



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



Divorced Life

By Helen Hanson Fuesett

At the Cabaret

On an oblong of gleaming floor space hardly bigger than the top of a billiard table, nearly a score of dancers were one-stepping. It was in the Ballin Grille, a quaint little Bohemian nook, which the restless, rising, falling waves of popularity at Atlantic City had for some reason carried abruptly to the very crest. The management, making the best of the sudden, glorious turn of fortune, had hired the best obtainable cabaretists, whose antics were calculated to life the most blasé irresistibly out of their slough of ennui.

The little retreat was chic and Parisien; it might have been transported bodily out of a Leonard Merrick story of the wonderful Montmartre.

A tiny balcony, festooned with artificial vines, was crowded with a hollow square of little tables, and afforded observers seated upstairs a snug vantage point from which to watch the drama of night life unfolding itself below. Hither Challoner brought Marian after they had dined irreproachably at the Shelburne.

There was a dancer at the Ballin Grille, a creature of dreamy charm, youth, well-nigh physical perfection, and wondrous grace. She had taken her place among the Grille's attractions less than a fortnight before, and yet already a cohort of admirers flocked to its doors nightly, to gaze in rapt enchantment at the handsome girl, to dance with her in rapture if they were fortunate, and to follow her with eyes smoldering with poignant envy if they chanced to behold her in the arms of some more fortunate man.

Marian and Challoner watched the various interesting angles of this dancer's conquest with powerful interest. Without the formality of even an introduction, Marian saw this girl taken into the embraces of successive

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.

Politics and War



The land is full of candidates, the smaller ones and he a very weighty; what are they toiling for? They cannot make the people pay attention to the things they say, unless they talk of war. Our bulwarks and our sweetest

boons are valued less than musty prunes, as topics of the day; the tariff and the income tax were both sent groggy to their backs, by rumors of the fray. In vain the orator pleads and tries to fill the voters' ears with tiresome politics; some fellow whippers, "The reports say Russia took a chain of forts, and crossed the river Pkwylywx." The whisper travels round the hall; in vain the orator may bawl about the flag that flies; the voters sit around and bet that Russia will be humbled yet, or just contrariwise. Once more the speaker wildly tries to hold the voters' ears and eyes, and yells about the trusts; but at the door a newsboy shrieks, "Oh, wuxtra! Denmark darses the Greeks," and then that meeting busts. The voters enter down the aisle and through the door in Maud S. style, an "extra" to obtain; and in the hall, depressed, alone, the orator fets out a groan that's charged with grief and pain.

"In a few years she'll have disappeared from night life. Unless some young spender, or old spender for that matter falls sufficiently in love with her to marry her, she'll gradually be crowded farther and farther down. That's invariably the way of it. Pitiful, too."

Marian, reflecting on what she had seen and heard, felt terrifically conscious to-night of the burden of being a woman in the midst of a world of exploiting men. Womanlike, she failed to generalise very long. Her line of thought, gathering swift momentum, whirled around and centered sharply upon herself, her own problems, her own future. Never had she felt lonelier. Her unfortunate marriage, her divorce, seemed to her to-night to have cut her off from the real values of a woman's life.

"Come," said Challoner, catching a vague glimpse of her mood, "this is too depressing for you. Let's go. Let's get a bracing whiff of the ocean breezes at night. They're a tonic for soul and body."

To-morrow—Challoner Speaks.

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 480.

Spies are Sentenced.

Geneva, via Paris, Oct. 24.—Three German spies having headquarters in Geneva, were sentenced by the third military tribunal here on Friday. They are Col. Otto Ulrich, of Berlin, Doctor Wohlhaender and Herr Kohr, a chemist.

They were charged with plotting against England and France, and thereby violating Swiss neutrality. Col. Ulrich was not present, having gone into hiding, presumably somewhere in Switzerland. He was sentenced in default to two years in prison and to pay a fine of £200 sterling.

Dr. Wohlhaender must serve three months and pay a fine of \$40, and Herr Kohr must remain in prison and pay a fine of \$20. All three were sentenced to expulsion from Switzerland for life, after serving their sentences.

Thick, Glossy Hair Free From Dandruff

Girls! Beautify your hair! Make it soft, lustrous and luxuriant—Try the most cloth.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, lustrous and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knovitol's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all.

What Would You Do?

By RUTH CAMERON.



A neighbor of mine is very much excited over a novel which she has just finished. It is a book which you have probably read as it was one of the best sellers two years ago. It is a story of the way the big business man cleanses the outside of the platter with his charities and his formal church-going while he makes the inside of the cup rotten with his oppression of his employees and his indifference to wrong social conditions.

My neighbor, as I said, has been deeply impressed by this story. "How I wish I were a big business man," she says indignantly. The inference of her tone is that she would act very differently from the man of the story.

I wonder if she would. The wealthy man of the story yielded to the temptation of his power and committed the abuses of his class. He was no worse than the average. That means that only those have a right to criticize him who do not misuse any power, however small, which they may have over their fellow beings, nor share the abuses of their class.

