

## 10 Cases BAKEAPPLES—in tins. 20 cases Ambrose Jeans' No. 1 SALMON

By s.s. Stephano:  
N. Y. Chicken.  
Fresh Tomatoes.  
Celery.  
Cauliflower.  
Pears.  
Cal. Grapes.  
Grape Fruit.  
Local Potatoes.  
Local Cabbage.  
Country Eggs, 30c. doz.  
Cal. Oranges, 30c. doz.

By s.s. Tabasco:  
50 sides Irish Bacon.  
10 Irish Hams.

Fidelity Hams.  
Fidelity Bacon.  
Cedar Rapids Bacon.  
Bologna Sausage.

By s.s. Cacouna:  
10 boxes  
PURITY BUTTER.  
2 lb. prints.

**T. J. EDENS,** Duckworth Street  
& Military Rd.

## Divorced Life

by Helen Hanson Evans

The Lure of the Summer Resorts

Summer is an unlovely season in New York. Its fetid crowds of tired, strapping pedestrians, its baking pavements, sizzling sidewalks, and breathless streets, send those of its four million who can afford it, pell-mell to sea-shore or mountain. Those who cannot go, become irritated and half-crazed. Coney Island drags tens of thousands of the city's heat-maddened multitudes into its wild vortex, affording them its bizarre diversions.

Marian had reached the point where the city's crowds were beginning well nigh to craze her. Sweltering in her little room, she strove to write, but knew that her efforts brought forth little more than gibberish. Mastery of brain and body had not yet come to her. At first it did not occur to her to be gone. When the thought finally invaded her heat-dazed brain, she longed for quiet, for earth, grass, the woods, for a canoe on a quiet, winding stream.

That day she dropped into the Grand Central Station and procured railroad booklets of summer resorts far and near. She dropped into a chair and began running through them, an enchanting diversion for one ready for flight from blazing, hostile summer in a big city. Her brain swam with indecision as to where to go, yet she shrank from the thought of attempting to sleep for even another night in her hot room. On the subway, she continued her fascinated examination of pictures and descriptions of places to go. For one thing, she was astounded at the price schedules for hotel and boarding house accommodations. She knew she must go slow. She had been anything but extravagant with the proceeds that had come to her in two surprising amounts from the magazine where Jack Meadows, platter of prosperity,

had arranged for the apparent purchase of one of her stories a month. And so, having emerged from Poverty Alley, she had tried hard to nurse her income into longevity.

The heat of the sidewalk, burned through the soles of her shoes as she proceeded to her boarding house. Her thoughts were miles away, amid cool shades, beside cooling, quiet waters, lost in the green luster of wonderful out-of-doors. Brain and soul were ready for flight. How long her funds would enable her to remain away from the city's welter of pavements and people, she little knew or cared. She panted for the change. She had a feeling that in some quiet place she could write.

In the end it was Mrs. Kern, her boarding-house keeper, who helped her make up her mind where to go. "About how much did you think of spending for accommodations?" asked the landlady. Marian told her. "I know just the place for you," said the other. "Just a few hours' away from New York—in Connecticut. It's the Placid Inn, on the Housatonic River. You won't find it in the booklets."

Marian, hurriedly eager questions at Mrs. Kern, and her answers satisfied her. Within the hour, a telegram had been rushed to the proprietor of Placid Inn, and that evening came the reply, saying that a reservation for Marian would be held.

Marian packed her trunk in glee. Already she felt like a new being. Already the very name of Placid Inn soothed and called. Subconsciously, she felt the need of getting away to where she could take inventory of herself after the struggles, the stresses and storms, the velocity of events which had rained upon her since her coming to New York.

