

BIG VALUES IN FOOTWEAR!

To Suit All — Prices Right — "Cash Sale"

Men's Boots

Men's Work Boots, per pair\$3.00
Men's Tan Calf Boots, Rubber Heels\$4.75
Men's Tan Calf Boots, Rubber Heels\$5.25
Men's Tan Calf Boots, Rubber Heels\$5.50
Men's Tan Calf Boots, Rubber Heels\$5.75

10 p.c. Discount allowed on all our Boys' and Youths' fine Boots.

Ladies' Boots



Ladies' Black and Brown, 9 in. leg, Kid, Goodyear Louis heel\$3.00 pair.
Also Low Heels, Buttoned and Laced\$3.00 pair.
Ladies' 9 in. leg, Black Kid, medium Heel with Rubber Heel. Only\$3.50 pair.
Other Prices \$4.00, \$4.75, \$5.00, \$5.25, \$5.50.
Evangeline, only\$6.99 pair.

Ladies' Oxfords



Ladies' Black Kid Lace Oxford\$3.50
Ladies' Black Kid Lace Oxford\$5.00
Ladies' Black Kid Lace Oxford\$5.50
Ladies' Black Kid 1 Strap\$2.50
Ladies' Black and Tan, 1 Strap\$6.00
Ladies' Black Kid, 3 Strap, medium Rubber Heels; very comfortable\$5.75

Little Gents' Boots. Regular Price \$3.80 Now \$2.60
Sizes 6 to 11.
SECURE A PAIR WHILE THEY LAST.

Misses' and Child's Boots



Misses' Black Skuffer Boots, Button and Lace. Size 11 to 2\$2.70 pair.
Misses' Tan Skuffer Boots\$3.20 pair.
Misses' Black Calf Lace Bal\$3.00 pair.
Child's Black Skuffer Boots, Button and Lace. Sizes 6 to 10\$2.20 pair.
Child's Tan Calf Lace Boots. Sizes 6 to 10\$2.50 pair.
Other Lines from \$1.50 up.
We allow 10 p.c. Discount on all Misses', Child's and Infants' Boots and Shoes during this Sale.

We Have Rubbers to suit the Whole Family

F. SMALLWOOD,

The Home of Good Shoes,
WATER STREET : : ST. JOHN'S

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THE CHILD IS THE SUFFERER.

While I was waiting for a telephone call in a little neighborhood shop, recently I witnessed an interesting neighborhood drama. A new comer to the neighborhood was also waiting for a call. With her was a little girl, who presently proved herself to be one of the most thoroughly disciplined youngsters I ever saw. She sat up straight in the store, and when the telephone rang, she stepped forward and answered it. She was a little girl, who presently proved herself to be one of the most thoroughly disciplined youngsters I ever saw. She sat up straight in the store, and when the telephone rang, she stepped forward and answered it.

How Dare You! You should have seen the mother color up. With shame at her own negligence? Not at all. With indignation! She bridled like a hen whose nest has been attacked. "Come right here, Dorothy," she said, "and stay here." That sounded like a rebuke, but she softened it at once by buying Dorothy a piece of candy. She said nothing at all to Dorothy about trying to open the lady's handbag, and she glared at the offender who had dared speak sharply to her child in a way that showed it was Dorothy and not the woman she was protecting. In keeping her by her side, and present-ly when the other woman went out she said: "How I do hate these sour old maids that haven't any use for children."

As it happens, the lady in question is known among most of her friends as being very fond of children. She is always doing things for her nephew and nieces. She has more patience with them in many ways than their own mother, and the neighborhood children love to go to her home. But because she had the spirit to withstand being absolutely imposed upon by a thoroughly spoiled child she must be called a sour old maid. That Child is Going to be Hated. Do you know who I was sorry for in that group? The child. Because it's going to make herself thoroughly hated in the whole neighborhood. After the two went out, the man who keeps the shop said: "Did you ever see such a pest as that child?" This is the way it seems to me things stand between parents and children: Children are strangers in a

new country. They do not know the customs of the country. They do not understand its laws. They are surely going to offend and make life uncomfortable for other people, and themselves, unless their friends who have lived in the country and understand its ways give them some tips about what is tolerated and what isn't. As their parents are presumably their closest friends it is up to them to give those tips. And when they fail, it is the child who is the worst sufferer.

Australian Cotton.

