

# Special Sale of Readymades!

Owing to the increased demand for Readymade Clothing, we have had to enlarge our stock of Men's and Boys' Readymades. In so doing we have selected the latest and best possible materials, which we have had made into clothing of the most up-to-date style and finish. Our Readymades are noted for their High Quality and Low Price.

## MEN'S TWEED SUITS.

Value for \$12.00	Selling \$10.00
Value for \$12.50	Selling \$10.50
Value for \$13.00	Selling \$11.00
Value for \$13.50	Selling \$11.50
Value for \$14.00	Selling \$12.00
Value for \$15.00	Selling \$13.00
Value for \$17.00	Selling \$15.00
Value for \$19.00	Selling \$17.00
Value for \$20.00	Selling \$18.00
Value for \$23.00	Selling \$21.00
Value for \$25.00	Selling \$23.00
Value for \$26.00	Selling \$24.00
Value for \$28.00	Selling \$25.50
Value for \$32.00	Selling \$29.00
Value for \$33.00	Selling \$30.00
Value for \$35.00	Selling \$32.00
Value for \$40.00	Selling \$35.00

## MEN'S TROUSERS.

Value for \$2.50	Selling \$2.20
Value for \$2.60	Selling \$2.30
Value for \$2.80	Selling \$2.50
Value for \$3.00	Selling \$2.75
Value for \$3.60	Selling \$3.00
Value for \$3.80	Selling \$3.30
Value for \$4.20	Selling \$3.80
Value for \$4.40	Selling \$4.00
Value for \$4.80	Selling \$4.40
Value for \$5.30	Selling \$4.80
Value for \$5.50	Selling \$5.00
Value for \$6.00	Selling \$5.50
Value for \$6.50	Selling \$6.00
Value for \$7.50	Selling \$7.00

## BOYS' NORFOLK SUITS.

Value for \$4.50	Selling \$4.00
Value for \$5.00	Selling \$4.50
Value for \$5.20	Selling \$4.80
Value for \$5.50	Selling \$5.00
Value for \$5.70	Selling \$5.20
Value for \$6.00	Selling \$5.50
Value for \$6.50	Selling \$6.00

## BOYS' RUGBY SUITS.

Value for \$7.00	Selling \$6.10
Value for \$7.50	Selling \$6.50
Value for \$8.00	Selling \$7.00
Value for \$8.50	Selling \$7.50
Value for \$9.00	Selling \$8.00
Value for \$9.50	Selling \$8.50
Value for \$10.00	Selling \$9.00
Value for \$10.50	Selling \$9.50
Value for \$11.00	Selling \$10.50

# Marshall Bros

## That Letter to our Soldier.

By RUTH CAMERON.



It seems almost incredible, doesn't it, that anyone who has a soldier boy at the front would need to be reminded to write to him often?

One would think that, leaving the question of duty entirely aside, such writing would be a relief.

A natural outlet, or the flood of brother or son or lover or husband has stemmed up inside of one.

And yet people do need such reminders.

He Didn't Get A Single Letter.

For instance, one of the most pathetic stories of the war (to me) was the tale of a youngster who, when a big mail came in and everyone had two or three letters from home, received nothing but a printed Christmas card (it was two months after Christmas). The description of the way the lad hurried off, while the other men were reading their letters, to hide the tears that the sharpness of his disappointment brought to his eyes, brought the tears to my own eyes. And the further tale of the kind hearted friend that the other boys played on him by re-addressing to him a little gift which one of the girls from his own town had sent another man from that same town, dried my tears with pride in our boys who, through the horrors of war, can still preserve such tenderness and sympathy.

How Can They Write Other Than Cheerfully?

Then again, one would think that people would need no urging to write cheerfully. And yet we hear tales of people at home who pour out their woes and worries to the boys at the front. Inconceivable, again, isn't it? Surely no mother or wife would want the boy who is carrying a heavy pack on his back, to carry a few pounds more for her. And yet it is not just as bad to add to the burden which they have to carry in their hearts?

In one of the recent magazines was a letter from a son who had just volunteered for an especially dangerous service. It was a very wonderful letter.

ter. If you haven't read it, I hope you will come across it. One paragraph fits in with my subject. "In the hardest hours here I've seen your brave smile in my memory and only God knows how I've thanked you for writing only words of cheer. Some of the boys all but go to pieces when they have letters from home, but I have had a hearty laugh over every letter of yours. My pal says sometimes he will hunt you up and see if you look as happy as you write."

The Two Kinds of Mothers. What a contrast between the mothers whose sons "all but go to pieces" when they read their letters and the mothers whose sons can say "God knows how I've thanked you for writing only words of cheer."

It doesn't seem as if any mother or sister or wife or sweetheart could hesitate as to which sort she wished to be classed with.

