

BARGAINS!

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MEN'S SWEATER COATS.

20 dozen Men's Job Sweater Coats; they come in assorted colors of Navy, Oxford Grey and Heather; right weight for winter wear. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

WHITE SHIRTING.

1,000 lbs. White Shirting in long lengths. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

WHITE FLANNELETTE.

1500 lbs. White Flannelette; good quality; 1 to 5 yard lengths. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

AMERICAN SHEETING.

500 lbs. White Sheeting in lengths long enough for sheets; much better value than yard goods. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

WHITE TURKISH TOWELS.

500 lbs. White Turkish Towels in assorted sizes; will dry better than any other towel that's made. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

WHITE HUCK TOWELS.

500 lbs. White Huck Towels, assorted sizes; suitable for bedroom towels, barbers' towels or kitchen towels. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

ARROW COLLARS.

30 dozen up-to-date Arrow Collars; assorted sizes, 14 to 16½. Regular Price 40c. each. Sale Price 25c. each.

MEN'S SLIP-OVER SWEATERS.

10 dozen Men's Slip-over Sweaters, without sleeves; assorted colors; good heavy weight for Fall or Winter wear. Regular Price \$1.40 each. Sale Price \$1.25 each.

AMERICAN ART TICKING.

10 bundles Art Ticking, suitable for winter curtains, covering chairs or couches. Value for \$1.00 yard. Sale Price 70c. yard.

Friday and Saturday Our Special Sale Days.
Sweeping Reductions in Every Department.

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

IT DIDN'T PAY TO WAIT.



We urged a friend of ours to come into the country for a week-end rest. "I'd like to," he said, "but I don't see how I can do it. You know I'm going off on my vacation next month and I'm simply straining every nerve to get my desk cleaned up and my work far enough ahead so I can get off. I'll probably work until one o'clock Saturday night."

He looked absolutely fagged as he spoke. I did not see how a man could look more tired. But the next Monday I saw him and found it was possible.

He Didn't Start.

That was three weeks ago. Last Saturday was the day he was to have started on his vacation. He didn't start. He was in the hospital where he had been taken the day before. Nervous exhaustion," the doctor called it.

We have all heard the old proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine," so many times that like most old proverbs it has come to mean practically nothing to us.

But it really does mean a great deal. And I think this matter of vacations and rest in general is one of the problems to which it can best be applied.

A short rest at the right time may be worth infinitely more than a ten times longer rest after the exhaustion point has been reached—and passed.

Don't Let This Happen to You.

I don't suppose there is anywhere a victim of nervous prostration caused by over-work who cannot look back and say, "If I had rested a few days or few weeks then, I would have saved these months (or these years) now."

It is the same sometimes in regard to a day's work. The housewife or the business man wants to get just a little more done before he or she takes moment's rest. The result is that they push themselves so far that two or three hours' rest at the end of the

day doesn't refresh them as much as half an hour somewhere in the middle of the day would have done. "But," complains the housewife, "I can't rest with so much on my mind to be done."

How Could He Do It!

I read recently of a great business man who found that he was getting to the breaking point, and who saved himself from having to take a long rest by obeying his physician's instructions to have his office cleared and take a half hour's complete rest after lunch every day. Think of it, right in the middle of the day, with important business pressing! But he felt that nothing was so important as his health and that business had better wait than be dealt with by an exhausted brain.

Likewise an hour devoted to resting, bathing, and putting on, when possible, a complete change of clothing, will often pay big dividends in efficiency to the busy housewife who feels she can so ill spare it.

British Naval Officers.

Attempt Atlantic Crossing in 53-Foot Sail Yacht.

Halifax, N.S., Sept. 28.—Driven back by the storms of the Atlantic, the cutter yacht Neath, en route from New York to England, with Commander Sidney Houghton and his son, Lieut. N. Houghton, both of the Royal Naval Reserve, and Colonel MacElvey Bell, of the Royal Canadian Medical Service, aboard, put into Halifax yesterday afternoon and anchored off the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron pier.

The Neath left New York about a month ago bound for England with Commander Houghton in command. She was about a thousand miles to the eastward when she encountered very severe storms, and it was decided to put back for Halifax. The Neath is an American built yacht, which Commander Houghton, who had been on duty in the United States

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purchased and contemplated making the trans-Atlantic trip home in her. She is a cutter yacht of Herschhoff design, and a very stout sea boat, in her measurements being fifty-two feet overall. Colonel MacElvey Bell, one of her passengers, is well known in Halifax, having been in charge of the Army Medical service here some time during the war, and played an active part in the terrible days following the explosion.

