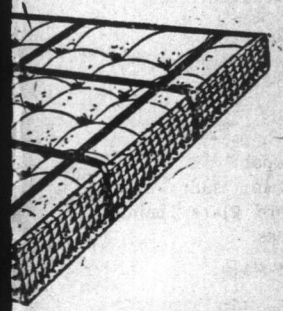
## ADS, and Double.

Water & Springdale Sts.



1.50, \$14.50,  
Values.

## SES.



Prices from  
50.

CO., Ltd.,  
ngdale Streets.

ARRIVED:  
Galvanized Buckets,

sizes: 11, 12, 13, 14 inch.

ALSO 80 CASES

## melware.

Coffee Boilers,  
Milk Kettles, 1, 2, 3, 4 gals.  
Pie Dishes,  
Dinner Plates,  
Mugs,  
Dippers,  
Chambers,  
Sink Drainers,  
Funnels.

## ow Ware.

TEPANS AND DINNER BOILERS,  
S, OIL HEATERS,  
(8), LAMP BURNERS & CHIMNEYS,  
ENAMEL, ALUMINUM PAINT,  
FINWARE, at

CLOUSTON'S,  
ckworth Street,  
PHONE 404.

## Ladies' New Dresses, \$23.00 to \$47.00.

Of Serge, Jersey Cloth, Satins and Taffeta, in smart youth-  
ful styles, delightfully simple, smartly fashioned from reliable  
fabrics. Shades are Navy, Black, Burgundy, Plum, Bisque, Mole,  
Tan, Mouse, Cope, French Blue, Taupe, Brown, etc.

We have won the interest of DRESS WEARERS by always  
having something different and distinctive. EVERY DAY new  
shipments arrive, adding NEW MODELS to our huge display.

## Ladies' Coats and Costumes, \$10.00 to \$99.00.

The models for fall show many ingenious arrangements,  
many unique methods of clever draping and trimming character-  
istic of our reputation as ever seeking out those elusive trends of  
fashion so eagerly sought after by women of unquestionably cor-  
rect style discernment. The newest materials are Plush, Broad-  
cloth, Bolivia, Wool Velour, Kersey and Mixed Tweeds.



## Children's, Misses' and Intermediate Serge Dresses, from \$3.90 to \$17.00

Girlish styles to fit all ages from five to fourteen, and the in-  
termediate fourteen and sixteen sizes which fill a long want in  
every community, for it has always been a problem to fit the de-  
veloping girl when the misses' size 14 was too small and the ladies'  
too large. This is right where intermediate sizes of fourteen  
and sixteen fit in.

Intermediate Sizes are to be  
had only at Bishop's.

## Bishop, Sons & Co., Ltd.,

'Phone 484. P. O. Box 920, St. John's.  
Mail Orders Receive Careful Consideration.

## When the Recoil Came

The Picture of a Dogged Khaki Line  
in a Dogged Retirement, and a Dog-  
ged British Colonel who Saved the

WYNNE, in "Answers.")  
They really wear whiskers.  
The man in the trenches  
is always heralded by  
a phrase uttered with a  
voice that has been roused  
from its great unrest.

Now the words ring out in a  
command. There is no mistak-  
ing the meaning. Not as at other  
times when the men in the trenches  
are untrained in the use of the  
word. Now, electrified  
by their dream-world into reality,  
they clutch at his rifle, and  
rush on to the first step. There  
are sounds as they test the  
strength of their weapons, then they  
begin the word glare being  
the darkness.

The Irrepressible,  
N. C. O.'s, and runners  
through the trench, each repeat-  
ing the same warning: "They're coming! Look  
out your listening posts!"

At moments later there is a  
change in the wire ahead, and a  
runner approaches out of the  
darkness.

"Right, old cock!" replies a hu-  
man voice, "but hurry up, and don't blot  
the landscape! We're—think  
for an appropriate word, then  
suddenly, "hungry!"

The men of the returned listening  
posts down into the trench.  
Information is authentically  
confirmed.

"They're coming on right! Not  
each exclaims cheerily, as he  
rushes to take his place in the wait-  
ing line.

The British guns have now put down

a barrage; the shrapnel shells, tear  
bright chunks out of the darkness. The  
roar of artillery has long since be-  
come a soothing sound to the waiting  
veterans, and they can listen as easily  
as though silence prevailed.

Then to them, through the rumbling  
make-believe silence, comes the thud-  
like tremor of ten thousand feet.

Ready for the Onslaught.  
There is real silence in the British  
line—a silence similar to that in-  
duced in by a panther crouching,  
ready to put forth all its strength in a  
crushing blow.

The crunching thud of moving feet  
grows louder and more ominous in  
volume.

