

# Grocery Specials for Friday and Saturday.

In conjunction with our sale of Dry Goods we now offer Special Cut Prices in our Grocery Department: We stock many lines of High Grade Groceries and offer them at prices much below our competitors. When purchasing Dry Goods kindly bear in mind our Grocery Department.

**TINNED GOODS.**  
TOMATOES  
PEACHES  
PEARS  
EGG PLUMS  
GREEN PEAS  
STRING BEANS  
SUGAR CORN  
PORK and BEANS  
COOKED CORN BEEF.  
ROAST BEEF.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
EVAPORATED APPLES  
EVAPORATED APRICOTS  
CURRANTS—Loose.  
CURRANTS—Cleaned.  
SEEDED RAISINS  
BEANS  
SPLIT PEAS  
RICE  
OATMEAL  
ROLLED OATS

**TRY US FOR TEA.**  
We stock the best Teas in the city.  
**Also COFFEE.**  
ROYAL, ROYALTY, IMPERIAL,  
CARIBOU and OUR OWN  
in 1/4's, 1/2's and 1 lb. tins.  
**And COCOA.**  
CLEVELAND, VI-COCOA and  
FRYS.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
EVAPORATED PRUNES  
CORN FLOUR  
POTATO FLOUR  
GRANULATED SUGAR  
ICING SUGAR  
JELLY POWDERS  
SHOE DRESSING  
MIXED PICKLES  
ASSORTED SYRUPS  
ASSORTED ESSENCES

**TOILET REQUISITES.**  
HERB TOILET SOAP  
ARMOUR'S TOILET SOAP  
COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM  
COLGATE'S SHAVING POWDERS  
COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK  
WITCH HAZEL CREAM  
CAMPHOR ICE  
VASELINE  
ASSORTED PERFUMES

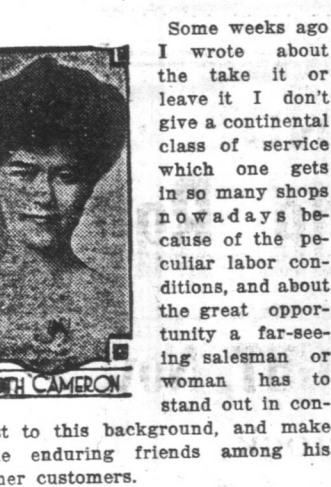
Our Sale of General Dry Goods  
and Readymades continues to  
the End of this month.

## Marshall Bros

We have many more lines of  
Groceries which our space  
does not permit us to itemize.

### Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

FROM THE CLERK'S SIDE OF THE COUNTER.



Some weeks ago I wrote about the clerk who takes it or leaves it. I don't give a continental class of service which one gets in so many shops nowadays because of the peculiar labor conditions, and about the great opportunity a far-seeing salesman or woman has to stand out in contrast to this background, and make some enduring friends among his or her customers.

It is always interesting to hear what the prisoner at the bar of public opinion has to say for himself. Then, then, to a clerk's very interesting plea for her brother and sister workers:

Recently I saw your talk about the clerk," she writes, "and now a clerk going to tell about the customer, have been a clerk for two years. I am well liked by all and I have a friendly smile and kind word for all. That you wrote about the clerk is a great injustice, for it is not true at all—and it is, it's the customer's fault. For there are some mighty nasty people that have nothing to do with going from one store to the other, annoying the clerk to death by having them pull the entire stock down, and having no intention of buying, and pull over the things about hours; when when it is time for a certain management they might have they talk away with a friend and laugh and make this remark, 'Oh, that's what is getting paid for.'"

Yes, a clerk's getting paid to wait on a customer that wants to buy, but to be made a fool out of.

**Why Not Tell What She Can Pay?**

And, another thing, why can't a customer tell the clerk just what she wants and the price she can afford to pay, not let her drag out and show, and look, then the customer might find what she likes, but don't want to pay the price, and make this remark, 'It's not worth it,' turn away and give the clerk a dirty, ignorant look and look out just like it's the poor clerk's fault because she can't buy it. Perhaps the clerk can't, either, but she doesn't think that far.

