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Merve Silk, in Black and Cream, \$5.80 to \$16.00 each.

Flette, in stripe effect, SKIRTS, from \$2.40, \$3.20, \$4.00, \$5.00 each up.

Poplin, in Black and Coloured, from \$2.20 to \$6.50 each.

Tussor Silk, \$6.00 to \$9.50.

Heavy Serge, in Navy & Black, \$7.50. Grey Tweed (extra value), \$8.00.

COATS, in Plush, Tweed, Blanket Cloth, etc. Prices \$5.50 to \$26.00.

Children's Coats, Corduroy, Velour, etc. Prices \$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00 up. Only Ladies' Coats, Regular \$44.50. Special Price \$36.00.

COLLARS, Ladies' Neckwear in great variety, featuring all the latest designs in Georgette, Silk, Poplin, etc. Prices from 20c. to \$2.50 each.

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UNDERWEAR, Ladies' Stanfield's Underwear, Gents and Vests to match, \$1.75, \$3.20, \$3.70, \$4.00 a garment.

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Girls' Fleece Lined Pants and Vests, sizes 16 to 34, \$1.00 and \$1.40 each.

Children's Standfield's Combinations, sizes 1, 2 and 3, \$1.80, \$2.20 and \$2.40 suit.

The Sympathetic Game.

By P. O'D. (In the Imperial Life-Guard.)

If at tennis you drive a ball into the net or slug it out beyond the court—occasionally in moments of recklessness we have driven it upon a neighboring house—your opponent displays no particular sympathy over the mishap. Neither does your partner. In fact, we have known nice girls with whom we have been paired glare at us on such occasions in a way—well, in a way in which no nice girl would glare at anyone but her husband. The same applies to baseball, only much more so. The fielder who muffs a fly, the man on second who misses a pick-up, neither of them gets any sympathy—certainly not from their team-mates. And the manager!—one's imagination is really appalled as to what the manager might be led to say on the unfortunate player in the first wild rush of indignant rhetoric. The least he would suggest would be that the bone-head should get a job in the afterworld, where, after he has been hit with a red-hot bat, and the umpire wears horns and a spiked tail.

But golf is different. Golf is the one really sympathetic game. When one hits a drive intended to go at least three hundred yards, only to have the ball glance off the toe of the club into the creek; when the approach shot which should have sped to the flag like a laden honey bee to the door of the hive, picks out a swamp or a clump of bushes to crawl into and die; when the two-foot putt grows tired and quits just on the edge of the hole; when any one of the forty thousand possible calamities of golf occurs, one hears nothing but expressions of kindly regret—except, of course, the expressions one uses one's self. These are apt to be sulphuric and of a nature to raise a blush on the cheek of a stevedore. But everyone else is sorry—deeply and soothingly sorry. The social atmosphere becomes suddenly filled with yearning and with love.

"Rotten luck, old man," says your opponent, doing his best to look as though he hated to think the stroke would be counted against you, and nothing but the inexorable rules of the game could compel him to take advantage of your mishap. Then he mildly suggests that you must have taken your eye off the ball at the critical moment. He says it in a tone which subtly conveys the impression that taking one's eye off the ball is the fault to which men of alert mind are particularly liable. It is the bright and winged spirits which are apt in their eagerness to let their vision flash too swiftly to the goal.

Incidentally, what is it that a ball does the moment you take your eye off it? A fraction of a second before you look up, the club-head is swinging down upon the pathetic pliff with deadly precision. Then you shift your gaze, and in that infinitesimal period of time the ball manages to climb down off the tee or slip over and hide in an ant-hole. How does it manage to do it? And how does it contrive to get back again just as your eye falls upon it again, and the long black anathemas come thundering down upon its scared and dented head? This is a thing we have never been able to understand.

Anyway, that is what your opponent usually suggests as the explanation of the dismal fiasco you have made of the shot. Or sometimes he assures you that you had a rotten "lie," and intimates that Harry Verdon or Chick Evans could hardly get a ball out of a hole like that.

