

MID-SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE.

As usual, we are now marking the **BALANCE OF OUR SUMMER STOCK** at Prices that **WILL INSURE A QUICK CLEARANCE.** At this Sale we will offer Goods that are difficult to obtain and are really worth much more than we are marking them.

Our Bargain Offerings Include:

BOYS' KHAKI BELTED TWO-PIECE SUITS.

8 to 16 years. All one price **\$2.20**

MISSSES' MUSLIN DRESSES.

Slightly soiled. Reduced from \$1.50 and \$3.00 to 72c. and \$1.10.

BOYS' WASH SUITS.

New clean stock, 65c., \$1.26 and \$1.50.

Worth from 80c. to \$2.50.

MEN'S STRAW HATS.

New goods, this summer's style.

\$1.00 Hat for 60c.
\$1.20 Hat for 75c.
\$1.40 Hat for \$1.00

FOR GIRLS:

MIDDY BLOUSES.

Very new styles. Were \$1.60. Now only **\$1.24**

MISSSES'

WHITE PIQUE TAMS,

only 28c.

WHITE BURSON HOSE.

Ladies' sizes 27c
40c. value

LADIES'

READY-TO-WEAR HATS,

from \$3.00 to \$5.00. Now all one price **\$1.58**

All Hats under \$2.00 now **60c**

CHILDREN'S

WHITE STOCKINGS,

all sizes, 14c. to 25c.

LADIES' FLESH COLOUR

SILK SLIPS,

\$2.00. Now **\$1.55**

Big Reductions in

LADIES' & CHILD'S

WHITE CANVAS SHOES.

BOYS' WHITE LINEN HATS,

reduced from 30c. to 18c.

INFANTS' WHITE PIQUE and

CREAM LUSTRE COATS,

95c. to \$1.80.

All Lines of SUMMER GOODS Reduced to Cost.

NO APPROBATION!

ROBERT TEMPLETON, - - 333 Water Street.

Not Another Year of War

(From the North American, Philadelphia.)

There remains the psychological factor—the stimulating effect of an offensive, long delayed but finally launched with impressive success, and the contrasting depression which inevitably follows a surrendered initiative. And in the present war these conditions have a national as well as a military influence. Every imperial proclamation, every newspaper utterance, reveal now a realization in Germany that victory in the German sense is impossible and that the nation fights now, not in the inspiring hope of dominion, but with desperate need to avert disaster. While each battle seemed a prelude to triumph, the German army and people displayed superb discipline and devotion; will they reveal the same qualities under the prolonged agony of a violent siege?

A forecast recognizes, and justly, the tremendous military force which Germany still possesses; count men and guns and munitions, and even with the odds against her, resistance for so long is easily deduced. But it takes more than these things to win a war—it takes supreme confidence in victory, absolute belief in the justice of a cause which demands such terrible sacrifices.

That the Germans have been inspired by such a faith, their great deeds testify. But is it still theirs? If so, how long will it withstand the knowledge that a war of triumphant aggression has become for them a war of painful resistance, of agonizing

suspense—no longer a means of national aggrandizement, but a desperate struggle to extort favorable terms from relentless antagonists? How long will it survive the revelation, now emerging dimly through the murk of battle, that the nation was drugged by a false philosophy and led to disaster by a deluded statesmanship?

And there is a still deeper source of weakness. The national spirit which could exult over the corpse of Belgium and glory in the Lusitania massacre is not sound. It has been strong in victory; will it be as valiant in adversity? That there was a first anniversary of the war was a signal that Germany's plan of conquest had failed. That there is a second shows how stupendous were her opponents' problems of preparation. That there will be a third we cannot bring ourselves to believe.

For Fifty Rupees.

General Sir George Younghusband, recently reported wounded in Mesopotamia, is as good at story-telling as he is at fighting, which is saying a great deal.

One anecdote he is fond of relating concerns an incident which happened when he was serving with the Chitral Relief Force.

The column he commanded was much annoyed on the way up by snipers, who were responsible for many casualties. There was one sniper in particular whose aim was deadly, and a reward of fifty rupees was offered to whoever succeeded in potting him.

This stirred to activity a native who had recently joined the expedition as

a bearer, and he craved permission to go out at dusk and stalk the stalker.

The asked-for permission being given, the man went off, and shortly after dawn he returned with two rifles—the one that had been lent him for the occasion and the sniper's. As no tribesman will part with his rifle except with his life, it was rightly assumed that the owner thereof was dead, and the bearer was told to parade at orderly-room time for his reward. Incidentally he was asked how he had managed to succeed so quickly with his self-imposed task.

"Oh," he replied lightly, "I knew his ways, sahib, and I kill him easily." "Why, was he a friend of yours?" asked General Younghusband.

"No, sahib, only my father," was the illuminating answer.—Pearson's Weekly.

Austrians are Cruel to Russian Prisoners.

