

Eiderdown Quilts!

30 Beautiful Eiderdown Quilts.

Old Prices:
\$8.00,
9.50,
10.00,
12.00,
15.00,
21.00
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BLANKETS and QUILTS

Prepare for the Cold Weather.

300 Pairs WHITE WOOL BLANKETS

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Marshall Bros

Wadded Quilts,

5 by 6, 6 by 7 feet,
Nicely covered
with Art Sateen.

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\$1.40,
1.70,
2.20,
3.60,
4.50,
6.00
each.

Report Cards for Life.

By RUTH CAMERON.



Do you remember the report cards you used to get when you were in school? Of course you do. That is the sort of thing one doesn't forget in a lifetime. I can shut my eyes now and see those little black G's and P's, with an E for English and a P for drawing (we were marked by the system of Excellent, Good, Fair, Poor, and Capital B, alleged by teachers to stand for Very Poor, when one could plainly see that it was the initial of a shorter and more emphatic word).

To return to the main road. Wouldn't it rather a good idea if there were someone to give us report cards later in life? Not on our studies, but on such things as social tact, manners, self-expression, etc.

How Would the Average Girl Stand in Expression?

It would be interesting to see how one stood, wouldn't it? And don't you think many girls who stood well in other departments would be surprised to find what a bad mark they would get in expression? I do. And I have a letter friend who feels the same. It was her experience that prompted me to write this reminder. Here it is.

They Expressed "Yes" Or "No" By Grants.

"Two girls sat behind me at the theatre the other night. Their conversation was sprinkled with 'perfectly grand,' 'fine and dandy,' 'just swell' and 'I never was thrilled in all my life.' When the heroine died, one girl said, tearfully, 'That just gets my

goat!' They expressed 'yes' and 'no' by grants. "When I left the theatre I looked at those two slangy young people. They were pretty, refined-looking young girls. Then I thought of what they had said. Their sentiments had been refined enough, but it was difficult to believe that ladies could express themselves in such a common way, and I was puzzled as to how to place them.

It is Natural to Eat With Your Fingers. "So often girls say, 'It is natural for me to speak with a twang, or to use slang. It would be affected if I did not.' It is natural, also to speak incorrectly, to eat with your fingers, to tell people you do not like to go home, and to do various other rude and uncivilized things. But you do not want to behave like a young savage, or to act and talk like an uncultivated and common person. You may say that all education is in a sense unnatural, but that does not keep it from being an improvement."

What the woman behind would think of one's conversation is an interesting question to ask one's self, isn't it?

What Are You Doing for that Eczema?

"Nothing; I've about given up trying to cure it."

"That is not wise. Do as I did and you will probably be cured in a short time. I used Zylex and Zylex Soap with it and my Eczema began to improve at once. A couple of boxes cured. You can get Zylex at your druggists."

Zylex, 50c. a box; Zylex Soap, 25c. a cake. Zylex, London.

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Their knowledge and skill provides us in "Star" and "Homestead" the very best value in tea possible for the price.

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200 doz. 12 oz. Mason Jar Chow Chow.
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100 doz. 16 oz. Milk Jar Mixed Pickles.
Prices have advanced since our car was purchased. Get our prices.

TO ARRIVE THIS WEEK:
425 lbs. King, Wagner and Hubert Apples.
75 cases California Oranges.

Soper & Moore,

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Rosary Recited Before Battle.

An Officer Describes How The Irish Troops Prepared for Battle—Before Their Brilliant Capture of Guillemont.

Describing how the Irish troops prepared for battle on the night before their brilliant capture of Guillemont, an officer writes to Lloyd's Weekly:

The men encamped, or rather, bivouacked, on the bare side of a hill. They had no cover, no tents, and simply lay upon the ground with such small shelter as their waterproof sheets afforded them. It was a bleak and desolate scene, relieved only here and there by the bright sparkle of little fires around which the men clustered. Bleak and desolate as the prospect was, the spirits of the men were high and buoyant. Some of them sang, others were busy in cleaning their rifles and equipment. Bursts of laughter rang out in the darkness. It was really wonderful passing through the groups of soldiers to notice the entire absence of anything like depression. Yet these men who lay about upon the bare earth had but newly arrived after a long and weary march over a bad road, and during a perfectly terrible downpour of rain. Everybody knew that the next day was to be the day of battle—the day for which, for nearly two years, the new battalions had trained, ever since they first came together on the banks of the Blackwater, away in Ireland.

