

Christmas Gift Suggestions!

As the selecting of suitable Christmas Gifts is always a perplexing problem, we take this opportunity of making a few helpful suggestions, which will no doubt relieve you of some of the worry of the Gift Season.

Ladies :

CREPE-DE-CHENE HANDKERCHIEFS, FANCY SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, ASSTD. BOXES FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS, CASHMERE, WOOL & KID GLOVES, SILK HOSIERY, FELT BEDROOM SLIPPERS, BLOUSES, SPATS, GAITERS, Etc., all at Special Cash Prices.

Gentlemen :

LAWN and SILK INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS, LINED and UNLINED KID GLOVES, FANCY SHIRTS, NECKTIES, MUFFLERS, LINEN COLLARS, WINTER CAPS, BOSTON GARTERS, SLEEVE LINKS, INVICTUS HOCKEY BOOTS, all at Special Cash Prices. SHIRLEY PRESIDENT BRACES only 75c. pair.

TOYS! Dolls, Drums, Games, Books, Tea Sets, Trains, Rattles, Humming Tops, Toy Trunks, Coon Jiggers, Flags, etc., Twenty per cent. off for cash.

Marshall Bros

Gave Themselves Away.

The visit of the Queen of Norway to England serves to recall an amusing story of a childish escapade of hers, in which her brother, King George, also figured.
An informal Council of State was being held at Windsor Castle, and Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone (then Prime Minister), together with several other notables, were seated round the table in one of the drawing-rooms, discussing weighty matters.
Suddenly the Premier felt something brush against his feet.
"Good gracious ma'am!" he exclaimed in great alarm, addressing the Queen. "There is someone under the table listening to our conversation."
So saying, he went down on his knees and, groping beneath the tablecloth, presently emerged, grasping in either hand a dishevelled little girl and a boy some four years her junior.
The Queen burst out laughing.
"It's of no consequence, Mr. Gladstone," she said. "It is only my two graceless grandchildren, George and Maud."
Our future King and his sister had, it transpired, been playing together in the drawing-room—where they had no right to be—when they heard the party approaching, and in order to escape punishment had hidden under the table.



Just Folks
A LITTLE TIME AT HOME.
This life has grown so mixed a thing, with all there is to do, before you're fairly through; it's business in the morning, when I read my mail or try, before the telephone begins into my time to pry, Or visit with a visitor and treat him as a friend, Then bustle to a meeting that I've promised to attend, But nowhere in the scheme of life since I grew up to roam, Seems there to be an hour for me to spend in peace at home.

I would not by a word of mine or single hasty act Wound any man who calls me friend. I merely state the fact, That life has lost its olden charm which long ago it knew When men could be contented here without a thing to do. But now upon a treadmill that goes ever round and round From dawn to midnight I must trudge for fear that I'll be downed; Upon a schedule I must toil, as ships that ply the foam, Chartered for everything except a quiet hour at home.

When dawn arrives and over all the shades of night descend Somewhere there is a banquet or a show I must attend; Into my evening dress I jump, the while my girl and lad Stand by me, as I shave myself, to visit with their dad. The old-time father used to take his children on his knee, And that's one happy privilege which life denies to me; And yet I vow some day we three will share the evening gloom, And I'll tell them wondrous tales—the light I stay at home.

I often fancy I would like to catch some mild disease So I might stay in bed awhile and read what books I please, Some comfortable ailment which to suffer I'd enjoy, With no committees to attend, no phone calls to annoy— A few brief days of perfect peace, too ill to do a thing, Yet not too ill to want to hear the songs the youngsters sing. Could I break up the schedule which compels me now to roam, I'd realize my forest dream—a little time at home.

Flies Don't Fly Far.

The belated summer which visited the southern half of the kingdom last month had one very curious result. It brought the flies back. There were more flies about in October than in June or July, and the surgeon at a big London hospital reported that midge and mosquito bites of an unusually severe nature were commoner than they have been for years.
Flies' little ways are not generally known, but some experiments conducted by the Government last year have thrown a good deal of light on them. Flies don't travel nearly so far as one is apt to think. Of several hundred caught in a Suffolk village, sprinkled with white powder and released, the one that travelled farthest was found two days later less than a mile away. The bodies of the majority were found within two hundred yards from the place of release.
In the open air flies rarely fly more than ten or twelve feet above the ground.
On the top floors of a tall office building they are hardly ever seen. In many American sky-scrapers flies are absolutely unknown above the first two or three stories.

