

By the End of this Week

We shall be Sold out of Fertilizers.

NOW IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO BUY:-

POTATO FERTILIZER \$5.00 per sack of 125 pounds
 GENERAL FERTILIZER \$4.75 per sack of 125 pounds
 BONE MEAL \$4.50 per sack of 100 pounds
 BASIC SLAG \$2.50 per sack of 200 pounds
 Less than whole sacks of any Fertilizer Five Cents per pound.
 LARVICIDE—The grub killer, kills grubs, cutworms, etc., before they grow strong enough to kill your crops, \$5.00 per 100 pounds.
 LAST YEAR when potatoes were \$7.00 per barrel, 10 barrels would bring you \$70.00.
 THIS YEAR you will need to sell 20 barrels at \$3.50 each to get the sum of \$70.00.

You Can't Afford to do Without Fertilizer this Year.

WE SELL KLEAN-UP, ready to use, PAINT
 Gallons \$3.00; Halves \$1.60; Quarts 90c.; Pints 50c.

COLIN CAMPBELL, Limited

Rigging, Turnbuckles, etc.

We have received a new stock of Turnbuckles of every style and size from 1-2 inch up.

Also Ring Clews, Jib Hanks, Sheaves, Shackles, Sail Thimbles from 1 to 4 inch. Rowlocks, Heart Thimbles from 1 to 10 inch.

Blocks of every size, including Snatch Blocks. Blaying Pins, Rouse Chocks. Gin Blocks.

JOB'S STORES, Ltd.

Cement
 \$7.00 per brl.

Side Talks
 by Ruth Cameron

ON WANTING.

"Wouldst not play false and yet wouldst wrongly win? Thou'lt have great Gama, that which cries 'This thou must do, if thou have it!'"

In the middle of a discussion of a certain neighbor's matrimonial difficulties, the above quotation flashed into my mind. Maybe you think it is a queer quotation to have any connection with matrimonial difficulties, so let me tell you what the connection was.

Two young people who have been married about eight years have recently gotten into a state of dissatisfaction and disgruntlement with each other. Of this state the neighborhood has been made cognizant through confidences and complaints on the part of each.

What He Says vs. What She Says.

The bills of attainer are, as is usual in such cases, long and various, but the complaint which interested me particularly was this: "She complains that when he comes home at night he buries himself in his newspaper or magazine and never wants to talk with her. He complains that all she ever wants to talk about is trivial gossip, or complaints about her maid, or things of that sort; he says she has no interest in the news of the day and reads nothing but the lightest and silliest of fiction; he says she used to have a good mind but she let it go to seed through neglect. "And yet, when her cousin, who is a well informed woman, interested in all things I am

interested in, comes in and I talk with her, my wife gets jealous and says I never talk to her like that. Aren't women the darndest! They want you to admire them not for the qualities that they have, but for those they don't have."

I trust that last line makes plain why that quotation popped into my head.

She Didn't Want to be Interesting.

But to be Thought So.

"That woman didn't want to make any effort to be an interesting person to talk to, but she wanted her husband to find her so and felt she had right to be aggrieved because he didn't."

She wanted that which says, thou must take an interest in the issues of the day, thou must read something besides light fiction, thou must keep thy mind alive, if thou hast it, but she didn't want to make the effort involved.

Mind you, this is not a plea for justification for the husband in the case. There is doubtless plenty to be said on the wife's side. But I know that this particular accusation of his is true, and it seems to me an excellent example of the way many of us do want things without being willing to pay the price.

A Wishbone Instead of a Backbone.

To get into the habit of constantly wanting things that way is to substitute a wishbone for a backbone.

No one who does that will ever be able to deal competently with life.

To know what you want is the first step toward successful living—the second is to know the price—the third is to make up your mind either to pay the price or to go without. No one who simply wants things vaguely and blames other people when this wanting does not bring them, will ever find or give real happiness in life.



THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

They were not nameless on the day
 When duty summoned them away;
 In that despairing, fateful hour
 When tyranny let loose its power
 And hurled its blows at free-born men,
 Not one of these was "unknown" then.

We knew them when they volunteered,
 We knew them on the day we cheered
 And hailed them as they marched away
 To keep the faith and save the day;
 They were not unidentified
 When the gray transport took the tide.

Along the battle lines of France,
 In many a red, grim circumstance
 When Flanders' sky was lit with flames,
 Top-sergeants read aloud their names,
 And they responded to the call—
 But that was when we knew them all.

They were not sent as men unknown
 Into the shell-swept battle zone,
 And when they made their final stand
 And heard their leader's last command,
 'Twas not as nameless men they died—
 That truth should not be swept aside.

Honor these glorious unknown!
 Let Freedom keep them as her own.
 Death left them nameless, but we live
 In peace by all they dared to give.
 What though their names from us are hid,
 Shall we forget the deeds they did?

WELL DRESSED AT SMALL COST.—If you do not intend to get a Suit or Overcoat for the holiday season, you can at least be well dressed by having your clothes Cleaned and Pressed at SPURRELL the Tailor's, 365 Water Street, and it will cost you about \$1.50. Do you need a new Velvet Collar on your Overcoat?—m.w.t.f.