This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for years, and consider it the best liniment on the market. I have found it excellent for horse flesh.

(Signed) W. S. PINEO, "Woodlands," Middleton, N. S.

## Household Notes

When weighing molasses for cooking purposes, if the scale is well floured first, the molasses will run off quite smoothly without leaving any stickiness behind.

A square of asbestos paper should be taken along on a camping trip—it may be made into a cone to hold the potatoes, etc., which are to be roasted in the ashes.

Be careful about the vessels in which food is cooked, and the refrigerator and pantry where it is kept. If these be not immaculate, the food will not taste its best.

Nut bread will be enjoyed in the children's lunch basket. Make a plain cup cake, omitting the eggs; stir in finely chopped nuts, either black or English walnuts, and bake.

In making cookies, try forming the dough into a long roll about one inch in diameter and cut in one-inch slices with a sharp knife. Flatten each slice slightly with the hand as you place them in the pan to bake.

## New Apples!

Due by Steamer this week

336 Bbls.

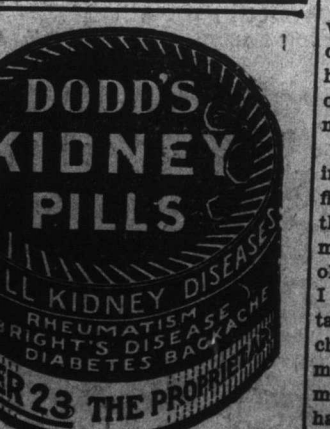
New Nova Scotia Apples! orders now booking.

Soper & Moore Wholesale Importers and Jobbers.

## THE SILENT GENERAL.



Napoleon, of the great renown, was fond of sounding phrases: He cried, "The pyramids look down," in Egypt, hot as blazes. He liked to hit a haughty pose, and try to look as stately as some huge Alp, whose loads of snow has advertised it greatly. As great a general as he now deals the iron rations, in charge of France's destiny, and that of allied nations. Great Foch, who bears the biggest load that ever mortal carried, who chased the Teutons down the road, all rattled, beaten, harried! He is so busy with the Teut, the flood of vandals damming, he has no time to elocute or do some epigramming. He hasn't time for gems of thought, like that old sport, Riez; he's out to see some Prussians shot, to keep the Huns in a frenzy. Of high remarks he's not the fount, like orator and writer; "Realities are all that count," observes that grand old fighter. The fight is hard, the way is rough, the foes are stubborn stayers; "we came, we saw, we conquered" stuff will do for grand stand players. Reverses of the foeman mount, our own are growing fewer; "Realities are all that count," Foch tells the interviewer. He is so busy canning kings and squelching tyrant nations, he has no time to think up things for schoolboy declamations.



## Just Folks

Edgar A. Guest

### THE TWO FATES.

Along life's highway walked a manly youth, Seeking, as young men do, the flower of truth. Straight ran the path for many a day, Each day began and ended with a smile. Then suddenly gray clouds lowered overhead, The laughter stopped, the fields seemed brown and dead, The air grew chill, the passerby looked strange. As though some grief had worked a sudden change, And then the roadway worked; no longer straight, Life's path had led him to the realms of fate.

Then something whispered: "Come this way to life! I shall not lead you to the fields of strife. I shall not test your honour nor demand Hard and cruel service for your native land. I shall not bid you toil when you would play. And send you out to die while others live." Long years of life I guarantee to give. But know this, also: If my gift you claim, You shall be friendless and the prey of shame.

"What, if I follow you, shall be my fate?" He asked the sentry at the other gate. "This way lies death—too oft by many feared. This way trod those whom mortals loudly cheered. I cannot offer life by months and days, Some quickly fall who choose to tread my ways. I shall demand stern service, long Eyes that are blinded and a body scarred. And even life itself, but in return I give what only men of courage earn.

"Who walks my way, shall keep his head erect. Shall meet with men and own his self-respect. And if he die, his friends shall speak his name With honest love and pride; eternal fame Shall keep his memory green, and it shall stand For one who answered duty's grim command. Choose now, young man, with whom you wish to tread—The shameful living, or the honored dead."

The young man answered with unfaltering breath: "I choose to serve! There are worse fates than death."

