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The finest and choicest hangings that were ever sold at this low price; we believe never were better values ever offered. The designs are new and in the most wanted styles, the fabrics are woven with perfection, and materials are most dependable, and if you require anything in this line it will pay you well to profit by this Sale.

1000 PAIRS JOB LACE CURTAINS

2 1-2, 3, 3 1-4 and 3 3-8 yards in length and every pair perfect.

Prices: \$1.80, \$2.10, \$2.50, \$2.80 per pair.

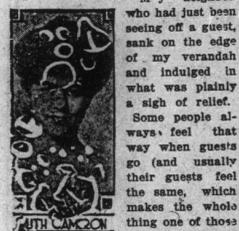
No Approbation.

Marshall Bros

No Approbation.

TOO MUCH BOTHER.

By RUTH CAMERON.



My neighbor who had just been seeing off a guest, sank on the edge of my verandah and indulged in what was plainly a sigh of relief. Some people always feel that way when guests go (and usually their guests feel the same, which makes the whole thing one of those footless proceedings of conventionality. But my neighbor is not that sort. The departing one had been a cousin, and I ventured to inquire if it were a case of "God gave us from our relatives. Thank God we can choose our friends."

One of Those People Whom Every-thing Bother.

"Yes," she said, "exactly," and then contritely amended it to, "No, I don't mean that. She's awfully nice, in some ways, but—well, she's one of those people that everything bothers. You know what I mean," she went on, "the mosquitoes all bite her, and the bites swell up, and she has to bathe them with hamamelis and show them to you every few minutes."

"If it's hot she's miserable with the heat; if it's cold, she hovers over the stove and wants to know if it's often like this, and how we stand it."

The Lone Fly Hunts Her Out.

"If there's one fly in the house, he manages to get into her room and wakes her up in the morning. Every time she goes out she gets sand in her shoes—we all do that and expect it,—but she makes such a fuss over it."

"She is terribly afraid of thunder-storms and, of course, we had three while she was here."

"That's all I can think of, just now, but there were a lot of other things and really it gets on your nerves after a while. I suppose I'm foolish to mind."

I couldn't agree with her last statement.

Or, if she is foolish, I'm foolish, too; for I certainly mind that type of person.

They Are Probably No Different Physically.

The trouble with people like that,

is not that they really are any more sensitive, physically to these inevitable annoyances of life, but that they have got into the habit of thinking and talking and making much of them. They make a sort of Moloch of their physical comfort and, as a result, a nuisance of themselves. And not only a nuisance to other people, but to themselves. You have doubtless heard of the little chap in the southern mountain district who watched with gaping mouth, when John Fox, the novelist, was making a trip through the mountains, bathed himself in a mountain stream and cleaned his teeth. "Mister," he said finally, "ain't you a awful lot of bother to yourself?" Of course we would call that kind of bother legitimate, but there are a great many people who are so much unnecessary bother to themselves, in one way or another, that they don't get any fun out of life,—or let anyone else.

St. Isidore, P.Q., Aug. 18, 1894. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen,—I have frequently used MINARD'S LINIMENT and also prescribe it for my patients always with the most gratifying results, and I consider it the best all-round Liniment extant.

Yours truly,
DR. JOS. ANG. SIROIS.

A Golf Story.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

Opie Read was playing a three-handed match with two other players named Sterrett and Adams. Read sliced his drive and the ball went into an abandoned quarry, where he descended after it.

Presently the two waiting outside heard a series of whacks, and after a bit out comes the ball with Read in hot pursuit.

"How many shots in the quarry?" asked Adams.

Adams turned to Sterrett and they both laughed. "Why," said he, "Bill and I heard six plainly."

"I know," said Read, "but three of them were echoes."

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

Fresh Vegetables, Bananas, etc.

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| Fresh Lettuce. | Fresh Rhubarb. |
| Canadian Potatoes. | Baked Beans, 10c. & 15c. can. |
| California Oranges. | Orders now booking for Preserving Plums. |
| California Lemons. | Red, Blue and Green; also Green Tomatoes. |
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| Blue Nose Butter. | |
| Marmalade, 12 oz. and 16 oz. jars. | |
| White Table Corn Meal. | |

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Owing to the high price of Eggs we have bought a

FULL STOCK OF HIGH GRADE EGG POWDERS.

One package equal to one doz. Eggs for Baking Purposes. Packed 3 doz. to Box. We can fill your order at once.

Soper & Moore
Wholesale Importers and Jobbers.



Just Folks by Edgar A. Guest

A BIRD MAN CRITICIZES.

A brave, true lad, who'd flown the sky.

Had looped the loop and done the slide, By some mischance, while sailing high.

Fell and beneath the wreckage died— Passed with a smile upon his face

Info that calmer, brighter region Where courage wins eternal grace

And soldier spirits march in legion.

There by the brave his hand was gripped

His record there was no denying, And presently he was equipped

With angel wings for heavenly flying.

"Youth," said St. Peter unto him, "Though here, as yet, you are a stranger,

Fly high among the seraphim. Trust to your wings and fear no danger."

Fuzzled, he said, "This model's new. It is not like the one I filed in.

When, high above the earth I flew, I had a fuselage to ride in.

Where are the guy ropes, here and there, That spelled disaster when they buckled?

Where is the leather coat I wear? But good St. Peter only chuckled.

"Where is the swift propeller blade And where's the gas to set it whirling?"

