

New Goods! Best Quality! Lowest Price!

Every day we are opening New Goods. May we call your attention to the items offered below. Inspection invited.

Ladies' Summer Furs.

Marabout, Necklets and Capes.
Necklets from \$6 to \$75; Capes from \$10 to \$30.
Ermine Necklets only, from \$11 to \$14.

Ladies' Silk Hosiery.

Ladies' Black Silk Hose from \$1.50 up to \$3.80 pair.
Ladies' Cold Silk Hose as follows:--Light Tan, Dark Tan, Light Grey, Dark Green and White
All one price, \$1.60 per pair.

Latest Novelties in LADIES' BEADED NECKLETS.

Plain Red, Navy and Fancy, 45c. 80c and 90c each.
White Pearl, \$1.40 each.

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

AVOIDING ONE BIG MISTAKE.

Do you find it difficult to make decisions? If you do, look out. Or perhaps I had better say, "Look in." For there is no surer sign of a mind not properly in command of itself, a nervous system not in just the right condition, than the inability to make decisions without hesitating and backing and filling and making and unmaking them and suffering agonies of regret after the thing has finally become inevitable. Four Hours Spent Over a Simple Decision.

One of the most painful symptoms of a complete nervous breakdown is the absolute inability to make even the simplest decision. A friend of mine dropped in to see me one day in a state of utter weariness. "It seems he (being a good "Saramitan") had spent the whole morning walking with a friend who was the victim of a nervous breakdown. "I've been walking with him four hours," he said, "and every bit of that time I've been trying to help him make a decision as to whether he will go and spend next week with his sister or stay at the Inn another week—and I didn't succeed!"

"Why didn't you decide for him?" I asked.

He Would Not Decide For Him.

"That's just what I was determined not to do," he said. "He wanted me to but I wouldn't. That would not do him any good. I wanted to help him decide for himself because this time would make it stronger for next time, and that's the only way he will ever get out of this state he is in."

"Suppose he did decide and chose the thing that wasn't good for him?" I suggested.

"That wouldn't matter half as much as if he gave up the effort and got someone else to decide for him," he said.

Better Risk A Mistake Than Funk Your Decisions.

We all hate to make mistakes. There's something perfectly maddening about losing happiness needlessly through your own mistakes. But it is better to risk a few mistakes than to get into the habit of fudging decisions.

You doubtless remember my favorite quotation from Stevenson, "We can forgive mistakes, but not even God can forgive the hanger back."

Go ahead and make a mistake sometimes if you must. Very likely it won't be half so much a mistake as you think it. And, anyhow, if you have done your best, faced the problem squarely, computed the advantages and disadvantages as accurately as you knew how. And then gone calmly ahead without fretting or worrying, you have avoided one big mistake. And that's something to be thankful for.

Scotland's Oldest Newspaper.

(From the Detroit News)

A recent issue of "The Aberdeen Journal" was the 20,000th number of that venerable newspaper—now the oldest in Scotland. The first issue of "The Journal" was published on April 18, 1746, and contained an account, by an eyewitness, of the battle of Culloden, fought two days previously. This narrative, however, offended the Jacobites, and James Chalmers, the editor, narrowly escaped falling a victim to their wrath. He was a fellow apprentice of Benjamin Franklin. Another notable incident in "The Journal's" history was its being publicly burned at the hands of the common hangman in October, 1753—"an excellent advertisement," we are told.

But perhaps the outstanding event in the career of the newspaper was in 1787, when "The Aberdeen Journal" was visited by Robert Burns during his northern tour. In the office, on this occasion, Burns met Bishop Skinner, son of the author of "Tulachgorm" and "The Yowie w' the Crookit Horn," masterpieces of literature, which evoked the admiration of the Ayrshire poet. Afterward Burns and Chalmers (son of the founder) adjourned to the New Inn,

where Dr. Johnson also stayed on his way north.



CHEER A BROTHER ON HIS WAY.

Cheer a brother on his way. Have a kindly word to say; Wish him luck and send him on. Thinkin' of you when he's gone. If you like him, tell him so. It will help him just to know. That you're with him, through and through.

In the tank he has to do. Look him in the eye and say In a manly sort of way All that's in your heart an' mind. Many a day he'll look behind An' remember all you've said. An' he'll bravely march ahead He'll fight on with courage grim Knowin' you have faith in him.

