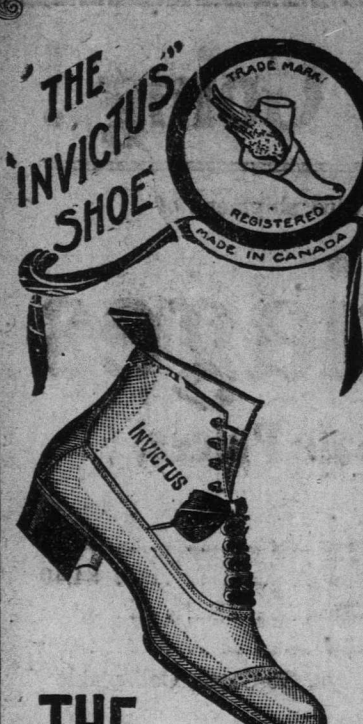


THE INVICTUS SHOE



THE INVICTUS

A shoe for well-dressed men. Costs enough to insure a perfect shoe, but is as low as a shoe of this character can be sold. Seen beside a cheaper shoe, the difference is unmistakable. Men who want appearance, satisfying wear, and solid comfort should wear the "Invictus Shoe."

Two Leading LEATHERWARE Lines

In Shoes; Low Prices and Cheapness

Are as far apart as the Poles. Cheapness in Shoes does not depend upon their price, but upon the service they give. To maintain the Low Price of cheap shoes it is necessary to use even more inferior leather than usual. That can only result in one thing—less service—less wear—therefore less economy. No substitution of inferior stock has been made in either of our two Leading Lines for Men and Women.

**FOR MEN:
INVICTUS.**

Manufactured by GEO. A. SLATER of Montreal stands unrivalled

**FOR LADIES:
DOROTHY DODD**

Has stood the test of many years, and is just as popular as ever.

MARSHALL BROTHERS,

SOLE AGENTS FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.



Those Selfish, Unselfish Men.

RUTH CAMERON.



And then I wonder how they can be so unselfish.

He spends three hours and a half a day in discomfort.

"How would you like to take it every day?" she asked. "One of my neighbours does that. His business was moved out to the Bronx just after they took the apartment. His wife isn't strong and they had just gotten acquainted and she didn't want to move again right away, so he has to go back and forth every day, and in the rush hour, too, when he has to stand most of the way."

Think of it! An hour and three-quarters twice a day—three hours and a half spent going to and from his work, and spent in uncomfortable and unhealthy surroundings!

All so that his wife shouldn't have to move! That's what I call a heroic sacrifice—the kind of heroism that endures the torture of a million pin pricks of daily discomfort. No woman should accept such a sacrifice. Accessibility to her husband's business ought to be the first factor considered in choosing a home. No woman would deliberately lose off two or three years of her husband's life so that she might be more accessible to her friends. Yet that is just what many women do in forcing their husbands to spend an extra hour a day in transit.

There are not many cases so bad as the one I have quoted (though I know of another where the father for years traveled two hours and a half each way), but there are many cases in which the convenience of the worker has not been made a prime factor in the choice of a home.

What Are You Doing for that Eczema?

"Nothing; I've about given up trying to cure it." "That is not wise. Do as I did and you will probably be cured in a short time. I used Zylex and Zylex Soap with it and my Eczema began to improve at once. A couple of boxes cured. You can get Zylex at your druggists."

Zylex, 60c. a box; Zylex Soap, 25c. a cake. Zylex, London. eod.t

New Turnips.

20 brls. New Turnips. Per s.s. Stephano.

California Oranges.

40 cases 216 count

20 cases 176 count

40 cases 150 count

ALL SOUND & EXTRA SWEET.

Soper & Moore, Retail and Wholesale.

