

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.

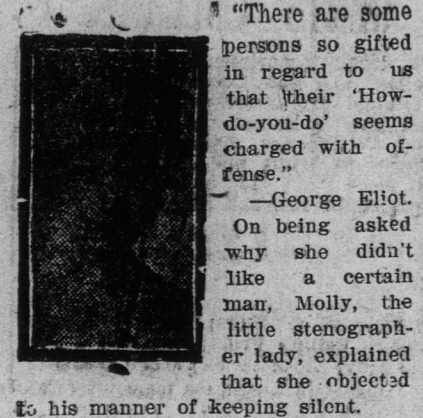
With Rubber Heels..... \$4.50 per pair.

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

Marshall Brothers, Agts.

Different Kinds of Silence.

By RUTH CAMERON.



"There are some persons so gifted in regard to us that their 'How-do-you-do' seems charged with offense."

—George Elliot. On being asked why she didn't like a certain man, Molly, the little stenographer lady, explained that she objected to his manner of keeping silent.

The author man's face laughed her to scorn, but the rest of us felt that we sympathized with her. Don't you? Are there not as many ways of keeping silence as of speaking, as many tones of the manner as of the voice?

For instance, there is the man whose silence has the quality of superiority in it. He listens to you politely enough, but there is in his manner of keeping silence a certain condescension. People of this sort somehow make me think of the St. Bernard who condescendingly refrains from walking upon the little fox terrier that gets in his way. Naturally one dislikes the inference and consequently the man.

The silence of the listener who is thinking what he is going to say next is familiar to all of us. There is a far-away look in his eyes and an ill-concealed eagerness for us to have done speaking that congeals the most spirited conversation. Personally, I would rather talk to a stone wall than to anyone who listens in this kind of a silence.

Somewhat similar to the silence of superiority is the insulting silence. This is the kind of silence which people who are clever enough to control their tongues in a quarrel manage

to achieve. They do not vocally answer the outburst of the other party, but they listen in a tone of silence which is more insulting than any speech. One fancies what they are thinking and imputes to them the worst. In this way without saying a single word for which they can be reproached they manage to enrage the other combatant out of all self-control and put him hopelessly in the wrong.

I have spoken entirely of disagreeable silences. That was inadvertence. Let us consider some of the agreeable silences. For instance, there is the flatteringly attentive silence that drinks in your words as if an oracle spoke and puts you in grave danger of considering yourself one.

Then there is the courteous silence that always listens courteously and kindly though without flattery. But best of all is the deceptive, sympathetic silence, the silence that understands and sympathizes and by these qualities stimulates us to our best speech. The woman who can achieve that silence will never lack for clever people eager to talk to her, though she never have a witty or an original answer to make them. The inspired listener is a rare being and such passive geniuses are as much needed to make up a world as the active variety.

Ruth Cameron

More Fires.

Fires provoke immediate sympathy for the sufferer and also thankfulness for personal escape. Another thought should be whether one is personally and sufficiently protected? An insurance policy with Fire & Marine would provide for you the desired security and at small expense have you enough insurance.

To arrive this week:

Pure Irish BUTTER

28-lb. and 56-lb. Boxes. 1-lb. Blocks.

Ex s.s. Florizel:

No. 1 Gravenstein Apples.
No. 1 Bartlett Pears—crates and 1/4 brls.
No. 2 Bartlett Pears.
Fancy Cranberries.
New Macaroni—1 lb. papers
Morton's Pure Fruit Syrup
Lemon Crystals—7 lb. tins
Lemon Crystals—2 oz. btl., 2 doz. in box.

C. P. EAGAN,

Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.

Tales of Battle.

BREEZY STORIES OF FIGHTING BY OUR WOUNDED—GERMANS' BAD SHOOTING.

Our wounded soldiers who have returned from France are unanimous about the German artillery (other than their siege guns) and their musketry, being comparatively ineffective—a fact borne out by the testimony of many other eye-witnesses of the fighting in Belgium and France. "They can't shoot for toffee," says Thomas Atkins, in the vernacular. "It was at Mons on Monday (the 24th ult.) on the bridge across the canal there, right in the thick of it, said a young infantryman. It was there that I got this trouble (a bullet in the thigh). But I got the chap who did it. He went on galley, and produced a tobacco tin in which, with a few shreds of tobacco, was a shrapnel bullet.

We did not have much shelter where I was, he said. We just had to do the best we could. The fire was frightfully heavy, but you know they cannot shoot for toffee, and waste an awful lot of ammunition. It's numbers that does it—nothing else. As soon as we shot one lot down another came up. That's what happened all the time. Their losses must be enormous.

