

"Prevention Is Better Than Cure!"

We are asked by the Board of Health to observe the rules now enforced to prevent the spreading of Influenza now raging in our midst. It is therefore the duty of every good citizen to follow as closely as possible the health rules laid down for his or her benefit. One of the most important rules essential to good health is "Keep the Feet Dry." Wet feet are often the cause of a break down in health. Dry feet day by day keeps the Doctor away therefore guard your health by wearing the best rubber footwear, the kind we sell "They Keep Your Feet Dry."

Children's Rubber Shoes.

Anchor Brand.	
Low Cut	60c. to 74c. per pair
High Cut	66c. to 80c. per pair
Sizes 3 to 10. Prices according to size.	
MISSIE'S RUBBER SHOES	
Anchor Brand.	
Low Cut	76c. to 84c. per pair
High Cut	82c. to 90c. per pair
Sizes 11 to 2. Prices according to size.	
YOUTH'S RUBBER SHOES.	
Anchor Brand—Sizes 9 to 13.	
Low Cut	86c. to 94c. pair
High Cut	90c. to 98c. pair
BOYS' RUBBER SHOES.	
Anchor Brand—Sizes 1 to 5.	
Low Cut	96c. to \$1.04 pair
High Cut	\$1.05 to \$1.08 pair

LADIES' RUBBER SHOES.

JOB LINE.	
Low Cut	50c. per pair
High Cut	60c. per pair
ANCHOR BRAND.	
Low Cut	95c. per pair
High Cut	\$1.00 per pair
MERCHANT BRAND.	
Low Cut	\$1.10 per pair
High Cut	\$1.20 per pair
MERCHANT BRAND RUBBER BOOTS	\$3.30 per pair

MEN'S RUBBER SHOES.

Job Line.	
Low Cut	75c. per pair
High Cut	78c. per pair
Anchor Brand.	
Low Cut	\$1.20 per pair
High Cut	\$1.30 per pair
Merchant Brand.	
Low Cut	\$1.40 and \$1.50 per pair
High Cut	\$1.40 and \$1.50 per pair
MEN'S RUBBER BOOTS.	
Anchor Brand	\$4.80 pair
Merchant Brand	\$5.00 to \$7.00 pair
MEN'S HIP RUBBER BOOTS	
Merchant Brand.	
Red Sole	\$5.50
White Sole	\$7.20

Marshall Bros

LISTS.

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON

Dont you love lists? I do. A neighbor came into my living-room, the other day, and found me poring over a list on my desk. "What is that?" she asked, and when I showed her a list of the little odd jobs in the way of house-cleaning and house organizing that I wanted to get done before winter, she laughed heartily. "Can't you remember that you want to do those things without setting them down?" she asked.

I Didn't Want To Try. And when I explained that I probably could, but that I didn't want to try, she was still amused.

Personally, I can't see anything to be amused about. My list had on it such items as "Look over summer clothing," "Wash cushion slips," "Put the secretary drawers in order," "File bills," "Clean out the stair cupboard," etc. After I had made it, the things seemed to be off my mind. When I have spare time I consult it and do whatever fits into the pattern of that particular bit of leisure. When I am busy about other things I'm not haunted by those jobs. As I get them done I cross them off, and I know of no more profound satisfaction than seeing the list dwindle.

Men Approve of Lists.

A male friend of mine once did the housework for a few weeks while his wife was ill. When he went into the kitchen to get dinner he always began by making a list of the things to be done. As he did them, he crossed them off. His wife laughed at first but ceased laughing when she found he could get the meal as quickly as she, and sometimes more expeditiously. Now, if she has an elaborate meal to prepare, she herself resorts to a list.

It doesn't seem as if any woman could go shopping without a list, yet I know some who do.

How Often She Had To Look Through Five Trunks.

Card catalogue lists of the various articles stored away in the garret, are another great convenience. How the old fashioned housekeeper would

laugh! And yet how often, if her memory was not of the best, the old fashioned housekeeper looked hurriedly through four or five trunks to find that old flannel shirt that brother or father suddenly demanded.

On my desk is a list of odd jobs I have been accumulating for the day the job carpenter will spend with me. Maybe a clever woman would remember them all, but I find that if I don't make some such list I forget the most important one.