(By LORD NORTHCLIFFE.)

On the Isonzo front, August 14.—The Austrians are not running, but they are clearly retreating with some speed. The Italian advance is steady; steady also is the inflow of prisoners. Two thousand were brought in yesterday. Opinions differ as to where the retreat will end, but the matter emphatically is not one for public discussion.

The Austrians' bitterness of soul may be judged by their behavior. At Dobordo Russian prisoners of war, who had been brought in to mace roads for the Austrians, were found hanged, possibly as a revenge for the escape of other Russian prisoners who swam the Isonzo the other day and reached the Italian lines after hiding four nights among the rocks. Italian wounded were found mutilated.

I have seen terrible spiked maces that are habitually used by the Austrians to break the skulls of the wounded; also thongs, with leaden balls attached to stocks, which the Austrians use to coerce laggards.

Owing to the fact that 80 many Italian and Austrian soldiers have worked in the United States and Canada, it often happens that English is the only language in which they can converse mutually. Yesterday I saw a small band of prisoners being brought in by the Bersagliere, who answered my remarks upon the stout physical appearance of the prisoners by saying in good American that "they can holler all right, mister," at which the prisoners grinned with evident understanding.

Everyday Etiquette.

"I want to send out some dinner invitations soon and would like to ask you how long before the dinner they should be sent out," said Katherine.

"It is customary to send dinner invitations out ten days before the event," answered Florence.

The Workers Behind the Guns.

A captured German officer, describing the artillery fire of the Franco-British army in the valley of the Somme, said to his captor: "The smoke was so dense that it was impossible to mark where the shells were falling. All we saw was a dark cloud interspersed with red, green and yellow flashes. Once, just before twilight yesterday, there was a momentary lull, and I caught a glimpse of the surroundings. The effect was extraordinary. The solid earth had literally sunk over a wide area, actually flattened as with a gigantic hammer by shells falling so continuously that the holes coalesced into one vast basin." In this inferno only the dead were happy said the German who had come back from it, the sole survivor of the most terrible illustration ever presented of the power of modern artillery.

But behind the guns are men. There is the artilleryman, performing manual labor in the manipulation of his weapon so exhausting that when his spell of work is over and his period of relief comes he drops exhausted on the bare ground and sleeps with the roar of the bombardment in his ears. There are the men of the supply service who bring up shell to the guns in great motor cars over shell-torn roads, and whose heroism, though not often recorded, is equal to that of the charging infantry on the crest of an attack.

Back of all in the arsenals and workshops of Britain, France, and the other allied nations, are the men and women who fabricate the guns and provide the projectiles that make possible the prodigious spectacle of the Somme. They, too, are heroic in their self-abnegation. Only those who have seen the processes of steel-making incessantly through the heat of summer in the foundry and forge, handling great masses of plastic steel that, while being shaped and fashioned into the form of cannon, give out a degree of heat beside which the ninety in the shade over which we lament is frigidity itself. In the gun-making factories of the Tynes, the Clyde, and Yorkshire, overborne men who have looked forward with intense longing for a whole year to a few days of escape in August from their particular inferno, have responded with hearty good-will to General Haig's plea that holidays be not thought of till the supply of guns is inexhaustible. The willing spirit commands the lagging worn-out body to renewed exertions, and the glowing steel is fashioned into death-dealing weapons amid surroundings of almost intolerable hardship.

In the shell-making establishments conditions are easier, but there, too, men and women labor with a degree of devotion beyond all praise. Tens of thousands of women to whom the wages received for their work are not of importance, as well as hundreds of thousands of working women who had no experience of factory life before the war, toil long hours with brief off-duty periods, and have no other interest in life than to maintain the output at its maximum. Even here in Canada there are hundreds of factories in which men and women are laboring incessantly through the period of mid-summer tropical heat to feed the guns. All honor to them everywhere, the heroes and heroines of the workshop, who are aiding Britain once more, as in Napoleon's time, to save herself by her exertions and all Europe by her example. France stands to-day beside Britain, a joint guardian of the world's liberty. Not all the powers of the German military machine, with its marvellous capacity for the production of missiles of death and destruction, can prevail against the whole-souled service of the men and women in the munition factories of the Allies. There, even more than in the valley of the Somme, the fight for freedom will be won.—Toronto Globe.

Your Boys and Girls.

A novel method of adding to the excitement of birthday presents is in hiding them and making the child search for them, unaided. At breakfast, or at whatever meal the family can make time for a little birthday fun, the child might find a card slipped under his plate. Attached to the card is the end of several dozen feet of twine, and the child is told to follow the cord if he want to find his birthday present. Of course the child has to stop to untie this bundle which by the way is carefully wrapped in paper. Twelve presents are for each hour of the day should be wrapped up and placed in the bag and the child should be allowed to draw one present at the stroke of the clock all day.

