

ARE YOU AN ECONOMIST?

If you are you will find in the offers itemized below a splendid opportunity to practice economy, and, not only in the offers in this advertisement, for we offer on Friday and Saturday Generous Reductions in every Department.

MOTTLED FLANNELS.

A well assorted stock of heavy Mottled Flannels, Pink, Blue, Grey and Brown. Special for Friday and Saturday, 38c. yard.

FANCY CHECKED AND STRIPED FLANNELETTE.

3 bundles Remnants Fancy Flannelette. Friday and Saturday only 20c. yard.

AMERICAN WHITE QUILTS.

50 only White Quilts. Values from \$5.00 to \$7.00. Friday and Saturday, \$3.35 to \$6.00.

LADDER TAPE.

To the many customers who have been waiting, we announce a small shipment of Ladder Tape. Friday and Saturday, 37c. yard.

Men's Tweed WINTER CAPS!

A large shipment of Men's American Tweed Caps. Great variety of styles, many different kinds of Tweed. Regular Prices, \$1.60 to \$3.80 each. Friday and Saturday, \$1.40 to \$3.00 each.

Marshall Bros

MEN'S BLUE CLOTH CAPS.

8 doz. only Men's Blue Cloth Caps with peak, knitted wool band; very comfortable. Value \$2.50 each. Friday and Saturday, \$1.30 each.

BOYS' WOOL CAPS.

4 doz. Boys' Nansen Caps. Value for \$2.00. Friday and Saturday, \$1.50 each.

MEN'S TAN BOOTS.

A small lot of Men's Tan Boots suitable for Fall wear. Value for \$10.00. Friday and Saturday, \$7.50.

MEN'S FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR.

A full assortment of Men's first quality Fleece Lined Underwear. Regular Price \$1.50 garment. Friday and Saturday, \$1.45 garment.

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

ON THE HIGH TIDE OF MEMORY.



RUTH CAMERON

Isn't it interesting the way a high tide of memory will float some long unthought of recollection out of the subconscious into the conscious mind? Sometimes the cause of this high tide is absolutely untraceable, and then again you can trace it to some stimulation of some sense.

Did You Ever Make Housebooks?

For instance, I suddenly became conscious the other day that I was thinking of the "housebooks" we children used to make. Did you ever make housebooks? A housebook is the home of a family of paper dolls. It is a brown paper book made out of nice brown wrapping paper and crisscrossed out of the furniture manufacturer's catalogue. I should really like to know what proportion of the nation of every furniture catalogue is sent for by young people whose parents for setting up housekeeping include nothing more lucrative to the advertiser than a housebook. I wonder if they, the manufacturers, know about this industry, and what they think.

To return to the main road—I wonder why I should think of housebooks, and then all of a sudden I knew. I was using some glue that I had just like the glue we once used to help in stabilizing our housebook furniture.

Again I find merry-go-rounds and nut stands floating about in my consciousness. This time, sound instead of smell has caused the high tide. An ancient hurdy-gurdy down the street is playing one of the tunes which used to be played on my favorite merry-go-round in the days when I thought at least one corner of Heaven would be given over to merry-go-rounds and roller coasters.

Turning Bells Always Mean Peace to Me.

Bells in the morning will always mean one thing to me—the coming of great peace. Shall we ever forget the sound of those bells on that November morning? They began to ring in our town before I woke up. I woke up to the sound and the thrill of them. As I write now, just thinking of that moment makes those dear delicious little quivers go up

and down my spine. How hurriedly we dressed, how we rushed down stairs and seized the telephone to beg someone to tell us that this time it really was authentic. And then the flag raising on the little village green and our own turn at the bells in the little village town hall! One can never forget it and never wants to. Sometimes, of course, it is buried very deep in one's memory cells—and then comes bells sounded for some reason or other in the early morning and float out the world beautiful memory.

The Millions of Memories in Your Brain.

Truly, when one thinks of all the memories that are stored away in these brains we carry around with us, the millions of impressions that must be registered in every brain, one is awed and appalled by the wonder of our own make-up. Stevenson wrote about a woman who said she could wonder herself crazy over the miracle of the human eyebrow. It was fortunate she did not turn to the contemplation of the human brain or her insanity would have been instantly consummated.

Poverty Hitherto Unknown in Germany.

It is declared by Dr. Leymann of the German Labor Ministry, that much unemployment is inevitable in Germany this winter. Forty per cent. of Germany's coal must be delivered abroad and Germany is now living a vicious circle.

"We have neither ships nor railway trucks, and our rivers are occupied, and we must pay a billion and a half marks monthly for the maintenance of the armies of occupation," said Dr. Leymann.

"Next winter Germany may experience depths of poverty and wretchedness hitherto unknown to her. The people will have to live on turnips and cabbage, and then will come the danger that they will turn toward Bolshevism."

Pleasure in Little Things.

The surest way to gain cheerfulness and happiness is to acquire and cultivate the habit of taking pleasure in little things—things easily attainable, the common and ordinary things of life, the daily interests of home, the society of neighbors and friends, the mirth and play of children, the

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.

birds and flowers, the day's vacation when a longer one is out of the question, the little gift where a costly one is impracticable, and the little acts of kindness and courtesy. All of these help to fill life with gladness. The pleasures usually craved are those hard to attain; and in their pursuit a thousand untutilized sources of pleasure are trodden under foot. Many postpone all thought of happiness until they get rich; then they expect to begin to enjoy life. But all the time life itself is slipping away, cheated of its natural and reasonable pleasures, and either their dream of wealth is never realized or, if it is, too often the power of enjoyment is gone, for if continually checked and postponed it withers away.

