

The Best Corset for You: Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets



Of course you want a fashionable Corset—one that will give slim, smooth, graceful lines, but—you want more than that!
You Want a Corset You Can Depend Upon for Wear and Comfort.

In Warner's Rust-proof Corsets the beauty is backed up by the finest, the most dependable, the most famous, corset construction in the world.

Long experience, expert skill, scientific exactness, all help to make this construction something that you can depend upon—always. Every Warner's Rust-proof Corset is guaranteed not to Rust, Break or Tear. Naturally they are the most economical Corsets in the world—you can't "wear them out."

We are Sole Agents for the Dominion of Newfoundland

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

STREET ANGEL HOUSE DEVIL



A young neighbor of mine went to live with her father and mother - in - law while her husband was away at the war. Her husband has come home now (she is among the thrice blessed) and they have come back to our neighborhood to live.

Naturally she is very happy. "It didn't seem to me," she said once in an outburst of frankness, "that I could have stood it another month. Our own little apartment seems like a bit of Heaven to me. You know how it is, being in the house with your in-laws, especially when you have children."

"It must be difficult," I said. "We were afraid you would find Mrs. C. rather hard to live with, but we know Mr. C. would do everything to make it pleasant for you. He is such a pleasant, thoughtful sort of a man."

She looked at me a moment in the way people do when they cannot quite make up their minds whether to keep counsel or break loose, and then she broke loose.

Never a Cross Word Outside. But—"Is he?" she said with sarcastic emphasis. "Yes, I suppose that is what people think and they rather pity him for having such a quiet, unobtrusive wife as Mrs. C. Well, let me tell you something. I don't suppose he ever said a cross word outside of the house, but he said mighty few pleasant ones inside it. He'd get up in the morning and be like a thunder cloud, he'd scold his wife because some of his shirts hadn't come back from the laundry, and make an awful fuss if one of the children happened to be in the bathroom and he had to wait half a minute, and never speak a word at breakfast except to find fault, and then he would go out of the house and I would see him going down the street with one of the neighbors smiling and talking. It used to make me so mad.

"I really shouldn't have minded so much his being so ugly in the house if he wasn't such a such a"—she

swallowed a qualifying adjective in a manner quite as expressive as its use would have been—"hypocrite. This is the first time I've said a word but I should have burst if I hadn't said something. Mrs. C. is all right, we didn't agree about everything but we got along very comfortably. She isn't a street angel, but she isn't a house devil either."

A Queer Double Personality. A picture of Mr. C. came to my mind with his amiable, almost ingratiating manner, and it was nearly impossible for me to graft upon it the picture of Mr. C. at home, as she painted it. And yet I knew that it must have been substantially true, for she is a truthful person.

What a queer kind of double personality this street-angel, house-devil sort of man is, isn't he? We have all known some examples of the type, I think, and we have all rubbed elbows with more whom we did not recognize because we never saw but one of the two personalities and never were told about the other. It is only relatives and the families of very intimate friends who reveal their home as well as their street personalities to us. Indeed, we do not always know the families of our intimate friends.

Why They Left Home. I had another shock of this sort when a friend confided that the reason all the children left home and went to work in the city was because they could not live in the house with her father. Yet he had seemed to me one of the most charming and amiable men I knew. If it had been only one child who could not get along with him, that might have been a case of antagonistic temperaments, but there were four of them.

If there are any unpardonable sins, I think constant irritability in the home is one of them. Of course irritability is sometimes a manifestation of ill health, but when it can be controlled so perfectly outside the home, no such alibi can be claimed. Heaven preserve us from the man who is a bully in the home and a doormat outside of it.

The Young Man's Boot! Men's Dark Tan Laced Boots with rubber heels; makes an excellent Fall Boot, for \$13.50 at SMALLWOOD'S.—sep25,tf

ON SPOT!

212 brls. Fancy Nova Scotia

APPLES,
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Now booking orders for new shipment to arrive Monday week.

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Wholesale Grocers.

THE FISHERS.