This is another point I hope will make home to many: After a poor clerk's been all morning putting the goods in place, a busy-doing-nothing

**Oats.**  
500 bags WHITE FEED  
OATS. Much lower  
prices on this lot.

**Bran.**  
100 bags BEST BRAN.  
Prices right.

**Hay.**  
Orders now booking for  
Prime Horse Hay.

**Soper & Moore**  
Wholesale Grocers.



**THOSE PRICES.**

The price of silks and motor cars has reached a lower spot, but necessities, like cigars, gull cost a frightful lot. The price of many a silk and a motor car is lower, I admit; but when I price a peck of a p u s I straightway have a fit. I could exist without a hat all trimmed with costly lace; but I must have some bacon fat to feed my haggard face. Expensive hats have slumped, they say, but bacon does not fall, and so I bash my headpiece gray against the kitchen wall. The price has slumped on linens, which ought to soothe my soul; but when I buy a can of beans it puts me in the hole. The things we really do not need are slumping, you will find, and here a buck and there a seed the prices have declined; the doodads worn by gilded loons cost less, if loons will buy; but oh, my friends, the poor man's prunes are still too beastly high. Don't think the profiteers are dead because some prices shrink; still, still they cinch us on our bread, on all we eat and drink. Until this profiteering stops, the situation's blue; we can't afford to buy the hops and raisins when we'd brew.



THE LITTLE HOMES OF LAUGHTER.

The little homes of laughter can be found on many a street. And it's there that men and women in the bonds of friendship meet; Oh, the mansions on the highway may be handsomer to see, And the rich man's lawn be lovely with the bloom of plant and tree, But the glory of the nation and its strength from day to day Are the little homes of laughter where the children romp and play.

There are millions of them smiling underneath the flag at morn— The homes that know the bedroom where the little ones were born, The homes without pretension, very clean and neat inside, That know the scars of sorrow, and the room where one has died; It's beneath these roofs of kindness and within these walls of love Where abides the strength and courage that shall keep the flag above.

The little homes of laughter, homes the thousands know and keep, Where the mothers crouch at evening as they rock their babies to sleep And the fathers in their shirt sleeves find some little task to do— Oh, it's there you'll see the glory of the old red, white and blue; In the little homes of laughter, standing North, South, East or West, It is there you'll see the nation at its finest and its best.

**60 Years Old Today**

Feels as young as ever

**PEOPLE** who are able to talk like this can not possibly have impure blood—they just feel fit—no headaches, dyspepsia or bilious disorders.

These diseases can be cured by

**Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters**

A true blood purifier containing the active principles of Dandelion, Madrake, Burdock and other medicinal herbs.

Sold at your store, 4 a bottle. Family size, 6 a bottle. Large size, 12 a bottle.

**THE BRATLEY DRUG CO., Limited, ST. JOHN, N.F.**

Dr. Wilson's Dandelion Bitters, in candy form, is also sold.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND FIRST-CLASS GROCERS.

### Hallowe'en; a Pagan Festival.

It is not surprising to find paganism and Christianity intertwined in obscure corners of Europe, and it seems natural enough when we stumble upon it among those sublimated savages, the American negroes. But how many people realize that in this day and generation in practical America the games we play on All Saints' Eve are survivals of pagan observances?

The first religious observance of All Saints' Eve was in the seventh century in Rome at the time that the Pantheon was converted into a Christian temple. And, of course, All Saints' Day is observed with a regular service in the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal Churches. But the secular English manner of celebrating Hallowe'en which we have preserved is purely pagan. In fact, the old English idea of Hallowe'en was practically the same as the Irish May Eve superstition—the time when fairies are abroad to work mischief or miracles, when spirits become visible and may be communicated with; the time when all the sprites cavort and when the powers of the invisible world are loosed and become all powerful.

It is also the night for informing oneself—should one be possessed of curiosity on the subject—upon one's matrimonial prospects for the future, and especially for the following year. There are manifold devices for ascertaining these important facts—principally founded upon the miraculous divining power of nuts and apples. Everyone, in childhood at least, if not later, has bobbed for apples in a tub of water, the securing of the apple, of course, insuring the ultimate possession of the partner of one's choice.

Some of these means are boisterous and in the manner of peasant celebrations, like the game of bobbing for apples, or the attempt to catch in the teeth an apple suspended from a swiftly untwisting string. Others partake of the ghastly, such as the custom of mounting the stairs backward, muttering some incantation, after which the seeker for knowledge must enter a dark room alone and look in the mirror; then over her shoulder she will surely see the face of her future husband. Another English game consisted of going into the kitchen garden blindfolded to pull up a cabbage. The amount of earth attaching to the root was supposed to be indicative of the material welfare of the future husband. These two tests seem to have been designed especially for the young women. There are a number of these time-honored games that require the propounder of the question to be blindfolded while making the momentous choice—another survival evidently of that ancient belief that fate is present in the accidental selection. The mysterious spirits, powers of darkness, or whatever they were conceived to be who were in possession of the facts about human destinies were supposed