## Milady's Boudoir

### ILL OF THE HANDS.

Misshaped red, scrawny, fat, awkward nervous, ill colored, peeping of chapped hands are ill which the hand is heir to and not only the cause of old looking hands, but often the means of desecrating ones charm. To correct any of these shortcomings one must study the hands and find out where the trouble lies. If they are prematurely aged, neglect is most likely the cause. Some claim old looking hands as an inheritance. I do not believe this. We inherit certain tendencies rather than any unchangeable physical appearance, and most likely one has inherited one's mother's tendencies to neglect one's hands. No doubt the hands have been kept

clean and nails properly attended to, but still, I think, premature ageing is the result of neglect. The hands are hungry. This may sound queer to some, but to illustrate: Miss a meal or two and become quite hungry, then scrutinize the face closely in the mirror and you will find that hunger has cut deep lines about the lips, eyes and cheeks, where before the fast nothing but beauty and youth were reflected. This is exactly what happens to the hands that are not properly fed. They should be well fed, so that the tissues worn out by constant use and exposure are quickly replenished. Hands suffer much from worry, and for want of rest, and sleep. You may not believe it, but it is true. When you are travelling on the cars watch the hands of your companions, as they move them. You will find most of them agitated, restless, ever moving. These are worrying hands and are thin and shapeless, the veins very prominent and the flesh ill colored. The quiet hand is fair to look upon, the veins are covered with firm flesh and the skin is free from wrinkles. Worry makes the hand old, while serenity makes it slim and youthful.

## Amiens Cathedral Has Escaped Ruin.

"Amiens, like Chateau Thierry, isn't wiped out," writes the special correspondent of the New York Sun, "although many of the stores in the main business section have been smashed. The luckiest thing of all is that the Cathedral escaped almost unscathed, although it was hit four times. One shell badly smashed the organ, another wrecked a group of saints near the altar and the others also caused some damage, but the altar itself was not touched, and most of the fine windows were unbroken. All of the precious vessels, ornaments and paintings were removed in the early days of the German menace and are safe, but it is a shock to see the vaulted interior of this sacred place coated deeply with dust and to see the fragments of the roof lying around outside. It is a miraculous thing that, although the gray stone walls were nicked in many places by shell fragments, the magnificent has relief at the main portal, facing Place Notre Dame, was not touched—it represents the Virgin Mary. The fact that much of the fine stone carvings of the Cathedral had been swathed and protected by sandbags may explain in part its gratifying state of preservation. "Montdidier is a ghastly contrast. Its gray buildings, ranged terracellike along the shelving valley of the little River Don, are shattered and roofless. They look like staring eye-sockets of a human skull, and one instinctively expects to see bats flitting about. Paris is a city of standing, but Paris only. The streets are piled with debris. There is a church in Montdidier—or there was one—the Church of St. Peter. The church is half ruined, and beneath every altar in its deep cellar the Boche had established a telephone station. The tombs in the cemetery were smashed by shells and in some the coffins are exposed. The angels who supported the columns of the doorway of the Hotel de Ville are wingless now and legless, typical of the torture which has been inflicted on what was once a pretty town with thousands of homes." Canadian Churchman.

## Bull Durham Cigarette Tobacco.

You can make for yourself with your own hands the mildest, most fragrant, most enjoyable cigarette in the world. Machines cannot imitate it. The only way to get that freshness—that lasting satisfaction—is to roll your own with Genuine Bull Durham Tobacco, 16c. ask. For sale at CASH'S East End Tobacco Store, Water Street. ASK FOR MINARD'S AND TAKE NO OTHER.

## SLATTERY'S Wholesale Dry Goods

Are now showing the following goods:— American Millinery Hats, Boys' Cotton Suits, Ladies' White Skirts, Ladies' Hosiery, Misses' & Children's Hosiery, White Curtain Scrims, White Dress Crepe, 38 ins. wide; Colored Dress Goods; and a splendid assortment of Smallwares. Wholesale only.

SLATTERY BLDG., Duckworth & George Sts.

## To the Trade:

WE OFFER 1000 cases

# VALUE EVAPORATED MILK.

Full 16 Ounce Tins.

HARVEY & CO., Ltd., WHOLESALE ONLY.

## PIANO PLAYER.

Piano and Organ Show-room Now Opened.

Entrance by McBride's Hill, Duckworth and Water Streets. Come, see and hear our collection of magnificent instruments.

CHARLES HUTTON, The Reliable Piano & Organ Store.

Advertise in the "Telegram."

## Flour Substitutes, etc.

GRANULATED TABLE WHITE CORN MEAL. WHITE CORN FLOUR. FINEST QUALITY OAT FLOUR. GRANULATED TABLE YELLOW CORN MEAL.

Gravenstein Apples.	DANSON'S & GREENGAGES
California Oranges.	to arrive by express next week.
Mott's Confectionery—	LOCAL POTATOES.
All sizes from 1/4's to 5 lb. boxes	P. E. L. POTATOES.
Boyer's Tomatoes, 3's.	LOCAL CABBAGE.
Silverdale Tomatoes.	LOCAL TURNIPS.

C. P. Eagan Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.

## Children's

Teas served from Games and other in the large hall of ren 10c.

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## A Vacation

For those jolly, in stars; for delightful d river—take along a voices sweet and clear snappy, catchy music popular entertainers v

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