Wise Men Say—

That luck and work are twins.
That a hot temper will make others cool towards you.
That the way to carry a stiff load is to have a stiff upper lip.
That wisdom is the adaptation of what you have to what you need.
That there are no means of escape from the cells of a guilty conscience.
That initiative consists in doing the right thing without being told to.
That a soul disposition doesn't make for either good digestion or success.
That the man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes wrong.
That poverty is the best foundation on which to start to build a successful career.

IDLE TALK.



WINT MARCH

I hear poor Hicks talk politics from dawn until the gloaming, and, calm and cool, I groom my mule, her fetlocks currying. Oh, I might talk around the block with every passing neighbor, I might devote to Harding's goat the time I spend in labor, but I'm inclined to keep in mind the fact that winter's coming, when storms will whoop around my coop, and blizzards will be humming. I do my chores, while all outdoors is full of idle yawping, for still the Hicks talk politics, and keep the welkin popping. I thresh my beans and other greens, my prune trees wisely guarding; my boosts or knocks won't hinder Cox, or put a crimp in Harding. Whoever wins you'll see my bins well filled with spuds and carrots; my crops I raise while other jays talk bunk like logged parrots. Sometimes at night, by candle light, when all my work is ended, I sip a while of campaign galle, in language high and splendid. And people list in awe, I wist, as though to some lawgiver, to plans I've planned, this weary land from bondage to deliver. But in the day I toil away, the lean earth amply larding, and heave no rocks at Jimmie Cox, and heave no bricks at Harding.

OYSTERS in the Shell, arrived to-day at BEARNS', 30 cents dozen.—Oct 20, '21

60 Years Old Today

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 75c.

THE BRATLEY DRUG CO., Limited, ST. JOHN, N. B. Dr. Wilson's Dandelion, Mandrake, Burdock, in easily four sizes. Reliable, Harmless.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND FIRST-CLASS GROCERS.

Father of Fountain Pens.

There is still in use in Paris a fountain pen made in 1864.

This pen was patented in that year by Jean Benoit Mallat, an engineer, and the firm that still carries on the business founded by him asserts that it was the first fountain pen ever made.

Mallat was the inventor of the gold pen with the ruby point, perhaps the easiest writing and most durable nib ever put on the market. But it is necessarily expensive. In 1843 Mallat substituted iridium as a point for his pens. At the same time he provided a reservoir for the ink. This was the germ from which grew the idea of storing ink in the handle.

Mallat's fountain pen differs only slightly from our modern ones. It was self-filling, but the flow of ink was regulated by a little turn-screw on the side. This, however, was soon given up, as it became clogged.

It would be interesting to know what was the date of the earliest patent on a fountain pen in America or England.

Kept Too Cool.

A commercial traveller, during an extensive journey in the provinces, took his wife with him. Being exceedingly nervous about fires, he frequently impressed upon her the necessity of keeping a "cool head" should ever the danger occur.

At one hotel they were staying at a fire actually broke out. The commercial traveller roused his wife, assisted her to dress, and, to demonstrate the value of presence of mind, reached for his frock coat, silk hat and umbrella, and accompanied his wife into the street. There they watched the firemen in their work of subduing the outbreak.

"And now," remarked the husband to his wife, "you see the advantage of having a cool head."

"Yes, John," was the reply, "but you might have put your trousers on."

What the World Needs.

More men who can put the same enthusiasm into the work of their shop, office, or factory as they put into football or cricket matches.

More women who will give their hearts to ideal home-making, who do not mind roughening their hands over housework, who can turn out wholesome dinners as well as smart hats and jumpers.

More coal dealers who are the philanthropists they seem to believe they are!

Preachers who can show crippled and paralyzed souls how to reach to the old ideals.

More teachers who educate their pupils to do more than pass exams.

More doctors who are more interested in cases than in fees.

Trained nurses who know how to

nurse, and who are worth what it costs to employ them.

More members of Parliament who remember, after election, the things they were going to get done!

And over all these—and others—statesmen worthy of the name, who will lead the nations ever upward to glory with honor!

It is the province of the teacher to mould ambition and inspire principles that will give more of the right kind of men and women to the world.

A Poser.

Mlle. Boland, the daring French airwoman who recently flew the Channel, says that the only question regarding her aeronautical experiences that she was totally unable to answer was put to her by a child.

I was (says Mlle. Boland) visiting a friend in Paris, and my host's little girl, aged about eight or nine, following on a lengthy cross-examination, wound up with this poser:

"But, tell me, ma'mselle," she inquired in all earnestness: "If the end

of the world was to come, and the earth was destroyed while you was up in your aeroplane, where would you land when you came down?"

Cuticura Soap
—The Healthy—
Shaving Soap
Cuticura Soap shaves without pain. Everywhere.

Thieves Buried Alive.

A correspondent sends the following:

In Ha Tony, a little village just north of Canton City, there lived one Tsao Ah Sum. There was shrewd suspicion that he had stolen many oxen—fifteen to be precise. The ox is a sacrosanct beast of burden, and under village law to steal one is a capital offence. Tsao Ah Sum stole his last ox a month or two ago, and when the hue and cry went out he fled. He was eventually caught and he had to face trial before the elders of three villages, for he had not confined his depredations to his immediate neighborhood. He was found guilty and given the maximum penalty, namely, to be buried alive. On the day of the execution the village watchmen beat the gongs and all the young men of the village gathered around a rectangle eight feet deep. Before Tsao Ah Sum was invited to make his resting-place in the hole he was feasted with wine and meat while the elders performed sacrifices for the benefit of his soul. The rite being ended two watchmen lowered Tsao Ah Sum into the hole, head downwards, and while all the young men and spectators shouted the watchmen of another village shot at the convict with a native gun loaded with shot which pierced the body of the victim in numerous places.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Reg'lar Fellers

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By Gene Byrnes