

"BETTER THAN THE BEST!"

New - Knit Wool Underwear.

IT IS THE BEST!

It is CHEAP, BUT NOT SHODDY!

It gives satisfaction. Once worn always worn, for it is THE BEST.

Every Newfoundlander will remember with pride the occasion on which the above words were used in reference to our brave soldiers, and every man who wears a suit of our Underwear will again have occasion to use the above words, for

New-Knit WOOL Underwear

is "BETTER THAN THE BEST!"

WARM—COMFORTABLE—DURABLE.

What more can be desired in Underwear, except, of course, the low figure at which we offer them.

We stock New-Knit Wool Underwear in all the grades and weights in which they are put up. Sizes from 34/32 to 50/48.

PRICES, \$1.80 up to \$4.00 per garment.

Men's New - Knit Fleece Lined UNDERWEAR, First Grade, all sizes, only \$1.25 per garment.

Marshall Bros

Resting Comfortably.

By RUTH CAMERON.



A friend of mine who has recently had a taste of the miserable thing known as the Spanish flu, told me that his sickness taught him one thing—what the hospital authorities mean when they say "resting comfortably."

"I didn't think it meant anything at all," he said. "Before I had this thing, I didn't see why anyone shouldn't be comfortable if they were resting. When that flu bug got hold of me, the first night I was in torment. I could count the whole 200 bones in my body by the aches. Besides that, the back of my eyes ached and the roots of my teeth, and I felt sure the top of my head was coming off. The next morning those began to quiet down and finally disappear. In the night I couldn't lie still because I ached so that the bed hurt me and yet it tortured me to move. Well, that feeling gradually went away and I began to feel more peaceful and all of a sudden it came over me. 'I'm resting comfortably.' That's what 'resting comfortably' means. And, by heck, it's a lot."

Appreciating the Goal.

Did you ever wonder, should we sometime arrive in the Heaven of perfection and satisfied desires which we always visualize, how long it will take us to cease to realize how happy we are?

Perhaps you do not see the connection between my friend of the aching bones and that question.

It's just this. Every now and then it is borne in upon me that it takes a negative to make a positive, a shadow to make a high light.

The Only Time We Appreciate Health. It takes sickness to make us appreciate health. Never was truer word spoken than the old proverb: "Health is a crown on the head of the healthy. No one sees it but the sick."

It takes poverty to make us really appreciate luxury. No one who has been born to money can possibly savor the comfort, the luxury, the power, the beauty that money can buy, as the man who has fought his way up from the deprivations of poverty. Peace Means Something Positive Today.

It takes war to make us appreciate

peace. Until 1914 we did not realize our blessings. It was the natural state, something mentioned in formal petitions as a cause for thankfulness, but never really assessed as a personal blessing. I don't think the present generation will ever cease to love the word "peace" and to be passionately grateful for all it connotes. This will be the exception that proves the rule, won't it?

Spanish Flu

Claims Many Victims in Canada and should be guarded against.

Minard's Liniment

Is a Great Preventative, being one of the oldest remedies used. Minard's Liniment has cured thousands of cases of Grippe, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Asthma and similar diseases. It is an Enemy to Germs. Thousands of bottles being used every day, for sale by all druggists and general dealers.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Ltd., Yarmouth, N.S.

The Hypocrisy of Maximilian Harden.

(Montreal Herald.)

Many of the papers are referring to terms almost of respect to Maximilian Harden, claiming that he represents truly the spirit of the German people, as opposed to the Junker class. His latest utterances may be sincere, but his record certainly does not justify anyone in absolving him from the suspicion of treachery which now attaches to everything German.

In December, 1914, when the flag of Kultur appeared, to the superficial, to be climbing to the masthead of the world, Maximilian Harden was the very apostle, not merely of Germany's place in the sun, but of Germany's right to the whole sunlight. "Now we know," he wrote ecstatically, "what the war is for," and he proceeded to explain that it was to enable Germany to control the Channel, to add the Belgian Netherlands to the Fatherland, and to do with Luxemburg what had been done with Alsace-Lorraine. In other words, to put scraps of paper in the fire, and to treat countries and people like farms and cattle. "Never," he wound up emphatically, "was a war more just; it will conquer new provinces for the majesty of the noble

Winter Apples

To arrive to-day:
120 brls. King Apples.
226 brls. Blenheim.
47 brls. Ribbons.
57 brls. various kinds.
120 bags Silverpeel Onions.
50 brls. Cranberries.
25 kegs Grapes.
40 cases Oranges.

