# FRIDAY and SATURDAY--Days During which You Can Count on Genuine Bargains!

LACE CURTAINS

| | | Sale Price |
|---|---|---|
| Lace Curtains | Reg. 2.20 | 1.98 |
| White Curtain Poles | Reg. 1.50 | 1.35 |
| Printed Huck | Reg. 68c. | 62c. |
| Chintz Huck | Reg. 53c. | 48c. |
| Chintz Huck | Reg. 60c. | 52c. |
| Crash Table Cloths | Reg. 6.00 | 5.39 |
| Crash Table Cloths | Reg. 6.30 | 5.68 |
| Red Damask Cloths | Reg. 2.50 | 2.25 |

## DRESS GOODS!

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fancy Dress Serge | Reg. 50c. | Sale Price | 45c. |
| Coloured Velveteens | Reg. 1.60 | Sale Price | 1.39 |
| Dress Poplins | Reg. 1.00 | Sale Price | 87c. |
| Jap Silks | Reg. 2.00 | Sale Price | 1.80 |
| Fancy Flowered Crepes | Reg. 50c. | Sale Price | 42c. |
| Sponge Cloth | Reg. 1.30 | Sale Price | 1.15 |

White Bordered Cotton Blankets
Regular 4.00 . . . . . Sale Price 3.67 pr.
Fancy Checked Cotton Blankets
Regular 2.20 . . . . . Sale Price 1.97 ea.
White Wool Blankets
Regular 9.50 . . . . . Sale Price 8.60 pr.
White Wool Blankets
Regular 11.50 . . . . Sale Price 10.00 pr.
White Wool Blankets
Regular 13.50 . . . . Sale Price 11.50 pr.
Fancy Cotton Crib Blankets
Regular 1.00 . . . . . Sale Price 92c. pr.

Ladies' Suede Finish Gloves
Regular 55c. . . . . Sale Price 49c.
Ladies' Suede Finish Gloves
Regular 72c. . . . . Sale Price 65c.
Ladies' Suede Finish Gloves
Regular 85c. . . . . Sale Price 74c.
Ladies' Coloured Gauntlets
Regular 1.45 . . . . . Sale Price 1.29
Ladies' Coloured Gauntlets
Regular 2.20 . . . . . Sale Price 2.00
Ladies' White Gauntlets
Regular 1.00 . . . . . Sale Price 89c.

Sale Price

Boys' Fancy Flette Shirts—
Reg. 1.10 98c.
Men's Flannel Shirts—
Reg. 2.80 2.65
Boys' Sailor Caps . . Reg. 1.00 98c.
Men's Tweed Caps . . Reg. 1.30 1.15
Men's Tweed Caps . . Reg. 2.35 2.10

Men's Soft Felt Hats . . . . . Reg. 2.70 2.40
Men's Soft Felt Hats . . . . . Reg. 3.30 3.00
Men's Soft Felt Hats . . . . . Reg. 4.00 3.65

## HOSIERY!

Ladies' Coloured Cashmere . . . Reg. 72c. Sale Price 65c.
Ladies' Coloured Cashmere . . . Reg. 1.50 Sale Price 1.30
Ladies' Heather Mixture . . . Reg. 1.10 Sale Price 95c.
Ladies' Black Ribbed . . . . . Reg. 1.00 Sale Price 89c.
Ladies' Plain Black . . . . . Reg. 1.00 Sale Price 89c.
Ladies' Tan Cashmere . . . . . Reg. 1.10 Sale Price 1.00

## MARSHALL BROTHERS.



## St. JOHN'S
Grocery Stores

Pickled Meats at Lowest Prices.

Bologna Sausage.
Sliced Tongue.
Sliced Corned Beef.
Choice Ham Butt Pork
Choice Fat Back Pork.
New Family Beef.
New Spare Ribs, superior quality.
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Best Grade Canadian Butter

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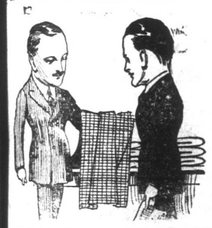

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(Our own bakers)
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MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR RHEUMATISM.


# SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

**CHEER UP, IT PROBABLY ISN'T, SO!**

What a black thing circumstantial evidence can be!

No, I don't mean this time in the matter of murder cases, or yet of gossip, but in the matter of believing that something you fear has come to pass, because everything points that way.

**Something MUST Have Happened.**

For instance, you can't see how it can be possible that that auto accident you are always fearing for Jack hasn't come at last. It is three hours after the time when he usually comes and if anything delays him, he always telephones . . . and you know the telephone isn't out of order, because you have called Central to see . . . Something must have happened . . . And then when you are almost in hysterics with alarm, Jack arrives; any you find out that he had to stop in town to dine with some of the firm's guests that he left word with his stenofgrapher to telephone you and she forgot.

A neighbor of mine once had a very vivid experiece of that ort. Her husband was to take a business trip to another city on a boat. When the morning papers came they carried the account of an accident to the boat. Life boats had been put off, and one had been tipped over with the loss or several lives. Survivors were being brought to shore in the various ships that picked them up. Naturally my neighbor was wild with anxiety and immediately began to try to get news of her husband from the newspapers and steamship officials.

**To Cap The Climax!**

As usual there was great difficulty in checking up, and she could not get any definite word about him. In a few hours other friends who also had relatives on board the boat, received messages from them that they were all right. And still no word came from her husband. By nightfall all the survivors were landed and still no word. It really began to look black. If he were all right, why hadn't he telephoned And then, to cap the climax, one of the afternoon papers brought out a description of the unidentified dead, and in one case the description could have fitted my neighbor's husband perfectly. You can imagine the mental state she was in. All the circumstantial evidence pointed one way.

She was just about convicted that she would never see him again when he walked in on her.

What had happened was that he had decided at the last minute to drive himself over in his machine instead of taking the boat. The machine was in a public garage and having no reason to take it out, she did not know it was gone. He had not bought a newspaper, because he was driving and had no time to read. While he was in the other city he had been doing some work in a library and had not talked with anyone who knew him.

**You'll Wonder How You Felt That Way.**

In the face of that explanation her anxieties seemed groundless, of course . . . but before he came she could hardly see any other possibility but that he was among the missing.

So many times when we can't see any happy explanation there is one. Remember that the next time the circimstantial evidence looks so strong you can't see any hope. The chances are twenty to one that before long you will be wondering how you could have felt so convinced.

## Kid McCoy in Prison

**FACING A CHARGE OF MURDERING A WOMAN IN LOS ANGELES—CLAIMS THAT THE WOMAN SHOT HERSELF.**

LOS ANGELES, August 14.—Kid McCoy, veteran of the prize ring, whose fists fetched him fighting renown more than a quarter of a century ago, sat in a jail cell here today, facing the most desperate battle of his career—a fight to free himself of the charge of murdering a woman.

The woman, Mrs. Thersa Mors, divorced wife of a wealthy antique dealer was found dead early yesterday in the apartment she and McCoy, whose true name is Norman Selby, had occupied for several weeks as "Mr. and Mrs. N. Shields." In her head was a 32-calibre bullet, nearby was an automatic pistol of the same calibre, and a note signed by McCoy bequeathing all his worldly possessions to his mother. Clasped in the hand and of the corpse was a photograph of the former puglist.

When McCoy was arrested several hours later, after terrorizing employees and patrons of two fashionable shops and shooting and slightly wounding three persons, he was stubbornly silent for a time. The former pugilist, nine times a husband, and who, common report said, was planning to make Mrs. Mors his tenth wife, in the first hour or so after his arrest, would make only one statement, and that was: "He killed the only woman I ever loved."

Later he talked freely. Mrs. Mors killed herself, he said; the shock and grief "put out his lights" and filled him with an insane rage to kill her husband "who drove her to it," to kill all those who stood in his way, and finally to kill himself.

