

**INVICTUS
HOCKEY
BOOTS**
are
the
**Best
Hockey
Boots
on the
Market.**

Only a Limited
quantity left.

The BEST GOOD SHOE

This Store prides itself on its specialties. They afford the opportunities to get out of the rut—to get away from the commonplace. In selling these special lines the pleasure derived is mutual—our customer's satisfaction equals our own.

INVICTUS

is one of the best lines we have in our store. We have every confidence in INVICTUS SHOES, simply because past experience has proven their merits.
Comfort, Style and Durability are found in full measure in every pair of INVICTUS BOOTS that we sell.
The reputation of this Store is something of which we are too jealous to risk in making false claims.
WE UNRESERVEDLY RECOMMEND INVICTUS BOOTS.

Marshall & Sons

**YOUR
MOTTO
FOR
1916**
Should be
"Nothing but
**Geo. A. Slater's
Invictus
Footwear
For Me."**

Not Half So Bad.

By RUTH CAMERON.



When I was a little girl I used to think that people could feel themselves grow older.
I supposed that a person of forty or fifty felt very different in some way from a person of twenty.
I shall never forget what a shock it was when an elderly lady of fifty (I don't call them that now), who used to visit my mother, told one day of going on a picnic with "the girls."
"What girls?" I asked. I wondered if any of my crowd had been included. I was then about sixteen.
"Why, my girls," she said; "the girls I used to go to high school with."
I didn't make any comment, or even smile, because I knew my mother's warning eye was upon me, but I got out of the room as soon as I could.
Some of the "Girls" Were Grand-mothers.
"Four of them are married and have grown-up children, and even grand-children, and I don't believe one is under forty-eight," I said afterwards in telling my chum.
"And she calls them girls!"
We agreed that it was on the border line between the pathetic and the ridiculous.
I wonder if it would seem so now? It's a blessed dispensation, isn't it, the way we all grow old together, and thus remain for the most part unconscious that we are growing old.
We Sigh to Find The New Years So Nimble.
We know that time passes; we see changes; we sigh over the swiftness with which the New Years arrive; we

find to our surprise some day that we can look back and say, "Twenty-five years ago, when I was a boy"; but after all, these are superficial things. Our hearts don't change and our friends keep in such perfect step with us that we don't realize they are changing, and what are the great realities of life but hearts and friends?

If it were not for those younger and older than we, we should scarcely realize the passage of time at all. It's when the older ones fall out of step that we have our saddest realization of time's passage, but it's when the younger ones fall into step that we are made most sharply aware of the years.

Not long ago I went to the wedding of a neighbor's daughter. The other day someone pointed out a big boy to me and said that it was her son. "Impossible," said I. "That great boy! Why, it was only yesterday that he was a baby, and the day before yesterday that I went to his mother's wedding!" "He's in high school now," was the uncompromising answer.
The Landscape That Moves—Not We.
It is incidents such as these, that push home the realization that the years are passing. But the poignancy of such experiences is mercifully brief. And for the most part we feel no more sense of being uncomfortably hurried along than one does in a limited train. It is the landscape and the telegraph poles that are hurrying by, not we.
To those who have passed through such experiences, the recapitulation may seem hardly necessary, but it is not for them I am writing, but rather to reassure the young folks with their pathetic dread of growing old and their sense of it as something infinitely more abrupt and painful than it really is.

APPLES!

In stock for immediate delivery 280 barrels choice N. S. APPLES, including

**Wagners,
Baldwins,
Starks,
Manns,
Kings.**

Soper & Moore

**From Private
Wm. Taylor.**

Military Hospital,
Tigne, Dec. 10, '15.
Dear Friend—Just a few lines to say that I am much better now and hope to be discharged from hospital soon, but I don't know what time I will be going back to the front again. When I am discharged from hospital I shall be sent to a convalescent camp for a while. I may be there for a month and I may be there for 3 months, so you can see that I won't be going back for a while yet. I suppose you have seen by the paper that I was wounded on Nov. 6th, and the doctors tell me it was a wonder how I escaped from being killed on the spot, but I don't know what time I am very thankful being alive and able to write these few lines. When I was hit first I thought it was all up with me, but I am still alive and kicking. Well, to think this time last year I used to be going up to Mrs. Taylor for lunch every night. Well, if only I had some of the ham and eggs which I used to get, it would be quite a treat, and to think that this year I am lying in hospital in Malta with a bullet wound in the left shoulder. Well I would like to be in St. John's for to spend my Christmas, and supposing I was in hospital I would have some one down to see me, but where I am here, I see nobody from week's end to week's end. The only person that I see clear of the hospital nurses is the minister, and he calls to see me once a week. Well I was wounded on the 6th of November, and I was put on board of a hospital ship on the 7th, and I was at week on her. Then I arrived at Malta and was put in hospital and I can tell you I was not sorry when I could lay in a nice soft bed once again, and this is my first day that I can sit up since I arrived on the 12th, and I am now propped up with pillows. I am not able to lay on my back; I have to lay on my right side, but I hope to be able to get up soon. Just fancy I didn't see a bed for nearly three months and never had a book off my foot in that time and now I have to lay in bed for about six weeks before I can get up.
Wishing you a merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.
I remain, yours in friendship,
W. TAYLOR.