And due this week:
548 brls. Assed. Winter Apples—Kings, Blenheim and Ribbons.
Also shipped Oct. 28th:
330 brls. Choice Wagner Apples.

Soper & Moore
Wholesale Importers and Jobbers.

German spirit." Contrast this with his latest statement in his paper, the Zukunft: "International law forbids Germany to retain even one pebble of Belgian streets, and commands Germany to restore Belgium to the conditions before invasion. Is Belgium, as a chancellor, as a state secretary, and an ambassador have confessed, an innocent victim of German self-defence? Then we have to ask its forgiveness and not force conditions upon it."

What makes the Hyde of 1914 the Jekyll of 1918? Nothing but the fact that against the brutal policy of which Harden was the apostle in 1914 the Allies have opposed their armed might. The hypocritical whine is now emitting on behalf of his masters would change instantly to a demand for ruthless murder and destruction for the glory of German Kultur if the Germans could inflict a smashing defeat on our armies.



SAID UNCLE JIM.

"It's going to be hard, when the peace is made," said my Uncle Jim to me. "To meet a German in any trade and treat him decently. I don't know how I will get along when this terrible war is done. If I chance to meet in some friendly throng Some chap that I know's a Hun. 'Peace makes enemies friends once more.' That's custom with men and lands. But I know I'll buck, when the strife is over. At shaking of German hands. And I know whatever the price or style Of the product before me laid, I'll pass it up for a good, long while. If I know it is German made. 'If a Hun should cry from the wintry sea, Though I was at peace with him, To rescue him would be hard for me; I think I should let him swim. For his crimes right into my soul are burned. And I never can be his friend. So far as your Uncle Jim's concerned, This war isn't going to end."

Sniping the Sniper.

"Say, chum," said the Yankee subaltern, who had come into the line for a little instruction, "that sharpshooter has sure got some bead on this I'll fire bay."

"He has, with a vengeance," answered the English officer who was showing him round. "I'm getting the Emma Gear (machine gun) on to him. He's in that tree just below the skyline—thousand-yard range."

The Boche sniper's bullets were cracking into the parapet with nerve-racking precision and regularity. The English officer put a bullet in on the end of a rifle and held it above the trench. Almost at once there were two bullet holes through it.

"Geet!" exclaimed the Yank. "That's some shooting. Guess I'll have a go at that fellow myself."

"You'd better not. He'll probably do the same to you. He's using telescopic sights, and he's got the range of this trench to an inch."

"Then I'd better get right into a shell-hole where he hasn't got the range," said the Yank. "Lend me a gun, will you?"

The English officer was no sportsman. He lent him a rifle, and sent him to the snipe the Boche. A sniper's suit. When it arrived the Yankee looked curiously at the "contraption" of green netting and imitation grass.

"Guess I'd look real cute in that market-garden confessions," he drawled, "but I'd be calculated to hamper my movements some. What's the matter with the little brown suit?"

He crawled out over the parapet at a point which was hidden from the sniper by a fold in the ground. He moved stealthily on like a born Indian scout until he located a suitable shell-hole about a hundred yards from the line. Then he lay down to his job, and sighted up at nine hundred.

The English officer got out his glasses and kept a close watch on the tree. He saw little splashes of dust as shots fell short, and then for five minutes, after the American had found the range, he saw nothing at all; but he surmised that some quantity of lead was being embedded in the tree trunks. Then, suddenly, the foliage became agitated, and a dark figure tumbled out of the lower branches and lay very still on the ground.

Presently the American marksmanship crept back again, smiling happily. "Waal," he said, "I have to thank you for some real sport, sir. And to think I've spent some of the best years of my life shooting things in the Cat-skill!"

And again, after a few chuckles. "Say, it's some little old war!" F. W.—in Daily Mail.

Spanish Influenza!

A gargle which has been approved of by the most eminent authorities as a safeguard against infection of the germ and also a curative and preventative combined—it systematically used about four times a day—can be obtained at Stafford's Drug Store, Theatre Hill.

Price 25c. Postage is extra.

This gargle is supposed to last for one week, using about a tablespoonful at each time of gargling.

Dr. F. Stafford & Son, Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Newfoundland. OPEN EVERY NIGHT UNTIL 2.30.

