

"BETTER THAN THE BEST!"

New - Knit Wool Underwear.

IT IS THE BEST!

It is CHEAP,
BUT NOT SHODDY!

It gives satisfaction. Once worn always worn, for it is THE BEST.

Every Newfoundlander will remember with pride the occasion on which the above words were used in reference to our brave soldiers, and every man who wears a suit of our Underwear will again have occasion to use the above words, for

New-Knit WOOL Underwear

is "BETTER THAN THE BEST!"

WARM—COMFORTABLE—DURABLE.

What more can be desired in Underwear, except, of course, the low figure at which we offer them.

We stock New-Knit Wool Underwear in all the grades and weights in which they are put up. Sizes from 34/32 to 50/48.

PRICES, \$1.80 up to \$4.00 per garment.

New - Knit Wool Underwear.

Ask for It! Buy It!

Try It!

You will be satisfied.

Men's New - Knit Fleece Lined UNDERWEAR, First Grade, all sizes, only \$1.25 per garment.

Marshall Bros

The Two-ness Of Us.

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON

Do you sometimes marvel at the two-ness of yourself? You know what I mean, that extraordinarily distinct cleavage of one's personality into two selves, whose instincts are at war. For instance, there is one self that exults whenever it hears that some friend who has been too successful has come a cropper. "Guess he isn't so much smarter than other folks, after all," thinks this self. And then the other self rises up within one and says, "You make me sick, you ought to be ashamed of yourself—being glad when someone who has always treated you as a friend has lost money."

The Under Self is Shamefully Greedy. Again, this part of one sometimes surrounds the other half by its greediness. It hears guests coming and wants to put away that specially nice box of candy for private consumption. The other part catches it at this trick and blushes for it.

The greedy self is also a lazy self. It never really wants to work, and the other self is kept constantly busy whipping it into line. And what makes this whipping into line happen, is that this under self is tremendously facile at making excuses. It never admits that it doesn't want to work because it is lazy. Oh, no, that isn't the reason at all. It's because it feels that it ought to do something else—make that telephone call or do that little errand—first. Sometimes it even deceives the upper self by its cleverness, unless the upper self is very strict and very clear-eyed.

The Under Self Is To Blame For In-Law Troubles.

It is this under ego which is usually to blame for the jealousy and dislike between in-laws which mars so many married lives. The upper self knows that if it will have tolerance and a real desire to be friendly, it can get on with its in-laws reasonably well. But alas, the under self is always there suggesting jealousies, misrepresenting motives, storing up grievances to make trouble out of.

These are but a few of the activities of the under self. In some people, of course, it is kept in such subjection by

the upper self that it cannot do as much, but in many of us it does much more.

At Least, So It Seems To Me.

On looking back I see that I have slipped into calling the self of ugly instincts, the under self; and the self that wants to do right, the upper self. I did that unconsciously but I stand by it with all my heart. There are, to be sure, some cases where a pretty even running fight goes on between the two, and some cases where the under self gets a permanent upper hand. But I cannot and will not believe that there are many such Mr. Hydes in the world.

A druggist can obtain an imitation of MINARD'S LINIMENT from a TORONTO house at a very low price, and have it labeled his own product.

This greasy imitation is the poorest one we have yet seen of the many that every Tom, Dick and Harry has tried to introduce.

Ask for MINARD'S and you will get it.

Milady's Boudoir

With the first Spring breezes comes pimples, blotches, and a general unhealthy complexion appearance. It is then that one should exercise care to clear the blood of all impurities. In days gone by, grandmother would take the good old fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses.

The modern girl of to-day does not have these same remedies nor resources, yet she is often quick behind her predecessors in wishing to appear to advantage in her new Spring hat and gown. She reasons wisely, indeed when she remembers that now attire cannot redeem the complexion which is dull and sallow, rough and dry, dotted perhaps with blackheads and pimples and with many small eruptions. Better indeed to economize upon the coat and hat and dress and use the money to improve the face, if she really appears at her best when the bright sunshine of early spring shall mercilessly seek out every blemish upon her countenance.

Such a girl begins to improve affairs by a little attention to her diet. The heavy meats, like ham, pork and sausage with thick gravies, she abstains or partakes of sparingly. She chooses a poached egg on crisp bacon for breakfast with thin toast, never forgetting the orange or grapefruit as

Winter Apples

To arrive to-day's
120 brls. King Apple
226 brls. Blenheim's
57 brls. Ribbons.
57 brls. various kinds.
120 bags Silverpel Onions
50 brls. Cranberries.
35 kegs Grapes.
40 cases Oranges.

And due this week,
548 brls. Asstd. Winter Apples—Kings, Blenheim and Ribbons.
Also shipped Oct. 28th:
330 brls. Choice Wagner Apples.

