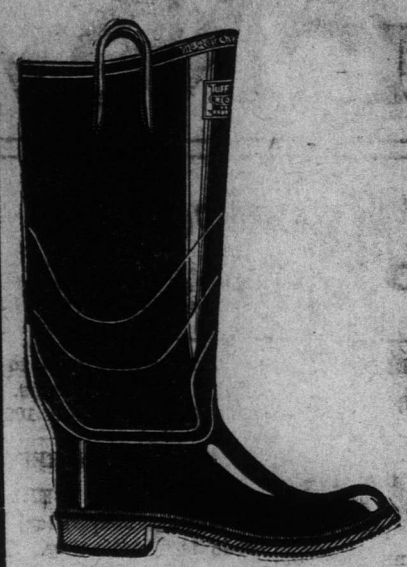




Long Rubbers
In Men's,
Women's,
Children's.

RUBBER FOOTWEAR

For some months to come will be in daily demand.
We are now well stocked in all sizes in Men's,
Women's and Children's. We carry the
WELL-KNOWN MAKE :

The Merchants' Rubber Company,

Which is a sure guarantee of satisfaction.



Marshall Bros



LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, October 27th, 1914.

UNIFORMS—KHAKI AND OTHER.

The difficulty in obtaining khaki in sufficient quantity to meet the requirements of suddenly created armies has led to the presumably provisional adoption of a dark cloth akin to that used in the Navy for the uniforms of some of the new regiments. It is certainly preferable to an indefinite retention of the rather motley civilian garb in which large numbers of the recruits are still marching. The makeshift takes one back not unpleasantly to the old days of dark-colored uniforms. Khaki enough to replace it will not doubt be forthcoming before the men are ready for the front, but even in the unlikely event of its being worn in the field it would be less conspicuous than the uniforms affected by some of the troops of our Allies. I hear privately of more than one instance in which the red breeches of our French friends have given away the carefully concealed positions of our men. The German guns have been searched in vain for us until the red breeches came upon the scene, and then it has been necessary to make a hasty removal of ammunition wagons under a rain of shells. One effect of the war will doubtless be to teach others the lesson we ourselves have long since learned—that red, though it may minister to vanity, is a demerit and a snare where modern warfare is in question.

WAR FILMS UNDER DIFFICULTY.

In this war circumstances have been too strong for the cinematograph operator, whose element is danger. All the pictures that even the most fearless of operators have sent home, so far as one has seen, have been taken well behind the firing line. A series just shown in London at the end of Mr. Ponting's show, are probably as near the smoke as any. They are the work of a photographer whose specialty hitherto has been the life of bees, and he is now working among the fierce bees swarming (and stinging) round the Antwerp hive. It is stated that one of the pictures, showing a Belgian battery in action, is the only film taken of the firing of a gun in this war. "Dee" Mason—he is known as such in the world of the

movies—has gone about everywhere with the active little soldiers, pursuing them into the trenches, where they obligingly cocked their rifles for him at fictitious Germans, or into woods where they cleverly took shelter at the sound of an approaching air scout. The Union Jack on the camera car won it a passage everywhere. The films are chiefly valuable for their clear evidence of the extent of the ruin of Termonde, Malines, and other ravaged towns. Termonde is a few black walls now, and nothing brought the immensity of the misery of Belgium home so sharply as the sight of the market place of one small town empty but for a famished dog—the last inhabitant. You see a kindly soldier feeding the poor creature. Outside the Town Hall of Malines you see another sign—a very long queue of women and children waiting for loaves of bread. Another curious glimpse was that of the street of bathing machines at Ostend—five refugees dwelling in every bathing machine, and a gendarme marching up and down as if it was the most conventional street in the world.

MATCHES FOR SOLDIERS.

The British War Office's permission—almost invitation—to send matches to the army, confirms the impression already created by the letters from the front that there is a match famine. This is easy to understand if matches for smokers do not form part of the regular supplies in the army transport. In the first place the invasion of France by something over a hundred pipe-smoking English would increase the demand considerably. Pipes consume far more matches than cigarettes, and the French pipe smokers are in a small minority. Then the French do not smoke as much as we do. They are also more economical of matches. The manufacture of matches is a Government monopoly, and they are consequently neither good nor cheap. Three kinds are common—the evil-smelling sulphurous match from which a yellow flame issues out of a blue, the "Swedish" matches, which are our safety matches, and which are sold at a penny for a small box, and tiny boxes of wax matches. What

are these to a pipe smoker? If at ordinary times the English demand would put a strain on the French supply, it must be doubly difficult to meet it now that manufacturers are disorganized. Finally, it must be remembered that the region which is now being traversed by our troops has been already crossed probably three times by an army within two months—twice by the Germans and twice by the Allies. Village shops must by this time have lost practically all their stocks by purchase or pillage. It should be noted, by the way, that the War Office recommends that safety matches should be sent. Why not as a substitute the modern pocket edition of the flint and tinder? I have seen one to-day which costs two pence. The spark is made by springing a little piece of iron on to a mill-wheel, and the fuel is a dry wick which smoulders. A pipe-lighter of this kind is particularly suitable for field use because no wind blows it out. The one I saw was made in Vienna, where the match monopoly gives it a special value. Perhaps we could begin to make some.

