

# Comparative Values in Footwear!

With the majority of people, price is the chief consideration in purchasing footwear. That's why there are so many uncomfortable feet in Newfoundland to-day and so many dissatisfied shoe purchasers.

For low-priced shoes cannot be good shoes—the high cost of good materials and skilled labour won't permit. Then why experiment—at the expense of your comfort—with low-priced shoes? Why not wear

## INVICTUS SHOES

and be thoroughly satisfied?

## Distinctive & Pleasing in Appearance,

they possess that style individuality that is the hallmark of fine footwear.

INVICTUS SHOES will outwear ordinary low-priced shoes—yet they cost little more.

INVICTUS SHOES are still made from the finest grade of imported and selected leather by men expert in the art of shoemaking.

JUST RECEIVED: 2 Gross Venetian Ladder Tape.

# Marshall Bros



If you have not worn INVICTUS SHOES you do not know what comfort is. Let your next shoes be INVICTUS and you will be satisfied.

We are Sole Agents for Men's INVICTUS Shoes.

## What is Worth While?

By EUTH CAMERON.

"Daughters of time, the hypocrite  
Muffled and dumb, like barefoot  
servants  
And marching single in an endless  
file  
Bring diadems and fagots in their  
hand.  
To each they offer gifts after his will  
Bread, kingdom, stars, and sky that  
holds them all.  
I, in my pleached garden, watched the  
pomp.  
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
Took a few herbs and apples and the  
Day  
Turned and departed silent. I, too  
late,  
Under her solemn flet saw the scorn."  
Emerson.

"Yes, I like  
flowers but they're  
such a bother.  
They take a lot of  
time and they  
make so much  
dirt, too."  
So said my  
neighbor the other  
morning when  
she found me fill-  
ing my bowls and  
vases.

She was right.  
Flowers do take  
time. I had been  
half an hour just  
filling those vases. And they do make  
dirt. Only yesterday I had to do a  
special sweeping when a bowl of roses  
suddenly decided to fling their petals  
to the winds.

The All Important Question.  
But most things do take time.  
Most things are a bother if you look  
at them in that light. The thing to  
decide is what is worth it and what  
is not.

So far as I am concerned, flowers  
are worth it. To my mind they are  
the redeeming touch in an ugly room,  
the finishing touch in an attractive  
room. I always like to welcome my  
guests with a bowl of flowers in their  
bedroom. My dinner is far better  
relieved if I have a few flowers or  
even a little green, in the center of  
the table. On my living room man-  
tel stands a lovely bronze and silver  
bowl which from early spring to late  
fall I keep filled with whatever mass  
of color the season supplies. And  
often when I am tired I lie on my  
couch and just look at that bowl of  
color, and am rested.

Is the Avoidance of Dust the Be-all  
and the End-all Here?

Fireplaces are another thing which  
this neighbor does not approve of

because they make too much dirt.  
Now if the avoidance of dust is the  
be-all and the end-all of this exist-  
ence, she is certainly right. But if  
one cares enough for all the things  
which the fireplace connotes to toler-  
ate a little more dust or the bother  
of removing it, then fireplaces are  
worthwhile.

Children Make Even More Dirt Than  
Fireplaces.

Carrying out my neighbor's line of  
argument to the logical conclusion,  
(which by the way, she does) chil-  
dren are emphatically non grata for  
they cause more bother and dirt and  
take up more time than even fire-  
places or flowers. And yet a great  
many people seem to find them worth-  
while.

Queer isn't it with what different  
scales we weigh the gifts which the  
"Daughters of Time" offer to each of  
us.

One wonders sometimes when one  
stops to think things over if under  
their solemn flets there is scorn for  
one choice.

Lachute, Que., 25 Sept., 1908.  
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.  
Gentlemen,—Even since coming  
home from the Boer War I have been  
bothered with running fever sores on  
my legs. I tried many salves and  
liniments; also doctored continuously  
for the blood, but got no permanent  
relief, till last winter when my mother  
got me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
The effect of which was almost magi-  
cal. Two bottles completely cured  
me and I have worked every day since.  
Yours gratefully,  
JOHN WALSH.

