



The Best Corset for You: Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets

Of course you want a fashionable Corset—one that will give slim, smooth, graceful lines, but—you want more than that!
You Want a Corset You Can Depend Upon for Wear and Comfort.

In Warner's Rust-proof Corsets the beauty is backed up by the finest, the most dependable, the most famous, corset construction in the world.

Long experience, expert skill, scientific exactness, all help to make this construction something that you can depend upon—always. Every Warner's Rust-proof Corset is guaranteed not to Rust, Break or Tear. Naturally they are the most economical Corsets in the world—you can't "wear them out."



We are Sole Agents for the Dominion of Newfoundland

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

THE THINGS PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.



The Authorman was asked the other day why he didn't want to meet a group of people whom he might easily meet if he would go half way. "They are in several different lines of business," said the inquirer; "they must have had plenty of interesting experiences. I should think you would like to meet them and know them for the sake of the material you would get, if for no other reason."

A Cross Section of An Average Conversation.

"Do you know what those men would talk about if I met them?" said the Authorman. "They would talk a whole lot of editorials they had read on the political situation and the financial situation and the rest of the first news. If they talked about their own business it would probably be in a large way, to impress me, rather than in any way that would give me an inside picture of their experience. People don't seem to talk about the interesting things they think or experience. They keep those but up in their minds. They talk about the weather and what they've read in the newspaper (and I've already read that myself) and the books they've read (or pretend to have read) and all that sort of thing. There isn't one person in a hundred who really talks right out of his mind and experience instead of on the surface. I've met just one this summer, and he wasn't one of that bunch you want me to meet—he was a old storekeeper who has been a hip's cook and a lumber man and a sene shifter and about a dozen other things, and had been thinking and observing all his life and wasn't afraid to hand some of it out."

Do you recognize the Authorman's description of the things people talk about as accurate?

It seems to me it is a pretty good cross-section of an average conversation.

On Think As Interesting Things As You Read In Books.

It is my belief that the interesting

thoughts and reactions are not confined to the authors of books by any means. We read things in books and we say "There, that is what I've always thought, but I never quite wanted to say it because I thought it was such a queer idea that no one else would have it." I think the chances are that the person to whom we did not dare speak out that thought, had had the same idea at some time and would have been delighted to have us express it instead of just saying the conventional thing.

People who write books are people who dare to say what they think and also who know how—for self-expression is not the easy thing it seems to the person who has not tried to express any but the simplest things.

Just Say What You Are Thinking Some Day.

Another reason why we don't say the interesting things we think is, I believe, because we "Angry Saxons" (one of our fighting negroes' versions of "Anglo Saxons") are so afraid of appearing the least bit unconventional or emotional.

Just for the interest of the thing, the next time you have some thoughts that are a little out of the ordinary, try sharing them with your companions and see if you do not start a conversation that will have some real vitality to it.

Mainly About People.

Mme. Galli-Curci is to become an American citizen as soon as she can become naturalized, she announced recently. She has just returned from Paris, and says she is through for all time with the Old World, which she described as "like an old woman, worn and sorrowful, withered by war."

Chauncey M. Depew has some pleasing stories that he loves to relate regarding Colonel Williams, the famous hotel keeper of the little town of Peekskill 50 years ago. In speaking of the colonel, he says: "I knew Colonel Williams during all my younger life. He occupied a position which disappeared with changed customs, but was quite common in earlier times. Then the colonel was proprietor and landlord of the Eagle Hotel, at which General Washington had several times stopped during the revolutionary war."

ON SPOT!

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Sizes 250, 216, 176, 150.

PLUMS!

Now booking orders for new shipment to arrive Monday week.

Soper & Moore

Wholesale Grocers.

He was always immaculately dressed in Prince Albert suit and top hat."

George L. Moore, the London millionaire, who has promised London a "Victory" park to cost over \$750,000, was once a solicitor in Belfast and in those days wore a mustache and beard. More than once he was mistaken for King Edward, whom he knew. "The same thing" he said in referring to one such incident to an interviewer recently, "happened to a friend of mine, Judge R. Adams, of Limerick, who used to meet the late monarch at a German spa each year. 'The King was greatly amused when Adams was taken for him. But one day he buttonholed his friend and said: 'I don't object to people taking you for me and singing 'God save the King,' but what I do object to is people coming up to me in the street and saying, 'Good morning, Dick! What'll you have to drink?'"

