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on the Corner

BIG TEN DAYS OPENING SALE.

See the Men's Shirts at 50c.
75s. Shirt for 50c., Negligee, daintily striped—they're all talking about them.
See the Boots for Men, \$3.00 and \$3.50 regular for \$2.50. Good stuff.

See the Ladies' 4 strap Oxfords with a four dollarish look for \$2.70.

Take a glance at the beautiful Baby Beds. Regular \$20.00. Now \$16.00.

Wall Papers with Borders to match from 20c. up.

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J.M. Devine

THE RIGHT HOUSE

Corner Water and Adelaide Streets.

New Stock Winchester, Eley's and Kynock's

Rifle & Shot Cartridges

Double & Single Barrel Breech Loading Guns

Double & Single Barrel Muzzle Loading Guns

Single Shot and Repeating Rifles.

Also, the above can be supplied in damaged stock, which we are selling at very low prices.

P.S. All the above can and will be supplied in new stock unless otherwise ordered

Martin Hardware Co. Ltd.

Front and Rear Next West of Old Store

A Between-Seasons Suggestion

We have in stock just a very few exquisite Evening Gowns, one or two actual Paris Models, others exact copies of Paris Gowns. As these are decidedly advance style they will be the correct mode for the Fall Season, and we are selling them off at greatly reduced prices to make room for our large Autumn Stock. Two particularly lovely Gowns are briefly described below.

¶ Gown of Sheer White Lace mounted on fine Brussels net lining. It has the new three tier skirt; Waist and Sleeves of Lace, in soft, graceful draping; Vested caught with tiny crystals; and wide crushed girdle of Pale Blue Satin

¶ Elegant Gown of Black Chiffon over soft White Lace, lined throughout with White Silk; handsome and effective trimming of rich Helio Velvet.

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.

The Daily Short Story

DERMOTT'S BEST MAN

By Frank Filson

FATHER O'BRIEN gave me a big wink when I had outlined my scheme to him. There wasn't a better sport than the Father in all the parishes round, and when it was a case of marrying a couple he'd move heaven and earth to bring it about. But the next time I went to see him there was no difficulty at all. I had caught Mary O'Toole's heart on the bounce and she wasn't the girl to go back on her word—not she.

Some people said it was a shabby trick to play, but I say a man's justified in using any means he can to win the woman he loves. And didn't I love Mary—hadn't I loved her for years until that thundering limb of a Terence MacShane came along and stole her heart out of my keeping?

Mary and I had been born in the same week of the same year, and they say that when my father learned I was a boy he called Phil O'Toole in to his bit of a parlor, first putting out the pig, because he wouldn't bring company into a sty.

"'Tis a boy I'm after having, Bill," my father said. "What do you say to making a match of it between him and your girl?"

"I'm agreeable," says Phil O'Toole, draining off his glass of poteen that never saw a government stamp. And so it was ratified, and nobody ever expected that it would turn out any different.

We might have been twenty or a bit more when Terence MacShane comes riding in from Limerick and sees Mary and dismounts to ask for a glass of milk. I was away then, minding the still—bad cess to the government. We had to keep it running down in the bog lands where the smoke wouldn't rise above the mists, because there were government people all over Munster.

When I came back a few days later I found Terence sitting, bold as brass, in Mary's cottage, and her very close to him and listening to all his gabble. When she saw me she started away, confused and guilty like, but I didn't take notice of the girl.

"Won't you come out where the sun's shining and take your dose, Mr. MacShane?" says I.

Up he springs and out he comes and we had a fine tussle in the cornfields; but seeing he had my advantage by four inches and twenty pounds it wasn't long before he had me down.

"Do you give me best, Mister Dermott?" he asks, sneering. But I said nothing and Terence rose with a laugh and went into Mary's cottage again. There wasn't a scratch or a bruise on him, either.

Well, that settled that, and I packed and got ready to take the boat for Cork, thinking maybe I'd go to America. I knew there were bigger fishes in the sea than I'd hooked yet. But my heart was sore for Mary O'Toole, and I couldn't stay in Dunchestown any longer.

Whosould I meet at the dock but Terence himself, with his pack, and he scowled at me and I scowled at him; and then we both burst out laughing.

"So we're both in the same boat, Terence," says I. "There's an hour yet. Come, tell me about it."

He told me, and I learned that he and army had quarreled bitterly the night before about some trifle—I think it was whether Limerick had better pigs than Dunchestown—and she had flung his ring in his face and slammed the door, on him. By the time he had made an end of telling me we found that we had missed the boat. But by that time Terence had begun to feel differently. He decided to go back to Limerick and not try his fortune in Cork at all.