The Neath is somewhat larger than the Windward of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron fleet, but more of a cruiser type. Compared with the Typhoon, of Baddeck—in which "Sasey" Baldwin has just completed a trip—the Neath is eleven feet longer, and was crossing under sail, whereas the Typhoon had auxiliary, but owing to power going bad made practically the whole trip by sail.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents.—A customer of ours relieved a very bad case of distemper in a valuable horse by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yours truly,
VILANDIE FRERES.

THE RELEASE.



When Old Hiram Rumble was planted, I sighed like a son of a gun, although I was rather enchanted to know that his troubles were done. Some symptoms of grief are expected when neighbors or friends pass away; we have to look sad and dejected, and give our emotions some play. When old Hiram Rumble was living, he cornered all anguish and pain; each hour in its passing was giving some joint additional strain. His nights were lead-footed and sleepless, his days had the semblance of years; and if he was dry-eyed and weepless, 'twas because he had run out of tears. But now all his torture is ended, he sleeps in his tomb like a child; then why should our garments be redden, and why should our wallings be wild? Above him the blue grass is seeded, above him the daisies have grown; the heat of the summer's unheeded, the cold of the winter's unknown. Rheumatics may torture and rack us, and put all our lives out of tune, all manners of ills may attack us, but Hiram is strictly immune. And so I knew little of sorrow when over his casket I stood; I doubt if old Hiram would borrow one hour of this life if he could.



THE BETTER JOB.

If I were running a factory I'd stick up a sign for all to see, I'd print it large and I'd nail it high. On every wall that the men walked by. And I'd have it carry this sentence clear:

"The Better Job that you want is here!"

It's the common trait of the human race To peck up and roam from place to place; Men have done it for ages and do it now. Seeking to better themselves somehow; They quit their posts and their tools they drop For a better job in another shop.

It may be I'm wrong, but I hold to this: That somewhere something must be amiss When a man worth walls must move away.

For the better job with the better pay; And something is false in our own renown. When men can think of a better town.

So if I were running a factory I'd stick up this sign for all to see. Which never an eye in the place could miss:

"There isn't a better town than this; You need not go wandering, far or near— The Better Job that you want is here!"

The Yellow Peril.

Menace of the Rising Tide of Colour. The day is rapidly approaching when the black and yellow races will dominate the world, and white men will be subjugated by them.

Such is the startling view of students of national efficiency—a view backed up by some equally striking facts.

In the first place, the war has made a great difference to the power and views of the coloured races. European Powers are so weakened that they have become mere ciphers in the Far East, where Japan is supreme, and where, as Mr. Stoddard points out in his book, "The Rising Tide of Colour," China might conceivably form a "sacred union" with Japan for the purpose of expelling every white man from his footholds in Eastern Asia.

Eleven to One Against. It is estimated that the total loss of life among the white races directly attributable to the war was fully forty



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millions. That means that of the one thousand seven hundred and fifty millions are white, and one thousand one hundred and fifty millions coloured. The coloured races thus outnumber the whites by more than two to one.

In 1914 the population of Europe was approximately four hundred and fifty millions. Some four-fifths of the entire white race is thus concentrated on less than one-fifth of the white world's territorial area, while the remaining one-fifth, scattered to the ends of the earth, must protect four-fifths against the pressure of coloured races eleven times its numerical strength.

War to the Knife, Unless—!

It is pointed out, too, that the coloured races are increasing much faster than the white. It seems that whites tend to double in eighty years, yellows and browns in sixty years, and blacks

in forty years. The fact that there are so many revolts in India, Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Egypt, Arabia, and Africa is because the coloured man is beginning to realize his power in numbers.

While the white world has been tearing itself to pieces, the coloured man has been conserving his strength.

If the whites are to hold fast to their menaced supremacy, argues Mr. Stoddard, they must forego dreams of dominating the entire world. "We whites," he writes, "will have to abandon our tacit assumption of permanent domination over Asia, while Asia's will have to forego their dreams of migration to white hands and penetration of Africa and Latin America. Unless some such understanding is arrived at, the world will drift into a gigantic race-war—and genuine race-war means war to the knife."

MUTT AND JEFF

JEFF FIGURED THE POET TENNYSON HAD NOTHING ON THIS GUY.

By Bud Fisher.

