

DECORATING THE HOME FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON!

Christmas, 1919, will be a memorable event—the first peaceful Christmas for six years. Many Homes in our land will, therefore, make extraordinary preparations for a Very Happy Christmas. To assist you we have opened a large shipment of

AMERICAN JOB WALL PAPERS—A Large Assortment of New Patterns. Prices, 20c., 22c., 25c., 27c. and 30c. Piece.



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Marshall Bros



Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

FIGHTING GHOSTS.



"I have a feeling," a neighbor of mine said to me one day, speaking of her mother-in-law, "that she thinks I don't spend as much time as I should on the house. If she ever says it to me I know just what I'll say. I've got it all planned. When I think how hard

work to keep the children neat and help John with his accounts, it makes me boil to think of her asking I don't spend time enough on the house. I guess if I had her house and nothing else in the world to do and not even a husband to bother me, I could keep it as nice as she does hers."

She Just Had a Feeling It Was So. "But what makes you think she thinks you don't keep your house neat enough? I mildly expostulated. She didn't ever say so, did she?" "No, she's never said a word, but she has a feeling she thinks so."

"She's so poison neat herself, she probably doesn't see why I can't be. I'll tell her all right if she ever says anything."

A veritable battle light was in my neighbor's eye and a call to battle on her voice. To battle against what? Against a point of view that she felt mine else held.

I have an idea that a great deal of energy is wasted in ways like this.

Another woman once told me that before she recognized the folly of it, she used to let her thoughts run for hours on what she would like to say to a sister-in-law whom she did not like or approve of. She would conduct long mental conversations in which she freed her mind of all the disapproval that she had been storing up in it.

Watch yourself sometime and see if you ever hold any of these imaginary conversations, or if you are all ready to do battle against some idea which you think some friend or relative holds in regard to you.

And if you do, just stop and ask yourself if there could be a more foolish waste of energy, a more ridiculous way of raising the blood pressure and wearing out your arteries.

The Worst of It Is You Keep Doing It. Of course, you don't get as angry as if you really talked the matter out with these imaginary offenders, but you do get more wrought up than you realize. And the worst of it is, that you don't do it and get it out of your system, but you do it over and over again.

One cannot help disliking and disapproving of certain people, one cannot help feeling that certain people judge one unfairly, but one can help dwelling on such matters in a way that does no one any good and oneself much harm.

Household Notes.

Extravagance is always in bad taste.

Keep the stove shut up when not in use.

Beef tea is not a food, but a stimulant.

Holes in matting may be darned with raffia.

Bait your mouse traps with sunflower seed.

A cake should be fed before it is quite cold.

Save all dry bits of cheese—they can be grated.

Every room in the house should have its candle.

Just Folks by Edgar A. Guest

THE SIMPLER LIFE.

Go for the honors if you will, And treat the stony heights to fame;

Fight for the rich rewards of skill, And seek life's jeweled crown to claim.

But as for me, I'll plod along Where humble people have the way And find my joy in simple song And common pleasures day by day.

Fight for the glory of the great And clamor for their brief success; I know a little swinging gate That leads to lasting happiness.

I would not shrink my duties here, Nor fail the purpose of my birth, But I would live from year to year And claim the lasting joys of earth.

I choose to know my children well, Where men and women nod and smile, Not over eager for men's praise, Nor over fond of pomp and style.

But glad when I can play the friend, And proud when men are friends to me.

Contented that I've time to spend With any man who'll be he.

I choose to know my children well, To life my little life at home, To take from toil a resting spell, And let who will forever roam.

I'll find beneath my roof tree gay The sweet and simple joys that live, And reap along the humble way All that a span of years can give.

Important!

Every man starting out in business will have to go over a hard road and find out its turnings for himself. But he need not go over his road in the dark if he can take with him the light of other men's experience.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON have the experience of supplying all kinds of Drugs, Patent Medicines, etc., at the very lowest possible prices. Large stocks of Dodd's Pills, Wampole Oil, Fletcher's Castoria, Gin Pills, Carnol, Beecham's Pills, Sabadilla Powder, Keating's Insect Powder, White Pine and Tar, Phorastone, Prescription "A", Headache Wafers, Menthol Plasters, Belladonna Plasters, Strengthening Plasters, Toilet Cream, Nyl's Face Cream, Peroxide Cream, Cold Cream, Essence-Peppermint, Friar's Balsam, Tincture Iodine, Castor Oil, Linseed and Turpentine, Syrup, Hypophosphites, Condition Powders, Tooth Pastes, all Toilet Articles and hundreds of other preparations too numerous to mention.

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Big Fights for Titles.

Legal Squabbles for Peerages.

John Rackstraw, a Sunderland bricklayer, is claiming the Lennox peerage and estates, with a rent-roll of some £26,000.

This is the first big claim of the kind since the war, but so lately as 1911, William Ward, a Melbourne builder, was claiming the title and estates of the Earl of Dudley. He claimed direct descent from Thomas, son of the eleventh Earl Dudley—Thomas, who was the black sheep of the family, and who became known as "the bold smuggler of Plymouth."

About the same time the great fight for the Sackville peerage was in full swing. The claimant was Ernest Henri Baptiste Sackville-West, son of the famous Spanish dancer, Pepita.

The claim failed, and three years later the claimant, out of his mind with distress at the death of his wife, shot himself.

Everyone remembers the Druce case, the great claim for the dukedom of Portland by Mr. George Hal-lamby Druce. Seldom has the public imagination been so stirred as by the amazing story of the mock funeral

followed by fifty coaches, and the lead-filled coffin. A company called Druce, Ltd., was formed to purchase the claim, but in the end the shareholders were disappointed.

One of the greatest of peerage trials was connected with the Earl-dom of Anglesey. It lasted for fifteen days. The circumstances were most romantic, for Richard Alkam, the then Lord Anglesey, who was believed to be illegitimate, had kidnapped his nephew, the rightful heir, and sold him as a slave to a Virginian planter.

Although the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, the latter had no funds to prosecute his case, and the wicked earl remained in possession until his death a few years later.

SOME DAY.



Some day good sense will reign again, so let's throw up our hats; some day we'll all be sane again, our bell-fries free from hats. Some day we'll quit our foolery and buckle down to toll, cut out the rant and droolery, and make the

kettle boil. Some day we'll tire of clamoring and pawing up the ground, of knocking and of hammering, of yawps and empty sound. We'll tire of all the driveling of loud wind-jamming men, and we'll go swiftly swiveling to our old jobs again. The brawny handed carpenter, will pass the window by; his plane, when he has sharpened her, will make the shavings fly. The blacksmith blithely, gaily, will make his bellows roar, and he will fire out bodily the strike-suggesting bore. The rows of kings embattled us and drew us from our place; the big commotion rattled us, and got us off our base. We've all been wildly capering since war received the shids; we've all been vainly vamping, and talking through our lids. Our old time jobs are calling us; let's get to work again, or coppers will be hauling us to poor-farms in the glen.

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