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Telegram

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Who is Brussloff?

Cousin Declares That He Is Really Sir Hector Macdonald.

"When a man is dead, then he's done for," runs the old ballad, but there are a few who do not come under this generalization. We have had the famous Dauphin of France, titular King Louis XVII, who is said to have escaped from the deadly Temple, and to have lived in America or elsewhere as various people. And two novelists took the idea as bases for interesting novels. We recall news items how Oscar Wilde did not die in France, but was buried in effigy, and lived to find life anew, hidden away. The mystery of Marshal Ney is an old story. And there was Hector Macdonald, who has reappeared in the person of more than one noted military leader; especially lately, he has been identified with General Brussloff.

There are, then, men who simply will not stay dead. The story of Brussloff, while the reverse of probable, is still interesting enough to be reproduced. A writer recently gave out an interview with a resident of Gotham who said she was a cousin of the supposedly dead Macdonald. In this the identity with Brussloff was put forth. We learn:

The legend of Sir Hector Macdonald is one of the strangest and most romantic in modern history. Charged with immoral conduct in Ceylon in 1903, Sir Hector, then a brigadier-general of the British army, a Knight Commander of the Bath, and a member of the Distinguished Service Order, was reported to have committed suicide in a Paris hotel after visiting London and talking to have the charges dismissed.

Officially, General Sir Hector Macdonald is dead and buried in a little cemetery outside of Edinburgh. His wife remarried many years ago.

Tradition has it, however, that the suicide in the Paris hotel was not Sir Hector, but a traveller in an adjoining room. Seeing at once the opportunity, Sir Hector, according to the story, changed clothes with the corpse, and, in his new identity, departed unsuspected. Like the man in Arnold Bennett's story, Sir Hector went forth in to the world with his life to use as he liked.

The legend, which was previously hazy and unconfirmed, takes on new life in the words of this Mrs. Taylor, Macdonald's cousin. The reporter asked a number of questions, trying to shake her belief in the identity of the hero of the eastern front but without any success. The account states: "I am absolutely certain," she said, "that General Brussloff is really Sir Hector. While I am only a distant relative, cousins of Sir Hector live in London and Canada and Australia, and I know they have been in communication with him.

"Sir Hector was a small man, stockily built. Gen. Brussloff is of the same figure. In his character of Russian general, Sir Hector has grown

a moustache, but it does not make his features unrecognizable. "Many people who did not know of Sir Hector have commented on the queer and extraordinary circumstances connected with the rise of the Russian commander. It is odd, to say the least, they point out, that a man in supreme command of one of the greatest offensives of the war should be of a previous history totally unknown. Brussloff is not a real Russian name, anyway. And the photographs of the general show he does not look like a Russian."

VEXTATION OF SPIRIT.



So long and earnestly I've wrought, pursued the beastly grind, I've ringbones on my dome of thought, and spavins on my mind. The ghastly fear of evil times, of poverty when old, has kept me humping after dimes, for gold and still more gold. I have a package put away, where none can jar it loose; and sometimes, at the close of day, I wonder what's the use. When I have left this busy sphere, where only man is vile, some able lawyer will appear, and gather in my pile. Throughout this weary worldly jaunt I've skipped and saved and pared; I've done without the things I want, the things for which I cared. To add one large round dollar more to what I have in brine, I've made existence sad and sore, and what reward is mine? Why do I slave and moid and grind, why do I toil and spin? I'll have to leave my roll behind, for others to blow in. These words seem ever ringing loud, like some decree of doom: "There is no pocket in a shroud, no cash-box in a tomb." When I no longer am alive, but sleeping 'neath the soil, some learned attorney will arrive, and hook on to my wad.

Mother's Hands.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands, They're neither white nor small. And you, I know, would scarcely think I almost weep when looking back To childhood's distant day; I think how these hands rested not When mine were at their play. But, oh, beyond this hallow land, Where all is bright and fair; I know full well those dear old hands Will palm of victory bear. Where crystal streams, through endless years, Flow over golden sands, And where the old are young again, I'll clasp my mother's hands.

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.

W. C. T. U.

Extracts from a Letter Received by the St. John's W.C.T.U. from the United States Honorary Secretary, Miss A. A. Gordon.

At the opening of the New Year of 1917, members of the World's W.C.T.U. feel the thrill of a high and holy purpose. Earnestly do we desire to fill its golden hours with sacrificial service for our blessed cause. We are appalled at the continuance of the European war. Never has our White Ribbon tie seemed so sacred or so tender. Sorri bereavements have stricken many of our sisters. To each of these our hearts go out in sympathy, and we bless God that the W.C.T.U. are united by a bond so strong, that we cannot be severed by the awful strain of war.

We had all looked forward with anticipation to the joy of our triennial World's W.C.T.U. convention in 1916. I sincerely hope that when we meet at the close of the war, the place selected may be the city, or adjacent to the city where the World's Peace Conference will assemble. Out of war's awful gloom shines the temperance uplift it has brought about. This glowing flame of total abstinence and prohibition must be kept at white heat, until every nation is freed from the iniquitous traffic in strong drink.