Shoot, contemptuously echoed a burly infantryman, whose head, swathed in bandages, Germans shot? Why, they could not hit this station at a thousand yards.

Killie and the French.

An Argyll and Sutherland Highlander with a fine Scottish accent held forth from a stretcher to a group of listeners. I wonder whether we'll be allowed to stop in hospital here, he said. I've been chased out of two already. The Germans shelled us in the field hospitals, but they didn't do much damage—artillery don't unless they can shoot, and these couldn't.

I've been picking up clothes as I came down, he went on, pointing to his shoes and socks. The French, and so is this blanket. The French have been awfully kind to us. I think a great many of our fellows are only wounded, said a cavalryman. It does not do to take too much notice of what we hear. We were told out there that the 2nd Dragoons (the Scots Greys) had been cut up, but we came across them and they had lost very few men.

The Germans were like a great big battering ram, said another. They did not seem to mind how many were killed, and sometimes their men were simply thrown away. They have been suffering heavily all along, but the French are chasing them now, and they are getting it in the neck properly—Graphic.

World's Busiest Station

During the twenty-four hours no fewer than 2,138 trains pass through the London Embankment Station, and each one stops there. That is absolutely a world's record.

On the District Railway section alone as many as forty-four trains a hour are run on a single set of rails. When it is borne in mind that every train slows down to enter the station, stops a brief period, and takes a few seconds to get up speed again, repeating the same process less than half a mile farther on, it will be realized not only that the service must be run with clockwork regularity, but that such a volume of traffic could not be handled at all if the elimination of seconds had not been elevated into an art.

This London Underground service is, in fact, almost the only one, if not the only one, in the world whose time-table is based not on minutes but on seconds.—London Globe.

If a piece of butter is added to the jam or marmalade before it is taken from the fire the fruit will look clear without being skimmed.

Green Gages!

Just to hand:

100 baskets Greengages
100 bks. Yellow Plums.
100 baskets Blue Plums.
75 baskets Red Plums.
20 bks. Damson Plums
40 brls. Pears.
40 half barrels.
50 brls. Gravensteins.

All in splendid order and ready for immediate delivery.

Soper & Moore.

Phone 480.

The Pitiable State

Of the German Wounded for Which No Provision Was Made.

Paris Sept. 17.—The pitiable state of most of the Germans wounded is explained by some of the prisoners as due to a lack of nourishment. They say the Germans were so convinced that they would cross France and take Paris at the double quick that they did not provide for the wounded. When the famous "75" gun of the French began to make ravages, the German commanders took from the ranks men best qualified for the work of caring for the wounded, but their services were quite insufficient.

Yesterday a train load of wounded, comprising a large number of men in the Imperial Guard, arrived in Bordeaux. Nearly all are in a grave state. They were accompanied by a German army surgeon and one nurse of the Imperial Guard. All of these wounded recognize the good care they have had since falling into the hands of the French.

Vigorol

Weak and run-down. Tired and sluggish. Eyes feel heavy. Headaches and feverish. Don't allow these symptoms to continue. Tone yourself up. Get a bottle of VIGOROL. It will do it, and do it quickly. Every spring one needs a good tonic. VIGOROL acts as a general house-cleaner. It goes after every organ and cleanses it. Get it to-day. At all drug stores.

If the hair is inclined to be lusterless and lifeless, try giving it a salt rub. The salt is rubbed upon the scalp, not upon the strands of the hair. It is well to do this after a wet shampoo; the salt will then shake out while the hair is drying.

MINARD'S LINIMENT
CURES GAITER IN COWS.

WARNING!

IN THE INTEREST OF THE PUBLIC SAFETY.

The Rifle Range on the South Side Hill will be in constant use, from daylight till dark, for musketry practice, until our Regiment leaves for England.

All persons are therefore prohibited from approaching the Rifle Range within 200 yards from either side, or within 1,000 yards of the targets to the eastward.

Any unauthorized person so doing will be liable to arrest, besides incurring serious danger from rifle bullets.

A number of red flags will be used to indicate the Danger Zone. This prohibition does not extend to any part of the Hills west of the 800 yards Firing Point.

By order,

JOHN SULLIVAN,
Inspector General Constabulary.
ST. JOHN'S RIFLE ASSOCIATION,
W. H. RENNIE, Hon. Secretary.

Received to-day a fresh supply of
"HEINZ" Goods,
LOWEST PRICES.