Suddenly the British line twinkles  
with bursts of flame as fire-like  
flashes dot the darkness.  
The thudding sound of moving feet  
breaks into a heavy rumble. Machine  
guns cluck! cluck! ghoulishly, as  
though calling lost souls to the slaugh-  
ter. The rifle and machine-gun fire  
ripples on untrillingly; the earth-  
tremors caused by advancing foot-  
steps have ceased; but out of the in-  
agratable darkness comes the horrid  
sound of moans.

The sky lights to greet the com-  
ing day. Ghostly groups of grey fig-  
ures loom largely through the half  
light as they pass towards the British  
trench. Behind them again is a table-  
mountain of other grey forms.

In the darkness the Huns have  
cunningly concealed machine-guns in  
shell-holes; and these now play the  
devil's tattoo along the summit of the  
British trench. Simultaneously the  
masses of the enemy move towards  
their objective. The machine-guns  
and rifles of the defenders are as in-  
sistent as ever, but the gaping wounds  
they tear out of the on-coming human  
avalanche close up automatically.

Suddenly the word is passed along  
to the defenders to retire. The order  
has been expected, for they have been  
warned that this is the game they  
have to play. Clambering out of the  
trench, they are at once exposed to the  
hostile machine-guns, but that  
does not prevent them from forming  
an alignment.

The trench, however, is not totally  
deserted by the British; for the ma-  
chine-guns remain to hold up the  
attacking waves as long as they can.  
Heroically and unselfishly they per-  
form their duty; then at a given sig-  
nal bombs are placed under their guns  
and they follow in the footsteps of  
those whose retirement they have ren-  
dered possible.

Twice have the British taken up

fresh positions, and twice have they  
been ordered to retire before the over-  
whelming but rapidly thinning masses  
which endeavour to close with them.  
The game is being played according to  
the rules laid down.

The men who originally occupied  
the front trench are now on a ridge  
immediately in front of the batteries  
which have been supporting them.  
These batteries have already had the  
order to withdraw; but so intense is  
the German shell-fire that several  
teams have been wiped out in their  
efforts to remove the guns. But at last  
all save two guns are withdrawn, and  
teams are dashing up to get them  
away.

## RETIREMENT.

The colonel in command of the in-  
fantry has just received a written or-  
der to retire to his subordinates, and  
the retirement at once commences.  
The Hun horde presses forward with  
desperation, though the machine gun-  
ners are taking a deadly toll of them.

The colonel is about to follow his  
men when suddenly he comes to a  
standstill and stares aghast at a  
smoke-cloud which has formed about  
the teams which have come to draw  
away the remaining guns. As the  
cloud disperses he perceives that a  
well-aimed shell has completely  
knocked out the gun-teams.

He turns swiftly towards the on-  
coming hostile waves, and eyes calculat-  
ingly the rapidly nearing enemy.  
"The guns! My God, the guns!"

The words break in a sort of agony  
from his lips. It is a British soldier's  
birthright to regard the guns as treas-  
ure as he would his first-born.

A few moments more, and that sea  
of struggling humanity will flow ruth-  
lessly over the spot where the colonel  
stands, and reach the sacred guns.  
For a brief instant the colonel stands  
glancing his eyes over the position  
that his men have evacuated. A few  
machine-guns are still there, but  
even as he gazes he perceives they  
also are about to retire in accordance  
with orders. Turning to his orderlies,  
he sends them with messages to his  
subordinates that he will rejoin them  
shortly, then he strides towards a  
small knoll which dominates the field  
over which the foremost of the enemy  
is advancing. His keen eyes have de-  
tected an unharmed machine-gun, the  
team of which has been shot down.

The Colonel's Sacrifice.  
A few moments later he has the  
gun trained and firing on the Hun  
hordes. A happy smile is printed on

## T. J. EDENS.

To-day, Oct. 31st.  
From New York:

25 cases ORANGES.  
2 cases LEMONS.  
5 cases GRAPE FRUIT.  
10 bris. CRANBERRIES.  
10 kgs. GRAPE.  
10 bunches BANANAS.  
50 sacks ONIONS.

100 barrels APPLES—  
Gravenstein and King of  
Tompkins.

200 bags WHITE OATS.  
100 bris. 5 ROSES FLOUR.  
CORNED LAMBS' TONGUES  
by pound.  
NEW YORK CORNED BEEF.

FLASH—Hand Cleaner.  
FLASH—Disinfectant.  
PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AM-  
MONIA.