PRIVATE FOLEY WRITES.
Miss Bride Foley, Whitbourne, received a letter from her brother Private P. Foley, who left here with G.

Company on Oct. 27th. When his Company arrived at Ayr, he was promoted to F Company.

Ayr, Scotland,
Dec. 20, 1915.
My Dear Sister—I am at Newton Park School now. We came up here five days ago. I was looking at some papers on arrival here and I was surprised to see my brother Clar had enlisted. Bride sent me the papers and some tobacco as I prefer the tobacco from home. There are two hundred of our boys going to the front this week. How are all home. I was expecting some letters last mail. I went to see the nuns from Killmarnock to-day. I asked the boys to come down to see them again on Christmas Day. The priest here is very kind to us. I have been in many towns since I left home. I am well and getting fat again. I enjoy army life fine. I would like for Clar to be here with me. Tell mother not to worry about me. I am all right and doing my duty. We will win or there will be no hot time. Bride tell Mrs. Leslie the socks are warm. I am delighted with them. I wrote post cards to all the boys in the shop at Grand Falls. Remember me to the priest home, and also to Mr. Frank and George. Write often and tell me all the news. I will write every mail. I am happy, only waiting to go to the front, but it may not be this winter. Remember me to all in Whitbourne. I am in F Company now and will write again as now I am in a hurry.
Good-bye, from your brother
PAT.

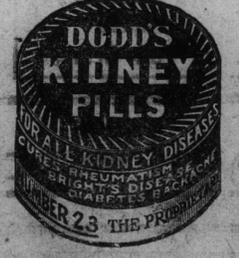
**"Cascarets" for a
Cold, Bad Breath
or Sick Headache**

Best for Liver and Bowels, for biliousness, sour stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now.
Furred Tongue, Bad Colds, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a still barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret to-night will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then to keep their stomach, liver and bowels regulated, and never know a miserable moment. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good, gentle cleansing, too.

Obituary.

A GOOD MAN GONE.
On Dec. 22nd, there passed to the Great Beyond, the soul of John Doyle, one of St. Bride's oldest and most respected citizens, aged 77 years. He lived an exemplary life, God-fearing, honest and reliable, a God-fearing, ordinary, wide read, and intelligent. Many a one will miss his good fatherly advice, advice which was always



willingly given. The deceased was in failing health the past year but always bore his sufferings with resignation to God's Holy Will, and on the morning of Dec. 22nd, he breathed his last, surrounded by his children, comforted and consoled by the sacraments of Holy Church, and the visits of his dear friend, Rev. Fr. McGuire. On the morning of Christmas Eve his remains were enclosed in a handsome casket and conveyed by a large concourse of people to the Church of the Sacred Heart, where solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. M. F. McGuire, P.P., for the repose of his soul. After mass his funeral was attended by a large number of people, testifying to the esteem and respect in which he was held. He leaves a wife and four sons to mourn the loss of a good husband and kind father. May his soul rest in peace.
St. Bride's, Jan. 6, 1916.

