

Men's Soft Felt Hats

Just a few dozen English and American Soft Felt Hats. Latest styles, good values. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

American Lace Curtains

Another big job line in Cream Lace Curtains, three yards long; full width. Value for \$4.50. Friday and Saturday, \$3.50.

REMARKABLE REDUCTIONS

FOR FRIDAY and SATURDAY.

GENUINE AIDS TO ECONOMY.

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A few dozen odd lots from regular lines. Colors: Blue, Green, Helio and Orange.

Regular Price \$ 7.50.	Sale Price	\$ 5.00
Regular Price \$ 9.00.	Sale Price	\$ 6.00
Regular Price \$11.00.	Sale Price	\$ 8.00
Regular Price \$12.50.	Sale Price	\$ 9.00
Regular Price \$15.00.	Sale Price	\$11.00

A CLEAN UP OF ODD LINES.

Men's Half Hose

We have a small quantity of Men's Cotton and Silk Half Hose remaining from our big job lot of Manufacturers' Samples. Colors: Brown, Grey, Fawn, Black and Fancy Check. Values \$1.00, \$1.20, \$1.60 per pair. Friday and Saturday, 75c., 90c., \$1.20 pair.

Men's Garters

10 doz. pairs Men's Boston Pad Garters, velvet grip. Regular price 45c. Friday and Saturday, 40c.

6 doz. Men's Boston Pad Garters, double grip. Regular price 50c. Friday and Saturday, 45c.

Durham Duplex Safety Razors.

A few dozen left at the old regular price, \$1.60. Extra blades always in stock.

Friday and Saturday

\$1.50.

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

HOW TO DEAL WITH DISCOMFORTS.

A few weeks ago I had occasion to take a little trip, partly for business, partly for pleasure.

In the course of it, we landed one night at a hotel at which we had not stayed for a good many years, and soon found that during those years the hotel had sadly run down.

The dinner was poor; we were put into a very dingy apartment with a dark bathroom and a bedroom on the air shaft; the paint was battered; there was dust in the corners; and, final tragedy, when we came to get into bed, we found that the blankets were horribly dingy and stained in one or two places.

I pinned Our Sheets Over Our Blankets.

We turned the sheets down very carefully and pinned them into place, and then crept gingerly in.

"Isn't it dreadful?" I wailed.

"Horrible," said my companion.

"Do you think we could get in elsewhere?"

"No, it's too late."

"I don't believe I shall sleep a wink," I said finally after trying to impose myself, "I am so afraid the blankets might touch me."

"It is horrid," said my companion, and then she added, "But do you know what I've been thinking of?"

"What?"

"Through Their Eyes."

"The soldiers," she said, "and how wonderfully comfortable a place this would have been to them, and how they would have welcomed the chance to sleep as long as they wanted and to get even such food as they had to-night."

I joined her in thought for a minute, and then I suggested, "You mean you ought to be ashamed to be so soft and so troubled by a little discomfort?"

"What do you think?" she asked.

"The same," I said, fervently.

"I often think of the soldiers," she went on. "When I'm in the dentist's chair and think I can't stand it, when I'm terribly tired, or when I'm fussing because I have to buy a cheaper piece of beef than I used to—and I find it helps me to stop fussing."

"It's a pretty good idea, isn't it?"

"I've tried it since and I've found it helps."

What One Nurse Wrote Back.

Another friend of mine who was among those thrice blessed ones who had a nurse's training and were able to use it at the battle front, sent back this word to her mother:

"It sometimes seems to me as if I could never nurse again at home because it will be so hard to stand the fretting and complaining over nothing after what I've seen over here."

We are rapidly pushing the war back into the past and trying to get away from thoughts of it. This reaction is inevitable—but I think it can be overcome.

THE DOCTOR.



The doctor left my throbbing wrist, whose pulsebeats seemed to lunge; he said, "You have the hives, I wist, and I'll prescribe some dope." And when I got the doctor's bill, a painful hour was mine; a sort of raw and clammy chill went sliding down my spine. I said, "It is a sin and shame, to tax me such a sum, and I shall climb that sawbones' frame, when next I see him come."

And when I thought of all the toll it took to make him wise; he studied by the midnight oil until he sprained his eyes. He had to paw old mistletoes, and listen, by the day, to lectures, whose musty tones would make a corpse turn gray. He had to physic pauper gents to get his hand in right, and if they paid him fifty cents he wept from pure delight. He had to travel muddy roads in mid-night rain and storm, while I was writing nutty odes, serene and fat and warm. He often lacked a goose to eat when came his Christmas day; and if he's now in Easy Street, he surely fought his way. "He's charging for the skill," I said, "that long hard years have brought, and so I will not punch his head, or spoil his dome of thought."