"Lord, he Whom Thou Lovest is Sick"

Mrs. James Clarke, of Whitbourne, who has three sons in the ranks, sends us the following letter, written to her son, Selby Clarke, while he was in an English hospital:—My Dear Friend,—How earnestly we all hoped last Christmas that before another winter should come this terrible war, which we know is a righteous war, would be over, but God who knew beforehand the day when war would be declared, knows now when the peace we so long and pray for will be given to us. Yes, and He knew too the very hour when you would be stricken down by the enemy or by sickness, and all the weary days you spent, weak and suffering, in hospital. So this Christmas finds you just where your Heavenly Father knew you would be—you who for King and Country went forth so bravely, so willingly to fight or to fall, and I am sure that there is a gladness in your heart this morning (no matter how you may be suffering) because you have done what England not only expected, but knew that every man would do—HIS DUTY. And so I wish you a very happy Christmas. Perhaps it won't be quite so merry as some you may remember, but after all merriment, as a rule, doesn't last so very long, but happiness may be ours all day, and every day, in hospitals as well as home! If you come to think of it, I suppose there is nothing in life that brings us quite so much happiness as love! It's such a wonderful joy to know that we are loved. You know what I mean, don't you? The joy of possessing the strong, undying love of your mother, the sweet, unchanging love of your wife and the wonderful winsome love of your little one. But you know there is a love more wonderful than all these put together, a love that is strong and sweet and satisfying and unchanging, and oftentimes this is the love that a man finds out last of all. "The love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Have

you ever noticed in the Gospel story how a man was once described by his sister in a message to the Lord Jesus? Look at the words which head my letter—"Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick." "Loved" yet "sick." And do you know that these words exactly describe you this morning? Loved—sick; yes. And perhaps sick because loved!

"I thank God more for the two months spent in hospital than for all the rest of my life," said a man to a friend who was visiting him on his return home after a long and serious illness. "Why, how's that?" said the friend. "Because upon my hospital bed I first met the Lord Jesus, and know that He loved me and wanted me for His service. I was always so busy with other things that I never listened to His voice, but lying there, still and ill I did hear Him calling me, and I did answer Him, and I did come to Him and 'twas well worth all the time up there and all the sickness to find what I have found—Saviour and Salvation." You see it was because Jesus loved that man that He laid him low in sickness, just to tell him in the stillness of His love. And I'm just wondering if that is why you are spending this Christmas in hospital—because the Christ of Christmas has a message for you that you would not hear in the noise and bustle of ordinary life, the message of that love which led to death. This love is about one of whom we are told that He was wounded. I want you to have a good think about these three words this morning, as you lie wounded by bullet, sword or shell. He was wounded. Yes, and by soldiers too! Then, He quite understands and know how you feel, for he had a human body sensitive to pain, to thirst, to weariness, and He when He was wounded had no one near to soothe or help. He hung there, in the noonday glare of an Eastern sky, surrounded by a mocking hostile crowd, given over into wicked hands, forsaken by His Father and by His followers! And why? "He was wounded for our transgressions." You have been wounded because of your loyalty to your king and your love to your country. He was wounded because of His loyalty to His Father and His love to you! For sin has not only ruined us, but it has wronged God. And so the Lord Jesus Christ, upon the Cross of Calvary, offered Himself as a substitute for the sinner and as a sacrifice to God for the sin. And when the life blood flowed from His wounds, He whispered:

"Lord, he Whom Thou Lovest is Sick"

And after the doctor had gone, and the nurse sat alone with the man, he repeated the question again, "can ye keep me alive three weeks?" "Why do you especially want to live for three weeks?" she asked. And fitfully and faintly came the words: "Because—because there's a tidy bit of pension due in three weeks, and if only I can last till then it will be better for the missus and the bairns." "Oh, do ye keep me alive till then!" "And," said the nurse, as she told the story to a friend, "by sheer force of will and the strength of love the man did live three weeks—in fearful pain, so patiently, willingly borne—that it might be better for the missus and the bairns." And at the end of three weeks the pension papers were brought to the hospital and filled in by the doctor, and when all the necessary details were finished the man looked up with such a wonderful restful look on his face as he stretched out his hands to grasp the papers upon which so much depended: "You're sure it's all right, doctor? She'll get the money?" "Yes, my man, it's all safe for her now." "And then," said the nurse, "with a sort of farewell look he shut his eyes, and laying his hands with their precious contents over the heart that would not cease to beat until love had won, he passed away without a word, without a struggle."