Soper & Moore
Wholesale Importers and Jobbers.

the first course. For lunch there is the juicy chop or salad, with fruit, and for dinner there is rare roast beef or chicken, always a green vegetable such as spinach or peas, and always a green salad, with plenty of olive oil and preferably lemon juice instead of vinegar.



THE CHANGED PRUSSIAN.

He isn't jolting women off the sidewalk any more. His chest's a trifle flatter than it's ever been before.

There are smiles upon the faces of the humbler folks he's kicked. And the world is feeling better now the Prussian knows he's licked.

His head is now deflated since we've brought him to his milk. He isn't loudly bragging that he's of the royal ilk. He's willing now to listen to what others have to say.

And the Prussian isn't strutting in his high and mighty way. He's dodging private soldiers that for years he has abused. He is taking off forever that old clanking sword he's used. Oh, the time was imagined all the world to him must bow. But the Prussian's head has learned and he's very humble now.

It's a very different Prussian that men look upon to-day. Than the one that used to jostle other people from his way. Do not fear him, little children. Without hitching he will stand. Since the Allied boys have tamed him he will eat out of your hand.

Fashions and Fads

Black plush as a trimming is excellent for hats.

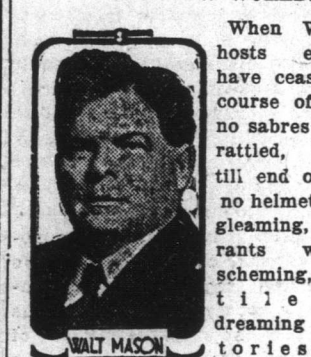
What we thought impossible once, but now perfect in style is the short skirt and long train combined.

Sashes are now seen to tie on one hip.

Costs of broadcloth are trimmed with patches of broadtail.

A tunic of black satin is edged with gray-crocheted wool lace.

THE NEW WORLD.



WALT MASON

When Wilhelm's hosts embattled have ceased their course of crime, no sabres shall be rattled, I hope till end of time; no helmets will be gleaming, no tyrants will be scheming, no fisticuffs princes dreaming of victories sublime.

For all the world is weary of war and all its work; of Prussians red and berry, of Austrians and Turks; of war lords grim and haughty of faithless men and naughty, of princelings punk and doty—their presence pains andirks. And all the world is yearning to get to work once more; to do the weekly churning, and even "mashed" cheese; to paint the northwest gable, repair the kitchen table, to renovate the stable, and fix the cellar door. And if, when we are toiling at useful tasks like these, we find some princeling spilling for swords and snickersneez, before he's one hour older we'll set him by the shoulder and soak him with a boulder, until some stars he sees. This long war must be ended by rules laid down by Europe; a triumph great and splendid must finish the turmoil; and then we'll bust the bezel of any sceptered gezer, of any tin horn Caesar who'd interrupt our toil.

We all are sick with sorrow, with mourning for our dead; yet there is a to-morrow when this sad day is fled, when war lords won't be kinging, and workers will be singing, while doves of peace are winging in gladness overhead.

The Outstanding Fact.

(From the Chicago Canadian-American.)

When the Hun began to fight in 1914, his grand object was not Paris or London, but New York and Chicago. What saved us from destruction and death, and our women from ravishment in those days of terrible crisis? The British Fleet! What made possible our present methodical preparation for war and the training and transport of our troops to the battle front? The British Fleet! What kept watch day and night over the sacred principles for which we gladly give our sons to duty that may mean death, and in comparison with which our dollars seem but dross? The British Fleet! Let us muzzle with outspoken contempt fatheads like Hearst, who, at this solemn hour, rush into print with cheap blarney about our military prowess, and let us remember and celebrate with thankful hearts the second savior of the world—the British Fleet.

Let Americans teach their children that, but for the British Navy the goddess of Bedloe's Island, whose ever-burning torch has beaconed the way to happiness for millions, might have been yanked from her pedestal by bloody hands and her light put out forever. "Getting back to brass tacks," is a famous American attitude. It means stripping realities to the bone, and stating with Abe Lincoln: Franklin bluntness outstanding facts.

Here is the outstanding fact of the greatest war in history: The British Fleet Won It.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Baked Ham, Cooke's Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

A Tank at Bay.

The tank commander knew from his map that it was a passable stream, running at times in a bed so narrow as to be insignificant. What he did not know was that he was heading for a bend where the steep bank on the near side had fallen in or been washed away, making the bed of the burn not only deep but also wide. It happened to be the shortest route to the nest of Boche machine guns, so he pushed on, "all-out" at three miles an hour.

Pin-pling-ping! rang the bullets on the steel plates of the tank. The Hunners were loosing belt after belt, forgetting in their excitement and "wind up" that they might as well try to stop a mad bull with tennis balls. But the tank stumbled on relentlessly, a demon of brute strength.

Now she was very close to the bank. Inside, the gunners were jammed against her sponsors ready to open fire as soon as she should drop across the stream.