When you want Roast Beef, Roast Veal, Roast Mutton, Roast Pork, try ELLIS.

Milady's Boudoir

THE SKIN BEAUTY.

A beautiful natural complexion is the desire of nearly every woman, and in the absence of it, all sorts of descriptive articles are resorted to that give pleasing results and in many instances great injury. There are a great many preparations that are beneficial for beautifying the complexion but one thing should be borne in mind—that the skin must be kept clean and the pores open so that they can discharge the impurities of the body.

If the skin were perfectly obstructed with a compound impervious to moisture one could not live over six hours. This experiment was once tried on a child at Florence. The child died in a few hours.

How is the skin to be kept fine and free from blemishes? By perfect cleanliness, air, sunshine and good health. The entire body should be washed daily, the face twice a day. This cleanses and permits the skin to act freely.

Sunshine, in spite of tanning and freckles, is good for the skin. So is fresh air. Both united give bloom and color to it, and if the air and sunshine are taken early and regularly before the former has lost its morning fragrance, and while the latter has not yet gained its power to tan a beautiful bloom may be expected.

It often occurs that one appears in public despite fatigue and a pale complexion. In such a case try the cure of a famous beauty of England—that of giving the face a drink—which is given as follows: A bowl of cold water is prepared, close the eyes, hold the breath and immerse the face deep down into the bowl of water—holding it submerged as long as it is possible to hold the breath.

Raise the head breathe deeply and again submerge the face in the water. This should be repeated six or eight times, the face then gently dried with a soft towel, and application of powder will make a complexion that is presentable before any audience. Try it.

NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their REAL NAMES, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The editor reserves the right to accept any matter unless this rule is adhered to.



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New - Knit Wool Underwear.

Ask for It! Buy It!

Try It!

You will be satisfied.

Notice to Horsemen.

6 Good P.E.I. Horses to Arrive in a few days. Auction Notice Later

GEO. NEAL

FURNITURE!

There is no need for us to go into detailed description with regard to the quality or quantity of Furniture we stock, it is already well known all over the Island.

Here we announce the opening of new shipments. We are ready to furnish your Bedrooms, Dressing-rooms, Bathrooms, Dining-room, Drawing-room, Den, Library, Living-room, Halls and Kitchen with everything necessary to make your home absolutely perfect in every detail.

When you want just what is newest and best in Furniture, remember the address below is that of the finest house-furnishers in Newfoundland.

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co. St. Johns.

THE HUBBARD BULLDOG

for the fishing boat, and the for all kinds of stationary work. Both are good Engines. Sold at fair prices.

GEO. M. BARR, ST. JOHN'S.

Forty Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram

Flavor and BAKER'S CO.

is a delicious and some drink of value and purity.

"Chocolate and flavor and end material to a use will help ways in the

palatable, nourishing those foods of which abundance."

Walter Baker & Co. Established 1880. DORCHESTER, MASS. MON. Canada Food Board License No.

Bridge of Living Men.

thought of Army who sacred place. The bridge carry the H. eral Sir Jul cult and st the Selle. o'clock yeste night which assured them of the med glory of Britain and the for which they died, ghosts along the winding valley of life, where the New Army, come after four long and weary showed its valour and endurance a feat that will never fade the memory.

are in the grey dawn the Hun, down from the rugged east- was to thre and 17th Armp piers submerged waist high in falling current, motionless on- half of bullets which thrashed dream, bore on their shoulders at plank over which passed the army of the line, Manchester, grip- their rifles with eyes fixed on his beyond. The spirit of Le carried them on. Surely they buoyed and sustained by the: The Selle.



Growing

THIS aged couple, mellowed by the experiences of life, are happily growing old together.

They are happy because they healthy. Life is still full of interest them, and they are wide awake to n ideas.

These are the kind of old people the everybody likes. For, in spite of years, they are cheerful and optimistic.

It is only natural that the blood should get thin and vitality wane as age advances, but there are ways of keeping up the quality of the blood and maintaining health and vigor.

Very many men and women have found in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food exactly what they need to restore energy and strength and keep them healthy and happy.

As an example Mr. Stephen J. Leard, two years of age my heart gave out and became very irregular and weak in action and would palpitate. My nerves also became weak, and I could do nothing but lie in bed in a languishing condition. I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and am cured. Had I not obtained this treatment I would now be in the grave—yes, I have an enemy which that old people like myself may prolong their health and strength by using this great medicine."