

Men's "Invictus" Boots!

150 pairs Men's "Invictus" Boots left over from our last years' Salvage Sale. Regular prices \$6.00 to \$7.00 per pair.

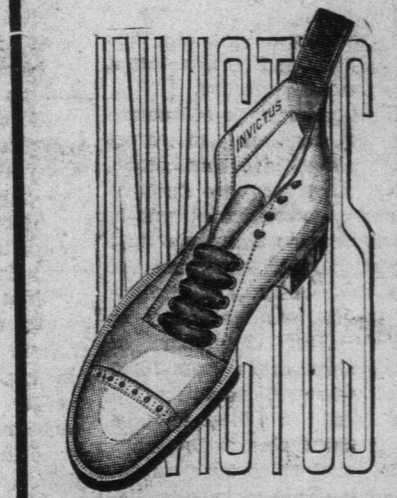
We now offer them at prices that will clear them out.

Without Rubber Heels..... \$4.00 per pair.

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Sizes: 5, 5 1-2, 6, 6 1-2, 8 1-2, 9, 9 1-2, 10, 10 1-2, 11.

Marshall Brothers, Agts.



A Thought for the Times

THE WAR—CHAPTER XIII.
I. C. MORRIS.

There are so many infamous features connected with war that it is somewhat difficult to classify them, or to decide which is the worst. It is well, however, to bear in mind, that all warfare is not a losing game, and that the world owes much to it. This present war will finally result in great good; but this does not justify its existence—it being a long established rule in morals and equity, that "The end does not justify the means."

But every impartial mind will accord common fair play to all those who are now engaged in this death struggle. Every side has its heroes who fight, its heroines who serve, and its loved ones who weep. The river of tears that is being daily shed is not one-sided; it flows from the hearts of all the peoples of Europe. At the time of the South African War a gentleman delivered an address to one of our city audiences on that subject, and among many excellent and noteworthy things which he said, the most sublime of them all was this: "The tears of a Boer mother, and the sorrow of a Boer father, and the heart-break of a Boer child were just as sacred, in a sense, to him, as that of our side." An author at that time enhanced his book with several illustrations incidental to the war, and the most pathetic picture of the lot, was that of a burial on one of the South African veldts. And what made it pathetic? Simply this. A short truce had been called, and some Boer and English soldiers dug a trench, and laid into it the bodies of their fallen brothers, and then filled in the long grave. Then uncovering their heads, they reverently stood and joined in the singing of a psalm in English—as many of the Boers had a slight acquaintance of the English language.

A pathetic sight truly, and a tragedy seemingly inconsistent. At the burial of fallen comrades they were of one spirit; but on the morrow they had to stand at arms and shoot each other—but as we have said before, such is war. Those men were soldiers, and as such they were bound to fight for their respective sides. They had no ill-will whatever against each other personally. They had never seen each other before. In their homes in England, or in South Africa, they all had been taught Christian principles, and therefore had learned the Golden Rule of "doing unto all men as you would they should do unto you," and of "loving your neighbor as yourself." They had read the same version of scripture, mostly. They worshipped the same God, and daily addressed Him in the universal term of "Our Father." As men they did these things, but as soldiers they shot each other. But then as we have just said, such are the fortunes of war.

In the book they presented a picture which told of weariness, stress and hardship. Loose, torn and battered were their uniforms. Dishevelled, unkempt, and haggard—were their men. They looked almost as much like death as the poor fellows over whose grave they were singing their requiem psalm. Hunger and thirst had told upon them—in a word, the war which had claimed their comrades in death, had half claimed themselves in life; hence they looked as much like dead men as live men. They were brothers, and yet enemies. Conditions necessitated war, and they were fulfilling the result of those conditions. It always was so, and until "war shall be no more" it must continue so.

In this present war there is sufficient happenings every day to fill out a volume, but even when all the volumes have been written the tragedy seemingly inconsistent. At

gedy of the story will be only partly

told. The true facts can never be known. Talk of them as we may, write of them as we will, or think of them in our deepest meditation, or look with our most penetrating vision, we "but see in part, we but see through a glass darkly." On the battle field we see toil, suffering and death. The booming of the cannon, and the shouting of the captains, are as so many requiems to the dying and the dead. Even the music of the regiment, while it nerves the soldiers, and inspires them to do and dare; in its every note it is accompanied by a death. But this is war, nor can its conditions be otherwise; therefore its suffering must be endured until the nations shall see a better way by which to settle their disputes.

Let us then exercise charity to all parties to this conflict, and bear in mind that every man of the millions is dear to somebody. There is a spot somewhere to which he is welcome, and there are hearts somewhere to which he is dear. Is he husband? then a wife thinks of him. Is he a son? then parents feel for him. Is he a father? then children wait for his return. He may be English or German, French or Austrian, Prussian or Russian, but beyond it, and above it, and beneath it all, lies the great universal truth that he is a man. As a man then let us think of him, and when we come to look at things in this light, we shall soon begin to see, that being men, we were certainly created for something better than war; and when we see this, we shall adopt that better course to which we have been so long blind. This day is coming. May it soon be ours.

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What is Coming to Him

New York Press:—"English persistence and French dash" together have given the German War Lord a set back. He has had a taste in the last few days of what is coming to him even more completely at some future time. He will learn then that his military arm is just as much of a broken reed as his diplomatic arm already has proved itself to be."