## Millady's Boudoir.

THE RESTFUL WOMAN.

The man who is the fortunate hus-  
band of the restful woman is usually  
a brilliant success in his business or  
profession. He is often high strung,  
irascible, as inconsistent as a woman  
is supposed to be. At the same  
time he is companionable and lovable.  
A man who demands everything of his  
nerves and brains has no business  
marrying one who wants her own  
brains and nerves recognized.

The restful woman isn't young, pos-  
sibly a year or so older than her hus-  
band, she isn't beautiful, and she  
doesn't appear to be particularly bril-  
liant mentally. But she knows how  
to be quiet, and there is just that

## EGG POWDERS

Owing to the high  
price of Eggs we have  
bought a

**FULL STOCK  
OF HIGH  
GRADE EGG  
POWDERS.**

One package equal  
to one doz. Eggs for  
Baking Purposes.  
Packed 3 doz. to Box.  
We can fill your order  
at once.

**Soper & Moore**  
Wholesale Importers and  
Jobbers.

about her that rests one just to be in  
her presence.

She talks very little but her listen-  
ing is eloquent. Apparently she has  
no nerves, she never indulges in any  
of those nervous, futile habits that  
make one wish to scream to stop them  
at once. She is not constantly twist-  
ing a ring on her finger or snapping  
the catch on a purse, or fussing with  
a back comb, or jumping up every  
minute or so to fix something.

Her smile is generous, it is under-  
standing and her laugh, it is like a  
chuckle that betokens a full breathed  
enjoyment. Her home is a haven for  
her husband; not a place where he is  
whipped up mentally to entertain  
someone nor where any strenuous ef-  
forts are made to entertain him.  
It is the place where he recuperates  
where he is always welcome without  
any fuss being made over him, the  
place where strife ceases and a gentle  
understanding begins.

## FOOL'S PARADISE.

The German  
people live in  
hopes because  
they've fed on  
faked up dope.  
The public prints  
don't dare to tell  
if battles are not  
going well. A  
German army  
meets defeat, and  
pulls a panicky  
retreat. About a  
million Huns are  
slain, and stacked  
to molder in the rain. "Oodfish" we  
cry, "the startled Tonia will shrivel  
now, you bet your boots! When they  
have heard of this defeat, and see  
their armies can be beat, they'll shed  
all kinds of scalding brine, and doubt-  
less will take in their sign." Alas,  
they do not hear the news, and so escape  
a seige of blue. The war lords  
call the printers in, and say, "An-  
nounce that we still win! Of course  
we dropped our guns and ran, but that  
was Ludenbinder's plan—a master  
stroke of strategy, as all of you will  
later see. Go, print a lot of cheerful  
bunk, and if you hint the luck is punk,  
we'll back you up against a shed, and  
drill you with a ton of lead." The  
printers then get out their sheets, and  
make big triumphs of defeats. The  
people read and say, "G. Whia, how  
wonderful our army is! Our Kaiser  
undefeated dwells, and Hindendorff is

wearing bells!" Some day the Teuts  
are bound to wake, and see how they've  
been fed on fake, how they've been  
made a Kaiser's joke—and then, per-  
haps, there'll be some smoke.

## The Story of the Lucille Schnare.

A Canadian Atlantic Port, Aug. 21.  
—The Lucille Schnare of Lunenburg  
was waiting quietly with the tides of  
the Banks in the twilight of Tuesday  
evening. She was in the same local-  
ity, but not in sight of the other ships,  
and so was unsuspecting. It had  
been a successful trip, and the holds  
were filled to overflowing with fish,  
11,000 quintals, an extraordinarily  
good catch in these times. Captain  
Schnare was preparing to sail for  
home the following morning.