Strength by man is seldom shown When he has to stand alone; None so weak, who'er he be, As the man who cannot see Friendly faces in the throng Gladly cheering him along. He is prey to quick despair Who has nobody to care.

Cheer a brother on his way. Have a kindly word to say. He'll go whistlin' down the road Heedless of the heavy load That he's bearin' if he knows You are with him in his woes. He'll fight hard in troubled days To be worthy of your praise.

OPPORTUNITIES

Are not half so rare as are the men who are prepared to receive them.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON can supply you with all kinds of Patent Medicines at the very lowest prices obtainable. Large shipments of the following preparations have been received: Sunset Soap Dyes, Indian Root Pills, Dodd's Pills, Fletcher's Castoria, Wampole's Oil, Radways, Gin Pills, Beecham's Pills, Cod Liver Oil Compound, Carnol, Dead Shot Worm Sicks, Herbine Bitters, Sturgeon Oil Liniment, and hundreds of other preparations too numerous to mention are continually arriving and being shipped to the Wholesale Trade.

Other preparations such as Stafford's Liniment, Prescription A, Stafford's Phoratorine, Essence Ginger Wine, Frier's Balsam, Sweet Spirits of Nitre, Essence of Peppermint and various others are being manufactured and shipped in large quantities.

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

READY

for delivery to-day.

200 only 90 lb. Bags

P. E. I. Blue Potatoes.

Soper & Moore Importers and Jobbers.

Curiosity.

(Chef and Boy.)

A boy went to work for a chef in a city hotel as a cook's apprentice. Being a curious young man, spying a large steaming kettle in a corner, he asked the old chef the following:

"What's that large kettle?"

The chef replied, "That's the stock pot where we make the stock for soups and gravies."

"Who puts the ingredients in it to make the soup?" asked the boy.

"Everybody," shot back the chef.

"What do they put in it?"

"Everything," said the chef.

"Where do they get it?" asked the fast learning youth.

"Anywhere," replied the catchised chef.

"Who don't put anything in it?"

"Nobody," roared the chef, as the boy dodged a hot baked potato on its way to "celery cream soup."

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

THE COMMON PEOPLE.



The common people round me troop, the Toms and Dicks and Harrys; one builds himself a nice new coop, one dies, another marries. The banker's clad in gaudy rags, his bank has marble portals; the hostler carries down his nags, and both are common mortals. The tin-smith makes our motor cars, the blacksmith works his bellows, the poet soars among the stars, and all are common fellows. We all are equal at our birth, one kid's just like another; and when we tumble off the earth, what man's above another? I walk along the churchyard aisles, and, pensive, muse and ponder; the granite's reared in costly piles above that grave o'er yonder; and there a poor man sleeps alone, a friendless wight and daff, above his head a simple stone, devoid of epitaphy. And both are sleeping just the same, the poor man and the Croesus; on earth they played the common game, and now they're gone to pieces; in youth we all are gay and vain, in middle age we're sober; and all of us have ache and pain when life has reached October. The king, who has God given right to be a nation's master, must leave his downy couch at night to hunt a porous plaster. It makes me tired to hear the talk of strata and of classes; we're just the plain old human flock, we're just the common masses.

Judging a Man's Character.

A Georgia editor claims to be able to judge a man's character by the way he drives a motor-car—or words to that effect. He says that when he sees a gentleman coming toward him in a motor car he gives him half the road; when he sees a fool coming he gives him all of it and when he sees a darn fool coming he takes to the woods or climbs a telephone pole. Every man in this country who drives a car knows that he has to look out for two cars—his own and the other fellows'. He is not afraid of an accident from his own driving; that is, he is not afraid of his own car. It is the other fellow's car that causes him the most anxiety. And here, as in Georgia, it is the fool and the darn fool that is most to be feared.

Smallwood's Big Shoe Sale.

Only 4 days more in which to secure

WHITE CANVAS BOOTS and SHOES

—at— 10 per cent. discount.

F. Smallwood,

THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

USE Libby's Unsweetened Milk TO MAKE YOUR ICE CREAM. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

MY, BUT ISN'T JEFF HAVING A CORKING TIME, THOUGH?

