

CLEARANCE SALE OF LADIES' BLOUSES

Just a few odd lines of Ladies' Blouses we are clearing at greatly reduced prices to make room for new stock. These Blouses are made in the Latest Styles and from Newest Materials.

Silk, Crepe de Chene and Georgette Crepe.

Values from \$5.00 up to \$9.00.

Selling \$3.50 up to \$7.50. CALL AND SEE THEM!

Saturday Our Special Sale Day,
Sweeping Reductions in Every Department.

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

THE WOMAN HATER.

"Oh, she's a woman-hater! That accounts for her thinking that."

So a friend of mine with a gift for felicitous phrases, described a mutual acquaintance.

The masculine woman-hater (by the way, I think that nine times out of ten he is just a woman-fearer who covers his shyness by pretending to be a misogynist) is a familiar figure to us all. I think the feminine woman-hater is just as familiar, though we may never have classified her under that name.

You know the kind of woman I mean, don't you—the woman who always takes a man's side in everything?

If there is any question as to whether men or women are better at anything, she always runs down her own sex and tells how much better men are.

She Always Blames the Woman.

If some man and his wife are having hard sledding in the difficult business of being happy though married, she is always sure it is the woman's fault.

She is forever telling about husbands who wait on their wives by inches.

She is always pitying some man because he is married to a woman so much inferior, or because his wife doesn't appreciate him or pays too much attention to the children, or in some way fails to live up to her high destiny of being the wife of that most wonderful of God's handiworks, a male man.

She Flatters Men.

Incidentally, the woman-hater is always unmarried. In fact, I do not seem to recall any member of this species who is a married woman.

She sees men from afar and, therefore idealizes them. When she comes into contact with any individual of her wonderful species, she flatters him within an inch of his life—or, rather, of his wife's life—since it is he who has to live with a being who has been told that he is perfection.

Once in a while a man will be found clever enough to discount the woman-hater's flattery, but they are few and far between.

She Twists the Facts if Necessary

The way the woman-hater will twist facts to fit her hypothesis of masculine perfection and feminine faultiness, would be amusing if it wasn't exasperating. One member of the type told me of how inaccurate women were in business. And the only fact she had to support this was that she had received duplicates of certain communications from her bank recently, and she felt sure it was because they were employing more women clerks. She didn't even know, mind you, that a woman clerk had sent the communications!

I have been trying to think whether there is a masculine counterpart of the woman-hater among men—an unmarried man who develops into a man-hater. It doesn't seem to me there is. I cannot just make out why not. Perhaps some reader friend can help me.

Coughs and Colds.

Stafford's Phoradone.
Stafford's Syrup Tar and Cod Liver Oil.
Stafford's White Pine & Tar.
Stafford's White Pine Eucalyptol and Honey.
Stafford's White Pine Eucalyptol and Menthol.
Stafford's White Pine Balsam.
Stafford's Cherry Cough Syrup.
Stafford's Chlorodyne Cough Syrup.
Stafford's Baby Cough Syrup.
Stafford's Syrup Tar and Wild Cherry.
Stafford's Tar Expectorant.
Stafford's Syrup Linseed and Turpentine.

— ALSO —
Nyal's Throat Pastilles.
Evans' Throat Pastilles.
Arinaform Throat Pastilles.
Formoloid Throat Pastilles.
Paraformic Throat Pastilles.

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

People who buy Old-fashioned Preserves buy the best. Strictly home-made. —Jan 31, Feb 2, 4

GOOD RIDDANCE.



Of anarchists we're weary, of all the kindred freaks, of agitators beery who jar us with their shrieks; and so we've started shipping the lot across the sea, and they may do their yipping, in Russia, which is free. They didn't like our banner worth a cent, and in unseemly manner they voiced their discontent. They said that tyrants rule us, we're trampled by the strong, the plutes and robbers fool us, and everything is wrong. They pitted us for working, they shuddered at our fate, and thought some timely dinking and bombing would be great. And now they have departed for Russia's shining shore, where patriots true-hearted may shed each other's gore; where man takes recreation with weapons in his paws, and prompt assassination is sure of great applause. I hope they'll all be joyous on Russia's happy strand, and never more annoy us, or see this darkened land. They'll have the kind of freedom that's bound to hit the spot, for friends will shoot and bleed 'em, and burn them when they're shot. So let's keep on dispatching the reds to Russia's shore; they've itched us long and scratching has grown to be a bore.