My neighbor showed me a package which came to her from a shop the other day. She had ordered a dozen handkerchiefs; they sent her two dozen by mistake. She had no thought whatever of returning the extra ones.

My neighbor keeps a maid. She is obliged to let that maid have her evenings off because the other helpers in the neighborhood have that privilege.

and if she didn't grant it she couldn't keep hers. But she resents the necessity bitterly. Yet the maid works ten hours a day and feels that she should have the rest of the time absolutely to herself.

My neighbor wanted a dress finished for a certain date. In order to make assurance doubly sure, she told the dressmaker that she absolutely must have it because she was going away on the 7th, naming a date a week earlier than the occasion for which she really wanted it. The dressmaker took the order because she could not afford to antagonize the customer. She finished the dress on time by sitting up until two for two nights. Incidentally she did not receive her pay (of which she was in considerable need) for over a month.

This, then, is the woman who thinks that if she were a big business man with all the temptations of power and wealth, all the pressure of competition, she would treat her employees according to the Golden Rule.

Mind you, I'm not justifying the selfish and tyrannical employer. That's the last thing in the world I want to do. I'm only reminding a world of ready critics that we have no right to criticize unless we have been square and kind and forbearing in those relations of life which our humble station imposes upon us.

It is easy to grow indignant over injustice and think what you would do if you had great power.

But what are you doing with the lesser power you do have? As you use that, so, in all probability, would you use the greater.

Ruth Cameron

The Germans are allowed no rest as the pressure of the allies is constant. On the 17th inst., the French engineers, by a most skilful and difficult feat, diverted the waters of the Marne canal into a section of the German trenches, drowning a considerable number of the enemy.

About 400 German cavalry were ambushed and annihilated near Dixmude, recently. Bearskin caps were cunningly arranged along a shallow trench, which the Germans charged. There were no men under the bushes, but Maxim guns enfiladed the trench and it became a shambles.

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

FLOUR—Brls. & Sacks.
Verbena.
5 Roses.
Royal Household.
Windsor.
Victor.
Harter's A. No. 1.
Whole-Wheat Flour.
200-bags BRAN.
200-bags HOMINY.
200-bags CORN-MEAL.
200-bags BLACK-OATS.
CALF-MEAL.
MOLASSINE.

Get the Best for your money. Ask for **DANNAWALLA 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.

Ponderous Personages.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

By GEORGE FITCH.

Author of "At Good Old Slawsh." Andrew Carnegie is Exhibit A in two demonstrations—a poor boy's chance in America and the benefits of a high-tariff.

When Andrew Carnegie was born, in 1835, in Dunfermline, Scotland, the event didn't cause a ripple in the town. His father was a poor man and pursued this avocation so successfully that at 10 years of age Andrew was a bobbin boy, working for 20 cents a day.

Thousands of other Scotch boys have become bobbin boys, but they have generally made one fatal mistake. They have become bobbin boys in Scotland. Andrew was wise enough to come to Pittsburg, Pa., before beginning to accumulate his starvation wage. He bobbed all day across the river from Pittsburg and at night he looked up chances for becoming a millionaire. Just at this time oil was being discovered in great quantities in Pennsylvania and the chances of becoming the owner of a 30-cent farm with a million dollar oil well on it were very bright. Carnegie began to monkey in a small way with oil, railroads and steel. One good deed deserves another and as soon as he got one good deed he set about acquiring two more. Before long he was running a steel mill.

Many men have run steel mills and have worked themselves into an early tomb over the job. But Carnegie conceived the idea of hiring bright young men to do his worrying for him. Each year he made more steel and bought more mills. About fifteen years ago, just before the trust law and male-factor-of-great wealth era, he allowed himself to be persuaded to sell his mills to the United States Steel Corporation. When this was done, Mr. Carnegie found himself out of a job at the age of 60, with only half a billion dollars between him and the poor house.

Since that time Mr. Carnegie has spent his time in a manful attempt to become poorer. He has built hundreds of libraries; has given Pittsburg a \$25,000,000 technical school, has built a peace palace, and maintains a palace in New York on a street which is repaved every year. In spite of this he is not appreciably poorer. He has given away \$200,000,000, but the confounded interest keeps eating up his deficit.

Mr. Carnegie is a little, white-bearded man with Santa Claus cheeks and a hobby for peace. He would cheerfully give up all his money he made selling battleship armor to secure everlasting peace. In the meantime he is overlooking a bet by not filling Mexico full of libraries and schools. This would, in time, give one particularly vicious dog of war a terrible boot.

The Dryad Uninjured.

London, Oct. 23.—The British torpedo gunboat Dryad, which went ashore recently at Kirkwall, off the coast of Scotland, has been refloated. An examination shows that she has sustained no damage.

Suits in large checks are trimmed with bone buttons and braids.

MINAR'S ESTIMATED CURES
DANDRUFF.

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