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The Price of Peace.

By RUTH CAMERON.

Once more I have run up against the woman who says, "Nothing is worth arguing about." Nothing is worth upsetting the peace of the family about.

I hate that proposition like poison. It's so fearfully plausible and specious. It's peace at any price.

I don't believe in any price in the home any more. I believe in a question that lately came up. A very over-bearing, unreasonable man got out of temper with a household servant and insisted on treating her in a most unjust way.

The wife who has put up with such a deal of injustice towards her husband would not put up with that, and her point but at the expense of peace. Was that worth disturbing the peace of the family about or not?

Kind of Peace Not a Bargain. I know a man who disliked his father and did not wish her to communicate with him in any way. Was that right or

Wrong? Will you tell me that the right has preserved family peace by acquiescing on the surface? What she wished behind his back, that supposing it to be desirable, isn't always possible. And as being desirable—for myself, I think that peace bought at the price of sneaking and underhanding is such a bargain, after all.

That Aren't Worth Disturbing the Peace For. The woman had said that nine-tenths of the things we argue and dispute about are not worth it. I might agree with her. The pleasure of proving that one is right in some small matter, the wordy dispute, the controversy over matters of principle when there is no definite principle, the heated political or religious discussion—none of these to my mind is worth paying an hour's peace and quiet for.

Apply It To Men As Well As Women.

I would like to see all that ap-

plied to man just as much as to woman. It's no more worthwhile for the man to disturb the peace by insisting on his point in unimportant matters than it is for the woman. "But isn't it better, if he will insist, to let him, rather than to be always arguing?" asks the woman who has such a husband. Well, I suppose we can't make over the man who has been moulded into what he is by centuries of economic dominance. In a lifetime or two, which means what? That, faced with conditions, one often finds it impossible to live just as one theorizes.

And in the other matters—the important matters—well, one wants to be very sure they are important and very sure one is right before one pays the price of peace for them.

Just Folks

A GOOD NAME.

Men talk too much of gold and fame and not enough about a name. And yet a good name's better far than all earth's glistening jewels are. Who holds his name above all price, and chooses every sacrifice To keep his earthly record clear, Can face the world without a fear.

Who never cheats nor lies for gain, A poor man may, perhaps, remain. Yet when at night he goes to rest, No little voice within his breast Disturbs his slumber; conscience clear, He falls asleep with naught to fear. And when he wakes the world to face, He is not tainted by disgrace.

Who keeps his name without a stain, Wears no man's brand and no man's chain. He need not fear to speak his mind In dread of what the world may find. He then is master of his will, None may command him to be still, Nor force him, when he would stand fast, To flinch before his hidden past.

Not all the gold that men may claim Can cover up a deed of shame, Not all the fame of victory sweet Can free the man who's played the cheat. He lives a slave unto the last—Unto the shame that mars his past. He only freedom here may own Whose name a stain has never known.

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The Kaiser's Private Spy.

By FREDERIC MARTYN.

(In Pearson's Weekly.)

The Kaiser's private spy—who, for all I know, may still be at work—is not endowed with an unusual degree of physical strength. She has more of the butterfly than the ant in her composition, and is certainly not the stamp of woman who usually does the things with which she is credited. But a woman who has the appearance of being feather-brained and weak, while actually mentally and physically strong, is more likely to be a success as a spy than a woman who looks capable. As an illustration of this there is the following adventure:

In the spring of 1913 German secret agents in Russia reported that the Russian War Office appeared to know what had passed at a series of secret conferences between the German and Austrian military chiefs to draw up plans for the co-operation of the respective armies in the event of war.

The regular German Secret Service was utterly unable to locate the source from which the Russian War Office had obtained the information, and the greatly disguised Kaiser announced his intention of taking the matter in hand himself.

The Countess and the Colonel. He put his private spy on the job and she succeeded where the most astute agents employed by the General Staff, the Naval Intelligence Department, and the Political Secret Service had failed.

She is herself by birth a Russian and the widow of a Polish Count, so she started her investigations at Petrograd and succeeded in discovering there that the information came from Vienna. Then she appeared at the Austrian capital as a wealthy Russian Countess travelling for pleasure, and was received as such at the Russian Embassy.

Eventually her suspicions centred on Colonel Riedel, one of the chiefs of the Austrian Intelligence Service, who had been present at the conference, and she laid herself out to become his Delilah.

That was not a difficult matter for such a charming woman as the Countess, for the Colonel was a noted ladies' man, and in no long time she

obtained proof that he had not only betrayed the secrets of the conference, but was actually on the point of handing over to Russia details of the celebrated Skoda gun, that created such a surprise in the early part of the war. The upshot was that, in order to prevent a terrible scandal, the Colonel was allowed to commit suicide.

That sort of investigation is, however, not typical of the activities of the Kaiser's private spy. When in Berlin she lived in great style in the Kuertstendamm, a residential thoroughfare that may be compared to Park Lane in London, and she moved in the highest circles of Berlin society, apparently without her connection with the Kaiser being suspected.