Malt Vinegar, per gall.
White Vinegar, per gall.
Pickling Vinegar, per bottle.
East India Chutney, per bottle.
Peasant Butter, per bottle.
Prepared Mustard, per bottle.
Tomato Ketchup, per bottle.
Mixed Sweet Pickles, per bottle.
Sweet Onions, per bottle.
Stuffed Olives, per bottle.
Queen Olives, per bottle.
Tomato Soup, per tin.
Spaghetti, per tin.
Mustard Ketchup, per tin.
Chili Sauce, per tin.
Tomato Chutney, per tin.
Mustard Dressing, per tin.
Grape Jelly, per jar.
Red Currant, per jar.

J. C. BAIRD,
Water Street.

Notice for Tenders!

Tenders will be received from persons wanting the right to cut timber over area 165 sq. miles at Hall's Bay. Tenders to state the prices per cord and thousand feet superficial measurement for logs—stumpage. The highest or any tender may not be accepted.

JAMES R. KNIGHT.

sep19,14

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GAITER IN COWS.

Divorced Life

By Helen Hanson Fuesco

Marian Meets a Sorority Sister

Among the guests at Placid Inn were a bride and groom of perhaps a fortnight. More than once, as she watched them at tennis, or seated tele-a-tete on the veranda, or strolling together on the green, Marian could not help regarding them with a certain envy. Nor could she help contrasting their honeymoon, amid these pleasant surroundings, with her own post-nuptial plunge into a crowded apartment house in a strange city, made wretched by financial woes and utter dissatisfaction.

Marian saw considerable of Mrs. Dale, the bride. She was a slim young creature, with a pretty face, large blue eyes, and pensive moods that alternated with blithe and merry ones. She had been a teacher in the grade school of a small Ohio town. Her husband, a plump young fellow, on the swift road to early baldness, boastful of his New England ancestry, given to talking much and saying comparatively little, was a Toledo bank clerk.

Neither interested Marian particularly. The young woman struck her as rather insipid, and the man as wholly ordinary. One day, however, she caught a glimpse of a familiar sorority badge on the other's waist. A closer look revealed the fact that it was the pin of the college sorority to which she herself belonged.

Thereafter she saw much of Mrs. Dale, the bride, and, while they had gone to different colleges, they had quite a number of mutual friends, which furnished food for interesting gossip by the hour. On the strength of their bonds, the one soon exclaimed: "Thank heaven, there's someone here whom I can ask not to call me Mrs. Dale! I'm going to ask you to call me Louise, and I'm going to call you Marian."

"It's agreed," returned Marian with satisfaction. "The 'Mrs. Dale' still sounds a trifle strange to you, does it?" she inquired pleasantly.

"It scares me," said the newly married woman.

"Scares you? How is that?"

"Yes, it actually does. I'm going

to tell you something that perhaps I oughtn't to say. I love my husband dearly and all that, but I sometimes feel overpowered by a horrible sense of having lost my identity. My old self sometimes seems to be swallowed in the new. It seems so strange and absurd to hear people calling me Mrs. Dale, that at times I feel like screaming. Can you understand what I'm driving at? Or does it all sound like gibberish?" she asked plaintively, struggling to make her feelings understood.

"I understand," said Marian. "It's the feeling that probably comes to every married woman at first. It brings up the question of why women should change their names simply because they're married. I admire the attitude of the Wisconsin senator's daughter who calls herself Miss La Follette, wife of Mr. So and So."

"So do I," exclaimed the bride. "Some day I hope customs will sanction the plan and make it universal. I wish I had the courage to do the same, for it certainly takes loads of courage to get out of the beaten track. How I admire the courage of a woman content to remain unmarried and make her own way, rather than to marry any but the right man, knowing absolutely that it's the right man."

Back of this impulsive and unpremeditated statement which had leaped to her companion's lips, Marian the drab background of wavering discontent with herself and her marriage which, like an evil cloud, invades and darkens multitudes of American honeymoons. It had been Marian's experience. It is the experience of countless brides.

To-morrow—The Girl Who Married a Stranger.

People are doing more reading to-day than ever before, and it is very important to those who wear glasses that they should be properly fitted. If you have any trouble or are in doubt, go to TRAFNELL, the Eyesight Specialist.—sep2,14

PURITY BUTTER, 2 lb. FRESH EVERY WEEK.

500
6 quart baskets
PRESERVING PLUMS,
55 cts. Basket.
Crate of Nine Baskets, \$4.50.
GREEN TOMATOES, 10 lbs. for 30c.

100 brls. Selected No. 1 Gravensteins.
10 brls. Crab Apples, 15c. gallon.
30 half-brls. Pears, \$2.50 half barrel.
20 kegs Almeria Grapes.
Campbell's Soups, 12c. tin.
Irish Bacon and Hams.
Fidelity Bacon and Hams.
Bologna Sausage.
Cranberries.

T. J. EDENS, Duckworth Street & Military Rd.

30 WINCHESTER
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