



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.

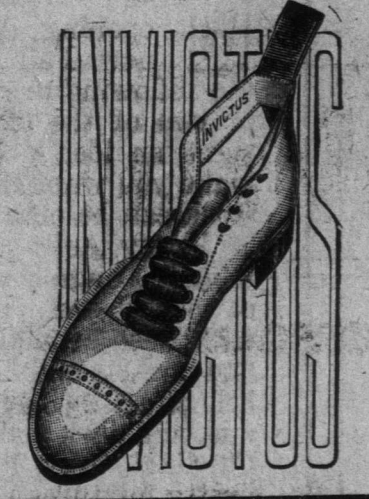
We now offer them at prices that will clear them out.

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

With Rubber Heels..... \$4.50 per pair.

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

Marshall Brothers, Agts.



Divorced Life

Helen Hanson, Fuesle

The Hand of Destiny

Marian found Challoner, strangely unlike other men she had known. His habitual indifference whetted her curiosity, and goaded her into an acute desire to catch a glimpse of what was beneath the mask.

In her brief conversation, he talked to her in language almost strange. It was free from men's almost universal effort to be clever and engaging in the presence of an attractive young woman. His remarks were at all time remote from flattery. He did not struggle to be complimentary.

Other men, by doing these things, had always made Marian uncomfortably conscious of the sex difference between them, had forced her to keep on woman's eternal guard. With Challoner, however, she did not feel compelled to keep her guard thrown up. Conversation with this man, accordingly, was restful—not unlike a placid and refreshing oasis in her desolate travelling among men.

She had begun to feel a great curiosity as to the kind of books he took with him on his lonely rambles with his pipe. She found herself making mental lists of the sort of thing she hoped he was reading. One day, with a startling thrill of surprise and satisfaction, she learned that he was reading Joseph Conrad, a writer whom she herself had discovered with a sense of weird elation before the limited editions of his books had begun to claim anything like general public attention. The wild, crude power, the booming color, the surge and swing of Conrad's terrific tales had filled Marian with fascination. And now the discovery that Challoner, the interesting and elusive newcomer at the Inn, was reading this author of all others, seemed at once to establish for Marian Winthrop a more potent bond of attraction.

Challoner looked glad when he discovered that Marian knew and cared for Conrad. "The admirers of Conrad are a coterie," he said. "He will never be a best seller because he's so far above and beyond the tastes of the general reader. I've always been a lover of the sea. That's one reason why I could understand Conrad's language, even though I had never seen it written before. I'm mighty glad I've found someone who reads and understands him."

Never had Challoner spoken so freely, as unrestrainedly, to Marian. His habitually indifferent eyes glowed and sparkled as he talked. Marian listened as one listens to an oracle abruptly found among common walks of men. They arranged for an exchange of the different volumes of this writer's works which each had brought along to the Inn. Temperament and circumstances were reaching out with restless fingers to draw these two into closer association.

Marian, dully aware of what was happening, made no effort to resist. What dusty, tired traveller will undertake to resist the alluring vision of a shady resting place ahead, especially when the journey is essentially aimless, and when the anchor which once held her fast has been hoisted by means of the windlass of divorce proceedings?

Thenceforth, Marian and Challoner saw much more of each other. The latter's indifference began to wane. Not only pipe and book, but the woman now began accompanying him on his rambles and trips in a canoe.

To-morrow—A Startling Discovery.

When water has spilled on a valuable book, lay a blotter on each side of the first wet leaf and iron until dry with a medium hot iron.

LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, Sept. 16th, 1914.

THE CITY OF REFUGE.

London is now a city of refuge, as it was in the days of the Napoleonic war. You cannot go many yards in the Strand, you can hardly board a suburban bus or train, without seeing some "alien friend," whether Belgian, French or American from Germany. The Belgians go about usually in families under the wing of their hostess. The people who have given hospitality are doing their best to make London homelike to these homeless folk, and are sparing no trouble in the way of taking the refugees about among the show places. Walking in a suburban road you may meet a Belgian who, without introduction, stops you and pours out profuse gratitude to England and the English. This faith in the shelter of London has its embarrassing side, for the concentration of the refugees here was not anticipated when the various relief agencies were started at the outbreak of the war. Middle-class refugees with some money are taking small furnished flats and houses in the suburbs, and living very quietly. This morning outside Buckingham Palace I saw a Belgian widow in deep and flowing black showing her children a company of Guards setting off for Belgium. They watched the solemn step of the Guards—the men looked unfamiliar to London eyes in their khaki—as they came out of the King's Court and headed by a band in parade uniform playing them away to the field of adventure. The Belgians followed them with an intense and adoring gaze. French people from Paris and the North are now among us in very large numbers, but they are more familiar with our London ways than the Belgians, few of whom have been to England before the Germans picked them out of home and happiness.

THE SCOTS GUARDS' SONGS.