For the Ball Players.

STAFFORD'S LINIMENT.

For bruises and pains—aches and sprains and similar troubles of the man who trains—sell "Stafford's Liniment." It makes stiffened and some muscles supple and ready for work. For your baseball friends—your local tennis or football players—and all who indulge in any form of athletics recommend "STAFFORD'S LINIMENT." Even the man who unaccustomed to strenuous exercise attempts to mow his own lawn or perhaps spends a day on the links may be interested. Stafford's Liniment is prepared only by DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, St. John's, Nfld. Manufactured of a Special Blend: Stafford's Liniment, Stafford's Prescription "A," Stafford's Plaster, etc.

with His dying breath, "It is finished." Have you ever thought what those words mean? We are all looking forward to glorious results from this war; but they will be results that have been bought by blood. It is the thought of victory that inspires our sailors and soldiers in the day of battle. And you know we are told about the Lord Jesus that He endured the Cross because of the joy that was set before Him. And I always think when He uttered those words, "It is finished," He saw what His death had meant for a sinful world. Everything was done to make it possible for God to forgive sin and to save the sinner. My transgression, my sin, punished, atoned for by His wounds. He suffered for sin, that He might bring us to God. Some time ago a man at work on some building alterations in London was fearfully injured by the falling of a wall upon him. As soon as possible he was released from the mass of masonry and taken away to the nearest hospital. Doctors and nurses did all that skillful, tender hands could do to lessen agony, but that was all. The injuries were too severe and the life in its very prime was ebbing away. But strange to say the man was conscious, and as the last of the doctors was leaving his bedside, with a few final instructions to the nurse, the man motioned to him to come back, and bending over the patient once more he said, "Well, my man, what is it?" "Doctor can you pull me through?" "We will do our best but you are badly hurt." "Oh, Doctor, do ye keep me alive a bit; just for three weeks, will ye? I don't mind after that but I must live three weeks." "We shall do all we can my man," said the doctor, as he turned away and whispered to the nurse, "Three weeks? Why, hardly three days—three hours more likely."

And after the doctor had gone, and the nurse sat alone with the man, he repeated the question again, "can ye keep me alive three weeks?" "Why do you especially want to live for three weeks?" she asked. And fitfully and faintly came the words: "Because—because there's a tidy bit of pension due in three weeks, and if only I can last till then it will be better for the missus and the bairns." "Oh, do ye keep me alive till then!" "And," said the nurse, as she told the story to a friend, "by sheer force of will and the strength of love the man did live three weeks—in fearful pain, so patiently, willingly borne—that it might be better for the missus and the bairns." And at the end of three weeks the pension papers were brought to the hospital and filled in by the doctor, and when all the necessary details were finished the man looked up with such a wonderful restful look on his face as he stretched out his hands to grasp the papers upon which so much depended: "You're sure it's all right, doctor? She'll get the money?" "Yes, my man, it's all safe for her now." "And then," said the nurse, "with a sort of farewell look he shut his eyes, and laying his hands with their precious contents over the heart that would not cease to beat until love had won, he passed away without a word, without a struggle."

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to himself, "It's alright now for the bairns?"

And so I think there came into the heart of the dying Saviour a great wonderful joy as He realized that by His death He had secured for you and for me a release from the death that our sin deserved, and in its stead the Gift of Eternal Life. That was the meaning of His dying cry, "It is finished," for He knew that He had "obtained eternal redemption for us."

O perfect life of love! all, all is finished now.

All that He left His throne above to do for us below. And of His thorn-crowned head, and on His sinless soul. Our sins in all their guilt were laid, that He might make us whole; In Perfect love He dies—for me He dies for me!