## R. C. Special Service. His Excellency

At the R. C. Cathedral yesterday a solemn High Mass was celebrated as a supplication for peace. His Grace Archbishop Howley occupied the Throne and was attended by Rt. Rev. Mons. St. John and Very Rev. Dr. Kitchen. The celebrant of the Mass was Very Rev. Fr. MacDermott, assisted by Rev. Frs. Pippy and Conway as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, whilst in the sanctuary were Rev. Frs. Kelly, Sheehan, Nangle and Dr. Greene. In the evening there was exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from 7 to 8 o'clock, during which crowds of worshippers visited the church. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was imparted to the large congregation by His Grace, and the priests in the sanctuary chanted the Litany of the Saints. At St. Patrick's there was also an hour's exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by Benediction.

## Where Responsibility Lies.

No matter how large, or how small, a business may be, nobody can deny that its Office is the nerve centre of the firm. Every transaction, important or trivial, must be recorded at the Office. An order is received at the Office, its history is recorded at the Office, and finally payment is received at the Office. If the Office makes an error the firm stands the loss. That's why you must be sure that your office is modern and dependable. To do this effectively you need the up-to-date equipment of the "GLOBE-WERNICKE CO." When sixty offices in St. John's have found this necessity this equipment can surely be of use to you. Mr. Percie Johnson represents this world known firm in Newfoundland. —ap17.

**WHALE OIL SHIPMENT.**—A small shipment of whale oil was sent on the Mongolian to Glasgow by Harvey and Co.

## At the C.L.B. Armoury.

The C. L. B. paraded at their Armoury last night for the first time in three weeks, the regular meetings having been postponed owing to conditions caused by the war. The orders were read by Adj. Winter. The regular weekly drills will now be resumed, and on Sunday, the 14th inst., the battalion will parade at 8.30 a.m., to attend Divine Service at St. Michael's Church.

**GOOD FISHING.**—There was a good sign of squid on the local grounds again yesterday and in consequence good fares of codfish were secured. Some fishermen at the Battery caught more fish with hook and line within the past couple of weeks than they did with traps.

## A Thought for the Times

CHAPTER II.  
I. C. MORRIS.

The suddenness with which this war has burst upon the world is one of its surprises. Of course, everybody who has kept in touch with the manoeuvrings of the European Powers, must have been fairly convinced that sooner or later war should come—even though our better judgment had hoped that warfare was past. But with the record of the past quarter of a century as a basis of calculation, it could not be otherwise. The spirit of war was in the air, and the clouds were ominous, and men of all classes saw them deepening.

Thirty-five years ago the Rev. Mr. Kirk, which stood where now stands the present edifice, said, when speaking at George Street Church during the week of prayer on the topic of "Nations and Their Rulers," that "Europe was like a powder box, and only required the application of the torch to set it off."

Mr. Patterson's statement was quite true even then, but it is much more so now. We have seen the torch applied, and now we behold the explosion. This explosion is embroiling all Europe, and has a tendency of menacing the peace of the world—and never was the world so much prepared for war. Since the time that Mr. Patterson spoke those pregnant words we have had several outbreaks among the different European nations, but they have mostly been of a local or minor character, and have not seriously affected the world's commerce or finance, hence we speak of a half century or of a century of peace.

Among the wars of the past forty years, and which we speak of as being minor, the most serious were the Afghanistans and Egyptian and the Armenian and Turkish. The latest of the lot was the war of the Balkan States. This latter war seemed to have disturbed the world's finances very much, but the present war is telling a much heavier blow; and the effect of which must be felt for years to come. The wars of which we have speak may not be all directly termed European wars, but they affect Europe directly and therefore all the world, for Europe is the centre of more governments and dynasties than any other continent. Man was first placed upon Asia, but Europe seems to have been his chief battle-ground.

For a generation past the nations have been doggedly preparing for war. Ship after ship has been built, until the firearms of the armies are counted by myriads. Every invention of the period both in science and in mechanics has been turned to the furtherance of war. Even the conquering of the air by the flying machines has been utilized by the War Department. How, then, could war be longer averted? It had to come, and now that it is upon us the great question of concern is: "How long shall it last?" and what will the upshot of it be?

