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White
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Quilts.
Values
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Sleep in Comfort and Warmth!

this winter and many winters to come under a pair of our BLANKETS or QUILTS. Prices to-day are lower than they will be for a long time to come, owing to enormous contracts being placed by the British Government. We have been fortunate in placing our orders before advances took place.

But come—see for yourself the excellence of the values we are showing.

White Wool Blankets - - \$2.40, \$3.00, \$3.60, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00.

Wadded Quilts - - - - \$1.40, \$1.70, \$2.20, \$3.40, \$4.50, \$5.00.

Eiderdown Quilts - - - - \$5.50, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$9.50, \$10.50, 12.00, \$15.50, \$21.00.

Eiderdown Crib Quilts - - 30 x 40 sizes, at \$2.90.

Marshall Bros

Divorced Life

By Helen Hession Fuzell

Marian Makes Ready to Follow

Challoner, true to his word, left next day for New York. Marian knew that she would soon trail him back to the city, as well as she knew that he had gone. For one thing, she was growing tired of Placid Inn and its guests. Moreover, she wanted to resume closer touch with the magazines and markets in New York. Finally, she wanted to be nearer to this fascinating, unusual man, whose friendship she had no idea of dropping, despite her reiterated statements that she was doing an injustice to his wife.

When all is said and done, sentiment rules one's conduct, especially that of a woman. At this period, Marian had no premonition that anything more than friendship could ever exist between her and Challoner. Nor did she flatter herself that, even if she wanted to, she could take a man like Challoner away from a woman of the unquestionable charm, forcefulness, and superiority of Mrs. Challoner.

Marian was thoroughly aware that, despite certain elements of temperamental conflict between the Challoners, they were powerfully attached to each other. While reason, her sense of fairness to the other woman, and her logical hesitancy to allow herself to become interested in a married man, bade her stay away from New York and try to forget him, her sentiment's small, insistent voice told her that true and pleasant friendships were rare. Why should she deliberately turn her back upon as sweet and wholesome a friendship as had ever come within the range of her experience?

Little by little, things shape themselves, as subtly and unseen they build the inevitable. We are controlled and directed by the forces that we do not see, or know, or guess. Clairvoyant glimpses of future events would startle and amaze us. Yet once enacted, no event is astounding. It is as natural, as simple, as inevitable as a sum in addition. Multiplic-

ties of causes, summed up, yields results that are as natural as the completed day, born of the passing seconds, and minutes and hours.

Marian's return to New York, and her subsequent experiences with Challoner, although the same was in conflict with her effort to justify the course with her reasoning faculties, was in obedience to the natural law that the stronger shall command and the weaker obey. Challoner had asked her to come back, and to let him know when she did. Here was a man whom she was temperamentally disqualified to disobey. True still, here was a man who was temperamentally equipped to plot the curve of her life to a degree that no other man she had ever known could have achieved.

Marian trusted him. She believed implicitly in his devotion to his wife. She did not fear for a second either betrayal or treachery. Such were the thoughts that filled her, rather the feelings that governed her, one afternoon in early September when she sat alone on the inn's veranda, gazing dreamily into the distance. The landscape swam in a golden haze. The pungent perfumes of falling leaves were in her nostrils. The incipient melancholy of summer, beginning to die, filled her with loneliness, with inchoate yearnings, with longings to get back to the city.

That evening she wrote Mrs. Kern that she was about to return and engaged a room at her former address. She set the following Monday as the date of her departure. And she wrote Challoner that she was coming.

The next day she learned that the McCarens were going to leave for New York on the same day, and Marian pretended to be delighted at the prospect of travelling to the city with them. But she hastily dispatched a note to Challoner, asking him under no circumstances to meet her on her arrival, adding that she would communicate with him later.

To-morrow—The Woman Who Understood Men.

Unburied Bodies a Barrier to Advance.

Washington, D.C., Oct. 7.—Dead men and horses, heaped up by thousands, lie putrefying on the battlefields of the Aisne, Col. Webb Hayes, U.S.A., son of former President Hayes, declared to-day.

Col. Hayes is just back from observing the world war.