Oh, all-atoning sacrifice, I cling by faith to Thee.

And so this morning remembering that although you are sick you are loved, loved by Him who for your sin was wounded, that by His wounds you might be healed.

Ever your friend, EVER YOUR FRIEND.

Wash Those Pimples Off!

Pimples and ugly face blotches are often cured in a single night with the newly famous remedy for Eczema, D. D. D. Prescription. It is a mild, antiseptic wash that drives out impurities and then soothes and heals the aching skin.

For Eczema, Bad Leg, Barber's Itch, Acne, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, or Ringworm, D. D. D. is a proved and reliable remedy. The very first drops of the wonderful prescription take away the awful burning itch and give you instant relief.

Stop that itch now. Get a bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to-day. Sold Everywhere.

Everyday Etiquette.

"Do you think it is necessary for a man to leave his hat off when he stands talking to a woman on a cold day?" Also, is it necessary for him to take his hat off when bowing to a woman, or all right to simply touch his hat without lifting it?" asked Ella. "A man should always remove his hat when he stops to talk to a woman on the street, but on a cold day it would be considerate to ask him to put it on and there would be no impropriety in his doing so. If he wishes to be polite, it is absolutely necessary for a man to take his hat off when bowing to a woman; it is not sufficient to touch the hat," answered her aunt.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, THERAPION No. 1 CURES CHRONIC WEAKNESSES, BRUISES, LOSS OF VIGOR, ETC. SOLD BY LEADING CHEMISTS. PRICE IN ENGLAND, 2s. 6d. FREE MOVING THE L.C. CLASCHAD CO. A CURE FOR YOU! THERAPION No. 2 CURES CHRONIC WEAKNESSES, BRUISES, LOSS OF VIGOR, ETC. SOLD BY LEADING CHEMISTS. PRICE IN ENGLAND, 2s. 6d. FREE MOVING THE L.C. CLASCHAD CO. A CURE FOR YOU! THERAPION No. 3 CURES CHRONIC WEAKNESSES, BRUISES, LOSS OF VIGOR, ETC. SOLD BY LEADING CHEMISTS. PRICE IN ENGLAND, 2s. 6d. FREE MOVING THE L.C. CLASCHAD CO. A CURE FOR YOU!

A good test of a refrigerator is to place salt in it—if the salt does not keep without caking the refrigerator isn't working well.

"St. Ivel" Lactic Cheese, small tins, at ELLIS.

Our Volunteers.

There was much activity in recruiting circles again yesterday, the following having presented themselves for enlistment:—

Geo. F. Collins, Burin
Wm. Butt, Spaniard's Bay
Leo Maher, St. John's
Albert Hollett, St. John's
Victor J. Tilley, St. John's
Robt. C. Alsop, St. John's
Edmund Dunphy, St. John's.

"It's a better car sold at a lower price." That's why there are so many "FORDS" on the road to-day.—jun22,t

Sunday Services

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Cathedral of St. John the Baptist.—Sunday—Holy Communion at 8 a.m.; also on the first Sunday of the month at 7 and 11; Matins on the 1st Sunday of the month at 10 a.m. Other services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Thursdays—Holy Communion, 7.15 a.m. Other Days—Matins 8 a.m.; Evensong 5.30 p.m. Fridays—7.30 with sermon.

St. Michael's Mission Church, Casey Street.—Holy Communion at 8 and 11 on the 1st Sunday of the month, and 8 on other Sundays. Other services, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Sunday Schools.—Cathedral, at 2.45 p.m. Mission Church, at 2.45 p.m.

PARISH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, St. John's West.

Sundays—Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m.; also on the first Sunday in each month at noon.

Fridays—Evensong and Sermon at 7.45 p.m.

Holy Baptism—Every Sunday at 8.30 p.m.

Public Catechising—The third Sunday in each month at 3 p.m.

Sunday School—At 2.30 p.m. in the Parish Hall.