It is my opinion that to try to keep all sorts of little things in your mind is a strain whether you are definitely conscious of it or not. The more things you can get off your mind by setting them down, the more useful your mind will be for other things.

And here is a last thing for those who laugh at lists to laugh at: As I write, there lies beside my typewriter a list of the kinds of lists I want to mention.

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best: Mathias Foley, Oil City, Ont. Joseph Snow, Norway, M. Charles Whooten, Mulgrave, N.S. Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N.S. Pierre Landers, Sen., Pokemoucho, N.B.

Milady's Boudoir

A hearty laugh is Nature's tonic for beauty. Practice it then with all your heart. Don't let a day go by without indulging in this wonderful form of relaxation.

Laughing is the cheapest medicine in the world, and the most beautifying. All the visits to a vanity parlor in the world will do you no good, if you come away with a stern, cold face and set jaws.

A good laugh stimulates the circulation and stirs sluggish veins to activity. Its vibration seems to force new life into the very springs of our beings.

If you were to stop and figure up the number of times that you have indulged in a good hearty laugh they would be surprised to find that they are very few. Practice it as a duty if you cannot laugh spontaneously at first.

Relax your face muscles, loosen up the cords of your heart and burst forth in a peal of musical glee. Laugh and the world laughs with you.

Now ready for delivery:

20 cases each, 3 doz.

1 lb. tins

CRISCO.

15 cases each, 2 doz.

1 1-2 lb. tins

SNOW DRIFT SHORTING.

Packed in air tight tins to insure both purity and freshness.

Soper & Moore
Wholesale Importers and Jobbers.

you, weep and you weep alone. Remember.



Just Folks
TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

The god that you worshiped has failed.

Your idols have crumbled to dust. The leaders that loudly you hailed. Have all proven false to their trust. You were blind and they led you astray.

You were weak and they trampled you down. The feet of your master were clay. And base were the gems in his crown.

You have followed philosophers cold. Like children and murdered their creeds. They taught that to take and to hold. Is all that humanity needs. They mocked at the tender things. And vaunted the power of the strong. You worshipped not God but your kings.

And now you have learned you were wrong. The sword of your god is destroyed. The purple is torn from his throne. Right has broken the power he enjoyed. And helpless you are and alone. For comfort in vain you shall turn. To the books that your sages have penned. For the doctrines they forced you to learn.

Were false from beginning to end. You must learn from the teachers of truth. That right isn't builded on might. You must banish the creeds of your youth. And come from the dark to the light. If you'd share in the laughter of men. You must follow the ways that they play. And humble yourselves before God.

You have wasted the years of your past. You have builded your splendors on sand. But your creeds were not written to last. Nor your temples erected to stand. From the ashes of power you must rise. To teach all your children, now. That in honour real majesty lies. And only that lives which is true.

Thrilling Rescue

There is a glorious article by Lewis R. Freeman in the September Cornhill, which, while intended to show how the German navy has poisoned "the sacred brotherhood of the sea," shows still more vividly the splendid nature of the men who man the British Navy. It contains some fascinating details of the Falkland and Cocos Island Battles, which all should read.

The Stoway.

Here is the story told to Mr. Freeman by Lieut. X—, of H.M.S. Sydney, and how he rescued some of the Germans who escaped from the Emden when our men ended the Emden off North Keeling Island.

Lieut. X, set out in the galley to rescue these men, most of whom were wounded. They had no food and water, and their sufferings during the day and a half before help reached them were unspeakable.

"Just as I was about to go over the side," said Lieut. X, "a young Australian lad—some kind of a boy rating—came and asked to be taken along. I refused him rather shortly, as I thought he would be of more hindrance than help in the kind of job we had on hand. He disappeared quickly, and I did not see him again until we had taken the galley in through the surf and were pulling it up on the beach. Then he was discovered, curled up under the thwart, where he had managed to stow himself away before we pulled off from the Sydney. It was a lucky thing he came along, for, as it turned out, he was the only one of the lot of us who knew how to climb a coconut palm.