LIVERPOOL.—The possibilities of Preston who, with a Liverpool cotton director of a big manufacturing in acre at America, and that in two years it was expected Australia would produce all her own durango cotton seed. Meantime, great precautions were being taken to avoid cotton growing in Australia are es-buyer, has just returned from a tour under natural rainfall, had grown about twice as much cotton per the introduction of the boll weevil. Production in Australia by white labor is cheaper than in America by black labor. There are also great prospects for cotton grown on irrigated lands. These two Lancashire experts visited every state in Australia, covered 6,000 miles by road and rail, and declare that the climate and soil in many districts are unsurpassed for cotton growing anywhere in the world.

Coated Tongue

Nature's Warning of Constipation.

When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating fluid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot grip. Try it today. A. S. O. Co. Ltd., Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

AFTER HOLIDAYS. Christmas found me robbed in peace, joy was shining in my eyes, and I filled myself with goose, and I ate six kinds of pies; I devoured some roasted pigs and a lot of nuts and figs, and some bakeshop thing-my figs, all of which was scarcely wise. After Christmas, New Year's Day, and the table groaned with things which, in all their brave array, might have

tempted queens and kings; ducks I ate with eager zeal, and a section of an eel, and a turkey stuffed with veal, and a pair of ostrich wings. For a man, though old and sere, must pretend he's not afraid; when the holidays are here he must march with the parade; he must join the joyous crew, he must cheer what others cheer, with a cock-a-doodle-doo, and a whoop-la undimmed. So I sat me down to dine with a gay and merry lot; they had younger works than mine, and they ate and then forgot; I have suffered ever since, and I curse the pies of mince, and the marmalade of quince and the oysters smoking hot. I am breathing fire and smoke like a dragon or a joss, and a murrain I invoke on the pudding and its sauce; and I leave sepulchral sighs when I hear you mention pies, and the briny soaks my eyes, and I am a total loss. But I hope to be restored to my health within a year, and I'll jolt the grinning board when the Christmas days are here; yes, forgetting bygone aches, I'll consume the luscious cakes, and the things the baker bakes, rapidly as they appear.

German Youth Defrauds Stamp Collectors.

BERLIN.—One of Germany's oldest postage stamps, the three pfennig stamp of Saxony, has been illegally produced and circulated to collectors recently, according to information obtained by the police. It has been found that a young man disposed of numerous of these forged specimens at an average price of 150,000 marks.

Cuticura Soap

The Safety Razor Shaving Soap

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

BUD'S QUESTION. I know how dirt gets on my hands, I know how it gets on my face, I know every day that wherever I play There is always some dirt in the place. I know how it gets on my knees, For they gather it up by the peck, I know how the dirt gets all over my shirt. But how does it get on my neck? They're at me to wash all the time, There's nothing on earth I can do, But they say: "If you please, will you look at those knees And look at the face of him, too!" I know how I gather it up, I know that I catch every speck, I know how dirt comes to my fingers and thumbs, But how does it get on my neck? I don't use my neck when I play, I don't hit my neck when I fall, My neck doesn't touch dirty articles much And it should be the cleanest of all, I know how my shirt waist gets black, I know how my stockings I wreck, I know how dirt lands on my face and my hands, But how does it get on my neck? Eat Mrs. Stewart's Home-made Bread—oct. 6, 1922

German Women of Title.

MAKE CHRISTMAS TOYS. POTSDAM.—In a quiet residential quarter of Potsdam a group of women who formerly belonged to the aristocracy and the brilliant social circles of imperial days, are working daily from morning until night at stuffing teddy bears, toy elephants, dogs, and other animal figures. Their place of employment is a branch of a toy factory at Doberan, Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The factory provides the felt "skins," and it remains only for the local plant to fill them with wood-wool and to affix the necessary heads for eyes and nose. The playthings produced are intended primarily for export, and a heavy demand has been reported, especially during the pre-Christmas season. Children in foreign countries are promised a new German creation for next year's Yuletide in a plaything called the "Righting Cocks." Already a few of them have been made here, and large contracts have been closed abroad. Teddy bears range in price this year from 1,600 marks for the smallest, to 5,000 for huge "brunns" whose leather-soled feet are mounted on wheels. Joe the Plodder says there is always plenty of room at the top, because those who get there are the few who started early to avoid the rush.

For Gentlemen of good taste—Cub Cigarettes—sept. 18, 1922

"There Were Many Things Which I Could Not Eat"

Mrs. H. Robert Wells, English Harbour, Trinity Bay, Nfld., writes: "I was troubled with nervous dyspepsia—so much so that there were a great many things I could not eat at all on account of the distressed feeling afterwards. I used many different remedies, but they did me little good. Finally I tried Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills, and was surprised at the relief this combined treatment gave me in such a short time."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD
At all Dealers.
GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.

BILLY'S UNCLE

