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Marshall Bros

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO MAIL ORDERS

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

THE UNFULFILLMENT OF DREAMS.

Do your dreams ever come true while you are dreaming them? What I mean is, when you dream that you are going to get something that you want, do you go on and get it in the dream or does the dream stop just short of its fulfillment. I have noticed that my own dreams seem to be always of preparation for pleasure, rather than actual enjoyment of it, and I have been wondering if this is an individual peculiarity or if it is the eternal nature of dreams.

Never a Real Ride.

This is the sort of thing I mean. I love horseback riding and I am constantly dreaming that I am just going to go to ride. The horse is being saddled and I am waiting, then something interferes and I find the horse had to be used for some other purpose and I can't have him until later and I try vainly to get another horse. Or perhaps the horse is ready and I cannot seem to get into my habit. I don't think that I ever actually rode in a dream.

But I Never Eat the Lunch.

Again when I was a child we used to have a basement lunchroom at school in which sandwiches, milk, cake and, twice a week, ice cream was sold. As my pocket money, like that of most children of that day, was limited, I used to have to choose between the various things which appealed to my palate, and I can remember how hard it sometimes was to make up my mind. Well, the backwash of memory from that circumstance carries me every now and then to school again, endows me with the ample pocket money I now have (ample for such purposes, I mean, did anyone ever have unqualifiedly ample pocket money?) and starts me toward the lunchroom with my pockets full of loose change. I go down the stairs, I have even reached the lunch counter and ordered, but never yet did I get my order and taste it before I woke up!

They Come Back But Only for a Time.

There is one queer phase of fulfillment about my dreams which a few friends have told me is true about theirs, and here again I wonder if this is mere coincidence, or if my reader friends will report a like experience. Whenever I dream that those who have passed over are back again with me, there is a shadow on my happiness. I always feel that although they have come back, they cannot stay. They do not seem exactly ill, I have no hope of getting a doctor and curing them. I simply know that they have been given back to me but only for a time.

If this unfulfillment of dreams is universal perhaps it is because if we dreamed true we should leave our dreams better than our waking days. I wonder.

Fads and Fashions.

Cloak linings have a great deal of gold in them. Paris dressmakers are advertising the collar finish. Ostrich feathers appear dyed in Paisley colorings. Duveltyne is one of the most popular of all fabrics. Silver lace is much used with pink and old blue. Dress materials all incline to the splendid.

What is Phoratone?

Phoratone is a preparation manufactured by Dr. F. Stafford & Son for all kinds of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and various Lung Troubles. It is the result of 25 years' experience and thousands of bottles are being sold every year. At the present time quite a large number of people are suffering from Sore Throats, Coughs and Colds, etc., and if you will only try a bottle of this Phoratone you will be surprised with results. You can purchase same at Stafford's Drug Store, Theatre Hill, for 30c. a bottle. Postage 10c. extra.

Dr. F. Stafford & Son,

Wholesale & Retail Chemists, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Due This Week:

1200 brls. King Apples.
250 brls. Wagner Apples.
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ON SPOT TO-DAY:
150 kegs Green Grapes.
75 cases 5's Spanish Onions.

NOW DUE:
300 bags (100 lbs. each)
Yellow Globe Onions.

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FARM AND CITY.



WILL MASON.

The hours of night bring calm repose upon the quiet farm; the weary husbandman there knows sweet slumber's fullest charm. Refreshed in spirit, brain and brawn, he rises, wearily, and rings the bell for roosters to greet the dawn with idiotic yells. How different it is in town, where weary people weep; in vain the laborer lies down to have a slice of sleep. The streets are full of strident noise that jars the nightly shades, and giddy girls and buoyant boys sing ragtime serenades. And batty speedsters whiz along in whanging motor cars, and greet with yells and ribald song the pale, disgruntled stars. Belated plugs, with noisy hoots, to stables gallivant, and vagrant cats on metal roofs attempt a bughouse chant. And so the man who needs his sleep becomes a ghastly wreck; and in the morn he cannot keep from muttering, "By heck!" A night of sleep would soothe

his soul, and heal life's sores and stings, but morning finds him in the hole, and he exclaims, "By jings!"

Lively Time With a Python.

The crew of a British gunboat, in Eastern waters once had a lively time looking after a python on board that had escaped from its cage. Besides the python there was on board a big Borneo orang-outang. The python, which was nineteen or twenty feet long, having dined heartily on a deer about three weeks before, began to feel its appetite returning, and in searching about its box for a place of egress, found one side in bad repair. It did not take long for that python to come through the weak part, and, quite unobtrusively, it began its perambulations around the boat.

Seeing the orang-outang chained up a few yards off the big snake invited itself to dinner very much to its taste. It would have been all over with the orang-outang had not the quartermaster at that moment made the discovery that the two pets were about to be merged into one. He promptly cut the orang-outang loose. The latter was up the masthead before any mischief could be done and a lieutenant the owner of the orang-outang, the quartermaster and a member of the crew flung themselves upon the hungry python—one at the head, another at the tail and a third in the middle.

Then the excitement began, for the python wanted to get one of the aggressors nicely in its coils, and the men were determined that it should be kept out in something as nearly approaching a straight line as possible.

For a minute it was the Laocoon group all over again, only in this case the three men and the snake were sprawling over the deck instead of standing upright in a classic attitude.

Re-inforcements, however, arrived in hot haste and about twenty blue-jackets, each embracing a foot of python reduced the reptile to comparative quiet. The procession marched back to the python's box, coiled the creature inside and shut it up. But the orang-outang sat aloft in the mast-head a long time before he came to the conclusion that he was not the menu for the day.

The silence in the Rocky Mountains is so great that the flapping of a partridge's wing may be heard for several miles.



Edgar A. Guest.

THE PLATYPUS YEARS.

How little we knew in the glad old days when life was a round of play. Of the many cares and the many griefs that were hidden along the way!

Oh, we wondered oft why the mother sighed and the father's face was sad. But they shielded us in our boyhood years from every care they had. We woke each morn to a care-free day, full sure of the joy we'd planned. And the fluttering crepe on a neighbor's door we never could understand.

There was no such thing as the pain of death in our glorious lives back then. For we were sheltered from every care that comes to the hearts of men.

We never grieved as the mother did when sorrowful news came in. Though we wondered at tears which filled her eyes and noted her trembling chin. She whispered of some one about to die and kissed us and went away. But we never knew what it really meant and it never disturbed our play.

We asked for things and we got them, too, nor thought of the money spent. We never learned in those early days they sacrifice they meant; We knew that the father went to work and was weary and worn at night. But always the cares that he bore for us were hidden away from sight.

And now we stand to the griefs of life, and now we have come to know why the crepe is placed on a neighbor's door and the hurt and the ache of woe. And we hide our grief as our parents did and we try to check our tears. So that never a care shall our children know to the end of their playful years.

A druggist can obtain an imitation of MINARD'S LINIMENT from a Toronto house at a very low price, and have it labeled his own product. This greasy imitation is the poorest one we have yet seen of the many that every Tom, Dick and Harry has tried to introduce. Ask for MINARD'S and you will get it.

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BEST QUALITY SCREENED COAL.

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MUTT AND JEFF—THEY'RE OFF FOR A HUNTING TRIP IN THE NORTHERN WOODS.

By Bud Fisher.



A Kodak Album.

You keep taking pictures, but how do you keep the pictures you take? Pictures neatly mounted in a KODAK Album are safe against loss and injury and appropriately displayed on the Album page, both in interest and effect. We have just received a big shipment of KODAK Albums. What you want is at

TOOTON'S,
The Kodak Store,
320 WATER STREET.