It really and truly seemed as if it were the very prospect of the struggle on the morrow which kept these damp and travel-stained men in good heart! Yet each man knew, deep in his heart, that by the next night many of them would have gone for ever. At one side of the hill where the men lay a file and drum band was playing well-known Irish airs, and they were listened to with keen appreciation and followed by cheers.

There was no uncertainty in the

mind of the men as to the results of the attack which they were about to make. "It's all right—we shall have Guillemont to-morrow." That is what they said, and they said it with a conviction which was impressive, and still without boasting or arrogance. At the same time, these men, so gay and light-hearted, were filled with the deepest and purest feelings of religion. The majority of these Irish soldiers are Roman Catholics, and even those who cannot agree with the doctrines of that creed never fail to admire the devotion and steadfastness with which the Irishmen adhere to their faith under all circumstances. On the particular night the writer refers to, just as the camp fires were dying down and the men were preparing for the rest, which they might be able to snatch, an officer came over the side of the hill and down to the centre of the camp.

It was the Catholic chaplain—a devoted priest who had been with the Irish troops in Ireland, in England and in France, and whose never-ceasing work is keenly appreciated by all ranks. In a moment he was surrounded by the men. They came to him without orders—they came gladly and willingly, and they halted his visit with plain delight. He spoke to them in the simple, homely language which they liked. He spoke of the sacrifice which they had made in free-

ly and promptly leaving their homes to fight for a cause which was the cause of religion, freedom and civilization. He reminded them that in this struggle they were most certainly defending the homes and the relations and friends they had left behind them in Ireland. It was a simple, yet most moving address, and deeply affected the soldiers.

When the chaplain had finished his address he signed to the men to kneel and administered to them the General Absolution given in times of emergency. The vast majority of the men present knelt, and those of other faith stood by in attitudes of reverent respect. The chaplain then asked the men to recite with him the Rosary.

It was most wonderful, the effect produced, as hundreds and hundreds of voices repeated the prayers and recited the words, "Pray for us now, and at the hour of our death—Amen."

Escapes in Battle.

"One bullet went clean through my pocket, struck my notebook, and stayed there. I have it still. It is a souvenir." Thus wrote an officer in Flanders some time ago, and the incident is typical of many occasions when men have been saved from death or disablement by some object they were carrying about their person.

Not very long ago a private in one of the Yorkshire Regiments was saved from death by a cigarette-case which he was carrying in a pocket over his heart. The missile lodged in the inner cover of the case, and the cigarettes were badly damaged, but no other harm was done. A Lancashire soldier was also saved by a cigarette tin and a penny in his breast pocket.

Bishop Taylor Smith, speaking at Harrow School, told how a captain in the Coldstreams was wounded by a shell. When he was examined the doctors found a Bible in his hip pocket. The piece of shell had struck the Bible and gone through the pages. Had it not been for the Bible the officer's spine would have been shattered. Curiously enough, the missile had stopped at the Ninety-first Psalm, and the officer's father, who had given him the Bible, had written a verse from that Psalm on the flyleaf.

The Cry of Justice, Not Hate.

The Allies will admit no external interference in the development and conduct of the war. It will have caused them enough suffering for them to reserve to themselves the exclusive right to conditions of peace. They appealed for no intervention, when they were decimated, bombarded, asphyxiated, and when the menace of German victory hung over them and over the human civilization. They will not stop halfway when they are sure of being the victors. None of them will lay down arms before a repetition of the horrors of which they have been victims has become entirely impossible. The authors of this outrage upon humanity will receive such punishment as will deprive them of the means of ever beginning again. That is the war-cry against Germany. It is not the cry of hate, but the cry of justice. The Kaiser, his Government, his vassals, and his subjects are warned.—Le Petit Journal (Paris).

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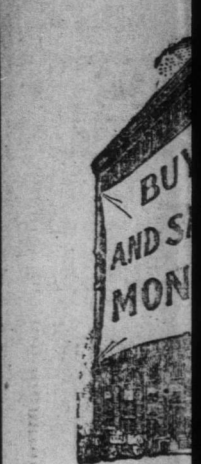
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