MRS. AGNES BURKE (Tor's Cove).
On Saturday morning, Agnes Burke, after an illness borne with true Christian resignation, breathed forth her soul calmly in the arms of her son, Rev. Fr. O'Brien. She died at a quarter after seven a.m., about fifteen minutes after holy mass had been celebrated for her. The deceased was a daughter of the late Martin O'Driscoll, Bay Bulls, where she was born eighty years ago. Her ancestors came from Cork and Tipperary, from whom she had inherited that deep-rooted Irish faith, which she retained all through life. She was gifted with a high degree of intelligence, and had a very retentive memory. She was remarkable for her great spirit of charity. She was a devoted Catholic, and always kept eternally before her. She was fortified with all the rites of Holy Church. She received Holy Sacraments frequently, and had a consolation, which few mothers have, of receiving the last absolution from her own son. On Monday morning, Jan. 10th, the remains were brought to the Parish Church. The people came in crowds to pay her their last respects. Her death like her life was truly edifying. She was full of confidence in God's mercy. In her last hours she said, "I have never deserted God, and He will never desert me, and I know He will take me into His own sweet Home, in His own good time." She was waked in the Presbytery, Tor's Cove, until Sunday evening, when the remains were brought to the Parish Church. The people came in crowds to pay her their last respects. On Monday morning, Jan. 10th, the remains, followed by a large concourse of people, were brought to Tor's Cove station and were there entrained for Witless Bay. From this station, accompanied by priests and people, she was brought to the church. The remains were placed before the Blessed Virgin's Altar, where during her time of residence in Witless Bay, she so often knelt and loved to pray. All young and old came to gaze upon her placid countenance, and bid her a last farewell. On Tuesday morning at half-past eight, Requiem Mass was sung by Fr. McCarthy, a large congregation being present. There were present in the Sanctuary, Very Rev. Dean Roche and Rev. P. J. O'Brien chief mourner. The beautiful Gregorian chant of the Requiem Mass was pathetically rendered by the nuns, who were always her devoted friends. The funeral cortege started a few minutes after mass and wended its way slowly to Holy Cross Cemetery, Witless Bay. She now lies side by side with her devoted son Richard, who predeceased her a few months to await the Resurrection morn. The beautiful strains of the "Dead March in Saul" were heard with touching effect after mass and again when the funeral procession was leaving the church. The last prayers were read by Very Rev. Dean Roche, P.P. Then was laid to rest all that was mortal of a valiant woman. R.I.P. We all sincerely sympathize with Fr. O'Brien in his great bereavement.
P. M. COADY.
Witless Bay, Jan. 11, 1916.

Charming and inexpensive are the evening frocks made of white and a colored tulle combined. The skirt is very simple, being a full white skirt with the full overskirt of colored tulle.
Mnard's Lintment Cures Diphtheria.

ROSSLEY'S EAST END THEATRE!

St. John's Leading Vaudeville, Dramatic and Picture Theatre.
GRAND NEW PANTOMIME,
"JACK and JILL."
Bright, Sparkling and up to the minute. Beautiful Costumes, All new; Dainty Dances, Catchy Songs, Many New Novelties, the Best Yet.
A GRAND DANCING REVUE, with
Mr. Ballard Brown, The Terra Nova Girls,
Miss Madge Locke, The Sunshine Girls,
Bonnie Rossley, The Baby Girls,
Jack and Marie Rossley.
GENERAL ADMISSION, 10 CTS. RESERVED SEATS, 20 CTS.

BRITISH THEATRE!

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY.
Mary Fuller in
3 Reels—"Circus Mary,"—3 Reels.
Second episode of
"The Black Box,"
The giant serial.
"NIGHT HYMN AT SEA," Duet by Madame Timmons and Prof. P. J. McCarthy, Accompanied by Gordon Christian.
"Night Hymn at Sea" is one of the greatest successes sung by Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennedy Rumford.
AT THE AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE MADAME TIMMONS WILL SING "A PERFECT DAY."—Don't miss this.

5c. The Crescent Picture Palace. 5c.

Presents Frank McGlynn in
"The Life of Abraham Lincoln."
A great historical feature produced in 2 reels by the Edison Company.
"THE MASTER OF THE SWORD"—A Biograph drama.
"A NIGHT IN KENTUCKY"—A Southern drama by the Essanay Company, featuring Ruth Stonehouse.
"THE VANISHING VAULT"—A Vitagraph comedy with Billy Quirk and Constance Talmadge.
DAVE PARKS, Baritone Soloist, singing Classy and Popular Ballads.
GOOD MUSIC AND EFFECTS—A COMFORTABLE AND WELL VENTILATED THEATRE.

In wishing all a Happy New Year

J. M. DEVINE,
THE RIGHT HOUSE, would intimate that his Store

WILL NOT BE CLOSED

at any time during the day. Customers can therefore rest assured of service at all hours.

