

# Suits

## Quality.

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deal to St. John's.

"LAKE GALUTA" will  
from Montreal for St. John's  
week in November.

Y & CO., Limited,  
St. Lawrence Shipping  
Trading Co., Ltd.



FOR SALE.

If you require Horses, Ponies,  
Colts or Foals, we have some  
A1 stock to dispose of. We can  
interest you in 10 Horses just  
now averaging from 1,000 to  
1,400 lbs.; also 1 exceptionally  
fine Surrey and 1 Buggy. Both  
these wagons are of very best  
American manufacture.

For terms, &c., apply

JOHN STAMP,

Beaumont St. West,

or

B. GUZZWELL,

Pennywell Road.

# The People can Choose Their Government

But they must take the seasons of the year as they come round---no choice. The cold weather we now experience is just a gentle reminder that the most

## HEATED POLITICAL ARGUMENTS

will not keep you warm during the fast approaching season---Winter. We, therefore, bring to your notice our stock of Winter Comforts such as

## White Wool Blankets, Wadded and Eiderdown Quilts,

Which we now offer at SHARPLY REDUCED PRICES.  
CASH ONLY. GOODS CHARGED AT REGULAR PRICES.

Saturday Our Special Sale Day.  
Bargains in Every Department.

Marshall Bros

## Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

HOW MANY DO YOU KNOW.



What a rare thing, when you stop to think of it, a really pretty girl is! There are plenty of girls, to be sure, of whom we say, "Yes, she would be really pretty, if only she hadn't those poor teeth" or "if her nose weren't so ugly" or "if she had a better skin,"—in short if mother nature, after doing a very creditable job, hadn't gotten careless at the last minute and fallen down on some one feature.

"Mere Prettiness."

Then there is the girl of whom we have had rather a surfeit in our magazine fiction, lately, who is "not exactly pretty but is possessed of a charm far greater than mere prettiness." I always wonder if some of these heroines, brought to life and given the choice, would not take the "mere prettiness" that their creator vicariously despises for them. "Charm," "fascination," "attractiveness," are three of the words invoked in honor of this type of heroine, and while we realize the potency of all these characteristics, we sometimes get a little tired of hearing about them.

The Girl With Nothing But Curls and a Color.

The exact opposite of this last type of girl, is the girl whose fresh skin and crinkly hair gives her a reputation for prettiness which, when one tries to analyze it, proves to have no basis in really good features or beauty of expression. It is my belief that five out of every ten girls who are casually spoken of as pretty, get that name because of clear, rosy skins and curly hair. No other advantages so easily cast a semblance of prettiness over a girl who is really commonplace. I am sure you can easily name half a dozen of this type, in your acquaintance.

The Girl Who is Pretty at Times.

One must not forget, in such a catalogue, the girl who is not consistently pretty but who is exalted

by the felicitous conjunction of a becoming gown and a moment of excitement, into the flush of a passing prettiness. I sometimes think these girls get more out of it than the really pretty girl, because the plain girl who is pretty for an hour savors her triumph with a poignancy which the girl who is used to the power of her prettiness can hardly experience. To achieve, we all know, is greater happiness than to possess.

But to return to my thesis, barring all these types out, and also barring out professional beauties,—this contest is for amateurs only!—how many undeniably pretty girls do you know? Girls who are pretty not only at the dance, but at breakfast the next morning; girls whose features will stand analysis and whose complexions are skin-deep; girls who are acknowledged to be pretty not by the few who happen to like their style, but by all, young and old, male and female (the honest ones)?

One? You are lucky. Half a dozen? You are a modern Paris.

None? Well you are rather unlucky, but I can't say I'm astounded.

Many of the new frocks have fitted bodice lines.

Printed Georgette blouses continue to find favor.

Low-neck finishes take precedence of all others.

## What is Phoradone?

Phoradone 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 Phoradone 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.

CHEER UP AGAIN.



We say the prices now are high, so high we're often stricken dumb; we shudder when we go to buy; cheer up, the worst is yet to come. The shoe-men say there are no hides, and daily leather grows more rare; and so the price of footwear slides ten parasangs up in the air. The clothiers say there is no wool, the sheep are dead and on the ice; it takes some influence and pull to get a suit at any price. The bakers say there is no flour, and so the children have no bread, and we are weeping every hour because our hopes are lying dead. The barbers say there are no barbs, and we must let our whiskers grow until they spread like noxious yarbs, and wave and wiggle to and fro. The grocer says he cannot groce for less than ninety-five per cent; he sees the sheriff drawing close when profits sink is his lament. And so things go, from day to day, the whole blamed world is out of plumb; but let us all be blithe and gay; cheer up, the worst is yet to come. The worst will come, and then the slump, the big reaction will appear; and we will carry to the dump the pirate and the profiteer.