ITALY'S FOREIGN MINISTER.

One of the most interesting personalities in the diplomatic world at the present moment is the Marquis di San Giuliano, the Italian Foreign Secretary. Upon his shoulders rests to a large extent the ultimate decision as to what the future attitude of Italy shall be towards the great struggle which is now being fought out in Europe. Will he remain neutral or will he give official sanction to the anti-Austrian feelings so openly expressed by many of his countrymen and throw the military strength of Italy on to the side of the Allies? Those are questions which are being asked all over the world just now. The general Marquis has never been persona grata in Berlin or Vienna, and his appointment to his present high post in 1905 was received with many a wry face in official circles in both cities. During his stay in London

some years ago as Italian Ambassador to this country he made many friends among all classes, and was specially loved by the large number of Italians, many of them in extremely humble circumstances, who have made their homes in the large towns of Great Britain. I remember well being present at a pleasant little dinner which the Italian community of Glasgow gave to His Excellency just before he left the Italian Embassy in London. The cordially displayed on that occasion between the distinguished guest and his hosts made a great impression on my mind.

HOW ABOUT YOUR CALORIES?

The British Army Medical Advisory Board has got the war ration raised from 4,000 to 5,000 calories a day. A calorie, it may be explained, is the unit in which the value of various kinds of food as fuel for the human engine is scientifically measured. It is a heat unit, but its equivalent in mechanical energy is 3,077 foot-pounds. If all the soldier's ration could be turned into muscular energy it would yield the prodigious total of over 15,000,000 foot-pounds a day. A hard day's muscular work for an average man is reckoned at only about 1,500,000 foot-pounds. But, needless to say, most of the fuel that goes into the human engine, as into any other engine, goes out not as energy but as waste heat. The human body converts a little under one-sixth of its fuel into muscular energy. It does better than the steam engine,

however, which at most converts only one-eighth of its fuel into mechanical energy. Still, if Mr. Thomas Atkins get his 5,000 calories ration regularly and can digest it thoroughly he will not be underfed. On the old ration it was found that he was partly starved and lost weight continuously during severe marches. With the new ration he keeps his weight after what the "Medical Journal" calls the initial and proper loss of some body fat and water. This new ration is up to the highest standard ever put forward by any dietetic authority for the severest physical exertion. Vandeville strong man Eugene Sandow's diet while he was doing his daily exhibitions of feats of strength was reckoned out at 4,462 calories a day—noticeably less than the new army ration. But some American football teams have run up to 7,335 calories a day. They were probably over-eating. For a man of average shape the allowance for hard physical labor has been computed at 315 to 420 calories per stone of weight. Shape matters. A broad or stout man needs less food than a thin man. The body surface of a thin man is larger in area than that of a stout man, so more of his food-fuel escapes from that large exposed surface in waste heat. The nearer your figure approaches to the spherical the less is its superficial area, and the less is the escape of heat. And that explains the great mystery that thin men eat more than fat men. Thin men need more.

Headache, Costive, Bilious, "Cascarets."

Sick Headache, Bad Breath, Sour Stomach, mean Liver and Bowels are clogged—Cheer up! Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out, or the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months.

FADS AND FASHIONS.

Fine black coats are made with military collars and artillery capes. The new net flouncings have wonderful designs of sparkling spangles. Some of the new dresses have their skirts cut full, and no over-skirts.

Marabou and ostrich are frequently combined in the new neck-pieces. Silk raitine, plaided or striped, is used for charming girdles and trimmings.

Satin and chiffon is a favorite combination for the dark colored blouse. Cobalt blue with brown, is a combination much prettier than its sounds.

Red panne velvet and red tulle are occasionally used for evening dresses.

The Wrong Kind of Praise.

By RUTH CAMEBON.



"Now that I've met that woman I really like her," a man said to me the other day. "But before I knew her I used to hate her."

"Why?" I asked. "H a d someone been slandering her?"

"On the contrary," he said. "I had heard so much praise of her that it turned me against her. Even now when my sister starts singing her praises it sickens me against her, though when I'm with her I like her."

Too much praise often hurts its object. I think we have all had experiences like this.

And the outcome is not always so pleasant. For we are not always able to overcome our distaste so happily. I must confess there are some perfectly good people whom I have never been able to like simply because I have heard too much said about their virtues.

"Defend me from my friends," says Marcial Villars. "I can defend myself from my enemies." I wonder if he wasn't thinking of the kind of friend who hurts by over-praising.