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The Destroyer of a Zeppelin.

Flight Sub-Lieutenant Warnford, V.C., who was accidentally killed in France on June 18, 1918, was born in India, and came to England on the death of his father. He was adopted by his grandfather and educated at Stratford-on-Avon Grammar School, where Shakespeare is supposed to have been a pupil. Warnford afterwards entered the Mercantile Marine, but at the outbreak of the great war he enlisted in the Second Sportsmen's battalion and was later transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service. He was a very daring airman and possessed great presence of mind and quickness of decision. On the morning of June 7, 1918, he attacked a Zeppelin which was returning from a raid on Ramsgate, and which was flying at about a mile high between Ghent and Brussels. Warnford got above it and dropped six bombs, which caused the airship to explode and fall to the ground. The force of the explosion turned Warnford's aeroplane upside down and stopped the engine, so that he was forced to land. However, before the German troops in the vicinity were able to arrest him, he got going again and returned to his base. For this exploit he was given the V.C. and the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Ten days later he was unfortunately killed while demonstrating at a French aerodrome.

An Extraordinary Exploit.

The only prisoner made by the English reserve at Waterloo on June 18, 1815, was a French General, whose capture was due to the cool head and stout heart of a young brigade-major, anxious for adventure. During the battle several regiments of cavalry and infantry were kept in reserve, under a heavy fire from the French guns. Great was the havoc, and neither men nor horses relished the passive attitude to which they were condemned. While a group of young officers, in front of the left wing of the reserve, were discussing the situation, their attention was attracted to a French General and his staff, all on horseback, who were looking through their glasses at the Englishmen. One of the group was Captain Halkett, who was mounted on a thoroughbred. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I'll lay anyone five pounds that I will bring that French General over here, dead or alive. Who will take my bet?" "Done—done—done!" shouted several officers. The captain examined the saddle girths and his pistol; then shouting "Good-bye!" and, putting spurs to his horse, he dashed at a furious pace across the plain between the British and French lines. His comrades followed him with their eyes, speaking not a word. The Frenchmen opposite seemed puzzled, and believing that the Englishman's horse had bolted, and that the rider had lost control of him, they opened their ranks to let the runaway through. Halkett steered his steed so as to graze the mounted General on the right side. At that instant he put his arm round the Frenchman's waist, lifted him bodily out of the saddle, and throwing him over his

own horse's neck, turned sharp and made for the English lines. When the General's staff realized the meaning of the bold rider, they dashed after him. But he had a good start, and not a Frenchman dared to fire, for fear of hitting the General. Half a squadron of English dragoons, seeing Halkett chased by a dozen French officers, charged them. They opened their ranks to let Halkett through, closed them up again the moment he was in the rear, and then forced the Frenchmen to turn swiftly and seek shelter under their own guns. Halkett stopped in front of the British lines, with the General half-dead, but securely clasped in his strong arms. Jumping from his horse, he apologized to his prisoner for the unceremonious way in which he had been handled, and in reply to the congratulations of his comrades, said simply: "Praise my horse, not me!" The captured General was treated with the utmost courtesy. Horses and servants were placed at his disposal, and he was sent under escort to Brussels.



SUCCESS.

Success is being friendly when another needs a friend. It's in the cherry words you speak, and in the coins you lend; Success is not alone in skill and deeds of daring great. It's in the roses that you plant beside your garden gate.

Success is in the way you walk the path of life each day. It's in the little things you do and in the things you say; Success is in the glad hello you give your fellow men. It's in the laughter of your home and all the joys you plan.

Success is not in getting rich or rising high to fame. It's not alone in winning goals which which all men hope to claim; It's in the man you are each day through happiness or care. It's in the cheery words you speak and in the smile you wear.

Success is being big of heart and clean and broad of mind; It's being faithful to your friends, and to the stranger, kind; It's in the children whom you love, and all they learn from you— Success depends on character and everything you do.

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By Gene Byrnes

Household Notes.



Cheese pared thinly, smeared with butter and wrapped in a cloth will keep soft in a cool place.
Dried peaches, raisins, walnut meats, sugar and lemon and orange juice make a delicious conserve.
Mix left-over cooked fish with curry, place in a border of cooked rice and reheat.
If you are short of baking powder, sift together one part of bi-carbonate of soda and two parts of cream of tartar.
Never leave uncooked meat wrapped in paper. The paper will absorb the juice of the meat and waste it.
Cut flowers will keep fresh much longer if an inch of the stem is slit before putting them into the water.
If protecting ice from the air, wrap in waxed paper instead of newspaper, as the latter quickly softens to pulp.