

Our Christmas Cards

Specially selected in packets of one dozen cards of the latest and prettiest designs.

The Soldier Packet, only	7c.
The Sopwith Packet, only	10c.
The Martinsyde Packet, only	15c.
The Submarine Packet, only	20c.
The Vickers Packet, only	25c.
The Victory Packet, only	30c.
The Army Packet, only	40c.
The Dominion Packet, only	50c.
The British Packet, only	60c.
The Prince Packet, only	70c.
The Lloyd George Packet, only	80c.
The Princess Packet, only	90c.
The Empire Packet, only	\$1.00
The His Majesty's Packet, only	\$1.20
Boxes of Assorted Christmas Cards and Envelopes—	
35c., 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., \$1.00, \$1.20	
per box.	
Single Cards in boxes, beautiful designs, at 20c., 30c.,	
40c., 60c., 80c and \$1.20 each.	

CALENDARS:

Fancy and Block Calendars from 10c. each; postage extra.

SPECIAL PRICES TO WHOLESALERS.

DICKS & CO., Ltd.,
Booksellers & Stationers.

Eternal Vigilance

in every department—from the selection of raw material on through all the stages of the baking—is the secret of the quality of

Johnson's Goods.

Notice to the Trade!

We beg to announce that we are now open for business in the Wholesale Dry Goods.

Our stock comprises a full line of GENERAL DRY GOODS.

We intend selling at the lowest possible prices. A call will convince you.

We are also COMMISSION MERCHANTS and MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS, and carry the agency for Messrs. Joseph Gundry & Co., Ltd., of Bridport, England, the well known makers of HERRING NETS, NETTING, LINES and TWINES, of which we carry a stock on consignment for the trade only.

Greaves & Sons, Ltd.,
QUEEN STREET.

nov10.61

On Thursday the Prince of Wales journeying to Ottawa from Toronto, took his turn at the throttle for 20 miles. The Prince entered the cab at Piaville. He handled the engine with ease, bringing the train to a smooth stop at Trenton. On the trip from Toronto the Royal visitor shook hands with each member of the crew of the Canadian Pacific train which

has carried him on his tour of the Dominion. He gave each man an autographed picture of himself, and to officials of the road and heads of the various departments he presented gifts of jewelry.

Coughs and Colds are very prevalent at present. Try Phorastone at STAFFORD'S, Theatre Hill.—oct.6,19

Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium.



WE SALUTE THEE!

Out o'er the deep we shout our salutation.
Hear our voice upon the breeze: "Ship Ahoy!"

Pride of the Christian world, we may not see
Thy face, nor hear the music of thy tongue
Telling thy land's great fortitude and faith,
When soul and heart with agony were wrung.

Our sister lands have thrilled beneath thy feet.
Thou Champion of the Righteousness of God!
Who braved the raging tyrant to his teeth,
When o'er thy Sireland's fields in might he trod.

Thy voice defying, raised against the foe,
With such compelling force, that every word
Like prophet tones went out across the world—
A call to Manhood that all Manhood heard!

Before thee those whose intellects were schooled
The big artillery to count supreme,
Were cowed—thy God was still the Lord of Hosts,
And He thy martyred Belgium would redeem!

This was the faith, whose inspiration kept
Unquenchable, the fire of Belgium's soul,
Thro' years when dark despair engulfed the earth,
That lit the trail that led to Freedom's goal.

Through a red sea of blood thy people passed,
Wherein the tyrants' hosts went down to doom,
E'en as the people of the prophet, who
A rescued Israel led from Egypt's gloom.

Thou and thy Belgium balked the hand of Hate,
The Peace-blessed lands acclaim thy triumph now;
The choicest laurels of the States of earth
Are proudly placed to deck thy patriot brow.

Yonder the great is borne across the sea,
The waves that kiss his barque as he goes by
With shout exultant, tells unto the shores
That old Atlantic never knew such joy

Than now, for bearing on her bounteous breast
This seer whose deeds have thrilled the hemispheres,
A soothing brings for trials her bosom knew
When earth was racked with frightfulness and tears!

The fisher, as he toils upon the deep,
May see the ship that bears thee, move afar;
And maybe thou, some headland light of ours,
May see, soft burning, like a distant star.

Or happily from the hamlets that look out
O'er the broad bay, thy folks shall watch thy sail;
So in these sea-nursed towns through all the years,
Thy name shall live while faith inspires the tale.

For when they speak of the great ones of earth,
The supermen—the noblest of their day,
Some patriarchal voice this truth shall vouch:
"The greatest of them all went by this way!"

D. CARROLL.

November 15th, 1919.

The Lord Mayor's Show.

London's Annual Pageant.

A thin line of spectators on the curbstone, in the light of a gray November day. A few flags strung across the street. A blare of trumpets, and the roll of kettle drums; the music of the military bands, firemen with engines, and sailors with lifeboats. A man in armor, perhaps, and some Beefeaters with their halberds. A representation of the guilds, in a long line of barouches with aldermen in silk hats; and then—the gilded coach of the Lord Mayor, with the

of the promise of the corporation annually to present their Mayor to him, his successors, or his justiciar, for approval upon the day of his election. Those were stirring times. A year before John had proclaimed himself the Pope's vassal. That year Roger Bacon was born. The next the Great Charter was signed. A year later John lost his crown crossing the Wash in a flood, and a few weeks later passed away at Newark. Nor was the Lord Mayor without his troubles. Trapsing after an itinerant monarch, in order to get your election confirmed, must have been particularly trying in days when there were no roads to speak of and plenty of robbers. Indeed, it became so harassing that in 1287, Henry the third of that name, being king in England, and Roger Bacon just completing the "Opus Majus," the Corporation, induced to King to forego the ceremony of personal presentation, and to delegate the interview to the Lord Chancellor and the Barons of the Exchequer. The Barons of the Court of Exchequer robes vanished from the bench about the time the judges trekked from Westminster to their new home in the Strand; and so, when the gilded coach rumbles down Fleet Street, and passes under the great archway into the Courts, it is the Lord Chancellor, in his black and gold gown, who welcomes the new Mayor, as the representative of the King, and the embodiment of the law. For as the Chancellor himself sings in "Iolanthe":—

"The law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent.
It has no kind of fault or flaw,
And I, my lords, embody the Law."