CRISCO—For Cooking and  
Shortening.  
SNOW-BRIT—For Cooking and  
Shortening.  
AM. CHEDDAR CHEESE,  
1/2 lb. tin.  
ESSIE'S OR COFFEE.  
BONNIE BELLE BAKING  
POWDER.  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER.  
PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO.

10 cases MOORE'S CHOCOLATES

## T. J. EDENS,

Duckworth St. and Rawlin's  
Cross.

the colonel's usually stern features.  
He has risen to his present position  
from the ranks, and in his young  
soldierhood, before advancement came  
there had been moments when he  
wondered why he had ever been born.  
He knew now as he manipulated the  
gun and played the stream of lead  
upon the surging sea of blood-lust  
faces, that he had been born to live  
for these few moments of triumph.

The Huns were very close now, and  
some were already hurling bombs in  
an effort to stop the murderous fire.  
The colonel swung his gaze round  
for an instant, and perceived that at  
last the guns were being limbered up.  
With a sigh of satisfaction he  
glanced proudly towards the position  
his men had taken up; then he again  
commenced firing into the grey mas-  
ses opposing him.

"Tat, tat, tat!" went the gun.  
Suddenly the firing ceased.

## Household Notes

If the child is taught to be neat and  
to put away his possessions, it will  
be of great value to him in later  
years. The habit of being careless is  
started in childhood.

An ordinary funnel will make an  
excellent holder for the ball of string.  
Hang it up by its ring, and put the  
ball into the upper part, drawing the  
string through the funnel.

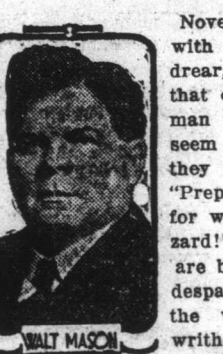
Dry foods such as rice or sugar  
should never be left in bags, but em-  
ptied into jars as soon as they are  
brought into the house. This will pre-  
vent waste from breaking bags.

If grapes are particularly dusty and  
cobwebby, run the water from the  
hot-water faucet over them for a min-  
ute or two, then finish with cold. They  
will surprise you by their cleanliness.

"Rainbow jelly" may be made as  
you do marble cake, by pouring sev-  
eral different kinds of jelly into the  
same mold. Of course each should  
harden before the next is put in.

MINA'S LINIMENT CURES DIPH-  
THERIA.

## NOVEMBER.



WALT MASON

November's here,  
with landscapes  
drear, and winds  
that chill the hu-  
man giard; they  
seem to sigh, as  
they w h i z z e  
by, "Prepare, prepare,  
for winter's bliz-  
zard!" The trees  
are bare; as in  
despair, before  
the winds they  
write and totter;  
the skies are  
bleak and often leak a lot of cheap de-  
natured water. November's here; the  
diurnal year is growing feeble, halt  
and sickly; he'll cash his checks and re-  
join the wrecks in time's world fam-  
ous bonfireyard quickly. Thus years  
roll on; they come and grin, and  
looms up before their curves are  
fairly reckoned. A year quite new  
looms up in before their curves are  
fairly reckoned. A year quite new  
looms up in view, a year that's bold  
and blithe and clever; so full of pep  
his buoyant step, you'd think that he  
would last forever. But while you  
look he shrinks, gazook! The  
bloom is from his cheek departed;  
his hanks grow lean, and he is seen a  
gaffer bent and broken-hearted. No-  
vember's here, the fields are sere, the  
flowers, indoors, are safely potted; the  
birds are gone from hedge and lawn,  
the season's flies have all been swat-  
ted. The Teufels are whipped; they're  
badly hipped by too much kultur, too  
much hating; Thanksgiving Day, not  
far away, looms up as something  
worth awaiting.

## In Memoriam.

JAMES FITZGERALD.

There passed to his eternal reward  
recently one of our best known and  
most successful teachers in the per-  
son of James Fitzgerald, of Western  
Bay. Mr. Fitzgerald was a member  
of the profession for over a quarter  
of a century and was always noted for  
zeal and devotion to his life's work.  
Indeed it was in the too zealous per-  
formance of his labours that he  
brought on the illness to which he  
succumbed. The deceased began  
teaching at Small Point and was sub-  
sequently transferred to Job's Cove,  
where he taught with marked success  
for a number of years. In the year  
1906 he entered St. Bonaventure's Col-  
lege to further qualify himself for his  
chosen work. He was afterwards ap-  
pointed to Northern Bay Superior  
School, and he brought this institu-  
tion to a foremost place, as it soon led  
the outposts in C. H. E. scholarships  
and special prizes. In the St. Bon's  
Annual for 1902 we find special refer-  
ence made to the excellent work of  
Mr. Fitzgerald. To those with whom  
he was associated he was at all times  
courteous in manner and refined in  
speech, the embodiment of the perfect  
gentleman. His conversation showed  
that he was well read on all modern  
topics, yet he was never pedantic, like  
the proverbial schoolmaster. His life  
was an example which left a deep im-  
pression on the minds of young and  
old amongst whom he moved. The  
large concourse of mourners that at-  
tended his obsequies testified to the  
esteem in which he was held. A  
panegyric was delivered by Rev. E.  
O'Brien, who dwelt in touching words  
on the noble life and self-sacrificing  
devotion of the deceased. The re-  
mains were interred in the R. C. Ceme-  
tery at Western Bay, there to await  
the Resurrection morn. To his sor-  
rowing and aged parents and also to  
his grief-stricken widow and little  
children we extend our most sincere  
sympathy. May his soul rest in peace.  
—Com.

