

PUBLIC BEWARE!

The London, New York & Paris Association of Fashion

are only offering their wares at the GRACE BUILDING, WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S, having no connection with any other concern in St. John's.

The Association deems it unnecessary to offer their merchandise in any other place than their own in the GRACE BUILDING, AND UNDER THEIR OWN NAME.

We wish to thank our most generous public for their most splendid rally to the most Gigantic Sale at the GRACE BUILDING (in no other place), which has compelled our calling in of reserves, which will make this the most successful sale of our history.

LONDON, NEW YORK & PARIS ASSOCIATION OF FASHION,

GRACE BUILDING (ONLY), ST. JOHN'S.

Storyettes.

THE WAY JOHN WENT.

John! John!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, "wake up! I hear a burglar downstairs!"

Mr. Perkins jumped up hurriedly, on his trousers and slippers, and ran from the room. After he had been absent for a minute or two, Mrs. Perkins called:

John! John! Where are you, in?"

"Here I am," Mr. Perkins answered.

"What on earth are you doing up there?"

"Why," replied Mr. Perkins, "didn't say he was downstairs?"

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

The usual after-breakfast tiff had taken place, and Smithers had cooled down.

After all, peace was a good thing, and well worth the having, and a little more or less humble pie did not much matter. He determined to try woman's weak point—dress—and remarked, in a pleasant voice:

"I see dresses are to be worn longer than usual this season."

But the hard lines at the corners of her mouth were still there.

"Well," she bitterly observed, "if they are to be worn longer than I am compelled to wear mine, they will

have to be made of sheet iron that's all."

And they started again.

WHEN HE STRUCK IT.

It was a country road, and the toller was up to his waist in a ditch he was making for a new drain. When the inquisitive one came on the scene he eyed the work for a moment or two, and then said:

"Well, my friend, what are you digging for, might I ask?"

"Gold," was the immediate reply, for the workman was studiously laconic in his speech.

"Ah," said the other, with something very like a smile of contempt overspreading his features, "and when do you expect to strike it?"

"On Saturday," was the equally laconic answer.

Then it dawned on the questioner that he had met his match, and he wended his onward way.

THEIR RATIONS.

In the Army it is customary for the officer of the day, accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, to inspect the men's rations before they are distributed.

One day the officer of the day went to the stores to inspect the food, as usual, and came to a bullock hanging up. The officer started to feel the haunches and shoulders, remarking that it was "splendid." Whereupon a private soldier commenced to feel the horns and hoofs.

The officer, noting the man's actions, at once called him a fool.

"But," said the private, "you are feeling the part that you and yours will get, and I'm only doing ditto for mine!"

AFRAID OF LOSING HIM.

A certain military camp was the scene of a rather funny incident. A boy who was taking a donkey to market had occasion to pass the camp, when the band struck up a lively air, and the man, naturally of a nervous disposition, began to tug violently on the rope with which the boy was holding him.

One of the soldiers thought he saw an opportunity to cause a laugh at the boy's expense, for the amusement of a crowd of onlookers, so he called out as the boy passed:

"Hey, youngster, why do you hold your brother so tightly?"

The boy looked at the khaki-clad hero for a second and then, as if suddenly inspired, replied:

"Shure, I'm afraid he might want to 'list in your regiment, and you've quite enough of his sort already!"

ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS.

An old club doctor, whose memory was beginning to fail him, was called in to see a young man who was on the sick list.

On arriving at the house he found his patient in bed with nothing the matter with him but a slight cold. After prescribing the usual remedies, he said:

"Now, my dear sir, you must stay in bed till I come again."

He went away, and forgot all about the patient, and the time went by.

One day the M.D. came across the young man's mother in the street. The sight of her brought the patient to his mind, and, with a start, he said:

"By-the-by, how is your son getting on?"

To his amazement, she replied:

"He is still in bed, and they bring his club money every week."

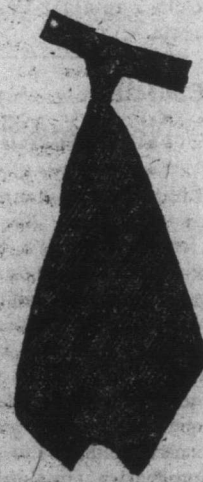
He had been there three weeks!



Prices 85c. to \$4.00.

Myriads of rich patterns, with the "Xmas look," to please his eye on that "Merry Morning." When in doubt ask me.

BOXED and TAGGED FREE.



KEARNEY Heads for Christmas.

Bringing up the First Line in My Great "Victory Xmas" CAMPAIGN.

Into the swirl and rush of my memorable "to the front" effort for this my "Victory Xmas", I go, backed by my Neckwear line. From England, from America, from Switzerland, from Japan—I have gathered these products from the world's greatest looms, woven and coloured for your Xmas needs.

"Get the goods!" was my cry when I bought. "Forget the price!" urged me to buy without stint. I rushed in where others feared to tread—while others were T-H-I-N-K-I-N-G. I didn't have time to think—I bought! Others are still thinking; now, I've got the goods.

Into my Neckwear line went all my buying experience; all my knowledge of the best in colour combinations; all that I knew in an appraisal of quality.

This is the line from which to choose your Xmas Gifts. Boxed and tagged in my store, "His Gift" will go to him in the true Xmas way, without any extra charge to you. That's my service! Beat it—who can!

Next announcement—"Bringing Up the Lines."

Watch for "Springing the Bomb-Shell." A great scheme for my "Victory Xmas."

