

American Millinery.

WE have just received a shipment of AMERICAN HATS for Ladies and Children, all personally selected.

To make room for Fall shipments all must be cleared out quickly.

MARSHALL Brothers.

"They Think It's Funny."

By RUTH CAMERON.



One of my housemates was preparing to go to a reception the other evening. As she gave her hair a final pat and drew on her gloves she scolded, "I don't want to go at all. I'm tired out, and I've got a splendid read, and I hate receptions, anyway."

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I told Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Winthrop I would go with them."

"They can go with each other."

"Yes, but they'll think it funny if I don't," she said. And so she went.

She went just because she was afraid.

Not because she wanted to; not because she was under any obligation to it—was a public reception and it didn't matter whether she went or not; not because anyone would be inconvenienced; but just because two women would think it funny if she didn't.

And she had a miserable time and got so completely tired out that she had a sick headache the next day.

But at least she had the satisfaction of knowing that those two women didn't think her funny.

The amount of unhappiness we cause ourselves and the amount of happiness we lose because we defer unnecessarily to other people's feelings is really appalling.

And The Child Caught More Cold.

Another woman I know of had made an engagement to attend a club tea with a group of her women friends. Two or three days beforehand her little boy came down with a light case

of measles and she telephoned to break the engagement. Whereupon they scolded her for being over-conscientious and said they should be terribly upset if she didn't go. Finally she yielded, leaving the child with a nurse girl. He caught more cold, and has been sick ever since.

She has been worried over the child and she has been tied down to the house for over a month. But at least she has the satisfaction of knowing that her friends weren't hurt.

Foolish To Let Other People Live Your Life.

It is foolish to be so pig-headed, so sure of one's self, that one is never influenced by what other people think, but it is equally foolish to let other people live one's life for one. You really know better than they what is wise and what would bring you happiness. You owe some consideration to the happiness of others, but you are not called upon to sacrifice your happiness or your best interests to the whims of others.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30.00. Carried him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for \$85. Profit on Liniment, \$54.

MOISE DEROCOSE.

Hotel Keeper, St. Philippe, Que.

Everyday Etiquette.

"Recently I called on a neighbour and she was not at home. Should I call on her again before she comes to see me?" asked John.

"It is not necessary for you to call again because your neighbor was not at home; you have fulfilled your obligation and it is her turn to call on you," answered his uncle.

Speaking of Beverages!

Here's to the friend of the thirsty! The best and most refreshing drink you can obtain is a good, honest, always-the-same Tea like HOMESTEAD.

It's mildly exhilarating, promotes digestion and has no after-clap of insomnia, headaches or nausea.

"There's a smile in every cup of Homestead."

C. P. EAGAN,

DUCKWORTH STREET & QUEEN'S ROAD.

New Turnips.

20 brls. New Turnips.
Per s.s. Stephano.

California Oranges.

40 cases216 count
20 cases176 count
40 cases150 count

ALL SOUND & EXTRA SWEET.

Soper & Moore,
Retail and Wholesale.

James Witcomb Riley

Oh, the children's choir is singin' an' the stars are swingin' bright, An' the heavenly bells are ringin' through the crystal caves o' night, An' the little cherub faces are aglow with happy love, 'Case the angels came from Heaven an' they're takin' him above.

They are mountin' with him gladly to the very feet o' God, While on earth we're cryin' sadly o'er a little mound o' sod; For our Little Orphant Annie is a true 'nough orphan now, An' the birds what sung for Riley are a-weepin' on the bough.

There's a lot o' young hearts thrillin' to a little song I know, An' a lot o' old eyes fillin' with that tender back'ard glow, An' the song is one o' happiness an' tender thoughts an' fine— Oh, you've choked a bit, I reckon, o'er "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."

The years have long been hangin' in the cupboard o' the past, Yet the old days come a-twangin' on my memory thick an' fast, An' they're happiest at bedtime, when I'm turnin' down the light— For I find myself a boy again—an' "Seem" things at night."

They are mountin' with him gladly to the very feet o' God, While on earth we're cryin' sadly o'er a little mound o' sod; For our Little Orphant Annie is a true 'nough orphan now, An' the birds what sung for Riley are a-weepin' on the bough.