Not Enough.

A certain temperance lecturer was very proud of his methods of dealing with those who were fond of drinking. He was returning home one day after a particularly successful meeting when he perceived a man standing in the door of a public-house with a glass of beer in his hand. "My good man," he said, "don't you know that one thing leads to another, and do you believe for one moment that a single glass of beer is going to quench your thirst?" "Heaven forbid!" came the fervent reply.



OPEN FOR 24 HOURS

until he obtained a bottle of Stafford's Soothing Syrup to keep him quiet.

There is no necessity of having your baby crying for twenty-four hours when the Soothing Syrup will do the trick. Try a bottle. Price 30c; Postage 10c extra.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
 Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists,
 St. John's, Newfoundland.

A "white" sponge cake is made by using the whites of 12 eggs instead of whites and yolks of six.

NEW MILLINERY ARRIVALS!



Ladies' Am. Ready-to-Wears,
 Fresh from the land of Fashion.
 Millinery that is Artistic,
 each Hat a Studied Triumph.

A Special assortment of
 Smart Sailors,

In several attractive shapes, and easily the smartest Hat of the season.

A Few Week End Specials:

Ladies' Summer Vests at New Prices, Exceedingly Low.

SOFT WHITE COTTON VESTS, with Strap, 25c. WING SLEEVE VESTS, with Square and V Neck, 35c. and 50c.

LADIES' TAN LISLE HOSE.
 Specially reduced from 75c. to 55c. pair.

HOSE SPECIAL.
 Ladies' Fashioned Cotton Hose, 30c. pair. In Black and White, 30c. pair or 3 pairs for 80c.

MEN'S SOCKS.
 In Black, Navy and Heather mixture. Reg. price \$1.60 pair. Now \$1.15 pair.

MILLEY'S.

"WINDSOR PATENT"

makes

WONDERFUL BREAD

Pretty Girl Shot.

Thousands of Parisians at the dinner hour watched an exciting but fruitless hunt over the roofs for the assassin who a few minutes previously shot and killed a pretty young cyclist, Mlle. Ljlia Bausse, outside a cafe, and when Mlle. Bausse walked out of a shop opposite he crossed the road and stretched her dead at his feet. Still holding the revolver, he dashed through the crowd and disappeared into a railway subway. For the moment all trace of him was lost, but it was subsequently found that he had run down several streets and disappeared into a doorway. The police dashed into the house. They searched it from cellar to roof, but with no success. It appeared that the fugitive had climbed to the fifth floor office, and when a girl opened his fire at the bell he threatened her with the revolver. The terrified girl ran downstairs, while the man rushed into the office. His mackintosh and the leather holster of the revolver were found in one of the rooms, but he had again dis-

A Daffodil

From Vimy Ridge.

Daffodil, springing from field as grim,
 Daffodil, kiss me, kiss me from him.
 And give me his message! Answer me! Say
 How did he fall on that piteous day?
 Was it on crest of the highest hill?
 Where is he lying . . . Daffodil?

PILES

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 60c. box; all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co. Limited, Toronto. Sample Box free if you enclose this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

"O tender compassion of sun and of rain,

For this we have blossomed on Vimy again—
 "For this—without ceremonies' gleaming grace
 We have covered the fallen in every place—
 "Yes, with billowy flutter of pale, pale gold
 Your dead have we hidden in love unfold."
 —Florence Randal Livesey.

FALSE TEETH.

My new false teeth are now in place, and they fill out the sunken face that lately I have worn; as substitutes they're a success, and yet I wearily confess that man was made to mourn. There is no perfect bliss below; behind that joy there is a woe, behind each smile a tear; my teeth are always set, by jing, and I will have to get string and tie them to my ear. I take them from their dread abode while I compose a stirring ode, to pain the poet's wretch; and then the banner horn is blown, and I exclaim, with throbbing moan, "Where are those dad-blamed teeth?" An absent-minded gent I am; I can't remember worth a yam the things I should recall. I'm always losing fountain pens, and pins and pupes and setting stones, my watch and tennis ball. But somehow I could plug away when all these things were gone astray, and many more beside: I'd get me other pens and pupes and fountain pens and mustache cups, and let the lost ones slide. But I put up some fierce harpoons when I have lost my priceless rings, all shiny, white and new; until they're found I cannot eat or sleep and luscious joint of meat or anything but stew. Alas, there is no

perfect bliss in such a linnhorn world as this, on such a mist sphere; my ding-donged teeth are lost again; and when they're found I'll get a chain and chain them to my ear.

Always peel mushrooms before cooking.

For ices or ice cream, little individual molds in the form of hearts, roses or Cupids may be purchased.

If ironware is rusty, cover it well with lard and set in a hot oven for half an hour. Then wash with soap and water.

MUTT AND JEFF

JEFF UNCORKS SOME FRENCH CHATTER IN A PARIS RESTAURANT.

