

YOUR CALENDAR IS ALL WRONG, THIS IS  
**"Saturday Night"**  
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**MAJESTIC**  
 MONDAY

What Does **"Saturday Night"** Mean to YOU?  
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 'SATURDAY NIGHT' is a Great Picture.—N. Y. World.

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**SIDE TALKS.**

By Ruth Cameron.

**MANY WAYS.**

The old order changeth, yielding place to new; God fulfills Himself in many ways. One good custom should corrupt the world.

**Tennyson.**

I have a friend who bitterly regrets growing older. When anything, such as an anniversary day like the present, brings the passing of the years to her mind she quotes that first line: "The old order changeth yielding place to new."

**Life Can't Stand Still.**

He quotes it in a neutral tone. I do not think it was meant to be

mournful. I think the rest of the passage (which she never quotes) shows that. We wish at times that our lives could move along without changes or breaks, but that is not the way of life. "God fulfills Himself in many ways."

All of which is by way of preludes to wishing you the wish that belongs to this day:  
**Happy New Year to you!**  
 "God fulfills Himself in many ways." Do not be afraid of the New Year, you who have a tendency to dread change and fear the new. It will be different from the old even as one star differeth from another. But if it takes away some things from you it will bring other things into your life.

**It Takes and Gives.**  
 If it takes away old friends it will bring new. Has a year ever passed in your life that it did not bring you some new contact? If it takes away it will bring you more capacity for contemplative life. If it takes away some of the joys of childhood it will bring joys of youth. If it takes away some of the joys of maturity, if it closes some door it will open others.

Each year brings its own burdens but it also brings its own strength, its own opportunities and its own peculiar kinds of happiness.

"Grow old along with me, the best of life is yet to be, the last of life for which the first was made."  
**"For a Living Dog—"**

Have courage for life. Be grateful for it. When you stop to think of it, with all its disappointments, its annoyances, its struggles, life's an awfully fascinating thing. It must be else more people would get sick of it to the point of letting it go. And today you have a whole New Year given you, a year that may bring you the most wonderful friendship of your life, the greatest business opportunity or the beginning of your romance.

Once again Happy New Year to you! May it be the best year yet. And if for any reason your heart is sad today, do not think of that wish as a mockery. A year is a wonderful thing. Time brings roses. "The old order changeth yielding place to new. And God fulfills Himself in many ways." Sir

**Sacred to Millions.**

FOLKESTONE'S MEMORIAL UNVEILED — SPOT WHERE OUR ARMIES MARCHED.

On a spot past which over eight million British troops marched on their way to fight the battle of liberty, a noble memorial was unveiled on Folkestone Leas the other day. Modelled on beautiful lines and composed of Cornish granite, it is surmounted by a female figure in bronze symbolic of Peace. Around the plinth are carved the names of all the local men who fell, and a tablet bears the following inscription:

In ever grateful memory of the brave men from Folkestone and the thousands from all parts of the Empire who passed this spot on their way to fight in the Great War (1914-18) for righteousness and freedom, and especially those of this town who made the supreme sacrifice.

The sculptor is Mr. F. V. Blundstone, K.B.E. In the absence, through important duties, of Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, K.C.B., the ceremony was performed by Earl Radnor. Among the crowd of several thousands who watched the unveiling, the war's grim traces were pathetically reflected. It required little mental effort on the part of many present to visualize that phantom army and recall the midnight marches to the boats when, to the stern order for "Silence," those huge battalions turned a deaf ear by lustily singing "Tipperary" and other popular soldier songs.

Prominent in the proceedings was Sir Stephen Penfold, chairman of the Memorial Committee, eight times Mayor of Folkestone, and chief magistrate during the whole of the war. A line of chairs contained limless men from the Star and Garter Homes, Sandgate, and around whom stood a detachment of the 1st Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. Representatives of neighbouring civic authorities, relatives of the fallen

**HAD COME FOR MILES AROUND,** the Mayors of Boulogne, Calais, Ostend, etc. together with a heavy contingent of the British Legion, and unattached ex-service men. Territorial Forces, Boy Scouts, and Sea Scouts made up the multitude. Two hundred selected children's voices led the singing of "For all the saints who from their labours rest," after which the Rev. J. C. Carillo read a lesson in which figured the phrase, "I beheld, and lo, a great multitude." Sir

Stephen Penfold, who first conceived the idea of the memorial, handed over the monument to the present mayor, Ald. E. J. Bishop, in trust for all time. Earl Radnor, in an appropriate little speech, remarked, "This memorial, being the French toast, makes us feel how proud we are to have stood by our Allies, and we look to the future to stand together to uphold the peace of the world and the prosperity of all men." The guard of honour presented arms, and the bugles rang out the mournful strains of the "Last Post." This was followed by the hymn "Abide with me." Among floral tributes laid on the memorial were wreaths from the mayor and Sir Philip Sassoon, a laurel design, measuring nine feet, with one great tiger lily, from the British Legion, and wreaths from the mayors of adjoining boroughs, and from visitors from Boulogne, Calais, Ostend, and Wimereux. The National Anthem, the "Reveille," and a march past concluded a ceremony which will never fade from the memory of those privileged to take part in it.—News of the world.

