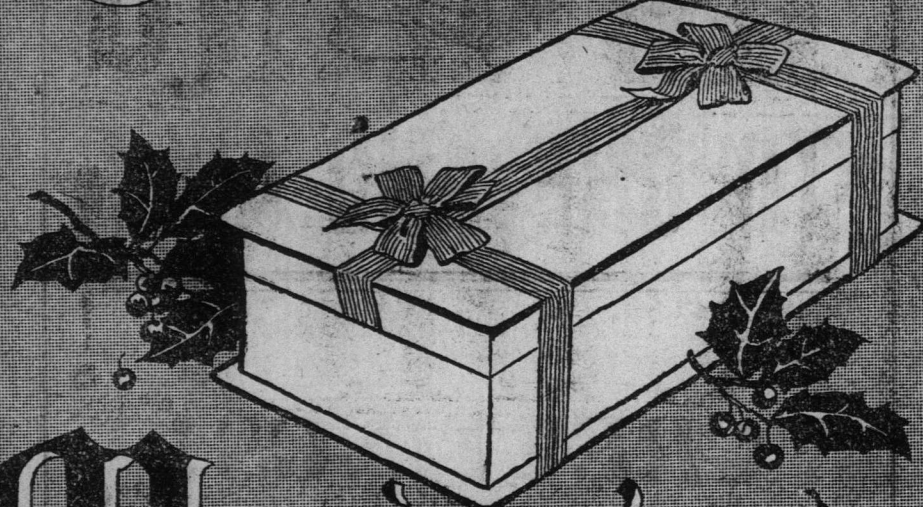


For Christmas



Moir's Chocolates

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Does Seeing the Battlefield Try Your Faith?

Question by One of the Women Whose Faces are Seared and Whose Hearts are Scared by the Loss of Men and Boys Whom They Have Loved.

(London Public Opinion.)

"Do you find that seeing the battlefields tries your faith?"

The question came to me the other day in a letter from Scotland, written by one of the millions of women whose faces are seared and whose hearts are scared by the loss of men and boys whom they have loved, one of the many thousands whose daily work brings them face to face with the sufferings of the maimed and gassed and wounded. As it happens that my business takes me constantly to the front in the capacity of a non-combatant spectator, I should like to try and answer it more publicly than through the channel of a personal letter.

So writes the Times' special correspondent with the French Army, and he writes on All Saints' Day.

"With an enormous number of people, unthinking as well as thinking, it is the question of the hour. Away from the sound of guns we go on, through the heart-sore of it all, marring and giving in marriage, and dining and supping and playing, with little or no apparent recollection that all the time death is gathering in the richest harvest that the grave has ever housed."

"But that is only on the surface. We are always, all of us, conscious that the spectre is there. Not all the lights and music and luxury in the world can make us forget it; and the truth, and the danger—is that it is secretly those who seem to be most thoughtless whose faith in God—if they have any—is most likely to be affected by the horrors of the war."

"On the actual field of battle, in the hideous wastes of desolation over which the chariot of war has rolled, the case is curiously different. Nothing that I have read, nothing I think that will ever be written, can really bring home to us who have not been a part of it, the abominable, monstrous, purposeless destructiveness of it all. Everything that had material form or beauty is entirely swept away, or defaced and mutilated and littered about in an unsightly confusion of revolting ugliness and filth. Trees and flowers and grass, roads and houses and furniture and clothes and equipment are burnt and shattered and torn and broken and defiled."

"The ground is cumbered and the air is poisoned with the dead bodies of men and horses, putrefying and offensive. The world has become a foul rubbish heap and the face of nature a repellent nightmare. There is no comeliness or dignity left in any of the works of God or man. A canker has devoured the land. Day after day and night after night it gnaws and corrupts it. Day after day and night after night the same sickening waste goes on—the waste of life, the life of healthy flesh and vigorous blood, the waste of work, the work of forester and husbandman, and builder and manufacturer, and the waste of material, the material of shells and chemical products which waste not only every breath of life and every stick of property that they can reach, but themselves as well."

"Week after week and year after year the energy of all those millions of fighting men, instead of being usefully productive, is devoted to the destruction of their fellow-men, and as a necessary consequence, of the lifelong happiness of those other millions of human beings, especially women and children, to whom they are dear."

"As there is a God in Heaven—all powerful and all-loving—can these things be? Who shall reproach us if we echo the cry of Christ upon the Cross, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'"

"But there are the graves. To-day, our All Saints' Day, is in France for all the French, the Day of the Dead. The thoughts and the feet of the whole population are turned towards the cemeteries, on and off the present battlefields, in which they lie. We are apt in England—or we were—to consider ourselves a religious nation as compared with the French."

