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Our Shoe Department is well stocked with many lines of Men's Footwear, and among them the famous "Invictus Shoe" which we now bring to your Notice.

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MEN'S INVICTUS FOOTWEAR.

We are now opening our Fall and Winter stock of Men's

INVICTUS SHOES

"THE BEST GOOD SHOE." Black Vici, Black and Tan Box Calf, Black Duck Back. Full Range of Sizes. We will be glad to have you inspect them.

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

THE STORY OF A HOME HERO.



RUTH CAMERON

A story of heroism during the influenza epidemic, too fine to be kept to myself, came to me the other day.

It was told me by one of my college friends whose father-in-law is an elderly doctor.

This man's wife had the influenza badly and he was taking care of her besides attending to his practice.

His daughter who lived in a town a few miles away was also ill, and her husband was looking after her and attending to his business. Then one day the daughter sent word to her father that her husband had been suddenly stricken with the disease, slitting away at his place of business. She asked her father to get someone to help them.

Three Sick People: a Baby, The Housework and His Patients.

He could get no one and so he brought the sick husband and wife and their two-year-old baby to his own home. For three days, alone and unaided, he looked after these three sick people, did what housework was done, took care of the two-year-old child and attended to his practice—which was, of course, enormous.

At the end of that time he managed to get a neighbor to take the child, but for 10 days he went on caring for the three patients and attending to his own practice. Incidentally, the son-in-law was so sick that he was delirious.

When you think of the tremendous pressure this must have meant, the instant suffering from lack of sleep, the constant forcing on of "nerves" and strain and stress to serve your turn after they are gone; when you think that he was a man well past middle age who accomplished this at; when you think that he did it simply and cheerfully, and without any sense of doing anything remarkable, don't you feel like rising and king off your hat to him as no less hero than many who were cited in the war?

The People Who Work When They Are Sick Aged.

I have a tremendous respect for this kind of heroism. I never push myself to do some little thing when I am "under the weather" without thinking of the men and women all over the world who have to go on working when they are sick enough to be in bed—and, mentally, I take off my hat to them.

Think of the mothers of three or four small children, who have no help and can't give in. Think how they plod doggedly about the house, bend over the kitchen stove, drag their heavy feet back and forth, from pantry to table, lift the baby in and out of his crib, button up the four-year-old's dress—when all the time they are so sick, so weary, so harassed by pain that every fibre of their bodies begs to be thrown on the bed and given utter rest.

Honor To Whom Honor Is Due.

Think of the fathers of families who go to their work and lash their weary brains at their tasks when their veins seem to run lead and when every thought is a Herculean effort. Death would be a blessed relief to many such, but death is denied to all but the slackers. The heroes fight on.

What they do is too splendidly common to receive the honor it deserves. But here is at least one word of heartfelt tribute to all these nameless uncounted heroes and heroines.

Just Received

Two Thousand Bottles
Wampoles
Cod Liver Oil.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
Wholesale and Retail
Chemists and Druggists,
St. John's, Nfld.

GIVE A LIFT.



WILL MASON

When I'm chugging in my motor, up and down the countryside, and behold a weary voter, I remark, "Get in and ride." And he always looks so grateful that, in sooth, I wonder why any man should be so hateful as to pass a walker by.

All day long the cars go skitting up and down the dusty pike, and few drivers are inviting weary Pete or footsore Mike; and these weary men are heaping curses on the idle rich, as from danger they go leaping to the bottom of the ditch. I repeat this simple motto, as along the road I drift: "When you're riding in your auto, give the weary a lift."

Oh, my car is large and roomy, seven delegates 'twill seat, and I call the pilgrims to me, saying, "Ride and rest your feet." And it fills my heart with gladness, and it makes my bosom glow, when I rescue from their sadness seven delegates or so. In my car I'm grand and stately, like a monarch on his throne, but I'd loathe and hate me greatly, if I rode in there alone, while a lot of weary fellows labored in the dust and heat, breathing through their leaking bellows, weeping over their aching feet. I keep saying while I'm skidding in my wagon large and swift, "Selfishness is most forbidding—give the other chap a lift."

The Toggery of Sport.

Flannels and shorts and pumps are all of recent origin and use. In the first University race at Henley in 1829 Oxford won, wearing blue checks, while Cambridge wore white, with pink waistcoats; whilst a little earlier still the correct thing for rowing men was a green leather calskin cap, with a jacket and trousers of nankeen.