A Dress on Fire.

When a lady, who is alone, discovers that her dress has caught fire, what is the best thing she can do? She should at once lie down on the floor, draw up her feet, and roll on the floor, or wrap herself in a rug if one happens to be handy. This is a most effective way of putting out the flames.

When a dress or an undershirt catches fire, the chief danger arises from the fact that the flames rise. If the patient sits upright the danger is partly averted, that part of the clothes nearest the floor being at once extinguished, for no dress in the world could burn when the wearer is sitting on it.

The flames at the side and in the front of the dress will rise straight up, and then it is comparatively easy to put the fire out by means of covering it or throwing water on it.

The one rule of safety is that a person whose clothes have caught fire should without delay sit or lie down on the floor or ground.

Running for help by rushing through doorways and passages has exactly the opposite of the desired effect, as the draught fans the flames, so increasing the danger.

Oranges!

100 cases 200 & 216 ORANGES at

\$4.80 case

Why risk loss by importing Box Apples, Brl. Apples, Oranges, Grapes, Onions? We have full stocks of all these lines.

Soper & Moore

Wholesale Only.
PHONE 490.

Very Likely.

General Booth, who is just now touring France and Switzerland in connection with his work as the head of the Salvation Army, is a plain, blunt man, with a marked aversion to gush and sentimentality.

The story goes that, walking one day in Hadley Woods, a certain young lady who chanced to be in his company, ran up to an ancient tree trunk and, clasping her arms round it, cried ecstatically:

"Oh, you grand old oak, if you could only speak and tell me all you have seen during the centuries you have stood here, I wonder what you would say!"

"He would say, I think," said the General, glancing up at the tree in question: "I am not an oak, I'm a beech!"

The publisher of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces, in writing to us states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

Just Folks

Edgar A. Guest

FRIENDS.

The world is peopled thick with men Of every kind and style, And some possess the world's success.

And some may ride in chariots fine, And some are much worth while, Some rule the state, and some are great.

And some wear ermine gowns; But each of us, from all this throng, Selects a chosen few, And names them best above the rest, For they're his comrades true.

Who cares what robes a friend may wear, Or what his sum of gold? Who'd turn aside a comrade tried, To be by Kings extolled? Who'd change his friends from what they are?

To what another seems? What strange great could make us hate The comrade of our dreams? Oh, men by millions fill the world, And great the deeds they do, But better far than others are Remains a comrade true.

He may be but a humble man, But if his love you hold, By such a love he stands above The neighbor rich with gold; He may not own the touch of fame, Nor walk with stately grace, But if he knows and shares your woes

No king can take his place. Let men grow great and men grow rich, Until life's struggle ends, Above the throng, though weak or strong, Man still shall hold his friends.

Wise Men Say—

That Life is a duty, dare it; a burden, bear it.

That if you want to make light of trouble, keep it dark.

That the man who does what he pleases is seldom pleased with what he does.

That the man wins who forgets to criticize others but sometimes to criticize himself.

That all easy ways are downhill. You don't notice it till you try to climb back.

That experience is what a wise man gets at the expense of others, and a fool at his own.

That excuses are the patches with which we try to hide the holes in our business suits.

That the darkest shadows of life are those which a man makes himself when he stands in his own light.

Dressing Well

On a small amount of money is difficult to-day, but it is an impossibility for any lady with any amount of money to be well dressed unless she is

Properly Corseted.

The ladies who wear

"W. B." Corsets

have reduced the worries of good dressing to a minimum. In the "W. B." Corset they have the first foundation of smart dressing. The "W. B." Corset is the best value for the money, and means economy as well also as comfort.

HENRY BLAIR

Sole Agents for "W. B." Corsets.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES.

GET A PAIR OF OUR

Reliable Rubber Overshoes

to-day. They keep the feet warm and dry and are a lot cheaper than doctors' bills. We have them to fit the whole family, in newest low and high cut styles.

WILLIAM FREW, Water St.

MUTT AND JEFF—

AS WE GO TO PRESS, THE PARSON'S FURNACE IS STILL OUT OF COMMISSION.

By Bud Fisher.

