

PREPARE FOR THE COLD WEATHER!

The season is fast approaching which will compel you to change your Summer apparel for something heavier and warmer. Owing to the difficulties of transportation, and extraordinary conditions of the foreign markets, there will be a shortage of Fall and winter wearing apparel. We are now offering a limited quantity of Fall and Winter Coats, Suits, etc. SEE OUR WEST WINDOW.

NEW COATINGS!

20 pieces Col'd Coatings suitable for making Children's and Ladies' Coats. Shades of Brown, Blue, Cardinal, Red and Black Check, Fawn and Blue Check, Brown and Black Check.

SELLING AT OLD PRICES.

FALL DRESS GOODS!

New Dress Tweeds, Meltons and Curl Cloths in all the leading shades. Splendid materials.

\$1.00 to \$1.50 per yard.

SEALETTE

2 ends only of Sealette. We have been unable to secure any quantity of this splendid material, the above quantity comprising our stock.

CORDUROY VELVETS!

20 pieces Corduroy Velvets in Brown, Saxe, Navy, White, Cream, Mole, G. Cardinal, Helio and Myrtle.

ALL AT OLD PRICES.

Marshall Bros

Dress Buttons!

A big display of Dress Buttons in all the leading colors and sizes. Buttons to match any and every shade of the rainbow.

Child's

BATH ROBES!

10 doz. Child's Bath Robes, some with plain collar, others with nicely lined hood. Shades of Cream, Pink, Blue and Fancy.

Marvelous Value, \$1.10 to \$2.00.

When One is Half Sick.

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON

Unless one is a perfect fool (one kind of perfection few of us lay claim to) there are some subjects on which one changes one's mind as one grows older. One on which I have changed mine is the point at which youth merges into middle age. (I used to place that at thirty-five.) Another is whether children should be spanked or not. (I'll let you guess which side of that fence I am now on.)

And third is the proper way to treat oneself when one is in that unpleasant condition known as "half sick." I dropped in on a neighbour of mine one day last week and found her looking miserably.

She stuck to her preserving.

"Yes," she said, "I've been feeling mean for a week but I simply won't give into it. I've got some preserving that I want to get done and every day I make myself do a little. But, oh it drags so. Even that little time me more than a good day's work would if I were feeling properly. I know lots of people would simply give in and go to bed but I'm not that kind."

"Perhaps if you did give in for a day or two you'd be better?" I suggested.

She shook her head stubbornly. "I'm not that kind," she repeated. "I stick it out as long as I can stand." And I didn't try to argue with her. For didn't I know just how obstinate I used to be on that very point?

I, too, forced myself to do each day the little that in the depleted state of

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150 bskts. BLUE PLUMS.

100 bskts. RED PLUMS.

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50 bskts. RIPE TOMATOES.

10 bskts. GREEN PEPPERS.

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Soper & Moore,

Importers & Jobbers.

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Greatest Italian Battle Tells Against Austrians

Monitors Assist Cadorna—Carso Front is Like a Boiling Cauldron—Over Thirteen Thousand Prisoners Taken—Fifteen Thousand Shells an Hour Fired From the Batteries.

(By PERCIVAL GIBBON.)

With the Italian Army on the Carso, Aug. 22—Puntas Dobba does not appear on ordinary maps. It is where the languid Ionian leaks into the Adriatic through a maze of mud islands and a lagoon. The former are now masked with a six-foot-high growth of reeds. Yesterday, awaiting events, I tried to bathe there and waded a mile before the water was up to my waist.

While I was wading, there swam into sight a line of queer ships wading up to their anchorage in the middle of the Gulf of Trieste. They steered like a haystack on a barge, and steamed like a traction engine. They just ambled up to the point which was aimed at, found it clumsily and opened fire on the reverse of the Hermada. They were Italian monitors, which are reaching from the sea to aid the ponderous forces which ashore are smashing against the granite front of the Hermada.

Warships Help Army.

That is the measure of this great battle. It stretches from the sea, where warships supplement the army, across flats, where the shy Timavo ventures like an Austrian trench garrison into the daylight. It steps up to the heights and valleys of desolate stone known as the Carso, sinks thence into that little wet hell of tangled trenches on the southern end of the Gorizia plain, swerves east to the conquered city of Gorizia to the tragic and blood-soaked heights of the hills of San Marco, sinks again across San Cano, Gorizia's northern fashionable suburb, then lifts to the murderous heights of Monte Satto, whose ruined monastery is sprawling in stone heaps. Then north, it wanes

A Faithful Servant.

READY TO WORK NIGHT OR DAY.

Gas is your ever ready helper right in your home—no begging for delivery, no delays in getting it. One gets so used to it that one is apt to forget how helpful it is. Take a little trouble. Study its uses: get to understand how to obtain every particle of help you can from it.

Remember that for Light, Heat or Cooking it has no equal. If you have any little difficulties with it, bring them to the Gas Office. Our advice and help will be most readily given.

St. John's Gas Light Co.

Sept. 17

This is the greatest of Italian battles that the great war genius, Cadorna, held in his hand till armed as never armed before. His artillery compares with the masses of guns on the Somme, where fresh from Russia, I saw howitzers and field guns standing wheel to wheel over miles of country and heard for the first time in my life 10,000 shells fired in a single hour. The British batteries here alone fired 15,000 shells in the first twenty-four hours.

A Nest of Death.

Yesterday I saw the Carso boiling like a cauldron. Every dreary distance of that stony desert was obscured by the drift of gun smoke and the sudden jump of shell fountains reddened with the blood-colored earth

of this wilderness. In that mist of death and terror the sturdy, silent infantry of Italy was working, at its heroic trade. It served to convey in the restricted medium of telegram that stubborn motive, that outward joylessness, that grey, dusty effect which these fine battalions make on the British observer. They do not sing, they do not swagger, but go soberly into action with a kind of devout viciousness which one attributes to Cromwell's Ironsides, and they bring back victory.

I cannot yet precisely indicate their gains, but these would be worth anything only on a map. Yesterday's figure of prisoners was swelled to over 13,000. The Italians enumerate only those captives who are actually in cages; so each day's total excludes the melancholy convoys still struggling along the roads. I asked a certain General this morning how many machine guns he had taken. "Goodness knows," he replied. "I am sending lorries to fetch them in."

I walked to-day over a hill upon the Carso where it had been hitherto impossible to show oneself in daylight. I looked down into the great Brivovizza valley, which was captured in the offensive last May.

There is no knowing at the moment exactly where we stand. The Austrians are in strength and the Italian victory is hard won against choice troops. Italian grenadiers had been into and out of various positions at least twice, and their success in this assault against a filthy Carso village, organized into a triple line of superb defences, is not yet officially announced. The Selo defences at the Southern side of the Carso, a stone-heap, changing contour daily under unceasing fire, are in Italian hands, and they are blowing out a sort of bladder of positions between the remains of Selo and the shell-devastated hole in the ground which was formerly the pauper hamlet of Coffe.

I spoke yesterday of the spirit and morale of the Italian troops. To-day I can confirm my original impression of their plan. Prisoners with whom I have spoken repeat parrot-like their yearning for peace. A Romanian Sergeant, speaking perfect German, said to me: "It is time we had less of the Kaiser and more of God."

Fads and Fashions.

The dark plaid silk waist have several colors in them. Stretched felt hats are among the new sporting millinery.

The leading colors for evening are grays, bright pinks, turquoise, and peacock blues.

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And hang them where you can see them every day. Many a trouble seems easier after a glimpse at some well-loved pictured face, and many a dull day brighter after a glance at some beautiful bit of landscape.

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just arrived. Also a large assortment of JOB LINES.

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50 c. CAL. ORANGES.

Bacon,

BEECHNUT, KINGAN'S, DIAMOND C. LIBBY'S in Glass. ARMOUR'S in Glass.

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BLUE NOSE, 1lb. and 5 lb. tins. PURITY, 2 lb. prints, NEW YORK CHICKEN, NEW YORK CORNED BEEF, FRESH COUNTRY EGGS, BONELESS FISH, SHREDDED FISH.

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