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LADIES' and CHILDREN'S



Ready-to-Wear HATS

In all the Leading Colors and Styles of to-day, and would invite your inspection before making your purchase elsewhere.

MARSHALL BROTHERS.



A Thought for the Times

THE WAR—CHAPTER VIII.
I. C. MORRIS.

Hail to our lads, our Volunteers,
Our town and country's sons;
We'll send them off with thousand
cheers,
To man Old England's guns.

We'll send them forth both strong and
true,
With blessings on their heads;
To stand their ground, and dare and do
Mid fire, and smoke, and lead.

The parade of our lads on Sunday
last was of more than ordinary interest
to the entire community, and it
marks a new departure in our history.
The sight was such as we did not expect
to see in St. John's. True, we
have seen parades of our brigades, and
of our constabulary, and of our societies;
and have witnessed many a
turn out of our naval men. Forty-five
and fifty years ago we were accustomed
to see the soldiers of Fort Towns-
head about our city; and on the
"Queen's Birthday" watch them in
their great reviews on the "Barrens"
—now known as the "Parade Ground."

Those events were very different
from what we saw on Sunday, and
from what we expect to see for a few
weeks more. They were peace move-
ments, and were indicative of good
will, law and order; and ended with
the sunset. Not so our lads on Sun-
day. Their parade was not a feature
of a day; nor did it end with the sun-
set. There was a deeper meaning in
their manoeuvring, and a greater
significance in their presence. These
lads are not mere toy soldiers, far
from it; they are sworn soldiers of the
King, and there is one word in their
training which gives effect to their
existence as a regiment, and it is the
word war.

What a small word, say we. But
who can tell the agony of its horror
or the depth of its anguish? Who can
describe what it means? Who can
recall the sight of a modern battle-field?
Terrible indeed is the word; and it is
this terrible word that imparts to our
regiment its real meaning. Hence we
saw them on Sunday as soldiers in
uniform, and it was the uniform that
really convinced us of what the reg-
iment meant. In the ranks there were
five hundred young men, all in the

bloom and vigor of life. Stalwart and
erect they marched by, loose and
agile they swung out their arms, de-
termined and firm they kept step, and
in true military style moved on to
their headquarters at Pleasantville;
while at their front the band of the
C.I.B. played those tunes which stir
the heart and fire the breast. For the
day their march ended at Pleasant-
ville, but Pleasantville is not the end
of their marching; but rather is it
far away across the sea, in strange
places where their numbers will be
increased into thousands and where
amid the noise of battle array, and
amid the prancing of fiery steeds, they
will learn the meaning of this little
word, this terrible word, war.

Their presence in our midst has
created a new phase in our city life,
and added a novel chapter to our col-
onial history. We are all thinking
about them, and speaking about them,
and their camping grounds have
drawn ten thousand of us to old his-
toric Quidi Vidi. By day we see them
practice, and by night we view the
lights of their rendezvous from the
distance. We are getting accustomed
to them and we seem to gravitate to
the spot whenever we have leisure.
For a few weeks this will be our priv-
ilege, and then the silence of the field
and the stillness of the place will tell
its own tale—the tale of departure.

And this reminds us of the contin-
gent of our Naval Reservists who
went from us on Saturday, the 13th
last. Was it not an oversight that
they were allowed to sail without a
"send off"? We are fully aware that
"secrecy" has been one of the prom-
inent features of this war; and there
is no doubt whatever that this pre-
caution is very necessary. But there
are exceptions to all rules, and it
would seem that the case of our de-
parting reservists offered such an ex-
ception. One hundred of them went.
Since the establishment of the Naval
Reserve here by Governor McCallum,
some sixteen years ago, several
squads of them have gone south for
a six months' tour. These squads con-
sisted of about fifty in number. Be-
fore their departure they left the
Calypsos and paraded through the
city to pay their respects to the Gov-
ernor. On their return they did the

same thing. By this action the pub-
lic had an opportunity of seeing the
men and of breathing their blessings
upon them.