### Raiders Hove in Sight.

Suddenly a large boat loomed up  
through the half-light. Captain Sch-  
nare plainly recognized her as the  
Triumph, near which he had often  
fished in the daytime. To his intense  
surprise a jet of flame spurted from  
her deck, and a shell hissed through  
the air above the rigging of the  
Lucille Schnare, falling into the water  
a few yards away. Other shots fol-  
lowed, but as all of them, although  
the distance was not great, failed to  
register a hit, they were apparently  
fired with the object of intimidating  
the crew of the beleaguered.

The schooner lay helpless. The  
absolute calm rendered any attempt at  
escape out of the question. The sail-  
ors expected that every instant a shell  
would strike and ship them. About a  
quarter of an hour later, a boat was  
lowered from the Triumph containing  
two men. They rowed the Lucille  
Schnare, boarded her, and covered  
the crew with revolvers, gave them  
two minutes in which to take to their  
dories.

The crew needed no second invitation.  
Nothing appealed to them more than  
getting out of sight of the converted  
Trawler and her guns. Before being  
allowed off, however, they were ob-  
liged to surrender their papers and  
show the Germans where the provi-  
sions were stored. They also saw two  
bombs slung over the side of the ves-  
sel preparatory to blowing her up.  
Once in their dories, they rowed away  
as rapidly as their oars would carry  
them, and when the lights of the  
Triumph were no longer visible, they  
raised their sails, finally reaching  
Cape, none the worse for their ad-  
venture, at six o'clock yesterday  
afternoon.

Captain Schnare said that the  
Triumph was fitted with two guns,  
something like machine guns, placed  
upon pivots. The Germans treated  
him and his men with exceeding  
courtesy, and did not fire upon the  
hipboats. The submarine was clearly  
visible, lying near the trawler, but  
took no part in the attack.

## Stafford's Preparations

Stafford's Liniment for Rheumatism,  
Lumbago, Neuralgia and all Aches  
and Pains.

Stafford's Prescription "A" for In-  
digestion, Dyspepsia, Catarrh of the  
Stomach, Gastritis and Nervous Dys-  
pepsia.

Stafford's Phosphate for all kinds  
of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma  
and various Lung Troubles.

The above 3 Specialties have been  
for sale in Newfoundland for the past 5  
years and are for sale in over 400 stores.  
The orders we are continually re-  
ceiving from time to time certainly  
prove that all of Stafford's Prepara-  
tions can be thoroughly relied upon.

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

MINARD'S LINIMENT LUMBER,  
SYDNEY, N.S.



## Just Folks

THE JOY OF BEING IN IT.

Oh, it's I that's glad I'm livin' an' a  
sharin' in the fight.  
An' the blood of me is singin' with  
the rapture o' doin' it.  
For the little tasks of peace times  
didn't waste me open-ted  
An' the safe an' easy pathways left  
my soul unsatisfied.  
Then I heard the call to service an'  
I heard the clash o' steel  
An' I'm here at Chateau Thierry  
doin' something that is real.

Here's the biggest job that's hap-  
pened since the human race began.  
We are makin' this world over as a  
decent place for man;  
Here's a struggle with a purpose,  
here's a battle with a goal.  
Here's a chance for every fellow to  
get out and prove his soul:  
An' I'm mighty glad I'm in it—it's  
the thing that I should ask.  
To be one o' them partakin' in the  
world's supremest task.

Oh, I'm mighty glad I'm in it—  
I'm giving it you straight—  
Glad I wasn't born too early, glad I  
didn't come too late;  
An' I thank the God above me that  
He sent me down to earth.  
At a time when men were doin' some-  
thing real to prove their worth.  
Now I'm here at Chateau Thierry  
where the tide o' battle rages  
An' I'm helpin' in the writin' of our  
history's finest page.

## Grove Hill Bulletin THIS WEEK.

CUT FLOWERS — Stocks, As-  
ters, Cut Flowers in general.  
WREATHS, CROSSES, WED-  
DING BOUQUETS, at shortest  
notice.  
Terms: Strictly Cash.

