

ARE THE CHILDREN READY FOR SCHOOL?

Now that the Summer Holidays are over the Boys and Girls will soon be trooping back to school, and will no doubt need various articles of apparel as well as the usual School Requisites. With our usual Friday and Saturday offerings this week we are giving Special attention to Children's Requisites.

CHILDREN'S RUBBER FOOTWEAR.

Children's Rubber Overshoes, low cut, high cut; sizes 3 to 10.

MISSSES' RUBBER FOOTWEAR.

Misses' Rubber Overshoes, low and storm; sizes 11 to 2. Special Price for Friday and Saturday.

School Requisites!

SLATE PENCILS, Common and Wood Covered; LEAD PENCILS, PEN HOLDERS, PEN and PENCIL BOXES, FOUNTAIN PENS, SCRIBBLERS, EXERCISE BOOKS, WRITING TABLETS, BOYS' SCHOOL SATCHELS, GIRLS' SCHOOL SATCHELS.

Special Price for Friday and Saturday.

YOUTHS' RUBBER FOOTWEAR.

Youths' Rubber Overshoes, low and storm; sizes 9 to 13. Special Price for Friday and Saturday.

BOYS' RUBBER FOOTWEAR.

Boys' Rubber Overshoes, low and storm; sizes 1 to 5. Special Price for Friday and Saturday.

Try Us for Children's Hosiery. Our stock is large and well assorted. Friday and Saturday our **Special Sale Days.** **GIVE US A CALL.**

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

THE GRIEVANCE HUGGER.



RUTH CAMERON

A letter friend who said amen to my remarks on the pettiness of the general loathsomeness of the habit of self pity wants me to say an extra word for one of the most exasperating manifestations of self pity—the grievance hugging habit.

"I know people," he says, "who enjoy nothing in the world so much as to get hold of a grievance and hug it to their hearts and go round with a long face and the air of being a martyr. I wonder if this type is a familiar type or not. Do you know anyone like that?"

On 12 Oh, do 12 Who doesn't? And who doesn't long to take them and—yes, spank them back to a little common sense and decency.

The Worst Grievance Hugger I Ever Knew Was a Man.

The dramatization of oneself as a martyr is, I think, rather more of a feminine than a masculine habit. Women have less excitement and there are more apt to yield to the craving for this perverted form of excitement. And yet, strangely enough, the most trying example of the grievance habit that I ever happened to know is a man.

Sometimes I think it positively annoys that man to be treated so well that he cannot pick a flaw. But that seldom happens, not because he is so skillful about finding flaws. And when he gets a big one, my, how happy he is!

A Much Better Time Than He Would Have Had at the Picnic.

He was staying in the country one year near some relative of his. They had a picnic and failed to invite him. The way it happened was that two people thought the other had issued the invitation. I'm not sure he would have had a specially good time at the picnic—he is not really fond of picnics—but I do know that he had a perfectly wonderful time picturing himself as a martyr and going about bugging that grievance. It took the combined efforts of his three cousins

and his sister-in-law to cheer him up. I suppose that is what makes people enjoy grievances because it gives them a chance to hold the centre of the stage and to be apologized to and smothered over and handled with gloves and all that sort of thing.

The Let-Him-Along Cure.

And doesn't that condition also suggest a line of treatment for the grievance habit?

You have guessed it of course—the let-him-strictly-alone cure. If a mistake like that occurs, explain it simply and pleasantly and without undue emphasis or apology and then when he insists that you really meant to leave him out, just let the matter drop. Don't pay any further attention to sulks or long faces and see if they don't get better of themselves much more quickly than if you encourage them by paying attention to them.

Of course there are people who have the grievance habit so badly that they can enjoy a grievance if they just gloat over it in their own minds. But people who are that far gone are beyond cure, that is by any doctor but one. If they themselves can get different ideas, bigger aims in life and can want to crowd pettiness out of their natures, they may be cured. But in no other way.

Wit and Wisdom.