The fishers, sailing look to me like men of dauntless daring; and they'll come homeward, o'er the sea, with loads of kippered herring. Before the dawn is fairly sprung I see their boats departing, and fishers old and fishers young on danger's round are starting. Oh, they are brave and buoyant wights, and they are stalwart laddies, and they come whooping home o' nights with loads of finnan haddies. Their vigils in the fog they keep, they know all Neptune's glories, they see the little bay before my sawed-off dwelling; I visit them at close of day, when curlews quit their yelling. "Oh, hoary farmer of the sea," I say, to some old chap, "hand out a salty yarn to me, and you will make me happy." "There's nothing doing on the deep," the fisher says a-sighing; "a delegate should landward keep—that's where the news is flying. I always knew that Fulton stiff would

never be a winner; it only needed one good bluff to paralyze that sinner. The prize ring now is run to cheese, and most of it is schweitzer; the British champs have some disease, the Frenchman's punk, you're right, sir. Oh, yes, we sail our dories out, through all the spray and smother; but there's no yarn in that, old scout—one day's just like another."

McMurdo's Store News.

On the Care of the Hair.—How often have you heard the exclamation, "What beautiful Hair." How you wished it were yours and how you regret you did not pay proper attention to yours when you had the opportunity. We can still help you as Our Cocoa Nut Oil Shampoo and Cantharidine Hair Tonic have proven to many a satisfied customer their wonderful properties.

They find this Shampoo gives that smooth silky lustre to the Hair, you often desired. It also cleanses the Scalp thoroughly and keeps it in a healthy condition, so that the Cantharidine Hair Tonic if used afterwards penetrates the pores and strengthens the roots of the Hair, giving you in a short time that long desired result of a beautiful head of hair.

Cocoa Nut Oil Shampoo, 40c. per bottle. Cantharidine Hair Tonic, 35c. and 60c. per bottle.

S.S. Digby left Liverpool Saturday afternoon for here.

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Feels as young as ever

PEOPLE who are able to talk like this can't 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, Mandrake, Burdock and other medicinal herbs. Sold at your store. 25c. a bottle. Family size, five times as large \$1.00.

THE BRATLEY DRUG CO., Limited, ST. JOHN, N.B. Dr. Wilson's Bitters, Warranted, in every bottle, pure, reliable, harmless.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND FIRST-CLASS GROCERS.



Just Folks

Edgar A. Guest

THINGS HAPPEN FOR THE BEST.

Things mostly happen for the best. However hard it seems to-day. When some fond plan has gone astray. Or what you'd wished for most was lost.

An' you sit countin' up the cost. With eyes half-blind by tears o' grief. While doubt is chokin' out belief. You'll find when all is understood. That what seemed bad was really good.

Life can't be counted in a day. The present rain that will not stop. Next autumn means a bumper crop. We wonder why some things must be. Care's purpose we can seldom see. An' yet some day we turn an' find. To view the past, an' then we learn. That what once filled our minds with doubt. Was good for us as it worked out.

I've never known an' hour of care. But what I've later come to see. That it had brought some joy to me. Even the sorrows I have borne. Leavin' me lonely an' forlorn. An' hurt an' bruised an' sick at heart.

In life's great plan have had a part. An' though I could not understand. Why I should bow to Death's command. As time went on I came to know. That it was really better so.

Things mostly happen for the best. So narrow is our vision here. That we are blinded by a tear. An' stunned by every hurt an' blow. Which comes to-day to strike us low. An' yet some day we turn an' find. That what seemed cruel once was kind.

Most things I hold, are wisely planned. If we could only understand.

1400 (Fourteen Hundred) prs. of Ladies' Sample Boots. Price to clear only \$5.50 per pair, at SMALLWOOD'S Big Shoe Sale. sep25,tf

A LIFETIME FRIEND.

THE NEW DUNHILL SHELL BRIAR PIPE.

They are noticeably light in weight and there is a charm in the feel and appearance of a Shell Briar Pipe which grows on one as its novelty ceases to be its most striking quality.

We have just received a shipment of those famous Pipes in assorted shapes.

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