All this is very refreshing. It is balm to one's tortured spirit. But it has its disadvantages. It is apt to be very debilitating. A fellow begins to get the idea that he is a victim of fate, and a certain soggy soul. Instead of fixing his eye on the ball with the ferocious scowl of Trotsky looking at a man in evening dress, instead of swinging on it like a circus tent-pegger, he lapses into the languorous fatalism of a tired yogi. One must be resigned to the stern decrees of destiny. Wherefore should one struggle against the inexorable laws of nature? He even ceases to swear, and after that, of course, his game goes completely to the damnation bow-wow. When a golfer doesn't take interest enough in it to fuss, there is nothing left but to lend him home to the club-house verandah and get one of the lady members to lend him her knitting.

We went out with one of those sympathetic fellows the other day, and—well, we know whereof we speak. He ruined our game. And it started so auspiciously, too. Our first drive was a beauty. We had as usual approached the club-house in an agony of dread. We knew that the sixty-seven ladies sitting near it would stop their chatter just as we got ready to swing, and that a soul-shattering silence would descend upon the place. We knew that our knees would shake, and that our stare would become glassy. But fortunately it was a fixed stare—fixed on the ball—and our guardian angel guided the club for once. We caught the ball a splendid wallop and

wild exultation filled our soul. This was going to be our day of days. It was, in fact—but not the way we intended.

We were so eager to continue the good work that we rushed up to the ball and hardly waited to stand still before we took another swing at it—this time with our masha. It was to have been one of those beautifully pitched approaches which are the quintessence of golf. The ball was to have soared straight up, stringing like a lark, and was to have dropped dead on the green six inches from the hole. In fact, with a little luck in the desired cavity itself.

Perhaps we were in too much of a hurry. Perhaps old Nemesis thought we were having too good a time. In any event, that is not what the ball did. To be perfectly frank, the ball did nothing at all. It just lay there while our blundering masha tore up a clod a foot long and hurled it sixty yards. It was the sort of miss that would cause a really sensitive golfer to walk over to the barb-wire boundary fence and cut his throat on it.

"Too bad, old man, too bad," said our opponent in a tone of voice which suggested that we could go right over and cry on his shoulder if we wanted to. "You seem to be off on your approach game to-day." This was subtle stuff. It implied that usually our approach game was deadly in its accuracy—something like the work of the famous French "75's"—but that to-day we were not ourself. We had been doing too much brain-work, perhaps, or beating the temperance laws, or something. We felt soothed and relieved that he should understand our case so well, but at the same time the conviction grew upon us that we really were off our approach game.

The next few shots proved it—we took five to get to the green! Then we missed a putt about a foot and a half long. It was a devastating business altogether. "That's certainly rough," crooned our opponent, "but the fault is not yours. I never had any use for those straight iron putters. The only thing to use is an aluminium one. You see, you get the proper base for . . . Naturally this effectively destroyed all our confidence in our putting tool. We felt that a really fine natural player like ourself could not be expected to show the best in one's game with an antiquated and worthless device of this sort. After that we took several putts on every green, instead of the two which are approved of by the best traditions.

We went from bad to worse. For a while our driving held out against his insidious sympathy, but in the end it also succumbed. We had been getting some fine long balls from the tee, but in a moment of weakness we sliced one a little. Immediately our Job's comforter started in to improve the occasion. "You have a lovely natural swing, old man," he said, "but it seems to me you are a little off in your stance. Now, if you . . . We were as clay in the hands of the potter, and we tried to carry out his suggestions regarding our stance. The result was not a success. When he got through with us we couldn't have swept the ball off the tee with a broom.

There is no need of going into any further details of that awful game. He won every hole. In fact, we quit counting our score at all. We would have needed a calculating machine to keep the thing properly. If we had been trundling the ball around the course with a table-spoon we couldn't have taken more strokes. And we would certainly have got much better direction.

But the game taught us one thing, at any rate. We decided then and there that never—no, never, would we play again with a really sympathetic fellow. . . .

pathetic golfer. What's more, if we catch our opponent trying to sympathize with us on any pretext whatsoever, it is our firm intention to bash him on the coco with a cleek.

The kind of man we intend to play with is some red-necked fellow with hairy hands, who, when we miss a shot, will turn to us with a scowl and say: "Why the devil ever told you you could play golf, you poor dog-fish? Why don't you eat some meat and get a little pep into you? If I had an eye like yours, I'd . . ." Then we will get really mad and play the game of our life.

Why the Kaiser

WANTED TO GET TO LONDON—SECRETS OF A BANK'S STRONG-ROOM.