But the Reservists in these in-
stances only left on a temporary trip
and did not anticipate war. How
differently with those hundred men
who sailed by the Niobe as part of her
crew? These men have gone on ac-
tive service. They may have to "clear
their decks for action," and if so some
of them may fall amid the cannonade
of the encounter. They went on
board the Niobe in two or three bat-
ches, and were transferred from the
Calypsos by the steam launches of the
former ship. It was high noon when
they were transferred and towards
evening when they left port, and yet
the public scarcely knew of their de-
parture. What an omission; a hun-
dred of our fisher lads, the first con-
tingent of our sons who ever left our
shores directly for war, and under
commission to take action. It should
not have been permitted. They were
worthy of a send-off; they were
worthy of our heartiest cheers; they
were worthy of Water Street closing
for a few hours and business stand-
ing. The effect of a public send-off
would have been beneficial to our
selves and it certainly would have
encouraged the men going to the
front.

This is not written with anything
whatever of a fault-finding purpose,
and it is hoped that what is said will
be understood in its proper kindly and
impartial spirit. We are writing about
our men, our own sons, and we
wish to see them get the best that
can be given them, and to respect
them in their desire to protect the
Empire. They are the bulwarks of
the nation, the living strength of the
state, and the defenders of our peace-
and its sacrifice is not small, and in
the quiet homes of our outposts their
memory is cherished, and their love
is enshrined.

More Fires.

Fires provoke immediate sympathy
for the sufferer and also thankfulness
for personal escape. Another thought
should be whether one is personally
and sufficiently protected? An insur-
ance policy with Percie Johnson would
provide for you this desired security
and at small expense. Have you
enough insurance?

September.

September, the
month of delight,
entrancing, en-
gulfing, is with
us to-night. Sep-
tember the pleas-
ant, of generous
me, is answer-
ing a "Present!"
when called is
her name. Sep-
tember's the
guardian for all we have borne, the
heat and the burden that made our
hearts mourn. She pays for the
grieving we got in July; she says, "I
am willing your teardrops to dry;
some rest on my bosom, and if you
have fears, I'll see that you lose 'em,
my own stricken heart!" She pays
for the glaring of midsummer skies,
the sweating, the sweating, the sweat-
ing, and flies; the pains and the rigors
of long August days, the seas and the
chiggers—ah, nobly she pays! Her
breezes caressing already have
cheered; no hot winds distressing,
are scorching my beard; her nights
come a-creeching from some cooler
clime, and man in his sleeping, makes
up for lost time. The meadows are
golden, the heavens are blue, the
year is unfolding its blessings to you.
You cease to remember the troubles
you've known, since gentle September
erases into her own.

What is Meanness?

By RUTH CAMERON.



There are many
people in this
world who are
far more afraid of
appearing mean
than of actually
being mean.

On the seat, in
front of me on
the trolley the
other day a man
and a woman
were discussing
finances in tones
so unguarded that

I could not accuse myself of eaves-
dropping in hearing all that they
said.

"It will be a week and six days
when we leave," said the man. "I
suppose we ought to pay her for the
full two weeks."

The woman, a thin, anxious little
creature with the haunted look in her
face of those who are forever harried
by money worries, protested.

"But think what that will mean,—
about a dollar and ninety cents dif-
ference for the three of us. That
would just about pay the milk bill.
I don't see why we shouldn't pay her
just what we owe her and no more."

"No, of course you don't," flung
back the man. "That's just like a
woman wanting to count the dimes
and pennies. I say it would look
downright mean. If I pay her I shall
pay for the full two weeks."

The woman subsided. As she turned
her face to gaze listlessly out of
the window, I could almost see the
anxious lines deepen. There is no-
thing in the world more harassing
than to struggle along on a small in-
come with an easy-going person who
thinks that an attempt to live within
that income is mean.

I pitied her from the very bottom of
my heart just as I pity all such.

He evidently thinks she has a mean
nature. As a matter of fact, he is the
mean one.

Extravagance is often the worst
kind of meanness and rigid economy
the real liberality.

In a magazine article, supposed to
be a true personal history, a man tells
how he made a reputation for mean-
ness because he refused to be lavish
about little things. His brothers were
so afraid of being called men that
they never could save a cent. Eventu-
ally he was able to help them out of
scrapes into which their loose fingered
habits had gotten them, and to
look after his parents, with the
money he had saved by being "mean."

He spent large sums in these ways
without in the least begrudging them
but, even now, wealthy as he is, he
says he cannot see a dime wasted with-
out feeling regret. Now, which was
really liberal in the highest sense of
the word, this man or his brothers?
The most generous man I know
cannot bear to see anything wasted.
I once went camping in a party with
him and when the rest of us would
have thrown the remainder of an
especially tempting dish away, he ob-
jected, hunted up a jar to put it in and
carried it home to a friend whom he
knew to be particularly fond of that
dish.