"I've tackled every plane that's made, But in this thing there's nothing stirring."

I do not want to criticize The model that you are supplying, But some one ought to put you wise.

"These wings won't do for fancy flying."

"Lest We Forget"

A British marine journal has suggested that the spot where the Lusitania was sunk should be permanently marked by a gigantic buoy, which would be visible for miles around by day and illuminated with flashing letters by night.

Milady's Boudoir

BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND NAILS.

Beautiful hands are, of course, a natural gift. Everyone cannot achieve a plump, satin smooth hand with tapering fingers, rosy at the tip and ornamented with oval nails at one end and dimpled knuckles at the other. But the average hand, not deformed by hard work or accident, may be made a most attractive feature of the personality if fastidiously cared for.

The nails are not the only important factor of a beautiful hand. A dollar a week spent at a manicures may assume delicately pretty finger tips, but the rest of the hand may be red, rough, and worst of all, awkward.

Manicuring may be done very successfully at home if one has the propensities and knows how to go about it, but first a visit to a good professional manicure will be of profit, for one can by watching her methods carefully derive a great deal of useful information about the care of the fingers.

Devote twenty minutes twice a week to the nails, and then five minutes a day, and those members ought to be always in the dainty and immaculate condition a gentleman's finger tips should show.

Never clean the nails with a steel implement as it will scrape the verdere of the nail and leave a white mark which is not attractive any more than the darker mark of soil. Always use a pointed orangewood stick, or if you happen to be where such a stick is unavailable, use an ordinary match scraped to a blunt point with an ordinary pair of scissors or a knife.

If the nails are kept sufficiently soft by proper brushing and washing with warm soapy water, they will not require strenuous scraping with a sharp instrument to make them clean.

Every night, before retiring, give the hands a thorough bath in warm water, using the nail brush generously. Then, before drying them, rub a little cold cream into the back of each hand and up the fingers, over the knuckles. Then dry thoroughly and you can go to bed with a clear conscience.

The Spirit of Tolerance.

The fighting on the Western front is bringing together clergymen of all denominations more than ever before, and a splendid spirit of tolerance is being manifested. "This is no time to be hating each other for the love of God," exclaimed a Roman Catholic priest when a new-comer from the States remarked about his work in a Y. M. C. A. hut in England.

This remark, says the Brooklyn Eagle, has gone up and down the American camps in France and England and typifies the spirit of Roman Catholics and Protestants alike in working for the common good of the American soldier. "At a great rest camp in England, where thousands of American troops are sent after after landing to rest for six or seven days before going to France, a man, who back home is a Presbyterian minister, may be heard urging Roman Catholic soldiers to make their confessions and to go to Mass. More than that—he arranges for the priest to visit the camp, turns his office over for a confessional and prepares the hut for Mass at 9.30 on Sunday morning."

This man is the Reverend G. William Russell, who was assistant pastor of Bethlehem Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. Here is a typical example of how he looks after the spiritual welfare of the Roman Catholics. It took place on a Friday evening.

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If You Have Small Feet Read This!

We have about 500 pairs of the finest quality of Ladies' Boots. The sizes are 1 1/2, 2, 2 1/2, 3, 3 1/2. The price is

\$3.50 and \$2.50.

These Boots are such good value that you should come prepared to buy two pairs, and you are really being offered two pairs for the price of one pair.

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J. J. ST. JOHN.

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- Stickney & Poore's Cream of Tartar.
- Dalton's Berax, Red Rose Coffee, Sena Leaves.
- Lowney's Chocolate, Royal Palace Baking Powder.
- Putz Cream Metal Polish, Washington Lye.
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- 50 Brls. N. S. Potatoes,
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- 70 Crates Onions.

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'Phone, No. 48

To Freedom Through an Empty Barrel.

By a Belgian Refugee.

One not conversant with all the circumstances, it might sound like a very simple proposition to leave Belgium via the Dutch border. In reality, it is anything but that.

In the first place, the Hun realizes full well that in order for a man to escape over this frontier, it is first necessary for him to reach the frontier.

Belgium is very small, as countries go; but she is not so small that a flying leap will take a man from one part of her territories into Holland.

So the German has tried to minimize the probability of Belgian soldiers getting close enough to the northern boundary to get across it.

In the first place, it is "verboten" to travel from one place to another without a permit, or Passagierschein, signed by the military authority. This permit states the exact route of travel, date of departure and arrival, and date and itinerary for the return.

As to a matter of the greatest difficulty for a stranger to sojourn for some time in the frontier districts without being detected. Finally, nobody is permitted to leave the country without a passport on any pretext allowed.

So many miles of the border. Nevertheless, Belgians escape into Holland in considerable numbers, and continue to do so. The usual procedure is to wait until the soldiers are posted at the frontier villages are replaced by new men. During the first weeks it goes without saying that the new sentries will not know the faces and names of all the villagers.

They are entitled to the privilege of locality, so during this period it is comparatively easy for Belgians to cross the border.

Other parts of the country to which they go are not so well guarded among the local population. It is even out of the question to obtain a forged pass or carte d'identité, since near the border, at the right moment, there is no great risk attached to remaining there for the few days necessary.

Of course, the Huns have put up a wire fence about ten feet high along the whole frontier between Holland and Belgium. This fence does not constitute merely a physical impediment to crossing, for each wire can stand a high voltage current, supported by the power stations at Antwerp.

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