This idea of giving to others on the birthday is a very good one. So while presents are lavished on the child whose birthday it is, he should have various little favors to give to others on this great day.

SUMMER FIGHTING.



The Germans and French, in the field and the trench, still brandish their red anticranes; they slash at their foes, though the mercury shows it's up to ninety degrees. If I had to scrap all over the map, I'd surely be frightfully bored; I'd hate to be shot when the weather is hot, I'd hate to be sliced with a sword. I've nothing to do but to simmer and stew, and punish the pink lemonade; and yet I complain of the torture and strain, while loafing around in the shade. I sit in the swing and I mutter, "By Jingo, this heat is a punishment dire; and I'll wager my purse that I wouldn't feel worse if I sat with my feet in a fire." But what would I say if there ambled my way a warrior bold, with a gun? And what would I think if he filled me with zinc, and old rusty nails by the ton? All melting my grease, but I'm melting in peace, and ought to be cheerful and gay; I'd hate to be shot when the weather is hot, I'd hate to be scrapping all day.

Incandescent Gas Lighting.

The remarkable economy of the incandescent gas lamp is by no means either its chief—or even an important—claim for popularity. It meets better than any other source of artificial light the requirements of ideal light.

In the color of the light produced it is far superior to any other illuminant in general and universal use. The investigations of acknowledged authorities indicate that for the approximation of artificial daylight the gas mantle has at least one and one-half times the value of the carbon-filament electric lamp.

Of all the manifold advantages of gas light, perhaps the most important is its favourable effect upon the eyes. The development of the incandescent electric lamp with its intense brilliant and glaring filament has been accompanied by hitherto unheard-of prevalence of eye troubles and diseases which are forcing themselves upon the attention of the medical fraternity. This is resulting in a greater appreciation of the soft mellow quality of gas light and is rapidly enlarging its field of use.—July 15, 1904.

Household Notes.

A good salad is made of peaches and cherries, the first pared and halved, the second pitted. Fill the cherries with Neufchatel cheese and lay them in the peach halves, then serve with sour cream dressing.

It is a good idea to try changing foods about from one meal to another—use something generally planned for breakfast for luncheon instead, and a dinner food for breakfast. It makes meal time much more interesting.

ASK FOR JINARD'S LINIMENT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Fresh Cream—daily

AMERICAN BEAUTY FRESH BUTTER.

Bishop, Sons & Co., Limited.
Grocery Department.

N. Y. Chicken, N. Y. Corned Beef

Liver Sausage, Pork Sausage, Veal and Ham Sausage, Frankfort's Sausage, English Brawn, Oxford Sausage in Tomato.

Egg Plant, White Squash, Horseradish, Cucumbers, Cauliflower, Fresh Corn, White Table Onions, Lettuce, Radishes, Celery, Mushrooms, Asparagus, Tomatoes.

Cream Chicken a La King, Sweetbreads in Tomato Sauce, Wild Boar's Head, Indian Curried Rabbit.

Royal Mint Sauce, Spanish Paprika, Dry Serrano, Cut Okra, Spaghetti in Tomato, Royal Lentils in Tomato.

Moirs Slab Cake.

Olives, Plain, Olives, Pimento, Olives, Celery, Olives, Imp. Mixed, Olives, Sandwich Salad.

The Original Bath Oliver Biscuit.

Orange Butter, Banana Butter, Pineapple Butter.

Bananas, Oranges, Grape Fruit, Pineapples, Red Plums, Blue Plums, Yellow Plums, Lemons.

BELGIAN HARES KILLED TO ORDER.

Abdulla Cigarettes.

Egyptian, Turkish, Virginian.

Abdulla Smoking Mixture

'Phone 679.

Enjoy your meals by taking a teaspoonful of Stafford's Prescription "A" before eating. Price 25c. and 50c. Postage 1 and 10c. extra.—July 22, 1916.

The KEY to a BETTER Smoke

Your pocket-knife and a plug of **BRITISH COLONEL**

It is all you need to discover what real sweetness you can get out of your old pipe.

Whittle off a fresh pipeful just before you smoke and you will find your smoke will be sweeter, slower-burning and cooler than you ever got from any other plug tobacco.

BRITISH COLONEL

is sold for 15 cents a cut—75 cents a plug—in every store that handles tobacco.

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"I DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE"

"Feel Like a New Person," says Mrs. Hamilton.

New Castle, Ind.—"From the time I was eleven years old until I was seventeen I suffered each month so I had to be in bed, I had headache, backache, and such pains I would cramp double every month. I did not know what it was to be easy a minute. My health was all run down and the doctors did not do me any good. A neighbor told my mother about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it, and now I feel like a new person. I don't suffer any more and I am regular every month."—Mrs. HAZEL HAMILTON, 822 South 15th St.

When a remedy has lived for forty years, steadily growing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon thousands of women declare they owe their health to it, it is not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great merit?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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