Tremendous questions these, and questions fraught with the world's welfare. But only a prophet could forecast this end. At the same time it is not difficult to trace the indications of the times, and to map out the future full of retribution and equally full of vengeance. "As we sow we reap," and so shall it be in the course of this war. Germany has applied the torch, and the tocsin of war has sounded throughout the world. Upon her head will fall the responsibility of the suffering, and of the death, and the toll of the conflict. She cannot possibly long resist the enormous force of the allied powers arrayed against her. The task would be too Herculean and the price too steep. Prepared though she has been, and sudden as has been her swoop upon the nations, she cannot hold the field when once surrounded by the armies of her enemies. And yet these nations were not her enemies, but by her action she has made them her enemies, and most of them against their will.

If the future checker-board of Europe can be drawn from the present aspects of the war, and if its indications stand for anything, then there is but one result, but one climax: and it will be the humiliation of Germany in the eyes of the world. Her desire was to gain territory, but her failure will be colossal. With victory she could have accomplished her purpose, but by defeat she will be impoverished, and her welfare be retarded for two generations. The loss to her trade alone will be of such magnitude as to seriously affect her industries; and being so circumscribed as she is, this loss will be all the keener. She cannot but emerge from this conflict on the losing side and as a lesser power. Her indemnities will of necessity be very great, and in the arrangement for them may lie the key board of some alterations on the map of Europe. Germany has made an untimely move, the results of which must fall upon her own head.

But what, after all, is the map of Europe? It is but so much territory, so much land and water over which men have fought for ages, and will fight until the day of universal peace dawns upon the world. It is not the acres of Europe that we mourn for, it is the loss of life; the nation's strength and beauty, the glory of mankind in its prime. It is the broken hearts of mothers, the burning tears of fathers and the sighing of the children. It is the terrible suffering of the battlefield, and the carnage of its guns, and the horror of its surroundings. On the battlefield will fall the love of thousands, and when its noise is past and gone as smoke, the anguish will be felt in the homes far distant. True, war has its triumphs, but its horrors blacken the sky, and rob it of much of its glory. (To be continued.)

## Berry Picking Parties!

When you go into the country you will need a Basket or some Picnic Supplies. Then you are sure to need a Skellet or Jam Pots.

We have the goods. Buy when you need them.

**BASKETS**  
All sizes & Prices.  
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## OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT!

**WE** desire to announce the arrival, and our opening display of Ladies' Fall and Winter Coats and Wraps. These Coats are perfect reproductions of very becoming and exclusive French and American Models, in all the newest and most fashionable shades and materials, handsomely trimmed and beautifully tailored throughout. In all sizes. We invite your inspection.

**U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT COMPANY.**

## Vigorol

Weak and run-down. Tired and sluggish. Eyes feel heavy. Headaches and feverish. Don't allow these symptoms to continue. Tone yourself up. Get a bottle of VIGOROL. It will do it, and do it quickly. Every spring one needs a good tonic. VIGOROL acts as a general house-cleaner; it goes after every organ and cleanses it. Get it to-day. At all drug stores.

**FIRST SQUAD PRACTISING.**—At 4 p.m. yesterday the first musketry squad of volunteers, under command of Capt. March, Musketry Officer, marched to the Rifle Range to begin their three days' practice in shooting. On Sunday afternoon they will return to the camps at Pleasantville, and their places will be taken by the second squad of about 50, under the command of Lieut. B. Ayre.

**Stafford's Prescription "A"** cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia and various stomach troubles—13c.

## Selected Nova Scotia Dairy Butter.

30 Lb. TUBS.

**NOTHING WILL**  
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Campers, picnickers and  
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STAR TEA, 35c. lb.

**C. P. EAGAN,**

Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.

Ex s.s. Stephano to-day:  
Fresh Pears.  
Fresh Tomatoes, 12c. lb.  
Preserving Plums.  
New Potatoes, 13c. gall.  
New York Corned Beef.

Ex s.s. Cacouna:  
200 brls. 5 Rose Flour.  
100 brls. Royal Household.

Boyer's Tomatoes, 1½ lb.  
size, 1914 pack. Fresh  
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FOR YOUR BOY OF 2 to 6 YEARS OLD,  
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