Lying in a strongroom of a London bank or safe deposit, are seven large steel-bound boxes, which the ex-Kaiser would give a big sum of money to possess.

As is well known, the great banking houses of London have in their possession numerous deed-boxes containing securities that have laid unclaimed for years.

In a great number of cases the depositor has died, leaving no trace behind of the deed-boxes that he had carefully stowed away in his banker's strong-room; and without the authority of the safe custody receipt voucher, nobody is allowed to interfere with the deposits that lay in the bank's vaults.

These seven deed-boxes are said to contain the manuscripts of the third and most important volume of the autobiographical memoirs of Prince Bismarck, together with a valuable collection of confidential papers and correspondence. They also contain several hundred letters written by the ex-Kaiser to the Iron Chancellor, and reports of various plots and intrigues at Vienna in which the Kaiser was mixed up.

Bismarck intended to publish the third volume of his memoirs during his lifetime, but the Kaiser, greatly alarmed by the tone of his first two volumes, threatened him with dire penalties. Bismarck managed, therefore, to smuggle the manuscripts of the third volume, and his most precious papers, out of the country over to England in order to save himself from the Kaiser's wrath.

But it is very evident that the Kaiser knew of what had happened to the documents, for frequently during his reign he made efforts to recover them.

It is known that during the war he offered a big reward to the airman who succeeded in dropping a bomb on the bank where they were deposited.

Towns Killed by Strikes.

London suffered severely during the recent railway strike, as did most other places; but luckily the dispute did not last long enough to leave behind it any permanent ill effects.

Not infrequently, however, it has happened that towns have been seriously crippled, or even wiped out of existence, as a result of labour wars. For example, the metropolis of the cotton industry of the North is, of course, Manchester. It ought by rights, however, to be Preston, for up till 1853 this town was easily first as regards the number of its spinning mills and output.

But in the early part of the year above mentioned owing to a wages dispute between employers and employed, the whole of the mills there shut down, and remained closed for thirty-six weeks.

The result was that Preston was for the time being ruined. Grass grew in the once busy streets. Two-thirds of the shopkeepers had to put up their shutters. And when the long-drawn-out dispute was at length brought to an end, and business was resumed, Preston found, to its dismay, that Manchester had usurped its place as England's premier cotton-spinning town.

A Three Years' Dispute.

In 1891, again, Clitheroe elected to emulate Preston's bad example. The tests of the strike are felt there to this day. The dispute kept the mills closed for twenty-five weeks, and the resultant misery and distress were appalling, to say nothing of the loss of trade, the latter being by far the most serious outcome of the unfortunate affair. In fact, it was asserted at the time that Clitheroe had thrown away its chance of becoming a second Blackburn.

When this is taken into consideration, it is certain that Wakefield, once the centre of the woollen industry, similarly threw away its chances in favour of Leeds. The old-time spinners there set their faces against the introduction of machinery. Strike succeeded strike. The town got into bad odour amongst the mill-owners, so much so that Titus Salt, who had originally fixed upon it as the site for his bure factories, built them elsewhere; and in the end Leeds—which welcomed the new machinery—forged ahead and Wakefield decayed.



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terms of money the loss occasioned by Sunderland by the great engineering strike which broke out there in the spring of 1893, and lasted for two and a half years. The effects of this protracted labour war extended far beyond the place of its origin, involving many neighbouring towns and villages in ruin.

Finally, mention may be made of the strike of the 15,000 operatives employed at the great Manningham Mills, Bradford, which broke out in December, 1890, and which, before it ended on April 27th of the following year, had brought red ruin very near to the ancient seat of the woollen industry, the rioting being so fierce and so prolonged that the military had to suppress it.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Prince and New York.

(From the New York Herald.) New York presents to the Prince of Wales the assurances of its distinguished consideration and hopes that the city will impress him as favorably as he is bound to impress it. That he will have as good a time while he is here as his grandfather had before him there is no reason to doubt. On many occasions while he was in Canada our visitor expressed keen interest in what he was to see in the London of the New World. One thing, we think, is certain—when he sails away on the Renova he will carry with him a keen sense of the fact that the busy people of this metropolis are not so self-centred as some persons seem to imagine, and that hospitality is with us a very easy and very pleasant occupation when it has the right sort of an object.

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This fish should be placed in cold water for 8 to 10 hours before cooking. In order to admit of this being done, delivery will be made on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the afternoon.

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