More Fires.

Fires provoke immediate sympathy for the sufferer and also thankfulness for personal escape. Another thought should be whether one is personally and adequately protected. An insurance policy with Percie Johnson would provide for you this desired security and at small expense. Have your money insured.

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When War is Done.



In Europe, where the war is done—may that day soon be greeted!—when some of their victory have won, and some have been defeated, 'twill be a country of the old, the halt, the maimed, the dying; in unmarked

conches, 'neath the mould, the young men will be lying. Afar the youthful hosts are flung, like grain that waits the reaping; for war takes harvest of the young, and leaves the old men weeping. In Europe, when the war is done, and rust dims sword and sabre, in barren fields, from sun to sun, old men and dames will labor. The patriarch must guide the plow, in fields yet red from slaughter, while hunched like horses are the frail, the grandma and the daughter. Perhaps some cripple from the wars may help to do the seeding, while groaning o'er his varied scars, and old wounds freshly bleeding. Some veteran on wooden legs, whose strength is swiftly dwindling, may milk the cow and fetch the eggs, and split the daily kindling. But everywhere, the weak and old must do the heavy toil; must strive the little farms to hold, and keep the pot a-boiling. Old men and dames, the harvest waves! Go forth and do the reaping, for in their red and shallow graves, your strong young men are sleeping!

A Delusion.

New York Tribune:—"So far as the present war is concerned, the cry of Teuton against Slav is a delusion. Neither can the claim that Germany is fighting for western against eastern European civilization be conceded."

On Selection at County Fairs.

By RUTH CAMERON.



Selection is always a difficult process to me. If you ask my little nephew, "Which hand will you have?" he invariably says "Both," and refuses to give any other answer. I sympathize with him. I have frequently said the same thing to the Fates when they offered me a choice between two opportunities, both unknown quantities hidden away behind the uncertainties of the future. And the Fates have frequently answered by giving me neither or perhaps a mutilated part of each.

Even in London Bridges, when the choice was put up to me between a gold house and a gold watch studded with diamonds, the choice was long and painful. And that is why the County Fair was never an unmixed delight to me even at the age of unmixed delights.

As one entered the fair grounds the first assault on one's purse and one's powers of selection came with "Toasted buttered popcorn, all flavors," ringing in one's ear, and "Fresh peanuts, five a bag." In the other. From them on there was one continual call to choose. Should it be ginger ale or root beer? Should it be strawberry or vanilla ice. Did one prefer to purchase a balloon, a whip, a windmill or a whistle? Should one ride on the flying horses or the ferris wheel? Should one have one's typewriter taken or hit the nigger in the head and get a box of candy or a good cigar?

But the most painful selection of all to me was the choice of a sideshow. We saw but one. That was a law im-

mutable. And there were so many and all so wonderful. First I thought I wanted to see the fat woman. "She weighs six hundred pounds if she weighs ten, ladies and gentlemen." Of course, she must weigh ten, so the six hundred was proven beyond a doubt, and I was on the point of yielding my dime when the hypnotic eye of another barker caught me. "The most savage wild man in captivity," he was chanting, "eats raw rabbits, eats 'em alive, without salt or pepper he eats 'em." "Seventh wonder of the world," broke in a third voice, "bound together by a bond of living flesh. If you don't believe it you can touch it with your own hands. Right this way for the Inseparable Twins."

So one after another allured me, and the worst of it was that if I saw the fat lady and found her disappointing I was sure the wild man would have been better, and vice versa.

When my ship comes, in I hope it will be in the late summer. Because, if it is, my first act will be to fill my pockets full of pieces of eight from her hold and go straight to the nearest County Fair, buy popcorn, peanuts and taffy, a balloon, a whip, a whistle and a windmill, ride on the flying horses and the ferris wheel, and, best of all, see every single sideshow.

You think I shall find it a stupid, disappointing spectacle, lacking the eyes of childhood? Not so, reader friend. For I shall have the eyes of my childhood. On my way from the ship to the fair I shall gather in from the highways and byways all the little youngsters that wouldn't have gone to the fair and ask them to lend me their eyes for the day.

I wonder who will be the happiest, they or I?

Ruth Cameron

Military Mascopie.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

Some of our soldiers, it seems, have taken the regimental mascots with them to the front. This is no new departure, for in the Boer war most regiments took their pets with them—by permission or without it. Among the most notable of them was Billie, the brindled bulldog of the 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, who had come unscathed through previous campaigns, as his medals testified. There were also two monkey mascots which attracted attention—belonging respectively to Strathearn's Horse and the C. I. V., both of which rode in procession through London at the close of the war. The most famous of regimental pets is the goat of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, but the record for service with the colors belongs to the late and much lamented Bob of the Royal Berkshire Regiment. Bob—a dog—was at Malwand when his regiment made its gallant stand to cover the guns, and he figured in the group of heroes pictured in "The Last Eleven of Malwand." He came off with a bullet wound in the back, and on returning to England had the honor of being decorated by Queen Victoria.

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Jun 23, 3 p.m. to 7 p.m.



Notice for Tenders!

Tenders will be received from persons wanting the right to cut timber over area 165 sq. miles at Hall's Bay. Tenders to state the prices per cord and thousand feet superficial measurement for logs—stumpage. The highest or any tender may not be accepted.

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sep19,14

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