AT THE CRESCENT.
The programme presented at the Crescent Picture Palace to-day is a very fine one of the best week-end shows in a long while. Maurice Costello and Leah Baird are presented in "The Gods Revenge" a story of reformed crooks produced by the Vitagraph Company in two reels. "The Desert Calls Its Own" is a strong western feature. "Locked In" is a thrilling melodrama by the Selig Company, and "Count Em" is a lively Vitagraph Comedy featuring Hughie Mack and Anita Stewart. The musical programme played by Professor McCarthy for this big show is all new and classy.

Hr. Grace Notes.

The sad news reached here to-day that Pte. Stephen Fallon, son of Mr. John Fallon, of Hr. Grace, had been killed in action. His brother Private Luke Fallon is also in France with the Regiment. The family have the sympathy of the whole community in their great loss.

Rev. Mr. Higgin received a message this afternoon conveying the sad news that Private Leonard Shoppard, also of Hr. Grace, was seriously ill from wounds received while in action.

A down pour of rain came on yesterday afternoon and made it very uncomfortable for the many who had gathered at St. Paul's Rectory grounds to the Garden Party. But the party repaired to St. Paul's Hall where a very pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. M. Kennedy, son of Mr. C. L. Kennedy, sr., is here from the United States on a visit to his father, who, we regret to say, is in poor health.

The s.s. Mary arrived from Bell Island this afternoon and is now on dock for repairs.

Mrs. John Heater left for St. John's a few days ago to enter hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Hedley Parsons and two children and Miss B. Wood are leaving to-day for Grand Bank, after a pleasant visit spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Selby Parsons, here.

The Herald, a few days ago referred to some "snaps" appearing in the London Daily Mail of July 14th, and recognizes some of them. In that same paper we recognize one of our Harbor Grace boys, who can smile with the rest after his terrible experience in

France on the memorable July 1st—Private Thomas B. McGrath, son of the late Thomas McGrath, railway engineer. Tom is well known in St. John's, and to the Messrs. Reid with whom he worked before enlisting. We are glad to say Tom is only slightly wounded. The bullet entered his left shoulder, and touching the bone glanced down and came out two inches down his back. He is now in the 3rd London General Hospital, and doing well, according to a letter received from him by his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Thomey (H.M.C.), a few days ago.

Capt. J. J. O'Grady, accompanied by Mrs. O'Grady and their little daughter Mary, arrived by train yesterday on a few days' visit to friends here. They return to St. John's to-morrow.

Mrs. (Sergt.) James Kent, of Placentia, is in town visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Scanlan, who has been sick for some time, and another sister, Mrs. John Griffin. All their friends are pleased to see Mrs. Kent in town again.

The excursion train from St. John's to Carbonear, passed through this town at 10.40 this forenoon.

The s.s. Bloodhound, having finished discharging her coal, left this forenoon for Sydney.

—COR.

Hr. Grace, Aug. 2, 1916.

GOODYEAR TIRES. — In stock the following sizes non-skid: 28 x 3, 29 x 3 1/2, 30 x 3 1/2, 31 x 4, 35 x 4 1/2, 33 x 4, 700 x 80, 650 x 65. GENERAL MOTOR SUPPLY CO., LTD., Geo. M. Barr.—jly24,tt

Passengers by S. S. Stephano.

There were 80 round-trippers on the S. S. Stephano this trip. Those who got off here were:—

Miss L. Lundrigan, F. V. and Mrs. Green, Miss M. St. John, Rev. J. J. Lynch, A. K. and Mrs. Chapman, Hon. Judge Morison, Sir Glenholme Falconbridge, Rev. P. J. Hearn, Mrs. J. D. March, J. P. Maher, T. C. Gilmore, Hon. J. and Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. B. Fitzgerald, R. H. and Mrs. Davis, Mrs. J. T. Emerson, Miss H. Emerson, Dr. L. Jacobs, Miss L. LeFevre, Miss M. LeFevre, J. H. and Mrs. Johnson, Misses E. and L. Pike, R. Kavanagh, F. M. and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. R. Carroll, W. E. Kelly, Miss M. Dunne, A. A. Wilson, H. D. and Mrs. Carter, J. M. Devine, E. Templeman and 25 in steerage.