Reading in the casualty lists the names of so many Scots Guards men, brings back before me a scene I recently witnessed at the Waterloo station terminus of the London and South Western Railway when many of these brave men were entraining for the war. They had been played to the station by the band with the unfading "It's a long way to Tipperary," but after the band had ceased something more characteristic of Scottish soldiers was heard. Someone at the far end of the train began "The Bonnie Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," the old Jacobite song that told of war and eternal parting, and it spread slowly down the line, catching fire at each carriage till the whole train was singing it. At such a moment the patios of the words and the lament of the tune (backed by the wailing of the soldiers who were there in numbers with their infants joined in the chorus).

You'll tak' the high road
And I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland before ye;
But she and my true love
Will never meet again.
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond,
It reverberated in slow waves through

the station. A number of the men were reservists and men who had rejoined the colors, and so there were more wives and children, and more hard partings than I have seen at other departures during the great war. But the men were obviously eager to be off. Most of them were in high spirits. One who wished to pay his respects for the last time to the refreshment room was pulled up short with the words, "Go if you like, but you'll not get back, and bang goes your chance of fighting the Germans." That terrible threat was enough.

A NEW WAR DECORATION.

It is said that the King is considering a new decoration to be awarded to those who conspicuously distinguish themselves during the present war. In the past it has been customary to reward officers with either admission to or promotion in the Order of the Bath, but there are at present such a large number of members of this Order that it is felt some limit should be placed and a new military order founded. When this comes to pass, however, it will be found that decorations are granted very much more sparingly than was the case during the South African War, when Stars and Orders were showered. It has been suggested that the new Order, when it is founded, should bear the name of each of their Majesties, but no decision in the matter is likely to be arrived at for some little time.

"ICH DIEN."

Some folks are wondering whether the war will lead to a change in the motto of the Prince of Wales. The famous "Ich Dien" is of German origin, having been taken, so tradition says, by the Black Prince together with the three Prince of Wales' feathers, from the helmet of the blind King of Bohemia, who was slain at the battle of Crecy. The general idea is that the English rendering, "I serve," might be substituted for the German words. In the ordinary course of procedure a change in a coat-of-arms is referred to the College of Arms, but inquiries made of that body indicate that any alteration in the Royal Arms would be effected in the first place by an Order in

Council. It is interesting to note that the motto of the Prince of Wales is the only German one in the British peerage, though many Peers have French and Latin ones.

HELP FOR A JADED TRADE.

The autumn trade for some dress-making firms is turning out beyond expectation to be good. One would not have supposed that the seasonal activity which normally begins about this time would be entirely absent this year. Women's purchasing power has diminished very much, but it has not disappeared. Still, the demand for some kinds of clothing has, of course, been killed by the war, and there is considerable unemployment everywhere in the women's trade. It is therefore rather surprising to hear of one or two firms which are able to keep some part of their staff working until half-past nine at night. There are particular reasons for this spasmodic outburst of industry. One of the reasons is, again, the heaven-sent Americans, who have in the last two months spent more money in London than they intended to when they set sail from New York. Hundreds of them, scattered over the Continent when the war began, have lost their luggage beyond immediate hope of recovery. They have added considerably to the London demand for clothes. I am told that one dress-making shop has orders from sixty American women for autumn frocks. Besides the Americans there are a good many English women whose wardrobes are by this time perhaps having adventures on the Continent. Unfortunately a little rush of trade due to such a cause cannot last very long.

CASH'S Tobacco Store.

In connection with our well known tobacco business we have recently installed an up-to-date Soda Fountain, and during the summer will dispense Arctic Soda Water; our syrups are the pure juice of the fruits and make a delicious drink.

Try a 5 cent glass and cool off.

JAMES P. CASH,
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Good-Bye, Old Backache.

Nerviline Will Fix You.

Stiffness is robbed right out. Every Sign of Pain Disappears. Gee whizz—think of it! No more stomach dosing necessary to cure your lame back. Every trace of lameness, every bit of stiffness, every sign of weakness in the back's muscles can be rubbed away for all time to come by good old "Nerviline."

No other liniment can do the work so quickly, can penetrate so deeply, can bring ease and comfort to the back-weary sufferer as Nerviline invariably does.

Backache isn't the only malady Nerviline is quick to cure. For lumbago or sciatica you would go far to find relief so speedy as Nerviline gives. For chronic rheumatism there is the pain-destroying properties in Nerviline that give it first rank. The way it limbers up a stiff joint and takes soreness out of strained or rheumatic muscles is simply a wonder.

If you have an ache or a pain anywhere, if you have a sore back, a stiff neck, a stiff joint, a strained muscle—if you have lumbago, congested chest, or sore throat, just try Nerviline. Rub it on plentifully—it won't blister, it can't do anything but cure you quickly. The large 50c. family size bottle is the most economical, of course, but you can't from any dealer, also get the 25c. small size Nerviline, the king of all pain-relieving remedies.

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