There was a Mayor of London, of course, Lord Mayor they call him for courtesy, before ever the little matter of presentation was arranged with John Lackland. The first Mayor was that redoubtable draper Henry Fitz-Ailwyn, of London Stone, who was elected to office in 1189, Richard Coeur de Lion being king. This London Stone was the great milliarium which the Romans set up from which to measure their roads out of London. You may see all that is left of it today tucked into a niche in the wall of St. Swithin's Church, in Cannon Street. Once upon a time, but that was before the fire passed over it, it was a fine upstanding stone; but time and prentice boys, weather and wagon wheels, have reduced it to what it is. Hard by it, in any case, the sign of Fitz-Ailwyn hung in the days of the Crusade, and within, good master Henry measured off Lincoln green and sold his woolen hose to his customers in the City. Those were days when a draper needed to be as handy with his sword as with his yard measure, and a Lord Mayor to swing his iron mace more nimbly than any mace-bearer ever manipulated a gilded one. Riots were plentiful; civil wars and rebellions more than enough indeed. In the great rising of 1380, did not that pugnacious fishmonger William Walworth, strike down Wat Tyler, with his dagger, in the presence of the King, in consequence of which the dagger, according to tradition, became a part of the City arms?

"Brave Walworth, knight, Lord Mayor, yet slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarms;
The King, therefore, did give in lieu
The dagger to the City arms."

Wherein, for once at any rate, tradition is "excepted," as that sublime cockney, Mrs. Gamp, would say. The dagger in "the City arms" is not a dagger at all, but the sword of St. Paul; and was there long before Walworth proved his bravery by stabbing the unsuspecting Tyler.

It was in Walworth's day that the honorary prefix of Lord was bestowed on the Mayors of London. The King, it was a way the Kings had, was in need of money, and a levy was made upon the City, every man in his degree. But the question arose, What was the degree of the Mayor? Whereon some assessor, with more genius for finance than respect for precedence, suggested, "Put him among the earls!" a proposal immediately acceded to, with much glory to the corporation, and much loss to the Mayor, who found himself mulcted to the extent of £4, all in the name of his forced magnificence.

Great, indeed, and very magnificent in their day, have been the Lord Mayors of London. Was there not Whittington, him of the cat, who, a poor boy sleeping alongside of a milestone on the great North Road, woke to hear the bells of London chiming from their steeples.

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

The only objections are, that Whittington was not a poor boy; never had a cat, in that way at any rate; and was four times Lord Mayor. Then there was that famous Tudor knight and merchant prince, Sir Thomas Gresham; and Edward Osborne, ancestor of the Duke of Leeds, who jumped from a window on London Bridge to save his master's daughter, who had fallen into the river below; that wonderful oriental potentate, William Beckford; and that notorious radical, John Wilkes, of whom Sheridan, was it not? wrote,

"Johnny Wilkes, Johnny Wilkes,
Thou greatest of binks,
How changed are the notes you now sing!"

Newfoundland Atlantic Fisheries, Ltd.

offer to the trade as follows:

FRESH FROZEN CODFISH.
FRESH FROZEN SALMON.
FRESH FROZEN HALIBUT.
FRESH FROZEN TURBOT.
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Prices on application. Also Fresh Frozen Squid for bait. Cold Storage Space available.

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Comes in regularly and makes it the most desirable Flour for all Grocers to handle,

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TO-DAY, ex S.S. Sachem.
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Fancy keeping Stock.

TO-MORROW, SS. Taunton
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100-lb. sacks.

LOWEST PRICES.

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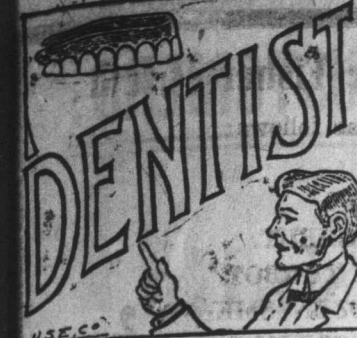
Your famed forty-five
Is, prerogative,
And your blasphemy, "God Save the King."

And so, year after year, there arises
A new King in Egypt, and the pro-

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
DIPHTHERIA.

session winds its way, in the
November day, to the Law Courts.
And this is the Lord Mayor's Show,
Christian Science Monitor.

For one week only from the
date, Ladies' Tweed Coat
1/4 off the price. BOWRING
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The Home of Good Dentistry.

Free examination, advice and exact
estimate of putting your teeth in per-
fection. This is a day of spec-
tacles. If you intend getting false
teeth made, or if you are wearing
teeth that are unsatisfactory, why not
consult a specialist. It costs you
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dental work than we charge you are
paying for something that does not
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you. Don't forget your trench coat
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