Young Women's Bible Class—Every Sunday at 3 p.m. in the Parish Room.

The Holy Communion with special intercessions on behalf of the War is celebrated on the first Wednesday in each month at 10.30 a.m.

BROOKFIELD SCHOOL CHAPEL.

Evensong—Every Sunday at 2 p.m.

Sunday School—Every Sunday at 4 p.m.

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, THE GOULDS.

Evensong—Every Sunday at 3 p.m.

ASYLUM FOR THE POOR.

Holy Communion—The first Sunday in each month at 9 a.m.

Matins—Every Sunday at 9 a.m.

St. Thomas's—Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Morning Prayer, 10 a.m.; Intercession Service and Sermon, 11 a.m.; Preacher, Rev. C. A. Moulton. Evensong, 6.30 p.m.; Preacher, Rev. T. E. Loder.

Christ Church (Quid VML)—1st Sunday in month, Matins at 11 a.m.; 2nd Sunday in month, Holy Communion 8 a.m.; 3rd Sunday in month, Evensong at 6.30 p.m.; 4th Sunday in month, Matins at 11 a.m. Evensong at 6.30 p.m. on the 1st, 2nd and 4th Sundays in the month.

Sunday Schools.—At Parish Church at 2.45 p.m.; at Christ Church, Quid VML at 2.30 p.m.; at Virginia School Chapel, 2.30 p.m.

Virginia School Chapel.—Evensong every Sunday at 3.30 p.m.; Public Catechizing third Sunday in each month.

METHODIST.

Gower St.—11, Rev. C. A. White-marr; 6.30, Rev. D. B. Hemmings.

George St.—11, Rev. H. G. Coppin; 6.30, Rev. N. M. Guy.

Cochrane St.—11, Rev. D. B. Hemmings; 6.30, Rev. C. A. Whittemarsh.

Wesley—11, Special Service for Volunteers; 6.30, Rev. H. G. Coppin.

Presbyterian—11 and 6.30, Rev. H. Thomas.

NE

The "NE" over 30 shell, Primer, record in War. And a forward Gun" and supplied as "the Remington-Union.

THE THOU

PICNICS.

Last year I deprecated that some Sunday Schools having their usual picnics the anxious and nervous through which we are not I still maintain my point of respect for our dear and we all hold. But knowing that dead, and feeling that they are just beyond the horizon, maybe very near to us, and that one of them would be hand to restrain the movement of a child? Can it please them to see a parent in the faces of the children? Would they not be glad of their natural and innocent you, it does not seem to me that of those who object to picnics, what a vast difference is between these picnics and whole host of other festive amusements. No one has condemned the waste of time in attending the driving motor cars for riding to Bowring Park, a giant following of fresh air in other ways, but the children, the day of enjoyment a child must be steady many a child must be steady must be consistent in this. Picnics enable the children the blessing of fresh air, many of them a "feed" that is typically varied. The other elements I have mentioned are pursued in a selfish desirement.

The Dead call to us not to carry on all good work one child is strengthened in the open, the picnic is worth while. Let us separate our pleasure from other.

A Word Carpet

We have play of Tapestry Cover ever been seen

These Carpets are able for the perfect design and deep in a fine Wool and restful Tapestry in lovely Pompadour and Subdued colors by Old Rose.

There is some Axminster for Den, Di

U. S. Picture

You Ought to Try Homestead Tea . . . and see how Good it is!

"There's a smile in every cup of Homestead."

New Fruit Etc., Etc.

Ex s.s. Florizel, July 14th:

Cucumbers. Fresh Gooseberries—quart baskets. Fresh Tomatoes. California Oranges. California Lemons. Table Apples. New Turnips. New Cabbage. Fresh Dates—bulk & pcks. Freshly Made Canadian Creamery Butter—28 and 56 lb. boxes. 1 lb. blocks Maypole Margarine—made from nuts and milk.

C. P. EAGAN,
DUCKWORTH STREET & QUEEN'S ROAD.