## Sandy Scores.

Stories told against Scotsmen are legion. Here are a few in which Sandy scores—sent in for the Guinea Prize we recently offered for the best story told by Scottish readers about Englishmen.

The prize was won by Mr. William Neil, 113, De Vere Gardens, Ilford, who sends the following:—

An English tourist, conversing with a Scotch station-master in the Highlands, referred to the popular definition of a Scotsman—a man who keeps the Sabbath and everything else he can lay his hands on.

"Aye, mon," replied the Scotsman, "dae ye ken why the Englishman belongs to the land on which the sun never sets? Because the Lord cannot trust him in the dark."

The following stories are selected from many others received, and will be paid for at our usual rates:—

An officer got into a tramcar in Glasgow one day, and after the conductor had taken his fare, he turned to her and said:—

## GRAVENSTEIN APPLES!

Now due per S. S. Graciana from Halifax:

400 brls. Domestic Gravenstein Apples.  
100 barrels No. 2 Gravenstein Apples.  
357 barrels No. 1 Gravenstein Apples.

Orders now booking for wholesale lots. Not any other shipments of Gravensteins this season.

Soper & Moore  
Wholesale Grocers.  
PHONE 480.

"I suppose you will be going back to service when all the boys come back again?" "Yes," she replied, "and no doubt I'll have the tuppence ready when you call for the dust."

The guide had conducted the Englishman safely to the summit of Ben Nevis. Unfortunately, the view was hidden by a thick mist, and the tourist, in his disappointment, considered that it was all Sandy's fault. His remarks were scathing.

"I suppose you will tell me you can see Edinburgh from this anti-hill?" he asked.

"Aye! And farther than that. On a clear night ye can see the moon fine!"

Two Scottish grain merchants met at market. One of them had advertised for a reliable warehouse man, and among the applicants was an Englishman who had been in the employment of Scotsman No. 2. When asked by Scot. No. 1 if the Englishman, amongst his other qualifications, was strictly honest, the cautious answer was:—

"Oh, aye, for anything above a hundredweight."—Ex.

When you want Sausages, why—get ELLIS'; they're the best.



THE LONE TREE.

All summer long it stood out there—A strapping tree, ill-shaped and poor. The field that mothered it seemed bare As any wind-swept Scottish moor. I saw it first one sunny day As I was passing in a train And something in me seemed to say: "There stands a tree which grows in vain."

Behind it were the distant hills On which were ranged majestic trees. "Surely," thought I, "this weakling fills

No place in nature's harmonies. This is an outcast from its clan. Deserted by its fellow-kind, Of little use to God or man." And then I dropped it out of mind.

There came a day in autumn, when all the woods with gold seemed all ablaze. I passed along that way again And turned upon the scene to gaze. There stood the outcast, garbed in red.

Blending its scarlet with the green And brown and purple, richly spread. No longer poor and gaunt and mean!

It seemed as if some Master Hand Had rightly placed that lonely tree Upon that stretch of barren land. Exactly where it ought to be. The landscape with its splendors, rare, An incomplete work had been Without that strapping standing there To splash its scarlet on the scene.

Who knows, when life's great tasks are done, But what the outcasts, mean and base, Shall, in the scenes we look upon, Find that they also fill a place? Perhaps as lonely trees they stand, Seemingly lost to God and man, Yet spending their days on barren land To serve the beauty of His Plan.

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best:

Mathias Foley, Oil City, Ont.  
Joseph Snow, Norway, Me.  
Charles Wootton, Mulgrave, N. S.  
Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S.  
Pierre Landers, Sen., Pokemouche, N. B.

Cashin Will Come Back.

## Get Up Feelin' Good!

No need of an alarm clock to hustle wearers of Jaeger Underwear out of bed early.



The comfortable expectation of feeling those downy, clingy garments warm you up to a day of brighter things, starts you out early enough to catch the alarm clock napping.

JAEGER WOOL IS ALL WOOL.

No underwear is better than Jaeger, because no underwear has more wool than All Wool.

Before washing—the same.

After washing—the same. The patented Jaeger Shrunken Process insures this.

SMYTH'S.

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## To Our Customers and Friends!

Having made satisfactory arrangements with the Dominion Coal Co., we have this day dropped the price of Coal to

\$15.00 Per Ton.

Now landing ex S.S. Corunna:  
BEST QUALITY SCREENED COAL.

CROSBIE & Company

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MUTT AND JEFF—The national game is as clear as mud to Sir Sidney. By Bud Fisher.



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