"The war, I think, has taught us better. Any of us, certainly, who has wandered into a French church or cathedral, at Rheims, at Amiens, at Nancy—where you will—and has seen French women and French officers and private soldiers kneeling side by side before or after a battle on the flag-stones in front of the altar, the Englishman who has rested on the four des Morts, the infinitely pathetic enclosures where row upon row of crosses mark the last resting-place of the dead soldiers of France, must know that the faith of France and the bond between her and our own country are alive as probably they have never before in her whole history."

"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more

also, if aught but death part thee and me."

"And there are the living—a far firmer bulwark, to my mind, against all the doubts suggested by the horrors of the battlefield than even these outward and visible signs of the common faith in the resurrection of the dead, which, after all, might be nothing more than a mere credulous delusion. For the lives of the living cannot be a delusion. And, never I believe, have so many ordinary men, noble and simple and self-sacrificing, so brave, so pure, so far removed from one's old ideas of the swash-buckling and sometimes brutal professional soldier of popular fancy, as is to be seen to-day in the lives of the French and English armies."

"If only you people in England could see them as they are in the trenches—no, a thousand times no—your faith would not be shaken, even by the untellable horrors of the modern battlefield. 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.'"

"And the inevitable conclusion carried away from the battlefields of France, in spite of all the, horrible suffering and waste and destruction, is that never in the history of the world have so many men lived such noble and simple and self-sacrificing lives as the present armies of England and France."

"If, as George Meredith said, the principal part of faith, is patience, then nowhere so much as in the cemeteries and on the battlefields of France is faith to be found."

Here is a fine saying by Pierre Loti about these same great French people quoted in the Westminster Gazette: 'Writing of All Souls Day, Pierre Loti says: "And what touching, beautiful services were sung for them on the day of their Feast. Every little church not destroyed by the brutal foe had been decorated at early dawn by the villagers, who brought all they had of flowers, flags, and tapers. The little churches were far too small for the crowds who flocked to the services; officers, soldiers, civilians, women, for the most part in deep mourning, their tear-stained eyes discerning beneath the long black veil."

"To do special honor to their fallen comrades the soldiers had improvised a sacred concert, and learnt to music suitable for the occasion. Their voices, though untrained, vibrated in a solemnly impressive manner in the 'Dies Irae' and the 'De Profundis.' Where could be found a more fitting preparation for the supreme sacrifice and a glorious death, than such prayers, such music, such flowers?"

"I tell of these things for the sake of all mothers, the wives, the families who dwell far from these scenes in distant provinces of France—those whose hearts are perhaps made heavier by the thought that the grave of a loved one may be deserted or even forgotten. Let them be reassured. In spite of all weathers the little wooden crosses stand firm, and nowhere as at the front are graves so carefully guarded and honored, nowhere do they receive more touching homage, more flowers, more prayers, more tears."

"The Blackbirds"

AT ROSSLEY'S.

On Christmas Day at Rossley's British Theatre will be presented one of the most novel and unique performances ever given by youngsters, a real laugh show, and a complete change from anything ever given here by such a young troupe, and patrons will say that Mrs. Rossley has worked wonders to have our own local girls reach such a stage of perfection in theatrical business. In the many delightful pantomimes of the past there have been kings, queens, princes, princesses, giants, dwarfs, imps, demons, fairies, good and bad elves, nymphs and many other things but in this production there is a complete change, something altogether different. The Blackbirds is under the distinguished patronage and presence of His Excellency Governor and Lady Davidson and the Misses Davidson.

McMurdo's Store News

SATURDAY, Dec. 23, '16.

On this, the vigil of Christmas we again offer our greetings to our friends and patrons. The past year has been for many a family a time of sadness and trial, and the end is not yet. But those who have lost may be comforted by the reflection that their boys have sacrificed themselves in the cause of Christianity, Freedom and the honor and safety of their mothers and sisters. And we must take courage from the belief that the struggle will not be in vain, but that a new world will be evolved from the old conditions and that effective means will be taken to ensure a lasting peace. So it is not out of order to wish all our customers and friends to-day a Happy Christmas.

Everyday Etiquette.

"A girl friend with a man escort came into the car where I sat and, after introductions, he tried to pay my fare. Is that proper?" asked Gladys.

"A man in the position could hardly avoid paying all the fares and it was probably his pleasure to do so," answered her sister.

THE FIRST PAIR.

Don't make any mistake this year. Let your first pair of rubber shoes be Bear Brand. Times are too hard for anyone to take chances of being out of work for two or three weeks with a cold which could have been avoided by getting satisfactory rubber shoes. The good old BEAR BRAND shoes, which are becoming more widely known every day, are being sold in St. John's by:

John Anderson.
W. R. Gooble.
Nicholle, Jakpen & Chafe, Ltd.
Royal Stores, Ltd.
F. Smallwood.
Steer Bros.
Jesse Whiteway.