J. M. DEVINE,
THE RIGHT HOUSE,
Cor. Water and Adelaide Streets.

Xmas Donations to C. E. Orphanage

The Hon. Sec. Mrs. W. G. C. begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the following donations to C. E. Orphanage during the Christmas season:
\$10 each from Master Arthur Clayton and Chas. Bryant, \$5 each from Mrs. (Canon) Bishop Pennock, Tasker Cook, Esq., Grieve, Esq., A. W. Kennedy, Esq., Joseph Outerbridge, W. J. Clarke, Esq.; \$1 from N. J. Vianicombes, 400 lbs. of beef and mutton from Government; 121 lbs. of beef from W. D. Reid; 1 quarter of beef from W. B. Grieve, Esq., and Williams, Esq.; 1 roast beef each from Mrs. A. W. Harvey and Hon. S. Ford; 1 carcass of mutton from Cook, Esq.; beef from F. J. Cook, Esq.; 2 bris. apples from A. J. Key, Esq.; 1 brl. apples each from Messrs. Geo. Neal, N. Cousens, Howley, Burt and Lawrence, Jas. Ryan, W. J. Ellis, Frank Marra, H. J. Brownrigg, Anon (Peters, Esq.), Sir Joseph and Outerbridge, Mrs. J. S. Munn, Leonard, Mrs. Dr. Simms, Stores, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hutchings, Masters Arth. and Billy Knowles, the Misses Jean and Elizabeth Hurling; 1 case of oranges each from Anon (per Jos. Peters, Esq.) and E. Dearna, Esq.; 1 brl. flour from Wm. Bolt, Patrick Street; 1 brl. ter biscuit from S. G. Collier, 1 brl. biscuit from C. P. Eagan, 2 bags of biscuit from G. Brown and Son; 1 tub butter each from James W. C. Job, R. B. Job, Gosling, W. F. Carter, Tasker and A. G. Williams, Esq.; 1 box cuts each from Mesdames The Lockyer and J. W. Withers, Marjory Gould and Ella Coaker, J. J. Coaker, Esq.; 2 buckets each from Reg. Harvey, Esq.; 1 box sweets each from Misses Betty Peggy Powys-Keck, Ayre and Steer Bros.; 2 boxes sweets from F. B. Wood Co.; 1 box sweets from Maher, Esq., Xmas stockings from Joyce Furlong, Mrs. R. A. Brehm, Mrs. Mitchell; 3 doz. boxes chocolate from R. G. Ash, Esq.; 4 doz. chocolates from Edgar and Hickman; half doz. boxes chocolate from Eddie Coaker; 38 boxes candy from Miss Dorothy Harvey; 2 boxes sweets each from Miss Agnes and Hayward; candy from Mrs. Brownrigg, Mrs. W. J. Martin, Hewitt (Patty Harbor), Mrs. Hammond, Misses Carter, Mrs. B. Williams, Irene Williams, Spence and H. W. LeMessurier, Esq.; dolls and candy from Misses and Daphne Davidson; books, toys, etc., from Children of St. Peter's Church, per Rev. J. S. St. Land; 1 box tea, A. E. Worrall; 1 brl. herring, W. H. Reid, Esq.; soap, Standard Manufacturing Company; 22 pairs mittens and 41 handchiefs from G. F. S. Candidiano; Lady Horwood; 12 doz. bottles water from Hon. J. R. Bennett; 10 of crackers from Mesdames Clift, J. C. Hepburn, W. A. Ellis, Miss Stick; 10 boxes "First Step Sewing" from Miss Stick; 2 turkeys from Mrs. K. Pearce, 3 sacks cabbage from Alan Willford, Forest Pond; 5 sacks potatoes, Newtown; cabbage from Mrs. Harvey; 2 brs. turnips from Weir, Newtown Road; 1 sack each from Messrs. Soper and Moore; 2 turnips and 1 brl. potatoes from Whiteaway; 2 brs. vegetables from Trout River; 1 sack potatoes from R. Cook, Esq.; 2 sacks potatoes from W. Woodley, Esq.; 1 doz. pork from J. Hooke, Esq.; 1 piece of vegetables from R. Brown, Bonaville and skates from Mrs. John Harvey; 1 rocking horse from A. C. Bruce, Esq.; toys from Goodland; milk from Presbytery Hall Social Committee and G. Chafe, Phyllis Dowden, Louise, er, Mesdames Alan Williams, Pley and Lady Whiteaway; J. P. Esq., Alice and Thos. Wellman, Bartlett, Gordon and Frank St. preserve, Mesdames G. A. Davey, Coaker and Jas. Worrall; milk, fruit, puddings, etc., from Presbyterian Hall, per Mrs. (Hon.) H. sandwiches from Canon Woodley per Mrs. F. Stirling; 4 doz. pairs gloves from Mrs. R. B. Job; 2 and Christmas cards from Miss Uphill; handkerchiefs, thimbles, from Mrs. Dr. Simms; 2 Christmas cards from Miss Viola Hurling; books and handkerchiefs from Misses Carter; books from Southcott; 64 doz. boxes handchiefs from Alex. Bryden, Esq.; etc., from Fred and Cyril Presson and Thomas Wellman, Misses Mavour, Gwen, Edwards, Flor. Donohue, Isabel Feaver, Woodley, A. Rose Anita Woodley, Mesdames Seymour, Jos. Ivey, Alan Downe, Pearce, Phil, Williams, G. A. W. Nicholls, J. R. Stick, J. R. en, J. G. Hunt, Austin Lush, E. kins, Jas. Stanley, Thos. Harwood, Mitchell, and Messrs. Stan Gould, J. A. Calver; invitation for children's British Theatre from Claude