W. A. Harriman, son of the late "railway king," is now 28 years old, and people in a position to know the facts declare that he is showing the same ability and energy in the shipping business which made his father a formidable figure in the railway world. This young captain of industry is a most engaging personality. He is half an inch over six feet tall, well proportioned, slender and rather diff-

ident in manner, except in business transactions, when he is as direct, as keen and confident in his own judgment as was his dynamic father. Save for the expression of the steady dark eyes under heavy straight brows, there is nothing about the tall wizard of international commerce reminiscent of the little wizard of Wall Street.

Should Miss Mabel Boardman, who in her work as head of the American Red Cross won international fame, accept one of the vacant commissioner-ships of the District of Columbia, which has been offered her by President Wilson, she will then have the distinction of holding the highest political position of any woman in the United States. Miss Boardman is one of the best known women in the world. Before the European war, for her work in directing the activities of the American Red Cross, Miss Boardman was decorated by several foreign rulers, including the King of Sweden, the King of Italy and the Emperor of Japan. Yale University in 1911 recognized Miss Boardman's Samaritan work by giving her an honorary degree of master of arts, the second woman to receive the honor in the history of the university. She served as delegate of the United States to the eighth international Red Cross conference in London in 1907. For more than twelve years Miss Boardman has had direct charge of the entire relief system of the Red Cross. Miss Boardman is the daughter of the late William H. Boardman and his wife, Flor-

ence Sheffield Boardman. She was born in Cleveland, but moved with her parents to Washington about 1895, where she soon became interested in social service work. Of late years she has devoted her attention mainly to the American Red Cross.



BE GREAT OF HEART.

Be great of heart! No fairer greatness lies in skill's domain or any golden prize, Fame hath no worth on mortals to bestow. Like that which true and gentle people know.

Be great of heart! Too big for petty hate, For narrow purpose or restricted state, Welcome the stranger and be fair to foe. Skill hath no greater splendor to bestow.

Be great of heart! Neighbor and friend to all, Stand by the weaker brother lest he fall, Give to the poorer, soothe the sadder breast, This is true greatness living to its best.

Be great of heart! One who men's worth exalts And scorns to mark their trivial sins and faults, There is no greater office to life's end With more rewards than that of just a friend.

Fashions and Fads.

The poke hat has returned. Embroidered duvety hats are featured.

Jade jewelry is increasing in popularity. For children, poplin is gaining great favor.

Heavy jeweled girdles are worn at the hips. Two-toned ribbon is being used for underwear.

The draped veil is having a tremendous vogue. Metal laces are still in demand for evening hats.

Paris hats are trimmed with gorgeous ribbons. Hats are often embroidered in the paisley design.

Scarlet and bright green are leading fall colors. Stitching and pin-tucking are used on suit coats.

60 Years Old Today

Feels as young as ever

PEOPLE who are able to talk like this can't possibly have impure blood—they just feel fit—no headaches, dyspepsia or bilious disorders.

These diseases can be cured by

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A true blood purifier containing the active principles of Dandelion, Madiake, Burdock and other medicinal herbs. Sold at your store, 4 a bottle. Family size, five times as large, 21-00.

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For Motor Boats and Motor Cars.

We have about 35 barrels on hand and will sell at \$1.00 gallon, why pay \$1.50

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AMY LOWELL.



AMY LOWELL.

AMY LOWELL.

This great and gifted woman in judgment often sits; her genius super human equips her, she mits. The bards of epochs older she says, were merely pun k; we thought their works were golden, but now we know they're junk. Oh, music filled their verses when those bards used to write; but Amy rears and curses when rhythm is in sight. She lectures in her attic to poets gone to seed: "Lines must be lame, rheumatic, before they're fit to read. I lines are clear as water, and like bright water flow, why, then, it's time to slaughter the hard who made then so. Old poets were dead ringers for mockingbirds and wrens, but now our truest singers must sound like guinea hens. It seems so strange," says Amy, "that people once read Keats; not only read him, blame me but thought his verses treats. And Tennyson! His twaddle was once accounted grand, and held up as a model for bards throughout the land. But we have travelled greatly in these high modern times; we balk at all that's stately and fine in poets rhymes. All verses must be halting or I will shoo them hence; no psalter must be psalter that shows a lick of sense."

MUTT AND JEFF—

YES, AS A CHILD JEFF WAS VERY, VERY POLITE.