I didn't tell him my plans, but I saw him aboard the train and made my way back to Dunchestown. I was a long way from the cottage when I saw Mary sitting inside. She wasn't stirring hand or foot, and that meant something for Mary. When I got in her eyes were wet with crying.

"Mary, asthore," says I, "I've come back to you. Won't you take me?" She put her head on my shoulder and cried there. And that's how I caught her heart on the bounce, as I said.

The wedding day was all settled, but very soon I saw that it was Terence all the time and not me she cared for. Faith, there's no telling how a girl's tastes will run. And I saw there wouldn't be overmuch happiness in store for us, but I wasn't going to let a Limerick man, and a giant at that, steal her from one of the Dermotts. So I made out I didn't see through her pretence at caring for me.

As for Terence, I met him once when I was into Limerick with a drove of hogs. He looked at me sort

of surly, but didn't bear malice when I went up and spoke to him. I found out that he loved Mary just as much as ever. But I didn't feel any more like losing the pride of Dunchestown to a Limerick man. So I put my troubles before the priest.

When Father O'Brien had heard my scheme for making an end of Terence, I mean as a possible cause of trouble after the ceremony he winked and clapped me on the back.

"Mary," I said that evening, "who do you think's going to be best man at the wedding next Thursday? who but Terence MacShane?"

She started and began to protest. But I told her the priest had arranged that all enmity should be drowned in this way, and if the bridegroom couldn't choose his own best man who was going to do it for him? She fought over it for long, but at last I told her if she didn't allow it I'd refuse her at the ceremony and shame her before all the village. You ought to have seen the look she gave me then. If my head was as thick as a Limerick man's I'd have known why

she was marrying me then. It was to spite Terence. And yet she couldn't bear to have him at the wedding.

I got her consent at last, after the Father had put in his word and Thursday came, as good many Thursdays have come long since then. We met Terence at the door looking very sheepish and very wretched. I think the Father had word with his priest in Limerick and made him come as a penance for something. Anyway, there he stood, scowling at me and never looking at Mary, and she nearer crying than laughing. It was a strange sort of wedding.

Then the Father began, and when he came to asking the questions he sort of looked up inquiringly. I knew my cue had come.

"Will thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he asked me, and I slipped out and caught Terence by the arm and dragged him up to Mary.

"Say 'yes,' Terence," I whispered and he said it quick as a flash. And the bans had been in his name, too, but no body could read the Father's writing.

No, I didn't stay for the wedding breakfast. The fact is, I slipped out through the door before the ceremony was over. But that's how I came to America after all, and—well, I've almost forgotten now.

The Two Germany's

(By Henry Dalby)

THERE are two Germany's.

There is the Germany that for many years we have known the more intimately; the Germany of science, literature and art; the Germany of deep religious faith, and of all the domestic virtues; the Germany of wonderful industrial and commercial enterprises; the Germany which has helped greatly in the education of the whole world, and from which we have drawn some of the best elements in our Canadian population.

There is another Germany, of altogether different aspect and with which we are now becoming acquainted. A savage, jealous, autocratic, overbearing, treacherous and insincere Germany, which is a curse to the world and to no nation more so than the civilised and kindly Germany before spoken of.

Europe Suffers

Europe has suffered from time to time through the outbreak of German barbarians. Civilised Germans suffer all the time, from the ruthless barbarians, who constantly oppress them with burdens and make them serve with rigour.

Speaking in general terms, the one represents German autocracy, the other German democracy. Now there is much to be said in favor of autocracy government—the chief difficulty is to find the right kind of autocrat. It used to be said that the best form of government was a benevolent despotism, tempered by fear of assassination. It is hard to find a sufficient argument in favor of assassination, even of a remorseless tyrant, who assassinates men, women, and children, by hundreds of thousands. It is too much like fighting the devil with fire. We must not forget that the spark which started the present European holocaust was the assassination of an Austrian archduke and his wife. That the combustibles had been heaped up by the autocrats with the intention of making a big fire is true, but does not alter the fact that the blaze was actually started by the Servian assassins.