The past year records many marvellous victories. We glory in the advance for prohibition now in progress in Great Britain. Canada has driven the traffic in brain poison out of nine of her top provinces. Newfoundland's battle for freedom was victorious. Eighty per cent. of the territory of the United States is under prohibition. Big business is teaching the efficiency, the safety and the dignity of sobriety.

The church and the temperance societies to-day have a host of influential allies, and the time has come when we may safely predict the speedy coming of nation-wide prohibition for America. Already we see the bright dawn of a sober world.

Messages Received Previous to 9 a.m.

AUSTRIAN OPINION.

LONDON, Dec. 28. A despatch from Vienna quotes some of the Austrian papers regarding the peace proposal. Commenting on Austria's reply to President Wilson the Fremdenblatt says: "The Central Powers contemplate the possibility of a continuance of war with full confidence, but feel they owe a duty to their people, to do everything compatible with their justified interest to terminate the bloodshed, if at all possible. The Neues Freie Presse says: By our reply President Wilson's policy is at once allied with our own. The Entente can refuse nothing to the Central Powers which they would not also refuse to President Wilson. The Entente no longer face us alone, but also America with whom we are in full harmony."

HUNGARIAN PREMIER MAY RESIGN.

BERLIN, Dec. 28. It is rumored in Budapest that Count Stephen Liza, the Hungarian Premier, is likely to resign owing to alleged difference with Count Czernin Von Chudenitz, the Austrian-Hungarian Foreign Minister in the Austrian coalition cabinet.

DAYLIGHT SAVING.

LONDON, Dec. 28. The Times prints a forecast of the report of the committee which has investigated the results of last year's daylight saving, and it says the evidence taken shows that opinion overwhelmingly favors making the plan general in 1917.

ATTACKS REPULSED.

PARIS, Dec. 28. French troops last night repulsed small attacks near Lechenoy, on the Somme, and upon the eastern slope of Hill 304, west of the Meuse, in the Verdun region, the war office announces to-day.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S ESTATE.

LONDON, Dec. 28. Sir Hiram Maxim, inventor, who died recently, left an estate of £23,000.

Rossley's Crowded

TO SEE THE BLACKBIRDS.

Last night there was a great crowd to see The Blackbirds and the new pictures. Reducing the prices certainly drew the crowd, and were it not that the Rossleys are under so great an expense would never be raised, but all the little girls receive a salary, and at the present time wardrobe costs so much and all running expenses so high that it is impossible to run a show any cheaper. The Rossleys have every Xmas, engaged from twenty to fifty girls and other help, and the patrons are only helping their own people at the worst time of the year.

The TOOTON PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO
Will be open for business Monday, New Year's Day. Begin your new year by having your Photo taken at our Studio.
Our aim is a perfect Photograph.
The Tooton Photo Studio, 310 Water Street.

OUR ANNUAL DECEMBER SALE

Of White Enamel and Brass Bedsteads, Blankets, Bed-springs, Pillows, Mattresses, and Bedroom Furniture starts on Thursday, Dec. 14th, and will last until the End of the year.

No matter what your tastes run to in Bedsteads, you can come to us with implicit confidence in the quality of our goods and in our ability to give you what you want.

OUR DISPLAY of BEDSTEADS is second to none in Saint John's in point of Quality and Beauty. We Beat Them All for LOW PRICES.

WHITE ENAMEL BEDSTEAD.

With laths, all sizes; guaranteed. Reg. \$7.00. Our Price, \$6.25

Our MATTRESSES are all guaranteed. We have them in stock, all sizes and qualities, from **\$2.00 to \$20.00**

White Enamel BEDSTEAD, suitable for spring. Reg. \$20.00 for \$16.00.

ALL WOOL BLANKETS REDUCED TO CLEAR.	WIRE SPRING MATTRESSES.	PILLOWS.
Regular \$6.50 for \$5.50	All sizes and every one guaranteed.	We make a specialty of making good Pillows.
Regular \$9.00 for \$7.90	Bought before the advance in prices.	5 lbs. loose Pillow for. . \$1.50 pair
Regular \$11.00 for \$9.25	Regular \$4.00 for \$3.75	6 lbs. loose Pillow for. . \$1.80 pair
Regular \$13.00 for \$10.80	Regular \$8.50 for \$8.15	Duck Pillows \$6.00 pair
	Regular \$5.50 for \$4.90	

Bedroom Furniture.

We protect you on every purchase. We carry Bedroom Furniture in the following makes: Surface Oak, Mahogany, Trenford Oak and Rosewood, at the old prices.

All the above Goods we bought before the advance in prices, also the advance in freights. Therefore we can sell **Cheaper than any concern.** Put your mind at rest by buying at

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