Aunt: "How Dora has grown late-  
ly!"  
Nephew: "Yes, she's in love. 'It's  
increased her 'sighs' wonderfully."

## Painting by the Acre.

FRESH COATS FOR LINERS AFTER  
EACH VOYAGE.

Many visitors to the seaside this  
year are struck with the fact that  
most of the ships they see could do  
with a coat of paint. But the war has  
stopped painting and making pretty  
of most of our warships and trans-  
ports, except when absolutely neces-  
sary.

One of the biggest jobs, indeed, in  
connection with a warship or the big  
liners now being used as transports,  
is giving them a fresh coat of paint.  
To paint these big ships hundreds of  
thousands of gallons of paint are re-  
quired every year, and the paint bill  
alone of a big shipping company runs  
well over four figures a year. About  
twenty to thirty men on each ship are  
often kept busy putting on the gallons  
of paint.

Most of the large companies used to  
have their liners repainted at the end  
of every voyage, or rather at the end  
of every double voyage. It is a curi-  
ous fact that practically all the paint-  
ing of these liners before the war was

done on the American side. This was  
not because labour was cheaper there  
or paint, but simply because there  
was a better chance of getting fine  
weather in the United States than in  
England.

The amount of surface that each  
liner had to have painted was very  
nearly two and a half acres, so paint-  
ing a big ship is literally painting by  
the acre.

A warship has to be painted regu-  
larly, for otherwise her life would be  
considerably shortened and she would  
fall to pieces from corrosion. Her  
outside plates would be simply eaten  
through and through. The greatest  
trouble is with the bottom of the ves-  
sel, which rapidly gets incrustated with  
barnacles and seaweed.

This growth on the bottom of a  
ship is really enormous. The pre-war  
cruiser Champion, for instance, was  
taken into dry dock and thoroughly  
cleaned after serving as a training  
ship for some years in the River Mer-  
sey. Over forty tons of mussels alone  
were removed from the bottom, and it  
took a gang of men a week to clear  
the growth of seaweed and barnacles.

When you want Steaks, Chops,  
Cutlets and Collops, try ELLIS.

## You Can Expect More From Goodyear Tyres

In satisfaction, in untroubled travel, in  
plain usefulness they will yield a sound  
return on your investment.

They are built to do that—and they do  
it consistently and well.

Such tyres are for you to use. They will  
serve you as heartily and as loyally as  
tyres can.

As a traveling companion to a Good-  
year Tyre a Goodyear Inner Tube is  
the right kind to put into your cover, if you  
want it to deliver this maximum mileage.

We can tell you more  
about them, if you will  
extend to us the  
courtesy of your  
visit.

General  
Motor Supply  
Co., Ltd.,  
St. John's, Agents.



GOOD YEAR

## SEND US MORE



Zam-Buk! This is the appeal that is constantly reaching us  
from the front, and we pass it on in case there may yet  
be some who do not know how necessary Zam-Buk is to the  
boys in France. Amongst the many letters that have been  
brought to our notice, is one which reads: "I wish we could  
get more Zam-Buk sent out from home instead of so much  
tobacco. We can get tobacco here, but unfortunately we  
cannot always get Zam-Buk, and we need it badly."

Zam-Buk is used by the sol-  
diers for sore hands, frostbite, cold  
cracks, cuts, sores of all kinds  
(including gas sores), and even red-  
dened feet. It is put up in a  
convenient size for carrying

in the pocket so that a man can  
have it handy to apply at the  
right moment. When an injury  
is treated immediately with Zam-  
Buk, there is no danger of festering  
or blood-poisoning.

Zam-Buk is just as necessary, too, at home for injuries and skin troubles of all kinds. All  
letters or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 50c box, 3 for \$1.25. Send this advertisement and 1c stamp (for  
return postage) to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and receive FREE SAMPLE.

Zam-Buk