Through the Surf. "It was impossible to take a boat through the surf anywhere near the point where the Emden had grounded, but some miles up the beach there appeared to be an opening in the reef through which a landing might be made. Watching our chances, we managed to shoot the galley in without an upset, incidentally showing the way to the whaler, which had been on the point of giving up the job after staving a hole in its bottom in attempting a passage at a less favorable point. Mustering my men, I set out to find the Emden. It was here that I went wrong.

"Knowing that the island was but a small one, and having seen a number of the Emden's men making off to the right from the point where she was grounded, I figured that I would be likely to intercept them more quickly if I circled round to the left and met them face to face than by trying to overtake them. It was getting late, and I was anxious to lose no time in bringing them together and into the boats while there was still daylight to see to running the latter through the surf. If the island had been anything but a coral atoll my reckoning would have worked out all right; as it was it upset things completely.

Millions of Sea Birds. "I never saw the place in daylight which we stumbled into, and so can't say just what it was; it seemed, however, to be a sort of wilderness of reeds, peopled with a million sea-birds, many of them nesting. The roar of our guns in the battle was as nothing to the bedlam of screams which arose when I went slithering through a lot of eggs and hopped full length into a rising mass of beating wings. My hair was rather long at the time, and hadn't been combed since morning. One of the birds put a foot through a tangle of it, and then nearly beat me into insensibility with its wings in trying to kick loose. They came batting against us in the darkness throughout the several minutes we were groping our way to

the open of the beach.

"It was well towards midnight when we got back to where the boats were, and so quite out of the question trying to do anything further in the way of searching for the Emden till daylight. Several of the latter had straggled in and given themselves up, and they told us that the rest were all at the point where they had first come ashore from the Emden, and suffering greatly from hunger and thirst. As we had expected to be putting back to the Sydney within an hour or two of the time we landed, we had little food and water save that in the boats, and this wouldn't have gone very far with the lot of us if it had not been supplemented by the coconuts our young stowaway brought down for us.

A Terrible Night.

"There was not much chance to rest that night on account of the small land crabs which kept crawling over you the moment you dropped off to sleep, and it was not pleasant to think of how those more or less helpless Emden men were faring a few miles farther down the beach. We started off at the first streak of dawn, and reached them by sun-up. The most of them were in even worse condition than I had feared, for it seemed inconceivable to me that they should not have contrived in some way or other to get hold of some coconuts to eat and drink. It turned out that they had not done so, however, and that, as a consequence, a number of them had died of thirst. The worst case, perhaps, was that of the assistant surgeon, whom I told you of as having been wounded and blown overboard by a shell. Delirious from thirst, he had managed to induce a sailor to fetch him a drink of salt water, and had died shortly afterwards as a result of drinking it. All the open wounds, since they had gone from twelve to eighteen hours longer without attention, were in even more terrible condition than those of the men we had found on the Emden the previous day.

"Finally, we got all the helpless of the wounded on to stretchers and started on their way to the boats. Schall was the greatest help throughout, but I can't say as much for many of the others of the unwounded, who were very grudging in the way they helped a hand. Schall put up a stiff protest against going off without burying the dead, declaring that he was not going to leave them there for the crabs to eat up. When I pointed out that we had no implements for digging, and that I needed his help in getting the living off, he saw the reason of it and said he would come along. We did the best we could for the dead by covering them with palm leaves and coral clinkers.

The Lieutenant's Uniform. "We reached the Sydney all right, and the whaler was just being hoisted in when I heard the Captain's voice from the bridge asking where Lieut. enant X— was. I looked up just in time to catch him staring down at me with open-eyed amazement.

"Oh, there he is!" he exclaimed, turning away with a grin on his face. That led me, for the first time in twenty-four hours, to take a look at what I could see of myself without a glass. It was my turn to grin—and to blush. Absolutely the sum-total of my wardrobe was my shirt and a seaman's straw hat! Nothing else.

"To ease my feet from boots after standing on the scorching iron decks of the Emden, I had shifted to an old pair of dancing pumps when I returned to the Sydney, and these, in the rush of departure, I had worn ashore. They, and my socks, must have been scoured off among the coral clinkers, and my cap probably when the sea-bird tangled its feet in my hair. But where I lost my trousers, and what sailor gave me his hat, I have never been able to make out."