**Just Folks.**

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

**A PRAYER FOR LOYALTY.**

Oh God, bring back the violent hands to service in our troubled lands. Teach those who preach a selfish creed The splendor of each loyal deed. And grace those hearts now filled with lies, With love of country and of state.

Oh God who hears men's discontent, Endow them with all sentiment; Teach them to see with eyes of love The beauty of the flag above So they may reverently stand Before the altars of our land.

Bring them to laughter and to tears, That all disloyalty may cease; Open their eyes that they may see The precious gifts of liberty And make of them who would destroy Sure builders of a greater joy.

Teach them to use their talents well, To grace the homes wherein they dwell. To train their children to be just, Brave, true and steadfast to a trust, God-fearing men in every task, Giving their country all their best.

Oh God, endow us all, we pray, With patriotic hearts today; Let all who share Thy kindly sun Stand to the tasks that must be done, Undaunted when the clouds descend, Patient and loyal to the end.

**A Standardized War Decoration.**

It is probable that before very long an announcement will be made of considerable interest to all recipients of war decorations. The Military Cross, the D.S.C., and the D.F.C. will be abolished, and a standardized decoration for the naval, military, and air forces alike will be introduced in their place.

The new title had not yet been definitely settled, but it will be given only for services rendered under fire, and thus the irritation which sometimes followed the bestowal of the M.C. for instance, will be eliminated. The value to their possessors of the old war decorations will moreover be enhanced, since they must, in the course of nature, become extremely rare toward the end of our generation. The V.C. will, of course, remain the "blue riband" for all three services, the new decoration taking rank immediately below it.—Liverpool Post.

**Shot for Treason.**

IRISH GOVERNMENT TO STAMP OUT ANARCHY.

In a special copyrighted despatch to The Globe, Mr. Ernest Blythe, Minister of Local Government, defending the execution of four civilians for treason, is quoted as saying:

"We have reached the time when it is necessary to open a new chapter. From January to June we tried to avoid any fighting. From June to the present we have tried other means to show the futility of the attempt to prevent the majority from prevailing. Our campaigns were conducted with the intent of causing a minimum loss of life. Now it is necessary to take steps to bring the situation to a close. "Armed opposition to the Government is in such disorganization that it is not a Republican government, but is a definite movement toward anarchy. And those involved are, for the most part, criminals who cannot settle into any ordered life. "The trial of Childers has begun on the charge of treason. "The Government takes the fullest responsibility for the executions to-

day. The sentence was just. It was no defence that they had not succeeded in shooting someone, and it is strange that we should hear no indignation expressed when the irregulars kill, but is only expressed when the Government enforces its decrees. Ireland is suffering from cancer, and must use the knife to cut out the growth. We should not be worthy to govern if we had no courage to win through."—Ex.

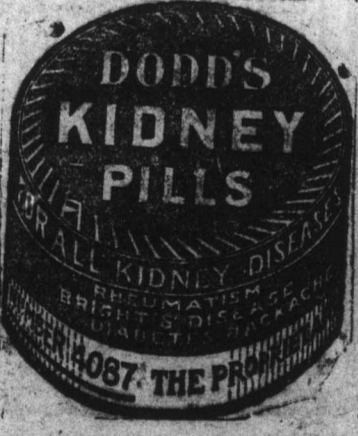
Eat Mrs. STEWART'S Home Made Bread.—cont. 620



WALT MASON.

**MY NEW YEAR PLEDGES.**

Last year I made some pledges, and said of them, "Dodgson! They can't be split with wedges; I've built these vows to last; I've cut out basement brewing and smoking pipes a n.d. chewing, no more I'll be pursuing the habits of the past." I went around relating to all the friends I know how I was busy crating the sins of long ago; on highways and by hedges I showed my dainty pledges, with gold around the edges, as I went to and fro. "Oh, virtue is delicious," I said, to one and all; "my habits punk and vicious are cannot beyond recall; I've dumped the habits dotty that made my record spotty, I've shaken all things naughty, I'm free from error's pall." My friends, who once were legion, full soon were hard to find, and round me was a region devoid of human-kind; they hid behind the hedges, they climbed up dizzy ledges, grown weary of my pledges, which seemed to strike them blind. When they beheld me coming an anguished shriek they gave, and I could hear the they canted, hair-sicles, to find drumming of feet upon the pave; some nook or shelter where no old moral peltor could talk them to the grave. "My friends," I said, "are rabbits; my tale they will not bear; so I'll take on the habits I cast aside New Year; with virtue I have flirted, its snowy walls I've skirted, but when a man's deserted life is too cold and dear."



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