Again praise may do harm by raising one's expectations too high and preparing a sure disappointment.

The other day a friend advised me to read a certain story in a magazine, declaring it was one of the cleverest she had ever read. I did not have time to get at it for several days and twice during that interval she reminded me to be sure and read the story and repeated her praises. When I finally sat down to read it, of course

my expectations were sky high. Equally, of course, I was disappointed in the story and thought it rather commonplace. Yet I think I might have liked that story very much if I had picked it up without being acquainted with it beforehand.

Again, praise from one source will sometimes do more harm than censure from another.

For some praise is really condemnation, and some condemnation is really praise.

You remember in "Shirley" how Robert Moore, the mill owner, is brought to a realization of his own harshness towards his rising employees by the extravagant praise of some of the other mill owners whom he despises. As Charlotte Bronte puts it, "On abuse, on reproach, on calumny, it is easy to smile, but painful indeed is the panegyric of those we condemn."

Again, when the great American novelist, James Fennimore Cooper, was being vituperated by some of our newspapers his friend, Samuel Morse, the inventor, wrote to him, "They praise you as usual, for it is praise to have the abuse of such as abuse you."

Every human being wants commendation, and in the right quantity and from the right source praise may be a blessing and an inspiration. But like almost all the good things of earth it can be transformed into a burden and a curse.

No sensible man wants a Watch that is not reliable, it may cost him dearly. Any man who wants a Watch that is reliable, let him go to TRAP-NELL'S, where only reliable Watches are kept and sold at reasonable prices.—Oct 22, 11

TO ARRIVE TO-DAY:

50 kegs Cluster Grapes
40 cases Small Onions.

10 sacks P. E. I. Parsnips.
10 sacks P. E. I. Carrots.

150 sks. P.E.I. Potatoes (Large and Dry.)

25 brls. Sound Apples.
25 baskets Large Blue Plums.

(Last for season.)

Soper & Moore.

Phone 489.

Hr. Grace Notes.

The schr. Ruby, Capt. Thomas Davis, arrived from Labrador this forenoon. The Ruby had a very disagreeable time last night in this bay, but being a good little boat came through all right.

The Patriotic Committee are holding a concert at St. Paul's Hall tomorrow night. The local talent is to be well represented, and the affair promises to be a very successful event.

The moving picture show at the Please U on Monday and Tuesday was well patronized, and enjoyable. It is likely this Theatre will be open again on Thursday and Friday nights.

The Staff of the Cable Company here are expecting to move to Bay Roberts next week. We are sorry to part with the cable staff, as they are all jolly good fellows, but we hope to see them down often, and wish them very pleasant times in their new quarters.

A fine young horse owned by Dr. Strapp perished yesterday, probably from colic. The animal was a valuable one.

Work at the several new buildings in town is progressing favourably. It is a wholesome sign to see new buildings going up. A new building is also being put up at Bryant's Cove for a school there. The lumber was supplied by the Horwood Lumber Co. CORRESPONDENT.
Hr. Grace, Oct. 28, 1914.

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 Percie Johnson would provide for you this desired security and at small expense. Have you enough insurance?

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
DAYDREPP.

By S.S. Morwenna, 20 bxs Purity Butter,
20 cases Selected Eggs,
50 Half Bags P. E. I. Potatoes.

FLOUR—Bris. & Sacks.
Verbena.
5 Buses.
Royal Household.
Windsor.
Victor.
Harrier's A. No. 1.
Whole Wheat Flour.
200 bags BRAN.
200 bags HOMINY.
200 bags CORN MEAL.
300 bags BLACK OATS.
CALF MEAL.
MOLASSINE.

Get the Best for your money. Ask for
DANAWALLA TEA,
50c. lb.
BULLDOG TEA,
40c. lb.
5 lbs. or over 10 p.c. discount
ALTAR CANDLES,
Pure Wax.
BELMONT STEARINE
PARAFFIN WAX.
CLARKE'S
NIGHT LIGHTS.

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

IRISH BUTTER, 1-lb. blocks and by the lb.
CANADIAN ONIONS, in sacks.
SPANISH SILVERPEEL ONIONS, in cases.

We Will Never Cease to Hammer Home The Fact

that "Homestead" Tea is refreshing, palatable and pure. It is the right kind for your family to use, as it is prepared in accordance with the most approved sanitary methods.

Homestead Tea, 40c. lb.

Gravenstein APPLES,
Nos. 1, 2 and 3.
Ex s.s. Stephano.

Partridge Berries.
Cranberries.
Cod Tongues, 1 lb. tins.
Bakeapples 1 lb. tins.
Foster's Wrinkled Peas, cartons.
New York Corned Beef.
Local Rabbit, 1 lb. tins.
FRESH RABBITS DAILY.

C. P. EAGAN,

Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.