"When I left Havre on September 27," said he, "the Allies were fearful that they would not be able to penetrate the line, through the mass of putrefying men and horses, on the battle fields, which, unfortunately, the combatants seem not to head about burying. I don't see how they could pass through these fields. The stench is horrible and the idea of climbing over the bodies must be revolting, even to brave soldiers."

The Col. declared peace talk at this time is useless.

"We must keep hands off at this point," he declared. "We can do no good. We will merely stir up trouble for ourselves."

Vigorol

VIGOROL, the Great French Tonic, is opposed to disease; therefore it finds it out and drives it away. Your nerves are toned up. Your bowels made healthy and strong. Your blood purified. The kidneys and liver cleaned. Headaches, biliousness, and that heavy, tired feeling, will go. You will feel like a new person. Don't be fooled—get VIGOROL, and you will never regret it. Sold at all drug stores.

The "Perfidious Albion" Cry.

Reference to "perfidious Albion" can arouse only the contempt of the neutral. Germany knew what Great Britain's alliances were and for what purpose they were made.

The only nations which might have accused Great Britain of perfidy were France and Belgium if the British had not come to their assistance. Let Belgium's neutrality be accepted as a pretext for the British. The cause lay deeper, admittedly, but Belgian integrity is a vital asset of the British Empire and toward France there was a positive material and moral obligation. The French fleet was in the Mediterranean because British diplomacy sent it there, and if British diplomacy had been recreant to that obligation British honor would have been a thing of no consequence for a hundred years. It's an inflated German who talks of "perfidious Albion."

Under what obligations was Great Britain to Germany and how could it be "perfidious" where no obligation existed? One would conclude that the British had been the allies of the Germans and had taken the other side.—Chicago Tribune.

To clean ivory, soak the articles in cold water for twenty-four hours, then lay them on a clean, soft towel and let them dry in the air. Any lingering water drops should be blown out; if left they will spoil the color.

MINARD'S LIMENT CURES GARDEN IN COW.

Belgium—the Door Mat of History.

By GEORGE FITCH,

Author of "At Good Old Swash."

Hard as is Belgium's fate this year, when two million soldiers were fighting for standing room in it at one time, it is nothing out of the ordinary. For a thousand years Belgium has been the door mat before France and Germany, and the soldiers of a dozen nations have wiped their feet on it as they passed over.

The Romans began it by chasing out the Belgae. When Clovis, the Frankish king, died his sons fought over his kingdom, and pretty nearly everyone in the Belgian country got stepped on during the hostilities. The country prospered under Charlemagne, for he was an old home boy, the greatest citizen produced by Belgian soil. But after Charlemagne died, the real trouble began.

Belgium was expanded until it covered Alsace, Lorraine, Holland and Normandy, and was then chopped up into fragments. It was given away piecemeal to dukes, barons, noble ladies and adventurers. A bishop got hold of it. His daughter married the King of Austria, and gave her country to him. Later it was married to Spain. England conquered it from Spain. France grabbed it twice. Holland revolted and attacked it. France and Austria pulled and hauled at its provinces for a century. It was impossible to raise a crop of cabbage without having it squatted upon by an army which had picked out that spot in which to fight some far-off power. The Belgian country was the Reno of Europe. All the big battles were staged there.

The biggest of all, Waterloo, was fought fifteen miles from Brussels. Then while the rest of Europe had peace, Belgium, after one thousand years of war, had to go through its birth struggle. Up to 1830 it had been Flanders, Brabant, Liege, the Netherlands and any one of a score of names. In 1830 it revolted against Holland, divorced itself from the Dutch with a mighty effort, threw the Dutch alphabet into the Scheldt, named itself Belgium after the original inhabitants, chose a king, elected a parliament, put up boundary lines and erected signs thereon saying to all the world, "Keep off the grass and do your fighting elsewhere."

The world has done it for almost eighty-five years, which has been Belgium's longest vacation from other people's troubles.

Have You an Itchy Spot?