Already in the pages of the more human dailies, the jester to the Press is becoming a power in the land—E. B. Osborn.

Literature is not jewellery, it has quite other aims than perfection, and the more one thinks of "how it is done" the less one gets it done.—H. G. Wells.

The unity of the visible church cannot be conditioned by its acceptance of a single government—Papal, episcopal, or any other.—Bishop Hensley Henson.

Sherry is no use to us—that wine has been said to be useful only in tempering the ham sandwich to the shorn stockbroker.—Arthur Pen-dens in "Boots of To-day."

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HARD TO KILL.



WILL MARSH

You take a club a n d s w a t a snake, and it will vainly contortions make, long after it is dead; the tall will lie itself in knots as in defiance of the w a t a that smashed the evil head. But when the sunset comes men say, the serpent quits its foolish play, and drops its bluff insane; and some one hangs it on a fence in the belief, devoid of sense, that such an act brings rain. And it is much the same with Boose; his sinful head we saw him lose and gloried in his fall; but still his body squirms and twists, what time the nation wots and wists that dead things shouldn't crawl. Still sinners brew their jugs of ale and we escort them to the jail and give them fifty years; and every time I walk the street some delegate I'm sure to meet whose breath suggests awol, beara, Bootleggers in the alleys thrive—and yet the serpent's not alive, our statutes to confound; like any broken snake is Boose; the reflex action of his thows just make him Bop ar, und.

How Famous Authors Work.

SOME CURIOUS AIDS TO INSPIRATION.

Various are the inspirations aids to inspiration of which the great novelist or poet avails himself. Not the least of them, perhaps, is tobacco. Tennyson and Charles Kingsley were prolific smokers, and Sir J. M. Barrie has confessed that when at work on a novel he smokes seven ounces during the course of a week.

Maeterlinck, too, always works with a pipe in his mouth, though he has long since given up the use of tobacco. According to his biographer, M. Gerard Harry, "in lieu of ordinary tobacco, he fills his bowl with a denicotinized preparation, tasteless indeed, but harmless. His pipe is still always alight when the pen is busy, but it is hardly more now than an innocent subterfuge intended to cheat and so satisfy an irresistible mechanical craving."

D'Annunzio Retires At 9 a.m.

D'Annunzio is a night worker, and pines his pen when the rest of mankind are asleep. He works throughout the night, generally retiring to bed at about nine in the morning.

Disraeli always worked in evening dress—a habit that was not, perhaps, without influence on his elaborate and highly-artificial style. That industrious scribe, the late Dean Farrar, used to write his books standing. Maurice Jokni always used violet ink, and when unable to obtain it he

found the flow of thoughts considerably impeded.

Upon the writing-table of Henrik Ibsen there was a small tray containing a number of grotesque figures, among which were a diminutive devil, some cats, and some rabbits. "I never write a single line of any of my dramas," admitted Ibsen, "without having that tray and its occupants before me and my table. I could not write without them."

The elder Dumas was one of the most methodical of writers. He once gave a list of the things indispensable to him before he set pen to paper: "Paper (blue foolscap), pens, ink; a table neither too high nor too low. Sit down—reflect for half an hour—write your title—then chapitre premier."

Thomson's Humming Exercises.

Of James Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," it was said that "he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over in his way what he was to correct and write out next day." Thomson was in the habit of seeking inspiration in long walks in the open air, during which his thought would arrange themselves in ordered sequence.

Browning, too, did much of his work in the open air, and it was while walking in Dulwich Wood that the thought occurred to him which was afterwards to find artistic expression in "Pippa Passes." The title of Thackeray's great novel, "Vanity Fair," on the other hand, suddenly flashed into its author's mind one night when he was lying in bed at the Old Ship at Brighton.—John o'London's Weekly.

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HENRY BLAIR

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WILLIAM FREW, Water St.

By Bud Fisher.

MUTT AND JEFF

LOOKS LIKE JEFF DIDN'T PLAN FAR ENOUGH AHEAD THIS TIME.