**Hotels, Restaurants & Boarding Houses**  
**BUY 'HILLSDALE' SLICED Pineapple, IN GALLON TINS. AT YOUR GROCERS.**

**Libby, McNeill & Libby.**

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**J. J. ST. JOHN.**  
**LUBRICATING OIL,**  
For Motor Boats and Motor Cars,  
We have about 35 barrels on hand and will sell at \$1.00 gallon, why pay \$1.50  
**J. J. ST. JOHN, Duckworth St.**

on Hallowe'en to guide the fingers of the girl reaching out for the empty bowl which proclaimed her a desolate spinster or toward the bowl full of water which signified a happy marriage, just as surely as fate was supposed, by those given over to the fatalistic in times past, to lie in the turn of a pack of playing cards.

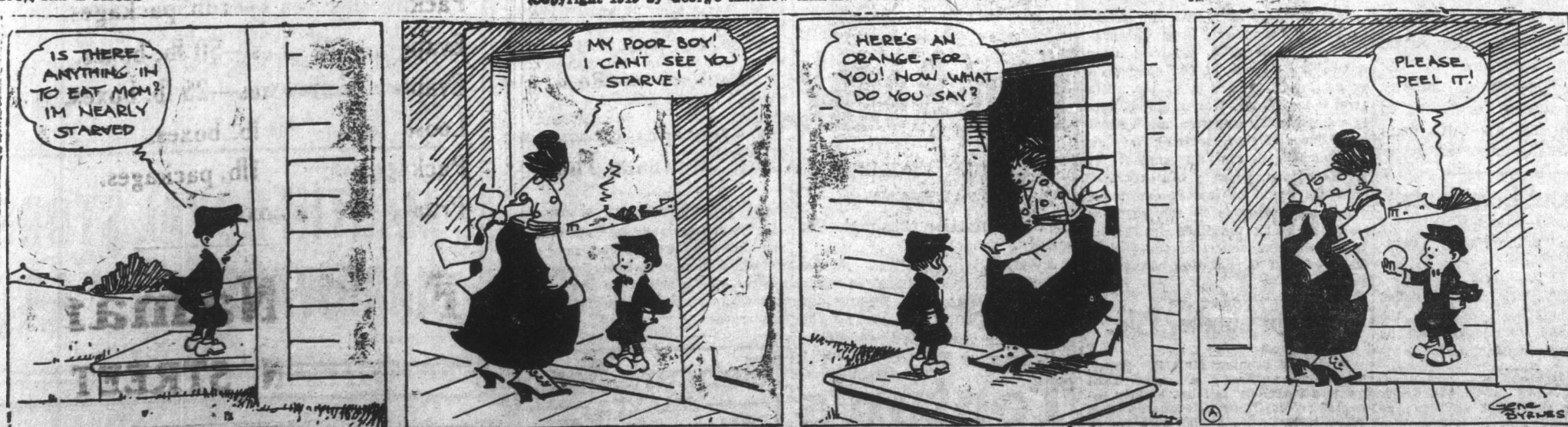
Every boy who has grown up in a village or in some small community has played pranks upon Hallowe'en. There is no limit to the fantastic nature of the tricks, from the familiar custom of removing gates and disabbling door bells to the wildest feat their united brains can concoct. The boys do not know that they are part time-honored games that require the propounder of the question to be blindfolded while making the momentous choice—another survival evidently of that ancient belief that fate is present in the accidental selection. The mysterious spirits, powers of darkness, or whatever they were conceived to be who were in possession of the facts about human destinies were supposed

**Simonds Saws**

are guaranteed to cut easier, saw faster and stay sharp longer than any other brand of saw at any price.

**SIMONDS CANADA SAW CO., LIMITED,**  
St. John Street and Acorn Avenue,  
Vancouver, B.C.

### "Reg'lar Fellers"



By Gene Byrnes

boys possess, and that ally them with the early life of the race.

As long as there is anyone left in the world to thrill at the thought of fairies, so long as Peter Pan's appeal across the footlights is answered in the affirmative, there will be the little responsive sensation along the spine at the words Hallowe'en and May Eve. One of the poet Yeats' most exquisite plays in a dramatization of May Eve with all its symbolic human and poetic significance, "The Land of the Heart's Desire," "The Tempest," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Fiona MacClough's primitive fantasies, the scenes in the kingdom of the trolls in "Peer Gynt" and of the wood-creatures in "The Sunkan Bell,"—all these have the power to create that thrill, to set in motion that inexplicable current of our inherited memories reaching far back into the unknown, binding us to that remote past, the beginning of things.