CANADIAN CASUALTIES. — In a Canadian Casualty list published July 28th appear the names of two Newfoundlanders, Wm. Richards, Tilt Cove, and Gunner E. Fry, Brigus. They are officially reported as wounded.

Grease stains on delicate fabrics should be covered with starch or fuller's earth till the grease is absorbed. Put on fresh starch as often as necessary.

A polishing pad of velvet, for polishing black or tan shoes is a great convenience. It should be made of cream-colored velvet and look like a small pillow about four inches long.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

IT'S A MOOT QUESTION WHETHER SUN OR RAIN MOST HURTS A ROOF, PLAY SAFE AND GET EVER-LAS-TIC.

It's made to resist the action of both sun and rain.

It isn't rubber—rubber rots, whilst EVER-LAS-TIC lasts.

If you're in doubt, ask your carpenter about EVER-LAS-TIC; he knows.

Distributed by
COLIN CAMPBELL.

THE WELL-KNOWN

Old Established Factory and Furniture Wareroom of

Callahan Glass & Co., Ltd.,

will make to ORDER Furniture of every description, and especially Church and School Furniture.

ALTARS, PULPITS, PEWS, CONFESSIONALS, VESTMENT CASES, BAPTISM FONTS, etc.

Having forty years' experience and our extensive work in the above lines, we are in a splendid position to give perfect satisfaction and turn out work superior to the imported article. Any order placed into our hands will have prompt and undivided personal attention.

Don't Forget Our School Desks, Teachers Desks, Chairs, etc.

Photos and Prices with full particulars on application.

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DUCKWORTH ST. and THEATRE HILL.

Sept. Patterns and Fall Fashion Book NOW ON SALE.

Outports—Cash must accompany order. Patterns, 17c. Fashion Books with 15c. free pattern your choice.

CHARLES HUTTON,

Sole Agent Pictorial Review.

Advertise in the Telegram

Choco

We carry a full line of leading lines of Choco

Moir's, Gam

King George & Queen Sticks, Nut Milk Chocolate, Nut Milk Chocolate, Slabs, Milk Chocolate

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the Chocolates that hard centres, every Super Six, Bonnie Fruits, Nuts and Cream

Have you tried the Figs, Apricots, Orange These are real fruits

Bowring

'Phone 332.

LONDON

LONDON, July 17th, 1916.

PRINCE JOHN.

The King's youngest son was on July 12th. Many are the stories told about his escapades. He is said to be something of a pickle, as he should be. Not very long since, as is said, Prince John happened on at Buckingham Palace without the Royal parents, and a desire to see the theatre "on his own" took possession of him. He went to the telephone and rang up a certain management and inquired whether "His Royal Highness Prince John can have a box?" Needless to say the box was provided, but great was the amazement of the manager and staff, waiting in the lobby to receive, as they thought, a youthful prince and his suite, who taxi drew up at the door and a boy, entirely alone, entered the theatre and asked for Prince John. Meanwhile there was consternation at the Palace at the Prince's disappearance.

A JELlicoe STORY.

Jellicoe stories are rare. Here one—though the Admiral, as he is called, plays a silent part in it. On the shore, Sir John, in multi, attended luncheon party. Another guest, a young Middy, wounded at the dardanelles, and just out of hospital, save the boy embarrassment, Sir

Tonight

Let's End That Corn

Apply a little Blue-jay plaster. That brings a wonderful relief in touch with the corn, and protects it.

This wax was invented by a chemist who has spent years studying corns.

Tomorrow

You'll find the corn. Blue-jay ends all pain. It will prove to you that all corns are not the same. You can stop them in an instant—and forever—with Blue-jay. You will always find that when you know the fact.

less. You can stop them in an instant—and forever—with Blue-jay. You will always find that when you know the fact.

Next Day

The corn disappears good. And soreness follows. Blue-jay proved that million corns. It will prove to you, we promise. After that you will never keep a corn. SAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York. Masters of Surgical Dressings, etc.

15c and 25c at Druggists

Blue-jay
Ends Corns