Suddenly the driver turned from peering in front of him. He whistled orders to the gearmen behind. The commander sitting beside him hauled at his lever. The danger had been seen and they had made a quick retreat, swinging the tank back to the obstacle. Too late this time! Round she came obediently, but even as she swung they felt the ground give away beneath her, and down she slid sideways into the hollow.

Ditched—with four or five enemy machine guns twenty yards off and no friendly infantry near enough to give a helping hand! To unloose the unditching gear in such a position was absurd.

Then that "second-loot" did some quick thinking. It was just possible to scramble out with a couple of Lewis guns, run along the bed of the stream and wipe out that machine gun post from the flank. He gave the order, and opening one of the revolver loopholes peeped out to see if Fritz were near.

And what a spectacle was there! Seven bullet-headed Hunners stood on the bank, and seven pairs of grimy hands were stretched to heaven.

Perhaps they were right. It is not wise to be too upish when you are close to a tank, even if it be ditched!—S. C. P. in Daily Mail.

When you feel that your stomach, liver or blood is out of order, renew their health by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Spanish Influenza!

A gargle which has been approved of by the most eminent authorities as a safeguard against infection of the germ and also a curative and preventative combined—if systematically used about four times a day—can be obtained at Stafford's Drug Store, Theatre Hill.

Price 25c.

Postage 15 cents extra.

This gargle is supposed to last for one week, using about a tablespoonful at each time of gargling.

Dr. F. Stafford & Son, Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Newfoundland.

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There is no need for us to go into detailed description with regard to the quality or quantity of Furniture we stock, it is already well known all over the island.

Here we announce the opening of new shipments. We are ready to furnish your Bedrooms, Dressing-rooms, Bathrooms, Dining-room, Drawing-room, Den, Library, Living-room, Halls and Kitchen with everything necessary to make your home absolutely perfect in every detail.

When you want just what is new and best in Furniture, remember the address below is that of the finest house-furnishers in Newfoundland.

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.
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THE HUBBARD BULLDOG

for the fishing boat, and the for all kinds of stationary work. Both are good Engines. Sold at fair prices.

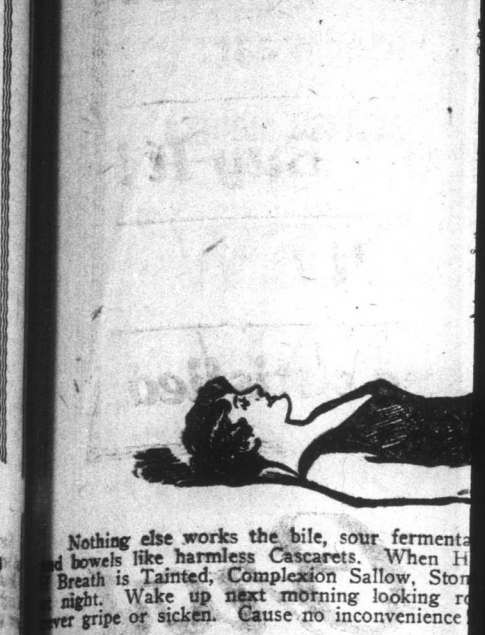
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Forty Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram

Do This Each Morning, You Won't

Great exercise! Keeps Stomach active. Nothing like it! But if you insist upon taking an easy chair you simply must occasionally. The very, very best—10 cents a box. "They work"



The Tragedy in the Forest.

one of the Mysteries That Have Puzzled the World.

In January 90th, 1880, the Emperor Francis Joseph, and several other members of the Austrian Royal Family were skating together on the ornamental waters in the grounds of the Imperial Palace, at Hofburg, Vienna, when a white-faced orderly was running up with an open telegram in his hand.

The telegram fluttered downwards, resting face uppermost on the ice, in for all folk to see. It contained four words only: "The Crown Prince has been killed."

His first telegram was speedily followed by another, which stated: "The Crown Prince has killed himself."

From early in the history of this most mysterious royal tragedy of modern times, were two entirely different versions of what really happened given to the world. And accounts equally contradictory have been circulated at intervals ever since.

Probably there are not more than one or four people in the whole world who are cognisant of the truth, and several of the darker halls of the story have been kept secret even from some members of Imperial family.

All that is known for certain is that Crown Prince Rudolf, the heir of the Austro-Hungarian throne, met death at Mayerling, a lonely shooting-box situated in the midst of a forest, and well-nigh inaccessible for any whither he had retired in company with a young woman, Marie Sacher, to whom he was deeply attached.

In the fatal evening a hunt-dinner had been held, followed by an uproarous night, the guests, both male and female, drinking heavily.

Suddenly, above the noise of singing and shouting, there arose the sound of a violent altercation, followed by a shot.

Men's Bellows Tor



Only \$4.00 a pair. We are clearing out this lot of \$37 pair LAY CALE BLUCHER, full bellows tone solid soles and heels. Makes an ideal

Only \$4.00 a pair

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