Wholesale by
CLEVELAND RUBBER CO.,
New Martin Bldg.
nov11, w.s.t.f.

Household Notes.

When planning the Christmas dinner, it is better to stand by the good old-fashioned Christmas dishes. Corn beef hashed and mixed with cold boiled potatoes, then baked in a loaf in the oven, makes a good lunch dish.

Morning glories adapt themselves to indoor life, and if watered and trained, will have a very effective bit of cheer.

If a fish-bone sticks in the throat, a piece of lemon should be eaten at once. The lemon will cause the bone to dissolve.

When serving beets chop them rather fine after boiling. The butter is then poured over them and they are most delicious.

It is wise to once in a while take out the rollers of the carpet sweeper and wash them thoroughly. They will sweep much cleaner.

If you have to light a coal fire in the kitchen every morning, see that kindlings, etc., are all laid ready to hand the night before.

A way to keep blankets and quilts clean near the face is to "cap" them with longcloth, turning the cloth down on each side about ten inches.

To prevent tumbler from being lousy and streaked, wash them in clean water, rinse in scalding water and drain; do not wipe with a towel.

When making ginger bread collect all the odd bits of cooked fruits and jelly in the pantry and mix them in the batter. This will add a good flavor.

Christmas Slippers.

EVERYBODY COMES HERE FOR SHOES!



Our showing of Christmas Slippers is a regular beauty show.

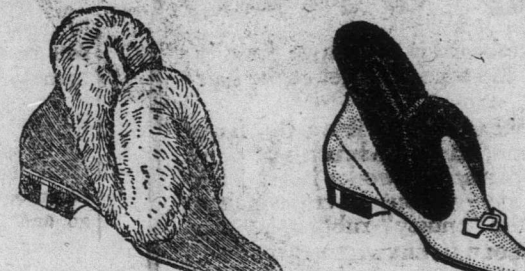
For men we have Black and Tan Leather Slippers at .80c., \$1.00, \$1.30, \$1.60 to \$2.50

Men's Carpet Slippers from50c. to \$1.00

Men's Grey Felt Slippers \$1.50 and \$1.60

A large stock of Women's Felt "Kozy" Slippers and Juliets, assorted colors, turn soles and flat heels, from90c., \$1.00, \$1.30, \$1.50 to \$2.00

In Grey, Saxe-Blue, Purple, Claret and Red, Fur trim or Ribbon trim.



Gaiters

MAKE VERY ACCEPTABLE XMAS GIFTS.

We have Women's Gaiters from \$1.60 to \$2.70

Men's 1 Buckle Gaiters, as cut, only \$1.50 pair

Men's 2 Buckle Gaiters from \$2.30 to \$3.00



A FULL LINE OF WOMEN'S, BOYS' AND GIRLS'

Rubber Boots

IN STOCK.

Women's Rubber Boots \$2.10 to \$2.50

Girls' Rubber Boots \$1.45 to \$2.80

Boys' Rubber Boots \$2.00 to \$3.00

ANY EXCHANGE MADE AFTER CHRISTMAS.

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.

THE SHOE MEN.

Beautiful and Useful Gifts!

We are offering a new suggestion to the Christmas shopper, one that will be surely welcome to those who want to give SOMEONE a really good Christmas present. This suggestion is that you make some such desired—or perhaps needed—articles of Furniture your Christmas Gifts for this year.

While a new Cosy Chair, pretty sitting-room Table or some other dainty article of Furniture is always a lovely gift, wartime will surely make it doubly welcome.

Think over this idea—and then come along and see our well-nigh inexhaustible stock of beautiful things, for here you'll surely find the solution of the Christmas present puzzle.

U. S. Picture and Portrait Co.
Water Street, St. John's.

J. J. St. JOHN.

Before Flour goes higher put in your stock.

1500 barrels on hand and to arrive, of best brands.

Pork, Beef, Jowls.

Spare Ribs at \$19.00 brl., or 10 lbs. for \$1.00.

Molasses—1st runnings.

Tea, Sugar, Kero Oil.

Oats, Bran & Cattle Feeds.

Our ECLIPSE TEA is the best in Newfoundland at 45c. lb.

J. J. ST. JOHN,
Buckworth St. and LaMarchant Road.

WHOOPIING COUGH
ASTHMA
CROUP
BRONCHITIS
CATARRH
COLDS

Vapo-Crescine

A simple, safe and effective treatment involving no drugs. Vapo-Crescine stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air-carrying, antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, relieving, restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

Sold in bottles for 50c. and 1.00. Vapo-Crescine Co., New York City, U.S.A.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.
THERAPION No. 1
CURES CROUP, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, COLDS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.
THERAPION No. 2
CURES BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, COLDS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.
THERAPION No. 3
CURES BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, COLDS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.
THERAPION

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