Throwing money around is not lib-
erality. Unwillingness to waste any-
thing or to overpay when you can-
not afford it is not meanness. Re-
member these things when you are
tempted to avoid the appearance of
being mean.

Ruth Cameron

At ARTHUR WALKER'S
Cash Grocery, 27 Charlton St.:
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School Supplies, Fruit, Cakes
and Pies, Picture Post-Cards,
Daily Papers, Stationery, Candy
and Soft Drinks, etc., etc.
Jupel 19.3m

Stiffen about six inches of the end
of your tape measure and you will
find it a great convenience in work-
ing.
Cold corned beef is a good meat for
summer luncheons or even dinners;
it provides the hearty ingredient of a
meal and yet is not heavy nor over-
heating.

PICKLING TOMATOES, 4 cts. lb.

Due by s.s. Florizel, Thursday,
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500 g quart baskets

Preserving Plums,

Cheapest for the season. Get
our price.
30 half barrels PEARS.
100 bbls. GRAY APPLES.
5 bbls. GREEN TOMATOES.
10 bunches BANANAS.

30 half chests
DANAWALLA TEA.
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IRISH BACON—Boned.
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By s.s. Carthaginian to-day.
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CHEDDAR CHEESE.
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10 cases Bakeapples, 1
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80 baskets Blue Plums.
50 galls. Squash Berries
20 cases Winter Onions
10 cases Fresh Eggs.

APPLES.

Full stock Assd. Apples
at Best Prices.

Soper & Moore.

Phone 480.

This Date in History.

SEPTEMBER 17.

New Moon—19th.

Days Past—250 To Come—105
BATTLE OF YALU RIVER 1894.
During the Russo-Japanese war
which resulted in the recognition of
Japan as a world power and brought
out her amazing fighting qualities.
The war cost Japan nearly 168,000
men and Russia close on 388,000 men.
EDWARD LANE born 1801. The
most famous of English Arabic schol-
ars and translators of the well-known
"Arabian Nights."
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR died
1864, aged 89. English writer and
poet of strong genius. The work by
which he is best known is his "Imag-
inary Conversations."

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand
years
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every grave;
For the deck it was their field of fame
And the ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders for her native oar
She quells the floods below.
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow—
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
And the star of peace return.
Our song and feast shall flow,
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow
When the fiery fight is heard no more
And the storm has ceased to blow.
—Thomas Campbell.

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New Vegetables
Fresh Poultry

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Limited,
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Fresh New York Chicken.
Fresh New York Ducks.
Fresh N. Y. Corned Beef.

FRESH SALMON.
FRESH HALIBUT.
FRESH COD.

New Cauliflower.
New Green Peas.
New String Beans.
New Potatoes.
Ripe Tomatoes.
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Carrots, Turnips.
Onions, Beetroot.
Cucumbers.

AMERICAN BEAUTY BUTTER,
1 lb. blocks.
BLUENOSE BUTTER,
5 lb. tins & 2 lb. blocks.

California Oranges.
Messina Oranges.
Petersen Lemons.
Bartlett Pears.
Blue, Green, Yellow Plums.
Cantaloupes.
Ripe Bananas.
Watermelons.
Grape Fruit.
Ripe L. C. Peaches.
Dessert Apples.
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Almeria Grapes.

Long expected come at last:
50 PRIME IRISH HAMS.
50 IRISH BELLIES BACON.
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"William Adolphus Turpike"
(by William Banks)
for there is a smile on every page.
It is the merriest book of the year—
a story that will make you laugh no
matter how "blue" you feel. The price
is 50c.; if mailed, 52c.

"Trying Out Torchy"
(by Sowell Ford)

is another book that will tickle your
risibilities. Torchy, the inimitable,
the breezy, the laughter-compelling,
50c. too; if mailed, 52c.
Ask us to send you a copy of either
(or both), or come in and get them.

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"Homestead"
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Purity makes it permanent
friends, whose life grows
longer all the time.

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maintains it as the favor-
ite tea for home use.

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Gravenstein Apples.
Bartlett Pears.
Preserving Plums.
Tomatoes.
Ex s.s. Kanawha:
Fresh Supply
Lea & Perrin's Wor. Sauce.
Skipper Sardines in Tomato
Spaghetti.
Macaroni.
De Roubaix's Paraffin Car-
riage Candles.
P. E. L. Potatoes, 1/2 brl. sax