Smallwood's Big Stock of Local Made English and American Fine Boots and Shoes, offered to the public at 25 p.c. off regular prices.—dec18,17

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

ON LETTING A CHILD GET BURNED.



"I'm absolutely worn out," a mother said to me the other day, "after I get Anne off to school. I do believe she is the slowest child that ever lived! You simply can't hurry her and if I didn't keep at her constantly she would be late every day."
"Has she ever been late?" I asked.

"No," said her mother, "but it is only because I keep after her so."
"Why not let her be late once or twice?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't like to do that," she said. "It's horrid for children to be late. It looks as if their parents didn't look after them."
She expects to keep after her all through school.

"Surely you don't mean to keep after Anne all through school?" I protested.

"I don't see but I'll have to," she said.

She may do it, but she won't have to—at least, not to my way of thinking.

When Parents Are Too Kind.

It seems to me that parents often make this mistake of trying to shield their children from the results of their faults, when it would be better to withdraw the shield and let them have the experience of enduring some of the disagreeable results of their own acts. Sometimes a minor lesson of this sort when one is young will save some far more serious lesson later.

There is no better way of learning to respect the laws that govern human action than finding out what happens when one breaks them. Whenever possible, punishments should be taught this lesson. For in-

stance, the careless child should not be merely scolded when his carelessness causes loss or trouble, he should share in the loss or the trouble, give up some of his spending money to restoring the broken vase, give up part of his playtime to helping his mother in return for the extra times she has to spend cleaning or mending as a result of his lack of care.

Isn't it better to let him get a blister?

It is a law of life that the burned child dreads the fire. The child who has been told that fire burns, the child who has been whipped for getting too near the fire will not have the same feeling toward fire, the same sense of its danger as the child who has gotten one small blister from the results of fire. Is it not, then, better when it is possible, to let him get that blister than to guard him from the pain only to let him run the risk of enduring some far greater pain later?

A Hard Fight Won Against the Sikhs.

At about four in the afternoon of December 21, 1845, when but little daylight remained, the British forces—17,000 strong with 69 guns—advanced in three divisions, the right under Sir Hugh Gough, the left under Sir John Littler, and the centre under Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General—the attack of a strong entrenchment a mile and a half by a mile wide at Ferozshah, India, defended by 35,000 of the flower of the Sikh army, with 100 guns. The 50th Regiment of Foot, directed by Captain Pringle O'Hanlan, of the Staff, was the first to gain a footing in the Sikh trenches, and the combat everywhere became general; but the enemy were as resolute in defence as the British troops were as persevering in assault. Regiment after regiment of Sir John Littler's division staggered under the tremendous fire of grape and musketry by which they were met, and at nightfall were obliged to retire, the 62nd Regiment being much shattered. Sir Harry Smith's division, which had carried and occupied Ferozshah, were unable to hold it during the night, and also drew off; but General

EGGS!

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98

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DEMORALIZING.



WILLY MARSH

For old time ways my sprit pants, o'er modern ways I groan; in olden times my maiden aunts let politics alone. And they were then attractive girls, I truthfully may state; they had their hair done up in curls, their hats were up to date. They looked with cold and scornful eyes on statesmen and their game; they'd talk for hours of cakes and pies, and how to make the same. But housework now they deem a frost, they talk at steaming prunes; they say they'll save, at any cost, our bulwarks and our nooks. No more they fuss with pans and bowls, they stoke no kitchen fires; they talk forever of the polls, of green grocers of our sires. To me no panacea do they bring, they've found a nobler sphere; and I could stand this sort of thing, for there's a chophouse near; but oh, it fills me with despair to see those slouchy girls! They haven't time to comb their hair, or do it up in curls; they do not care how tough they look, how seedy they appear, since they declined to sew and cook, to fill a higher sphere. My aunts are now a frowsy crew, their shoestrings all untied; and once, ah,

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