

First Opening of New Fall and Winter Millinery.

Announcing Our First Fall Shipment of
Ladies', Misses' & Children's Millinery Hats, comprising the Latest and Most Up-to-Date Styles in the American Markets.

Our reputation for exclusiveness and individuality in all of our Merchandise is something we guard very carefully--so most of our Hats are not duplicated. Hence,
AN EAREY SELECTION IS ADVISABLE.

AMERICAN MILLINERY TRIMMINGS.

We have a large assortment of Trimmings, such as Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Buckles, etc.

HATS TRIMMED TO ORDER.

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

WHICH DO YOU PITY MOST?



I know of few things harder than being an amateur nurse in time stolen from other pressing duties—unless, perhaps, it be to be the patient of an amateur nurse. It is hard for me to tell with which I sympathize most in a case like this, the patient or the nurse.

The nurse, starved for lack of sleep, harassed by the sense of a million duties waiting to be done, her household work made doubly hard because it has to be done in the confusion of a disordered house which she cannot find time to put into order, must drive her weary brain and muscles often when there is nothing left "except the will which says to you 'hold on.'"

The Patient Has His Troubles, Too.
 On the other hand, the patient, held down from doing the simplest thing for himself or herself and hating to ask for anything that is overlooked because he cannot help knowing what a burden he is, will often go without service he sorely wants for his comfort and amusement because he cannot bear to add to that burden. I shall never forget the pathetic joy of one such patient—who, being very conscientious, had been making a tremendous effort not to be a burden—when a real nurse was put at her service. The relief of feeling that she had a right to ask for anything she wanted and would not inconvenience anyone was as visible to the beholder as physical relaxation from a cramped position would have been. And like such relaxation when the position has been long maintained, it came very slowly. She could hardly realize her freedom at first. When she did sense it, she really had a wonderful time. It was only a few weeks, alas, but I think those last weeks were some of the happiest of her life.

May Heaven Help the Patient.
 Of course the average amateur nurse tries not to let her patient feel that he or she is a burden; but when one is worn and weary, it is hard to

conceal the fact. On the other hand, it sometimes happens that the amateur nurse has been forced by circumstances to take care of someone whom she does not love enough to give willing service to. And then, heaven help the patient!

Usually, however, my sympathy is about evenly divided between nurse and patient. You see, I—like many people—have been on both sides of the fence.

Don't Either of You Forget.

And the message I bring from this double experience is a message of tolerance to anyone who has only been on one side. You who lie on the bed thinking everything would be easy and happy if you were only well, even if you did have to wait on someone—do not forget that fighting fatigue is sometimes harder than lying abed ill. And you who, in the presence of your double duties, sometimes feel as if the amateur patient could get along without quite so much waiting—remember that when one cannot do the simplest thing for oneself, there must be many needs, even if one tries to minimize them.

And don't either of you dare to nurse grievances or forget that you really love each other and that before long things look brighter and you will be out of the woods once more, ready to enter again into the blessing of health—and forget in a little while what a blessing it is.

Too Late for the Fun.

(From the Western Veteran, Edmonton.)
 He was an Irishman—one of those sons of Erin who revel in any sort of fight.

When the war broke out he joined the army, and in due course was sent to France. One day he was severely wounded and was conveyed "down the lines" unconscious. He "came to" in a much-battered village.

"Where am I?" he inquired of the stretcher-bearers.

Thinking to cheer him up one of them replied: "You're back in dear old Ireland, Paddy."

"Faith and bejabbers," exclaimed the wounded man, gazing sorrowfully at the destruction on every hand, "and I've been out of it all! Tell me, chum, how long have they had Home Rule?"

ON SPOT!

212 brls. Fancy Nova Scotia

APPLES,

(Parker Pack.)

448 cases California

ORANGES,

Sizes 250, 216, 176, 150.

PLUMS!

Now booking orders for new shipment to arrive Monday week.

Soper & Moore

Wholesale Grocers.

Will Scotland Go Dry?

PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN: HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVAS.

House-to-house canvassing of nearly the whole of the Scottish population has begun in the great battle between the "Wets" and "Drys."

The majority of the "Moderates" are unquestionably apathetic. They ascribe the drink restrictions which exist to Glasgow's teetotal magistracy, the activity of the Churches, and last, but not least, to the "independent" attitude of the trade itself.

Whereas the "Drys" are relying on the women, the Churches, and the magistrates, the "Wets" are depending upon the distillery industries, their wealthy trade associations, and the traditional love of the Scotsman for his liquor. I found that the moderate drinkers can still point to one part of Scotland at least where the drink restrictions do not apply. They adventure gleefully upon their return. This is on the Isle of Whithorn, Wigtonshire, where the old hours still hold good—10 a.m. to 10 p.m. It has been suggested that if Scotland does decide to go dry on the mainland, the Isle of Whithorn will be allowed to retain its alcoholic independence, presumably with the object of providing a place of pilgrimage.

THE SKUNK.



WALT MASON

Each night around my seas I'd be dwelling there, rooms a skunk; at break of day the whole charmed neighborhood is smelling of Jockey Club or New Mown Hay. I know not why this midnight vagrant should always to my cottage steer; I only know he renders fragrant a hundred leagues of atmosphere. I would not in this way be haunted, were it a lion or a bear; for I'm of courage, high, undaunted, and I would shoot it to its lair. Oh, bring your fierce man eating tiger, and it I'll face, and never quail, and chase it to its native Niger, and tie a tin can to its tail. I'll meet in any man's arena the fiercest brutes the world can dig, the warthog and the rude hyena, the polar bear and guinea pig. No man can say I am a quitter, but all my courage seems like wind, when comes that aromatic critter, with incense from the storied Ind. Which shows, my friends, that circumstances will alter cases, now and then; and when some sort of doom advances, the grit falls in the bravest men. Call me not craven if I tremble, say not that all my boasts are bunk; my inward fears I can't dissemble, I will not try to kill the skunk.



THE MAKIN' OF FRIENDS.

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered and nobody helped us along, if each every minute looked after himself and the good things all went to the strong.

If nobody cared just a little for you, and nobody thought about me, and we stood all alone to the battle of life, what a dreary old world it would be!

If there weren't such a thing as a flag in the sky as a symbol of comradeship here.

If we lived as the animals live in the woods, with nothing held sacred or dear.

And selfishness ruled us from birth to the end, and never a neighbor had we.

And never we gave to another in need, what a dreary old world it would be!

Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made and the things which in common we share.

We want to live on not because of ourselves, but because of the people who care.

It's giving and going for somebody else on that all life's splendor depends.

And the joy of this world, when you've summed it all up, is found in the making of friends.

St. Joseph, Lewis, July 14, 1903. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen—I was badly kicked by my horse last May, after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do. My leg was as black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was as well as ever, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES. Commercial Traveller.

With the fall tailor-made suit, the long tuxedo collar will be worn.

Afternoon frocks will be girdled in handsome ribbons of brilliant colors.



60 Years Old Today

Feels as young as ever

PEOPLE who are able to talk like this can not possibly have impure blood—they just feel fit—no headaches, dyspepsia or bilious disorders.

These diseases can be cured by

Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters

A true blood purifier containing the active principles of Dandelion, Meadewick, Burdock and other medicinal herbs.

Sold at your store. A bottle, Family size, five times as large 50c.

THE BRATLEY DRUG CO., Limited, ST. JOHN'S, N.B.

Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters, in handy form, always on hand, Bratley, Bratley.

For sale by all Druggists and first-class Grocers.

Hotels, Restaurants & Boarding Houses

BUY 'HILLSDALE' SLICED Pineapple, IN GALLON TINS. AT YOUR GROCERS.

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LADIES! LADIES!

Our first shipment of Fall and Winter Goods has arrived. See our

NEW HATS, RAGLANS, COATS, etc., etc.

Best quality, leading styles and lowest prices. Mail orders always carefully and promptly attended to.

WILLIAM FREW, Water St.

MUTT AND JEFF—

JEFF'S A GOOD HAMMER THROWER BU T MUTT'S THERE WITH THE SPPRINT STUFF.

By Bud Fisher

