

FINISH THE YEAR in a manner you will never regret by doing your buying at **MARSHALL'S SPECIAL DECEMBER SALE.** Four more shopping days and 1923 is gone forever but the bargains obtainable at our store will prove for many a long day to come that **"IT PAYS TO SHOP AT MARSHALL'S."**



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Pyjama Flannelette—
40c. to 55c. yd.
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COTTON TWEEDS44c. yd.
BLAY TWILL SHEETING65c. & 80c. yd.
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Gent's



Furnishings

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First—1.10 per Garment.



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\$1.25 to \$2.50 each

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EASTERN CAP
—It leads the field

English Velour Hats

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COLOURED SILK1.00 to 3.00 pr.
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MEN'S TAN KID, Lined2.00 up.
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BOYS' WOOL40c. to 50c.
MEN'S GREY SUEDE2.00 to 3.45
LADIES' WOOL50c. to 80c.
LADIES' COL'D KID GLOVES, 2.20
MISSSES' WOOL GAUNTLETS—
80c. to 1.10

Marshall Bros

Dress Goods

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Meltons65c. to 1.20 yd.
Coatings2.40 yd.
Plaids45c. to 1.00 yd.
COSTUME BUTTONS50c. to 65c. doz.
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COTTON CASHMERE65c. yd.
BLACK & COLOURED SATEENS42c. to 55c. yd.



House

Furnishings

CONGOLEUM MATS19c. ea.
SHELF OIL CLOTH12c. yd.
WHITE TABLE OIL CLOTHS35c. yd.
WHITE LACE CURTAINS3.00 to 9.00 pr.
WHITE CURTAIN NETS40c. 45c. 50c. 75c. yd.
SPRING BLINDS, Plain & Fringed80c. & 87c. ea.
FLOOR OIL CLOTH, 8/41.25 yd.
TAPESTRIES2.00 to 2.25 yd.

Invictus Hockey Boots

\$12.00 pair.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THE NEW HAT.



I sing the song of the autumn hat. Very late, I admit, but I bought mine late, and hence my annual lyric on this subject did not get its inspiration until a little while ago.

The reason I was so slow in approaching the great adventure was this.

Justifying the Extravagance.

I didn't mean to buy a hat this season. Last year in the middle of the year, I saw a wonderful hat. It was lovely in color and material, it had style and smartness of line, without being fashionable. Also it was distinctly marked my hat, and so I bought it, although it cost twice what I could pay. And I justified the extravagance by telling myself that as it had no earmarks of this year's fashions, I would wear it next year and spread the cost over two years. (I wonder if Eve justified herself in spending a double portion of time hunting for the prettiest leaves, by telling herself she would wear them two days instead of one.)

When I put it away in the spring, I did so regretfully, I had cherished it and it looked as attractive as ever, and when I went to get it this fall, I looked forward to wearing it. And now I come to the point of the story.

What Every Woman Knows.

That hat no longer looked right. There was something the matter with it. I tried it at this angle and that, but it simply did not look the same. Though no one had touched it, something had happened to it, during the summer. I am sure every woman and no man, excepting perhaps the negligible few with a touch of the feminine in them, will know what I am talking about.

"Stuff and nonsense," the hundred per cent masculine man will say. "She just wanted a new hat."

But the woman will think with a wise smile that remembers many instances of her own that miraculously changed while they were laid away. "Tell her, I too, have known."

I sing the song of the new hat, nothing in her wardrobe, not her

laces and her ribbons and her sheer silk stockings is so essentially feminine as a woman's hat. And that, even when it has a touch of the masculine about it.

Nothing spoils her joy in her appearance like an unbecoming hat. Let the hat be right and it will carry an old suit or a gown that is not quite so becoming. But let the hat be wrong and everything is wrong.

Wherefore no adventure in a woman's job of purchasing agent is so delicate as the yearly selection of a hat.

Well Within Your Means.

You can't choose a hat by the looks of it. No indeed. You see a love of a hat in a window and go in dying of affection for it and ask the price breathlessly and find it is only twice as much as what you meant to pay and hence well within your means. And then you try it on and it becomes impossible. And then you try on some unbecoming little thing you had hardly looked at before and behold it suddenly takes on a grace and a charm, and you know it is your hat.

I wish there were some way that the hat artists might know some of the satisfaction they give, when a woman buys a new hat and knows she has chosen well.

But I also wish someone could find a way to prevent the creature of hate from so handling their materials that their concoctions, like an effervescent drink that has been opened, lose their flavor when you put them in cold storage.

Briton Quit Job and Sold Home to Live in U.S.

Law Bars Wife.

Plymouth, Eng. Dec. 1. (A.P.)—One of the sad consequences of the United States restricted immigration law is the case of Stanley Light, who with his wife and child recently returned from America. Light gave up his job here, sold his home and with his family went to New York to join Mrs. Light's parents. His brother and the latter's family went along.

The brother and his family were admitted, but the immigration officials barred Mrs. Stanley Light as a native of South Africa, the quota for which had been exhausted. Mrs. Light was born at Cape Town of English parents, but has lived in England since she was four years old.

Ask your Grocer for Stafford's 15c. Ginger Wine.—nov20,tt

New Year Greeting Cards

A Choice Collection Showing

GARRETT BYRNE,
Bookseller and Stationer.

HELPING OUT.



WALT MATON

I take an egg to Gaffer Gray, whose hen's no longer laying. "You've saved my life this blessed day," I hear the old man saying; "for I've rheumatics in my legs, and can't earn my living, and I was suffering for eggs which I brought you are giving." I hope he'll soon be rid of pain, and go my way remarking, "I surely have not lived in vain, relieving care that's carking. To make a heartick fellow smile, to put food in his maw—that graft is surely worth the while of any pilgrim stranger." I'm often bored by life's routine, and all my chores cause friction; I'm tired of burning gasoline and reading kickless fiction; I'm tired of statement and their spolia, of vital theme and question; I'm tired of sitting up to meals, I'm tired of indignation. "All earthly things have lost their lure," I say to my Aunt Patsy: "we only suffer and endure as we grow old and batty." And then I hear of some poor guy whom fate has sorely smitten; I carry him a custard pie, and say, "I'll be a god." "The gods reward you," mutters he. "You've brought a glimpse of heaven; accept

my blessing, No. 3, of Series XXVII." And so I say to people bored by stagnant griefs and others, "Go forth and blow your ample board, and help your ailing brothers."

Uganda Wars on Elephants

NAIROBI, Central Africa, Dec. 15. (A.P.)—A number of European hunters are to be appointed official elephant hunters in the Uganda colony, in view of the frequency of elephant raids upon native cultivation.

In making this announcement, it is explained the hunters will be expected to drive off the elephants in different districts and to shoot if necessary, but the ivory will be the property of the government.

Duchess Heads Sewing School

LONDON, Dec. 16. (A.P.)—The Duchess of York has succeeded the late Princess Christian as President of the Royal School for Needlework.

BLUE POINT OYSTERS, by S.S. "Rosalind," 35c. dozen, at BEARN'S 2 Stores, Hay Market, and Rawlins' Cross.—dec14,tt

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MUTT AND JEFF

IT LOOKED LIKE A CASE FOR THE BOARD OF HEALTH TO JEFF.

—By Bud Fisher.