Jeye's Fluid

Carbolic Soaps,

Lifebuoy, Eureka.

LINIMENTS:

MINARD'S, STAFFORD'S, ELECTRIC OIL, FRENCH MAGNETIC OIL, STURGEON OIL.

COUGH CURES:

STRUP OF LINSKED, LICORICE & CHLORODIN, HARVARD'S BRON, STRUP CHERRY BALSAM, STRUP OF WHITE PINE, EUCALYPTOL & HONEY.

CASTOR OIL,

in 1 oz., 2 oz., 5 oz., 7 oz. btl.

PILLS:

DODD'S KIDNEY, GIN, KIDNEY and BACKACHE, ANTIBILIOUS, BLAUD'S IRON, KIDNEY and LIVER.

ENO'S FRUIT SALTS,

CODLIVER OIL COMP'D.

(Tasteless), CODLIVER OIL EMULSION, PAINE'S CELERY COMP'D, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

FLOWERS OF SULPHUR

(1 oz. pkts.), POWDERED BORAX (1 oz. pkts.), FRIAR'S BALSAM, CRAMP & PAIN RELIEVER.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Limited,

332 GROCERY, St. John's. 332

The Emerson PIANO

is the Piano with a Newfoundland reputation of 40 years behind it.

There are many of these Pianos in the Island today, standing monuments of the wonderful lasting qualities they possess.

Call at our Showrooms and see and hear them. Prices the best.

CHARLES HUTTON,

Sole Agent for the Dominion.

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AUTUMN GOODS:

POUND PERCALES, SHIRTS, POUND SATEENS, DRESS GOODS, DENIMS, PLAID DRESS GOODS, COTTON CHECKS, BLOUSES, POUND UNDERWEAR, FLANNELLETTE, TOWELINGS, OVERALLS.

EVERY DAY GOODS ARRIVING.

SLATTERY BLDG., Duckworth & George Sts.

Advertise in the "Telegram"

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TRY OUR

TEA,

at 50c. lb.; 5 lbs. at 45c. lb.
STAFFORD'S INKS, STAFFORD'S MULLAGE, PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA, IDEAL AMMONIA—Dry, FLASH CROTHOL DISINFECTANT, IVORY SOAP, COPCO SOAP.

For all Cooking, Snowdrift, A Perfect Shortening, CRISCO. For frying, for shortening, for cake making.

OXO,

Tins of 4 and 10 cubes each. OXO CORDIAL, 16 oz. btl.

BEECHNUT BACON, FIDELITY HAMS & BACON.

ESSENCE OF COFFEE, Small and large bottles. TOMATOES, 1 1/2 lb., 2 lb. and 3 lb. tins.

20 boxes TABLE BUTTER—Selected.

PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO, 1/4 Tins.

T. J. EDENS,

Duckworth St. and Rawlin's Cross.

Our American Letter.

Boston, Oct. 19th.—Judging from the press dispatches, Germany had all the Entente nations guessing a few days ago and the question was being asked on all sides: "What is Germany to?" No statesman belonging to the Allied group appeared to be able to answer satisfactorily this interrogatory, but in all lands opposed to Germany, strong suspicion was expressed that the Berlin Government was endeavouring to, spring some surprise upon the democratic nations.

The situation was so tangled that no one seemed able to find the end of the red that might lead to the unravelling of the mystery. Diplomatic circles everywhere expressed astonishment that what purported to be President Wilson's acceptance of President Wilson's peace terms should have been set out by wireless from the power German station at Nauen, so that the whole world might get it, before had been presented to the head of American nation through the customary intermediary channels. It is only possible that the manner in which this message was made public was accidental, but on the contrary, it seems reasonable to suppose the new German Chancellor had some purpose view, in thus giving it the widest publicity before it reached President Wilson.

This action appears to be looked upon as astounding in all the Entente allied countries and no one was able to offer a clear explanation of what lay behind this move. Laying aside interesting problem of the manner in which the note was transmitted, the contents of the brief document itself had some interpretation.

It will be recalled that a short time previously President Wilson answered Max's peace note, by asking questions, the first of which had to do with whether the German Chancellor accepted the terms laid down

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