But fate hid Mors from him, and his plan to kill himself was lost in the swirl of events. "I was going to kill myself," he said explaining the note found in the apartment, "but I forgot."

Police believe portions of McCoy's story, but declare his suicide defence has already received its knockout blow from the Kids' own sister, Mrs. Jennie Thomas, whom they quote as saying McCoy come to her home soon after the shooting of Mrs Mors and burst out with: "I just had to kill that woman."

Late last night detectives called at the Thomas home, but after conferring with the woman's attorney they agreed not to question her further, on the understanding that she would tell the complete story of McCoy's visit and alleged confession to District Attorney Asa Keyes to-day.

McCoy, under re-grilling at the City Hall, admitted that he had called on his sister soon after Mrs Mors' death, but "could not remember what I told her or how long I stayed". He clung to his suicide version of the shooting, telling detectives that Mrs. Mors was driven to despair by her troubles with her former husband, that she suddenly cried out that she "couldn't stand it any longer," and attempted to stab herself to death with a butcher knife. When this failed, he said, she took a pistol from a dresser drawer and fired a bullet through her head before he could stop her.

Police declare, however, that what Mrs. Mors really planned was a reconciliation with her former husband and that McCoy's jealous rage over this impending reconciliation led him to kill her and go out seeking to kill Mors.

In his search for Mors he went to the Mors antique shop, where, according to his own story, he planned to shoot Mr. Mors and then kill Mr, and Mrs. Sam Schapp, who operated a shop next door and who recently had made efforts to bring about a reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. Mors.

What he actually did was to wound Wm. Ross, a patron, who happened to enter the Mors establishment, and Mr. and Mrs Schapp, whom he pursued into their shop when they refused to be lured into the Mors place. None of the three was wounded seriously.

In telling the shooting affrap McCoy explained over and over again that he had been drinking, and that he was crazed with shock and grief and out of his head.

Mors was on his way to his shop about the time McCoy entered it, and, but for the fact that his automobile broke down, would have reached his place of business in the midst of the former puglist's shooting orgy.

By the time the machine could be repaired, however, newsboys were shouting extras whose headline warned Mors that McCoy was amuck. He accordingly remained away until McCoy was safe in a cell at the city jail, charged with suspicion of murder, assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to kill and robbery.

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*Men are finding in Stacomb what they have always sought—an easy, natural way to keep the hair looking always as trim and neat as their favorite barber leaves it.*

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Stacomb is a smooth, velvety, invisible cream—non-staining and non-greasy. It comes in jars and in tubes—compact, economical. You can get it at all drug and department stores.

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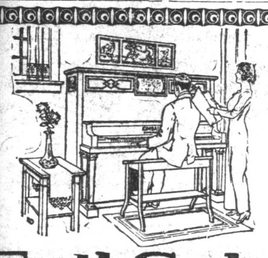

Fall Sale
— OF —
ORGANS!

We have just received a consignment of slightly used Piano Case Six Octave Organs in beautiful Mahogany, Walnut and Oak Cases. Every instrument perfect and guaranteed.

1 Sherlock-Manning Piano Case Six Octave Organ, 13 Stops, fine Walnut Case . . . . . Price $110.00
1 Doherty Piano Case Six Octave Organ, 11 Stops, Walnut Case . . . . . Price $100.00
1 Doherty Piano Case Six Octave Organ, 13 Stops, top rail and mirror . . . . . Price $125.00
1 Dominion Piano Case Six Octave Organ, 11 Stops, top rail, fine Oak Case . . . . . Price $110.00
1 Dominion Piano Case Six Octave Organ, 11 Stops, fine Mahogany Case, top rail and mirror. Price $115.00
1 Bell Piano Case Six Octave Organ, 11 Stops, Mahogany Case, top rail and mirror . . Price $115.00
1 Bell Piano Case Six Octave Organ "The Seraphone," Special reeds and workmanship, in fine Oak Case, 11 Stops . . . . . Price $140.00

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