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PHONE 247.  
Waterford Bridge Road.

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This may easily be done by the  
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Are now showing the following goods:—

American Millinery Hats, Boys' Cotton  
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Crepe, 38 ins. wide; Colored Dress  
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Just arrived, Large Shipment  
Oats, Bran, Hay.

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Advertise in the "Telegram"

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Just as comfortable as  
elastic waistband, soft fab-  
ric; no dust, no germs.

## Ladies' Jersey

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Low neck, short sleeves  
trimmed.

'Phone, No. 4

## Little Red Riding Hood.

(By Clair-Price in "Answers.")

side by side, with their back to the  
fire in the little bar of the Royal Ho-  
tel, their hands behind them and their  
eyes on the mantelpiece, stood the  
commander and the captain and the  
commodore.

The commander was the tallest and  
finest officer in the Royal Navy.  
The captain, standing next to him,  
was the strictest and fattest officer in  
the Royal Navy.

As for the commodore, he was  
nearly engaged with a frown that was  
most trying a knot in his bushy eye-  
brows.

So they stood, the commander and  
the captain and the commodore, with  
their yards of gold bands and gold  
buttons sparkling in lively gold rays  
of the still, solemn blue of their  
jockey-jackets.

She used to be the private yacht  
"Red," said the long, lean command-  
er, was telling us how he hap-  
pened to find himself ashore waiting for  
new command—"with pretty ladies  
in her lounge and rows of ancient  
tapestries in her hold and a pleasure  
house to the Mediterranean in the  
summer and lost hairpins always rais-  
ing the deuce with her compass. But  
when the Admiralty took her over,  
they left us only a tea-table of teak-  
wood on which to play nap for a far-  
thing limit, and they gave us a red-  
lined case of Navy rum, and they  
named her the patrol boat Little Red.

And all her crew, all twenty-  
eight of them, wore the D.C.M., and  
where he dipped his head—"I was  
Humble's Servant in Command."  
And then the patrol boat Little  
Red Riding Hood went out a-roaming  
a-roving, up and down the North  
Sea. And in the ensuing month  
she had her two four-point nines, she  
had three mine-sweepers belonging  
to her friends the foe, and sniped the  
foe off a U-boat, and when she  
logged 2,567 miles, and her com-  
mander had lost three half-crowns to  
draw at nap, she came back to the  
harbour, bringing with her a Norwegian  
boy loaded down with turnips that  
weighed up higher than your head  
when you dropped them on her deck.  
Well, at the base, she took on coal  
stores and ammunition, and her  
commander drew his pay, and the  
crew drew up their wills, and she  
went out one night towards the Eight  
Hundred, for the purpose of see-  
ing what she could see. Anyway, com-  
ing out of Helligoland, with the prospect  
of a scrap tearing up over the horizon  
one of the very best little spots for  
that yourself in, in the spring-

It was a little after dawn on the  
morning of her second day out, and  
she was two miles north-north-  
west of Helligoland, when the Little  
Red Riding Hood picked up a torpedo-  
boat twice as long as she was,  
5,000 yards dead ahead and  
coming to starboard at about thirty  
knots.

Of course, she rang down full-  
steam to her engineer and ran up  
"are you?" And the stranger  
said "Who in himmell are you?" And  
the Little Red Riding Hood answered that  
she was "British—and top dog!" And  
she gave a hurra-up call for a de-  
cade and closed with all the twenty-  
eight knots she had in her, and the  
torpedo-boat with twenty rounds in a  
gun and a half.

Well, the torpedo-boat stood about  
three miles wide of the port-quarter  
of the Little Red, her guns blazing  
in the smoke she made. And  
while she began to get the  
range, she sent the after  
torpedo into the sea and made  
a great deal of it. And then the  
Little Red, with her White Star  
funnel clearest and very best Sun-  
beam searchlight, although before it  
was on the deck, the cook, who had