

The People can Choose Their Government

But they must take the seasons of the year as they come round---no choice. The cold weather we now experience is just a gentle reminder that the most **HEATED POLITICAL ARGUMENTS** will not keep you warm during the fast approaching season---Winter. We, therefore, bring to your notice our stock of Winter Comforts such as

White Wool Blankets, Wadded and Eiderdown Quilts,

Which we now offer at **SHARPLY REDUCED PRICES.**
CASH ONLY. GOODS CHARGED AT REGULAR PRICES.

Saturday Our Special Sale Day.
Bargains in Every Department.

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron



GILT EDGED INVESTMENT.

Here is a little scene that I witnessed the other day. A new table had arrived at the small boy's house one rainy afternoon and his mother had told him that he might open it. That, might not sound at first like a privilege, but if you had seen how elaborately it was done up and what fascinating slashing with scissors getting through all that paper and string meant, you would have readily realized that it would appeal to that desire to slash and pull apart which seems to be an instinct in the average boy.

And He Had Been So Interested.

When he came to take the wrapping off the top he found that it was tightly nailed down on the under side, and appealed to his mother who sent for the screw driver and then showed him how to insert it in over the paper in such a way that it couldn't mark the table, he reached for it with eyes alight. "No, I guess I'd better do this myself," she said, refusing his reaching hand, and the light went out. He had been so interested and now when there was something a little different for him to master, the chance was taken away from him.

True, he might not have been able to do it. But he could not have hurt the table, and chances of his hurting himself were infinitely small (much smaller than when he goes to school across two busy auto-filled streets) and it would not have done the slightest harm to let him try.

I think this is a mistake we often make with our children. We don't let them try new things, and thus we reduce the tasks that we ask of them to a hated monotony.

One Reason They Hated Housework.

I know another mother who is always telling how her little girls hate housework because it is so hard to get them to do the dishes and make the beds, which are their daily

tasks. I asked one if they disliked cooking, too. "Oh, they are crazy to cook," she said, "because I don't care about having them do that."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh, it's too much work to have them messing around."

Of course, it is more bother to teach a child something than to have him do the same simple task over and over. But I didn't wonder so much that the little girls didn't like housework, since housework means nothing to them but a few monotonous tasks.

Much Life Saving Money.

Of course, I know how busy mothers are, and I don't wonder that many of them shrink from this sort of bother. But taking or making the time to teach and train a child is much like saving money—it comes hard at the moment, it means deferred enjoyment; but when it begins to pay interest, the sacrifice seems well worth while.

And every bit of time invested in careful training of a child, in teaching him to help himself and in teaching him to know you mean what you say, in teaching him self-discipline, will pay interest just as surely as money invested in liberty bonds.

When you want Roast Beef, Roast Veal, Roast Mutton, Roast Pork, try ELLIS.

What is Phoradone?

Phoradone is a preparation manufactured by Dr. F. Stafford & Son for all kinds of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and various Lung Troubles. It is the result of 25 years' experience and thousands of bottles are being sold every year. At the present time quite a large number of people are suffering from Sore Throats, Coughs and Colds, etc., and if you will only try a bottle of this Phoradone you will be surprised with results. You can purchase same at Stafford's Drug Store, Theatre Hill, for 30c. a bottle. Postage 10c. extra.

Dr. F. Stafford & Son,

Wholesale & Retail Chemists,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

\$800,000 a Minute.

STORIES OF DELIRIOUS PLUNGES ON WALL STREET.

"Uncle Sam," his pockets stuffed with his war profits, is celebrating Peace by an orgy of Stock Exchange gambling. He is rich beyond the dreams of avarice. "He talks no more of millions," we are told. "It's billions all the time."

Men who already had more gold than they knew what to do with, are adding a million more dollars to their pile between breakfast and luncheon; and those who have never before had a hundred dollars in their pockets are making fortunes in a few days of delirious speculation.

"Everybody's Doing It!"

We read of a costermonger making enough in a week to keep him in luxury the rest of his life; of a poor clerk blossoming in a month into a landowner, with three motor cars of his own; of a Turkish bath-attendant putting \$20,000 into his pocket as the result of a few days' lucky gambling; of "manicurists, bootblacks, bartenders, and paper boys" who are poor one week and rich the next.

But in the land of the "Almighty Dollar," such dramatic turns of fortune's wheel are too common to excite attention. There are many men living to-day who have left Wall Street or one of the "Pits" hundreds of thousands of dollars richer than when they entered it a few hours earlier.

