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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

ARE WOMEN OR MEN MORE EXT. RAVAGANT?

An anonymous friend of mine wants me to say a word for the wife who is held up to public scorn because she spends more than her husband's income warrants and then hides the bills when they come in.

"Every one," says she, "has it in for that kind of woman. You wouldn't think she could possibly have a word to say for herself, but she has."

Many Men Are Like This.

Take my case, for instance. My husband is a professional man and has a more or less uncertain income. He has a very optimistic disposition and whenever I talk to him about anything I want or anything that I've seen that I admire, he always says, "Why don't you buy it? Go ahead and get it." If I question whether we can afford it, he gets impatient and quotes someone who he thinks is making less than he, and says that they have such things. And when he buys me birthday or Christmas presents he always buys beautiful things. So you wouldn't think I'd ever have anything to complain of. But here's what happens—once in a while, when money comes in slowly, or the bills mount up (legitimate bills for the things he has told me to go ahead and get) he has a perfect fit of the giggles. He accuses me of extravagance. I would have believed I would be a bill from my husband, but I've two or three times lately when I've come in after one of these sessions.

Now, I think it is he that is to blame for my being deceitful, not I. He Didn't Know His Income.

Then here's another case: I have a friend who found out after she had been married two or three years that she was living beyond her husband's income and was hundreds of dollars in debt. He had misrepresented the amount of his income when they were married and they had been living at a rate that would have been all right if he had had what he had. She was perfectly willing to turn to and reduce their expenses when she saw how things were. But up to that time I suppose she would have been criticised for running him in, debt, by those

people who are always ready to blame the woman.

He Refuses to Help Her.

"Then I know another woman who has put hours into a budget system so that she can find out where the money goes and where they ought to cut down. That helps on her end of the expenses, but her husband pays certain bills and he absolutely refuses to keep any accounts. Perhaps you couldn't expect a man to itemize his personal expenses, but he might be willing to assign some lump sum to them and then itemize other bills. But no, he won't lift a finger to help her."

"People are always talking about the extravagance of women, but goodness, I don't think women are half so apt to be extravagant and careless with money as men, when you come right down to it. I'd like to know where that fable started, and I'd like to know what other people think of it."

So would I. Here's hoping my letter friends will give us a chance.

Beautiful Spy is Dead.

Lizzie Louise Wertheim, fashionable demi-mondaine, once celebrated in the gay night life in Berlin and later "queen of the German secret service," has died in the criminal lunatic asylum at Broadmoor. She was sentenced at the Old Bailey on September 20, 1915, to ten years' penal servitude, but after two years she lost her mind, and during the last few months had been so violent that attendants were almost constantly with her.

The death of Lizzie closes another sordid chapter of the German spy system. Her accomplice, George T. Breeckow, alias Reginald Rowland, who asserted he was an American citizen, was executed in the Tower of London on October 26, 1915.

Lizzie Klitzke's connection with England began in 1902, when she was famous for her beauty and notorious for her conduct. She was described by then as "a charming little woman with lustrous brown eyes glowing in a peach complexioned face and a mass of gleaming hair." Her "crowning glory" was her greatest joy even up to the time of her death.

Lizzie came from a highly respected family and was well educated, but her guiding principle during her entire career was to enjoy herself. She was "playing the game" in Berlin in 1902 when she met Bruno Wertheim, then about 23. She learned from him that he was the son of a wealthy British family whose connections in England dated back about fifty years.

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mation from young men who fell before her wiles. Rowland transmitted the information by using secret ink and writing between lines of regular business letters to his firm.

The British secret service men became active when he received a remittance for a sum which they knew to be the salary of a spy for a month. Then the plot in his correspondence was discovered. When he was confronted by detectives who said that Scotland Yard wanted to check up his passport he clearly showed his fear, a fear which never left him, and he confessed, but he made every attempt to shield Lizzie and it was largely owing to this fact that at her trial she escaped with only a prison sentence.

A search of Rowland's belongings revealed her address, and the secret service men waited for her to return. She came about a fortnight later and was arrested. She showed great fortitude and courage, and the officials could not draw a confession from her. When Rowland became aware of her capture he made a more complete confession, in which he told of his early life in Germany and America; where he said his real name was George Breeckow. He did not implicate her, but letters from him to her furnished enough evidence for her conviction.

For years Lizzie had taken drugs and the hardships of prison life soon began to wreck her constitution and distort her mind. She lived in great suffering, but always maintained her cold dignity and admirable nerve until she developed periodical fits of violence. She was in the asylum nearly three years before the end.

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PAPER CLOTHES.



They're talking now of paper suits, and paper shirts and collars, and paper socks and paper boots—a great scheme to save the dollars! My paper rags seem good and right, while at my lyre I'm slaving; but there's no other gent in sight who is intent on saving. Men do not want the cheaper things, when they go blithely shopping; they'd like to wear the robes of kings, though bank accounts be popping. The janitor of this, our flat, says, like a lord blue-blooded, "I want to buy an ermine hat and necktie diamond-studded." And he would paw and beat his breast and cut an angry caper, if you in kindness should suggest a nice new suit of paper. The tinsmith wants imported cloth when he goes out for raincoat; for paper suits that cut a swath he'd never make a payment. My paper pants look rather cheap, and they're a frost almighty, and often I'm inclined to weep when in my paper necktie; beneath my paper hat I write, beside the heaving pillow, I save all day and sleep all night upon a paper pillow. And I'm the only guy on earth who's cautious, saving, thrifty; my paper duds have little worth, but bank accounts are nifty.

Women Refuse to Serve on Jury.

Magistrate Boyer, of Evanston, Ill., had read about the successful work of women on juries, and he also desired to pay a graceful tribute to the fair sex, lately come into full suffrage rights. Before him was a case involving a home, and he thought anything affecting the home was of peculiar interest to women. So he instructed his bailiff to go out and get a jury of women. Two hours later the bailiff returned alone, jaded and dispirited. He had asked 20 women to serve on the jury, gone to their homes, stopped them on the streets, tackled them in stores, argued, exhorted, pleaded, threatened—but he came back alone. Some of the women were going to the theatre, some to afternoon receptions; others had to care for their babies, still others were going into the city on a shopping foray; others thought the court rooms "horrible." One wanted to ask her husband first and he would not be home until evening. Two stenographers refused because their bosses were going to the golf links, and three were downright angry at the very impertinence of the bailiff in asking them. "Get out and find some men for this jury," snapped the

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The Cavell Anniversary.

(October 12th was the fifth anniversary of the shooting of Nurse Edith Cavell by the Germans then in occupation of Brussels. The following commemorative verses were written by Dr. Rose Pringle, a talented Canadian lady living in New York, on the occasion of the re-interment of Edith Cavell on English soil, May 15, 1919.)

At Memory's call, that name gives place
To the wistful charm of a noble face,
Illumed by eyes steadfastly calm and clear,
The nurse's garb, strong tender hands,
The poise that instant faith commands
In Life's design.

But the mists of that October morn
Saw a woman lone, from her warm life torn
By ghastly vultures in the guise of men,
Whose vengeful lust and eager hate
Naught else would quench, naught else would sate;
And undismayed she faced their deadly might,
Nor counted life, if Liberty but light
A darkened world.

To the measured tramp of marching feet,
To mighty music's throbbing beat,
Mid vast, uplifted throngs—in royal state
Thou comest home, England's own daughter!
Neath English skies at last thou art;
Thy flag, it rests close to thy heart;
And wakened from Life's dream,
Thou sleepest not,
Nor art thou dead!

ROSE PRINGLE.

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