Somewhere on your body? If so, attend to it at once. In Eczema and itchy spots, whether dry and scurfy, or moist and inclined to "weep," are generally eczematous—delays are foolish, allowing the disease to spread and affect more of the good skin. Your best chance for a cure is to use Zylex, which will give almost instant relief, and if used in the early stages of the trouble will almost certainly bring a cure, and in any event will greatly ameliorate the trouble. Ask your druggist about it. Price 50c. a box. Zylex Soap, 25c. a cake.

ZYLEX, London.

Dried fruits are often made palatable by the addition of a fresh flavor. Orange juice improves strawberries, lemon improves prunes, ginger root with pears.

Panel Doors.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—I notice in your paper this evening a letter signed 'Amos' recommending house building to give employment to our carpenters, laborers, etc., etc., which brings to my mind the fact that very recently I saw quite a number of panel doors laid here from the United States. I understand there has been some on sale here for some time in competition to our own local make.

Now, sir, when we have so many out of employment and our own factories working short time, I think if the Government was to put more duty on those kind of things instead of what the poor man has to eat they would be keeping the money in the country, encouraging home industry helping the working classes and doing good all around.

Hoping some abler pen will take up this and try to help us out.

UNION.

Sick, Sour Stomach, Indigestion or Gas

Take "Pape's Diapiesin" and in five minutes you'll wonder what became of misery in stomach.

Wonder what upset your stomach—which portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in a revolt; if sour, gassy and upset, and what you just ate has fermented into stubborn lumps; head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated—just take a little Pape's Diapiesin and in five minutes you wonder what became of the indigestion and distress.

Millions of men and women to-day know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little Diapiesin occasionally keeps this delicate organ regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear.

If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion; if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember: the quickest, surest, most harmless relief is Pape's Diapiesin which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight, so gently and easily that it is really astonishing. Please, for your sake, don't go on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's so unnecessary.

Fishery Reports.

Oct. 9th. From W. Chambers, (Mr. Raffett)—The total catch is 2,690 qts. and for last week 10. Thirty dories and skiffs and 15 boats are fishing. Prospects are very poor and there is not enough bait to be of any use. This is the worst fall fishery on record in this section.

Oct. 10th. From B. Brazil (Island Rock to Point Rosey).—Twenty dories and skiffs, with 7 boats are fishing. The catch to date is 2,500 qts. with 325 for last week. No bankers but 7 schooners have arrived. Prospects are very poor. The 325 qds. for the week were brought in by the schooners from Cape Pine.

Oct. 11th. From W. White, (Aquaforte).—Nothing was done this week owing to stormy weather and high winds. The total catch is 4,175 qts.

Encourage Home Industries!

BUY MATCHES

Made in Newfoundland by Newfoundlanders. Instead of those "Made in Germany," or "Denmark" or "Tim-buc-to."

Abram Lincoln, President of the U. S. A., once said:—

"I do not know much about the tariff, but I do know this much: when we buy goods abroad, we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money; when we buy goods made at home, we get both the goods and the money."

This may be a hard winter for our Colony, keep your money at home; buy Matches made in Newfoundland. Matches that are the Best, Cheapest and most suitable for Home, Woods and Vessel.

Manufactured and Guaranteed by

Horwood Lumber Co.

(Limited.)

N.B.—If you cannot get these Matches in your district, write to us and we will have them forwarded to you. sep28,2w,ead



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The Eyesight Specialist

Examines the eyes without DRUGS, DROPS or DANGER.

He not only finds the trouble, but with his perfect optical machinery he can grind the correct lenses to suit the most complicated cases, and do it quickly.

There was a time when all compound lenses had to be sent out of the country for, involving a delay of three or four weeks, but that day has passed; an hour or two is sufficient to produce any lens that may be called for.

Prescriptions filled or broken lenses replaced if you have the pieces.

TRAPNELL

IS YOUR MAN WHEN EYE TROUBLE APPEARS.

Irish { J. J. St. John } Butter

Gentle and simple like

Good Butter.

The s.s. Carthaginian brought us another fresh shipment from the Lakes of Killarney. Nothing better ever entered the Narrows.

J. J. ST. JOHN,

Dockworth Street and LeMarchant Road.