It is not long since we were reading that a "sensational rise in the price of cotton has enabled Mr. Joseph Hoadley to make \$200,000 in five minutes on the New York Exchange"; and, only four months earlier, the same lucky speculator had been credited with winning four million dollars (\$4,000,000) between breakfast and dinner. In a few crowded hours he had actually made nearly six tons of gold—a sum sufficient to yield a perpetual income of from \$30,000 to \$40,000 a year.

During a panic on the Cotton Exchange, caused by a report that there was a shortage of cotton, Mr. Theodore Price once cleared \$100,000 in five minutes; and, later, in the day, we are told he "more than doubled his winnings."

Wild Scenes on 'Change.

The annals of the New York Stock Exchange are equally rich in such stories of rapidly won fortunes. During the slump in Northern Pacifics, Mr. James R. Keene, known to fame as "King of the Bears," once made a profit of \$600,000 in a couple

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Now due per S. S. Graciana from Halifax:

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100 barrels No. 2 Gravenstein Apples.

357 barrels No. 1 Gravenstein Apples.

Orders now booking for wholesale lots. Not any other shipments of Gravensteins this season.

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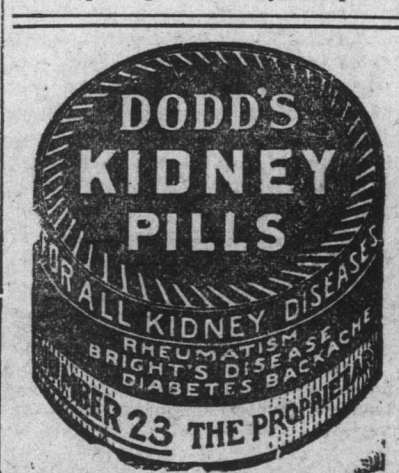
Wholesale Grocers.

PHONE 480.

of days; and on other occasions he has netted \$800,000 from one deal in American tobacco shares, and \$300,000 in a single day's gambling in Brooklyn Rapid Transit Stock.

But even such colossal sums as these have been eclipsed many a time, and when Commodore Vanderbilt once cleared a round million pounds by a deal in Harlem Railway Stock; and when Joy Gould, on one memorable occasion, made \$800,000 at the rate of \$160,000 a minute.

During a recent boom on the New York stock Exchange, inaugurated by the surprising and utterly unexpected



dividends of the Union Pacific Railway, many men made fortunes ranging from \$100,000 to \$500,000 in a single day's operations.

The scene in the Exchange is described as one of "frenzied and almost indescribable excitement." The scene from the galleries, which were crowded with speculators, was of "pandemonium let loose." Costless, hatless men tore from one end of the Market to the other, snatching up bargains. When a broker was seen to be selling in large quantities, men literally fought one another to get near him. Everyone bought wildly, and sold as rapidly when reaction set in.

The Porter's Profits.

Everyone wanted to be in the boom. The craze spread to small office-boys, who mortgaged their month's salary of \$5 or \$6, and then pooled to take risks in stocks. Girl typists in brokers' offices advised their parents and sweethearts to buy, and risked all their own savings.

Extraordinary stories are told of the men who made fortunes. Mr. Harriman is said to have made \$400,000 in a few minutes; John W. Gates, H. H. Rogers, and many others cleared sums ranging up to \$500,000; and Mr. Abraham White, a well-known broker, as the result of a few hours' gambling, was able to make a birthday present to his wife of a palatial country house, near Long Branch, which cost its owner \$200,000; while, a porter in the Harriman offices, is said to have cleared what to him was the stupendous fortune of \$10,000.

Answers.

PILES

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, and painful Piles. No surgical operation required, and as certainly cures you. 50c. a box, all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

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Get Up Feelin' Good!

No need of an alarm clock to hustle wearers of Jaeger Underwear out of bed early.



The comfortable expectation of feeling those downy, clingy garments warm you up to a day of brighter things, starts you out early enough to catch the alarm clock napping.

JAEGER WOOL IS ALL WOOL.

No underwear is better than Jaeger, because no underwear has more wool than All Wool.

Before washing—the same. After washing—the same.

The patented Jaeger Shrink Process insures this.

SMYTH'S.

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BEST QUALITY SCREENED COAL.

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MUTT AND JEFF—For a minute Jeff thought he was gonna pick up some easy coin. By Bud Fisher.