Fighting For Life

Autocracy is fighting for its life in Europe and its survival means greatest conceivable misfortune to civilised Christian Germany, which had enough and to spare of dynastic quarrels. Either the victory or the defeat of German armies will involve many years of trouble and distress for civilised Germany. The greatest hope for all Europe is that it may emerge from the storm and stress, freed for all time from the tyranny of these melodramatic monarchs, and their military entourage with their tawdry decorations. Look at the portraits of these imbeciles and dotards and weaklings with the morals and manners of malevolent apes! How much longer will men of intellect and courage and good-will continue to take them seriously at their own estimate? They prate of their divine right as though God had granted them their butchers' license to murder the innocents, for the sake of adding to their imperial dignities. Nearly all Germany's wars have been dynastic. Over and over again the German war lords fought with Austria for their own aggrandisement. They have fought nearly every state now forning the German Empire that they might enwrap themselves in the imperial purple. They fought the Franco-German war, at first to assert their right to Germanise the throne of Spain and then to make themselves German Emperors—of course by divine right.

There is all the difference in the world between constitutional monarchy and irresponsible autocracy. Even this war has brought out the devoted loyalty and the glorious liberty of the British Empire. We who are of British descent will be ingrates indeed if we ever forget the loyalty of the King's subjects of every origin in the face of a national peril. There is no divine right rubbish and no militarism in the spirit of the men who have calmly offered their lives in defence of the British flag and who when they return from the war will quietly go back to the plough, the mine, the engine or the desk.

Another thing that will never be forgotten is the cordial sympathy and approval tendered to Great Britain by the Jews and people of the United States. We seem to be within sight of the realisation of Tennyson's dream of a federation of the world. We cannot fail to arrive at a better understanding and appreciation of each other. Nobody will be more welcome in that federation, which is the world's great hope of universal peace, than our friends the civilised Germans. That the Federation of the World will be anything like the federations we know to-day, I have no hope—or better still, no fear. It will be something infinitely better, because more free and less galling. It will be as much superior to the federations we know as is a Triple Entente to a Triple Alliance.

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LIFT EMBARGO FROM SUGAR

Kingston, Jamaica, Aug 25.—The embargo on the exportation of sugar from Jamaica imposed recently by the local authorities has been removed except to countries hostile to Britain.

VARIED REPORTS OF THE FISHERY

Aug. 15th. From W. Hogan (Frappeau to Peter's River)—No traps are out but 25 dorries and skiffs with 7 boats are fishing. The total catch is 12300 qtls, and for last week 300. No bankers or schooners from the grounds have arrived. Prospects are not good. There is no squid and herrings are very scarce. Dogfish are still numerous and troublesome. Codfish is reported plentiful on the different ledges but nothing can be done owing to the scarcity of bait.

VARIED REPORTS OF THE FISHERY

Aug. 15.—From M. Jenkins (Rocky Hr. to Trout River)—Prospects are fair and there is sufficient herring for local use. The prevalence of dogfish prevents good catches of cod being made as the fishermen are unable to use hand lines or trawls. The catch is 2400 qtls, and for last week 600. All the fish caught this week was with jiggers.

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NOTICE

There will be a meeting of the Patriotic Committee of Newfoundland in the C. L. B. Armoury, to-morrow (Thursday) evening at 8 o'clock. All are requested to attend.

VINCENT P. BURKE, Hon. Sec'y.

FORGING AHEAD!

That is the position of The Mail and Advocate, as each issue sees a larger sale. What about that WANT ADVT!

For Sale! Motor Boat

F.P.U.

Built for R. H. Silver, Esq., at their premises, Greenspond, in 1912. Used by President Coaker the last two summers during his cruises North.

Boat is fitted with a 27 h.p. Fraser Engine, which has given splendid satisfaction. The boat is 40 feet long and 9 feet wide, and would make an ideal mission boat.

She contains sleeping accommodation for four, and tanks for 250 gallons of fuel. Nineteen-tenths of the fuel consumed by the engine is Kero oil.

The reason for selling is, the boat is not large enough for the purpose she is now used for.

The boat cost about \$1800, and is well fitted in every respect. She is provided with sails. She would make a fine boat for collecting bait or for fishery uses.

Apply to

W. F. Coaker.

The Elite Tonsorial Parlor,

Prescott Street, near Rawlins' Cross,

F. ROBERTS, Proprietor,

Mr. F. Roberts, of the Elite Tonsorial Parlors, begs to announce to his many patrons, that he has installed the very latest Massage machines for face and hair; also that he will carry full assortment Choice Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco.

On and after to-day the Parlors will be open each weekday from 8 a.m. until 11 p.m.

Headquarters

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A. H. Murray

Bowring's Cove.