The Kaiser's Secret Visits. She spied upon everybody, including the Kaiser's sons, and when she was in Berlin the Kaiser was even kept informed of the talk at society tables.

As a consequence many German ladies of high degree were banished from Berlin during the war and kept under police surveillance, whilst officers and officials who had let their tongues wag too freely for the Kaiser's liking had unpleasant things happen to them.

She never went to the Kaiser. When he wished to consult her or to give her instructions, he either visited her secretly or wrote to her with his own hand without signing the communication. The Countess's servants and probably a few of the people immediately near the Kaiser knew of these visits, but they did not know of the purpose of them and maybe they ascribed them to a commonplace reason.

It is probable that even now, while he is in exile, the Kaiser is in close touch with the Countess, who keeps him posted on events that are happening in his late Empire.

Sea and Air Spoils Cigars

The Troubles of a Tobaccoist.

"Mildew—that is my worst enemy," said the tobaccoist. "No, I have not had any losses of that kind lately, for during the past three years I have not been able to keep any stock in hand. Cigarettes and tobacco both have hardly arrived before they are gone."

But in the old days, before the war, mildew was a real trouble, especially in damp, thundery weather. "Cure it? Yes, if you take it in time. The tobacco must be laid out on a piece of muslin over a kettle of boiling water. The steam destroys the fungus. But you cannot, of course, treat cigarettes in this way, and therefore, if I have to store cigarettes, I prefer those in airtight tins."

"Cigars, too, suffer very easily in damp warmth. The best place to keep them is in the kitchen or in a warm linen cupboard. Conditions are always worse in a seaside town. Salt air does not agree with cigars, and a sea voyage seems to upset them altogether."

"One of my customers who crosses to America about twice a year invariably carries his cigars, each in a separate glass tube, carefully corked. He smokes an expensive brand at the rate of six a day, and takes with him just sufficient for the voyage."

"Those little holes? They are made by what we call the cigarette beetle. They say the insect came from South America, but I am not sure about that. What I am certain about is that the little pests are very much on the increase, and that they are doing a great deal of damage. One of the travellers of a wholesale firm recently advised me to use bisulphide of

carbon. I was to fumigate with it. "In their own large store, he says that they find the best protection to be steaming the stock, and of course, the most scrupulous cleanliness."

Milady's Boudoir.

THE MOUTH THAT SMILES.

You can keep father time at bay a long time with a smiling mouth and you can add necessary years with a drooping mouth.

If you don't believe this stand in front of your mirror with the muscles of the corners of your mouth turned down.

The expression of the whole face is old, unhappy and ugly. Then smile without showing the teeth. Don't you look years younger and far more attractive.

Few women realize what a wonderful effect mind and temperament have upon their personal appearance, or that one of the greatest factors in remaining young is the habit of always looking on the bright side of things and cultivating a capacity for enjoying everything in life, small pleasures as well as great.

Some people possess this capacity naturally, but anyone can make an attempt to cultivate it.

The aging lines about your mouth are purely habit. You allow the muscles around your mouth to sag through indulging in discontent and ill temper.

Everyone can feel without consulting the mirror, when the mouth is drooping, and then is the time to correct the downward curve of the muscles. To remove the aging lines about your mouth use adhesive plaster. Curve the lips upward in a smile. Then damp and fix a piece of plaster, cut the shape of a half moon, on either side of the mouth.

Leave them in this position for several hours, if worn during the day; or they can be applied at night and left on till morning, whichever is most convenient.

AUCTION SALES.

It is the time of auction sales, when farmers sell their junk; regardless of the rains or gales, the auction brings a lot of males to blow the hard earned plunk. I never knew an auction yet upon a sunny day, it's always either cold or wet; when I go home I need a vet to drive my ills away. I much admire the auctioneer, who braves the rain and snow; his smile extends from ear to ear, he springs the gags I used to hear some forty years ago. We stand around, a dismal group, upon the frozen lawn, and buy in churn and chicken coop, and hear the long drawn plaintive wailing of "Going! Going! Gone!" We buy up loads of moldy hay and scythes and grinding stones, and whiffletrees and whips and whey, and many hens to old to lay, and hives, mostly bones. We buy old pumps and rusty plows, and sick, moth eaten sheep, and superannated sows, and bony, prehistoric cows, because we think they're cheap. To get things cheap, I dare maintain, is mankind's chief desire; and so we stand out in the rain, and bid on useless things and vain, bid like a house afire.

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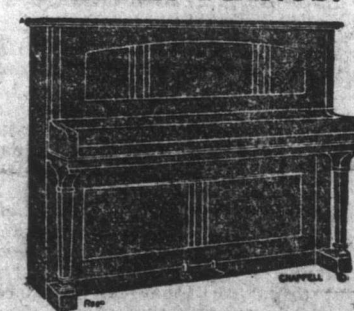
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