REMEMBER!—Kearney First—First in the field—First to you with Xmas Gift Hints.

GEO. F. KEARNEY,

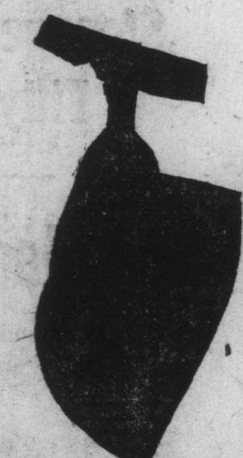
Haberdasher from Habit.

Manager "SMYTH'S."



No other Store has such a selection in One Gift; choosing's easy here.

Give Neckwear—always welcome. He cannot have too many.



Boyer's TOMATOES.

A shipment just received—all size tins.

- 100 cases SILVERDALE TOMATOES.
- 100 cases VALENCIA S. P. ONIONS.
- 200 cases LIBBY'S EVAP. MILK.
- 300 cases PURITY MILK.
- 25 boxes CORN FLOUR—1's, 1/2's & 1/4's.
- 7 1/2 gross ENO'S FRUIT SALTS.
- 30 cases WHITE HOUSE COFFEE.
- 30 cases DESICCATED COCOANUT.
- 10 cases SKIPPER SARDINES.
- 100 boxes MACARONI.
- 30 gross JEYES' FLUID.

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Steer Brothers.

National Lead Co., New York,

Manufacturers of

SHEET LEAD,
LEAD PIPE,
LEAD TRAPS and BENDS,
BAR LEAD,
LEAD SASH WEIGHTS,
LEAD WIRE.

SOLDER,
SOLDER WIRE,
SOLDER RIBBON,
BABBITT METALS,
DIE CASTINGS,
LINOTYPE METAL.

POTTERS & STORAGE BATTERY MAKERS
LINSEED OIL—Raw, Boiled and Refined.

Wholesale to the trade only.

P. C. O'Driscoll, Ltd.,

Agents for Newfoundland.

A "Democratic" Prince.

"Whose Prince is it, yours or ours?" In this London comment upon the warmth with which we have taken Edward Albert to our multitudinous bosom, a fine, satiric humor mingles with the British subject's joy in our capitulation. For it was to free ourselves from subjection to this young man's royal line that we fought the most romantic, the most heroic of our wars. Yet at the sight of the Prince our faces shone with the radiance of the morning and our hats went in the air. Whether or not he was "ours," for the moment we were his.

It was our fortune to meet him at the end of his stay. By report we already knew him. We had seen him in his easier, if frustrated, endeavor to tempt fortune on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, as also in his very successful exploit of enduring the bucks of a cowboy's bronco. We had seen him as fisherman, as hunter of big game, as hall-fellow with his old comrades of the war. We had heard that his little speeches were so happy that no one could say which parts of them were extempore and which had been prepared—or whether, in fact, they were not altogether born of the

moment. In none of his varied activities has he offered the smallest loophole in the parts of malice or of scorn; in all of them he has exhibited the great gift of personality—the gift of being wholeheartedly, exuberantly, and most agreeably himself. For women he has the grace, the dignity, and the charm of the princes of legend and romance, for men he has the qualities of good sportsmanship and good fellowship. All that, as the practice of royalty now goes, is precisely what he should have. Any demonstration of a towering outlook into the future, or of the statesman's vision of fire, would have been notably out of place.

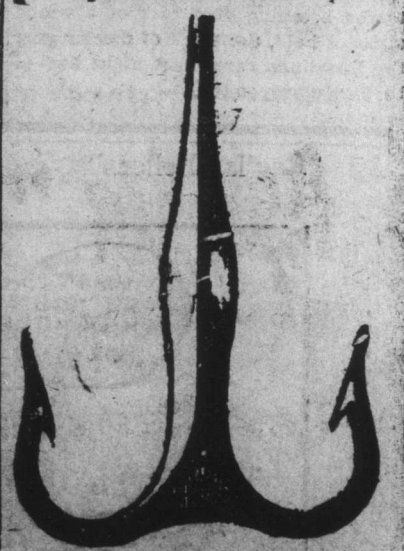
Yet it was not the least of the

charms of the occasion that these things seemed nowise precluded. Prince Hal, whose youthful familiarities so delighted Falstaff, became England's great hero King. Albert Edward became Edward VII., the soundness and constructive force of whose policy were not evident until long after his death. In Edward Albert, beneath the surface of boyish charm, a thing was evident which alone would prove him trained in the royal profession. Such precision and correctness of deportment, not merely in his personal relations, but as representative among us of a great and rival empire, could only have been the result of lifelong discipline. From the cradle he has been a Prince. We have seen enough of him to know that future relations between the two great kindred nations will not be needlessly jeopardized. His sojourn here has been of notable service in promoting the future good relations of Great Britain and America. —New York Times.

Coughs and Colds are very prevalent at present. Try Phor-one at STAFFORD'S, Theatre Hill.—Oct. 12

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

FISHERMEN!



This is the great Fishkiller with which the Norwegians catch such large quantities of fish. Place a sinker with a swivel on each end about one fathom above the hook, which spins like a minnow, and the fish bite ravenously.

JUST TRY IT.

Help Your Digestion

When acid-distressed, relieve the indigestion with

KI-MOIDS

Dissolve easily on tongue—as pleasant to take as candy. Keep your stomach sweet, try Ki-moids

MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION