

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 PATIENT VERSUS THE NURSE AGAIN.



A letter friend who liked my little talk on the trial of the amateur nurse versus the trials of the amateur patient wants to utter a few words of suggestion to the patient.

"I have been both patient and nurse," she writes, "just as you say: you are, and so I am not looking at things from just one side of the fence. I also have sympathy with both, but there is one way in which I think patients often put an unfair strain on their amateur nurses and that is this.

"They exact an unfair and exhausting amount of sympathy and reassurance.

"The hardest patient I ever took care of was very thoughtful about not making me extra steps and very anxious not to be a burden but, Oh, how she did wear me out fretting because she couldn't get well faster and moaning because she was such a burden.

The Hardest Thing to Bear.

"I could hear up under the extra burden of the actual work very comfortably by trying to systematize everything and taking care of myself, but sometimes when she got into one of those moods it seemed as if my back would break, metaphorically under that last straw.

"Sometimes I'd find her in one of those moods in the morning and before I had gotten her out of it I would be mentally exhausted and you know that's no way to begin the day. And other times she would begin to fret about what a burden she was and how it would be better if she could just die and all that kind of thing. When I was getting her to bed at last, I would reassure her of this. I loved her dearly and would have felt dreadfully to have anything happen to her. I felt that she would pull out of this sick spell in time as she had before, and I would tell her so over and over again and finally make some impression on her although it almost seemed as if

she had set her mind against it. Then I'd go to bed and not be able to get to sleep for hours because that effort on top of the work of the day had made me so nervous.

How They Drain the Nurse's Vitality.

"Don't you think patients ought to realize how they drain other people's vitality by taking such gloomy views of things, and by wanting to be reassured all the time that they are not a burden?"

Of course I do. Of course anyone does who stops to think anything at all about it.

But on the other hand I want to remind the amateur nurse who reads this and feels that she has a grievance against her patient that it is ever so much harder to be optimistic when you are ill than when you are well. Often the bacteria which causes the illness poisons one's point of view and makes things look darker than they would to a normal person. Also it is harder to exercise one's will and fight against the desire to be reassured and babied when one feels weak and miserable.

Infinite Patience on the Part of Each.

One comes back once more to the need of infinite patience, sympathy and the will to help the other on the part of each. The patient should make a real effort not to drain the vitality of his or her nurse by being pessimistic and querulous and wanting to be reassured, and the nurse should try to have tolerance when the patient's weakness expresses itself in this way. She should remind herself that it is only the bacteria talking and not the person, and try to take it calmly and keep it off her nerves.

Fashions and Fads.

Embroidered net of large square mesh is much used with broadcloth. A blouse of American beauty georgette is piped in black charmeuse. Skirt foundations are rather narrow, but tunics hang in full folds. Trimmings will be very lavish, owing to the prevailing slim silhouette. Applique work and embroideries are used on plaid woollens for suits. Pajamas are beaming quilted silk trimmings and heavy silk cord for belts.

Preserving Plums!

Lowest wholesale prices on---

100 6 Quart Red Plum.

100 6 Quart Blue Plum.

100 6 Quart Green Gage.

100 6 Quart Ripe Tomatoes.

Now Ready for Delivery.

Soper & Moore
Wholesale Grocers.

Fortunes Run to Waste.

A new field of natural gas has been found at Snake Hollow, in Pennsylvania, and two young men, with a capital of fifty pounds, recently started to bore there for gas. They struck a gusher which blew with such frightful force that it was ten days before it could be capped.

During those ten days five hundred and fifty million cubic feet of gas, valued at sixpence a foot, gushed away into the air and was utterly lost. In round figures the loss was nearly fourteen million pounds.

There is nothing new about waste of this description. About ten years ago boring began for oil at Lakeview, California. At midnight, on March 15th, oil-sand began to gush in Well No. 1, but choked.

At seven next morning a "baler"—a long tube—was put down to clear it. There was a roar, and the baler shot upwards with frightful force. During the next hundred days the well gushed like a geyser, flinging oil and boulders two hundred feet high. The spout could be seen twenty miles away, and during a gale clothes hung out to dry two miles away to windward were ruined.

At last the flow was controlled, but the country around was a lake of wasted oil.

In 1883 a gusher was struck at Baku, in the Caspian Oil-field, which beat the world's record. It began by spouting sand four hundred feet into the air. The roar was deafening, and the force so terrific that it shattered the solid beams of the derrick as though they had been matchwood. After that came the oil, rising in a black spout to a height of three hundred feet. For days the oil ran at a rate of over a million gallons a day, and, as at Lakeview, formed a lake of lost oil.

The Spirit.

It may be undignified to call newspaper work a game, but it is a game, as evidenced by the spirit of the men who play it.

The good newspaper man loves his work. The bigger the news the better he likes the game. Big stories mean harder work and longer hours. Does the reporter or the editor complain of the extra time or the short rations of sleep? No. He glories in the work; he gives his best thought and his last effort of physical energy to the story. A scoop, better handling of the story by his newspaper bring a sense of satisfaction—of victory.

Big news is a thing for which all newspaper men live; it provides the thrill that helps make the game worth while. When real stories are breaking the morale is high; the men are willing, earnest, eager, enthusiastic and cheerful. They work with a vigor, a determination and an unselfishness

that makes one proud of them, and of the profession.

Where else does one find such spirit, such love for a profession in which extra hours and special efforts do not mean overtime or extra pay?

The newspaper men are the noblest of the professions. They play, but their game is mighty serious business. They do it in a spirit that is found nowhere else except in the minds and hearts of the men on a winning team. And there is about their work a spirit of chivalry and sportsmanship that make them truly democracy's noblemen.—City Editor and Reporter.



THE ONLY LOSS.

It is better as it is, I have failed but I can sleep. Though the pit in which I am now is very dark and deep I can walk to-morrow's streets and can meet to-morrow's men Unashamed to face their gaze as I go to work again.

I have lost the hope I had, in the dust are all my dreams. But my loss is not so great or so dreadful as it seems. For I made my fight and failed, but I need not sink away. For I do not have to fear what another man may say.

They may call me over bold, they may say that I was frail. They may tell I dared too much and was doomed at last to fail. They may talk my battle over and discuss it as they choose. But I did no brother wrong. I'm the only one to lose.

It is better as it is. I have kept my self-respect. I can walk to-morrow's streets meeting all men head erect. And no man can swear at me for the pledge I did not keep. I have no shame to regret, I have failed, but I can sleep.

Household Notes.

Sew all buttons on clothes before going into the wash and save muzzling the clothes.

Veal loaf, sliced cold, and garnished with parsley, makes a dainty dish for luncheon.

Make your apron strings long, so that when a patch is needed it can be cut from the strings.

THE FALL MONTHS WILL SOON BE HERE.

Will Your Home Seem Dingy After the Bright Summer Outdoors?

Why Not Brighten It?
CONGOLEUM
WILL DO IT.

Bright, cheerful patterns laid upon the floors that will stand any amount of washing, as Congoleum is made to stand water (it is absolutely waterproof) as well as other wear, will help to make "the house beautiful", to which all good home-makers aspire. Our price is absolutely the lowest.

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Avoid substitutes, no matter what the price. Congoleum is the original American Felt Floor Cloth and has stood the test of time.

Substitutes will not wear the same, that is why we do not stock them, as we desire to give our patrons the benefit of our experience. We carry a large range of beautiful patterns.

HENRY BLAIR

Father on the Job.

It had been a hard task, and had taken the whole of his Saturday afternoon, but now it was accomplished, and Mr. Urbsub viewed it with delight.

Little cared he for the fact that he had crushed his thumbnail with the hammer, that he had split a pot of paint over his best trousers, and that the job had cost twice what a carpenter would have charged. The

clothes-post was now erected, and he retired to the house a proud and happy man.

Ten minutes later he returned to feast his eyes once more upon his triumph, but, to his horror, the post now lay prone upon the lawn.

"You pushed it, did you?" he yelled, seizing his youthful heir.

"No, father," said the boy. "A sparrow perched on it, and over it went. I saw him do it."

Religion to me is merely opium for the intellect.—M. Trotsky.

ANYWAY, THE LITTLE FELLOW IS TEN CENTS TO THE GOOD, THANKS TO MUTT

By Bud Fisher.