Even at cricket flannels were unknown a century ago. Indeed the sight of a cricket-match in the first half of last century would now be regarded as a subject for mirth, for the players played in top hats.

The fact is that in the earlier days cricket was distinctly an aristocratic game, and probably the wearing of topers was a sign of respectability which died hard.

One so-called sport, however, a man did "strip" for, and that was the prize-ring. The fighting was so strenuous that the man who wore more than a minimum of covering would be beaten before he started.

READY

for delivery to-day.

200 only 90
lb. Bags

P. E. I. Blue
Potatoes.

Soper & Moore
Importers and Jobbers.

Shipping Notes.

Schooners June and Union Jack are now in dry dock, undergoing repairs. S. S. Rosalind will probably leave Halifax to-day. If so ship should arrive here on Thursday morning.

The Danish schooner Ludvig arrived in port from Iceland last evening, to load dry codfish for the European market.

S. S. Neptune of the Federal Line, is expected to leave Boston to-morrow for this port.

Schooner M. T. White sailed from St. Jacques yesterday, with 3210 qts. codfish, shipped by J. Petite. Her destination is Gibraltar, for orders.

Schooner Dolly Mac, cleared from Harvey & Co's. premises yesterday, for Change Island with a general cargo.

The Lake Cathoon is loading paper at Botwood. She leaves for New York when loaded.

LOST FINE HEIFER.—Mr. P. Furlong, Smithville, lost an heifer this morning. The service of a vet. was called but he could not save the animal.

BLUE PUTTEE, Rawlins' Cross-Ice Cream, Iced Drinks, Hot Drinks, Music. "Better than the best". (All belt line cars stop at the door.) Jan. 17.



THE PILLOW FIGHT.

Last night we sent 'em up to bed, And soon a racket overhead. Told us beyond the slightest doubt Just what these youngsters were about; Above us rattled chandeliers, While shrieks of laughter filled our ears; A picture tumbled from its hook, And all the parlor windows shook, And mother said in great dismay: "Go up and stop them right away! I told them just the other night I'd not allow a pillow fight."

I flew upstairs like one intent On stopping children mischief bent, And as I neared the battle place A pillow struck me in the face; I made a grab for it, and lo, Across my back I got a blow; It seemed to me for weeks and weeks I hadn't heard such merry shrieks— As those which followed on the third Which I received from battling Bud. "Oho," said I, "just wait a bit, I think I'll take a hand in it."

And so, although the pace was hot, Into the furious fray I got. I'll say those little tykes were deft— They struck at me from right and left.

They struck at me behind, before, One had me sprawling on the floor; And when they had me out of breath, I thought they'd laugh themselves to death.

And when at last the war was done, We all had had a lot of fun. It was a corking pillow fight— I hope we have one every night.

St. Joseph, Lewis, July 14, 1903.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—I was badly kicked by my horse last May, and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do. My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES,
Commercial Traveller.

FADS AND FASHIONS.

Bodices are semi-fitted. Skirts show apron fronts. Fur coats are slightly fitted. Ripple skirts are back again. Prune color is a favorite hue. Medical collars are back again.

Fall Styles—The First Showing.

A limited quantity of very smart frocks for Fall and Winter were opened by us on Friday last, and are to-day on view in our Showrooms.

These are exclusive French and American models, no two alike. Among the selection may be seen:—

1. Black Satin Sonple, heavily piped on sleeves and overdress.
 2. Black Plain Silk Jersey, round neck, self buttons, side fastening, loose girdle. (An ideal model, giving long slender lines.)
 3. Navy Ribbed Silk Jersey, round neck, and Russian Blouse effect.
 4. Navy Serge, trimmed Military braid, Sand Jersey Vest and Cuffs.
- This showing includes some beautiful models in Serge and Satin, Serge and Fur and Serge and Military Braid.

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.,

The Home of Fashion.

Gravenstein Apples!

One Car to arrive the 20th of the month.

Now Booking Orders.

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13 New Gower St.

NOTICE!

We personally attend to the sale of Codfish, Cod Oil, Salmon, Herring, etc. Will guarantee the highest market price with the most satisfactory results. Returns on all shipments made promptly. Consignments solicited.

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