

Musical Goods and Christmas!

PIANO PLAYERS, PIANOS, ORGANS,
BRUNSWICK GRAMOPHONES,
MUSIC and RECORDS.

N.B.—Use your own ears—your own eyes—your own judgment. Come upstairs (it is a nuisance) you will be well repaid.

CHARLES HUTTON,
The Home of Music.

XMAS SHOPPING

This Season

will tend in many instances to the purchase of useful utilities. We can help you. And we know that with that fine discrimination of yours you want Quality Goods.

Our Store
Stands for Quality,

Yet we know one may have a lot of

The Xmas Spirit

and not too much in one's purse this season.

Our Prices just now
are Specially made to
Help all Our Friends
and Customers.

Owing to lack of room we are unable to specialize in Toys and Fancy Goods to any extent, but you will find we have more space to devote to Staple Goods.

You will find our staff able to give you lots of time and attention in the making of your purchases.

You will also find our management glad to help you or meet you in any way.

And despite the fact that times may seem hard to some of us, we trust that you, personally, may have a Happy Xmas.

Henry Blair.

Forty-One Years in the Public
Service—The Evening Telegram

The First Look.

(By P.O.D. in Toronto Saturday Night.)

It was a very thoughtful arrangement on the part of Divine Providence to put a lot of water between Canada and England. In that way the traveler gets a chance to set his mind in order—supposing that he has the sort of mind which requires it—and so is ready to receive a lot of new impressions. It is like putting a new sensitive coating on a photographic plate.

Personally, our mind was a complete blank—blanker even than usual—by the time we got our first sight of land. And the first thing we saw was the north coast of Ireland lifting through the haze of morning. Somehow or other, when we looked at that bleak headland, with the clouds hanging low over it, we could understand why Irishmen put in so much time fighting. If we had to live in a country like that we would, in spite of a naturally pacific disposition, regard a rumpus as a genial relaxation from the tedium of life.

Hastily we scanned the coast through a pair of powerful binoculars, hoping to see a policeman teeing over the hillside while an enthusiastic mob pursued him with shillalags. But there wasn't a sign of life—probably the "boys" were too tired after their night's work to be up and about yet.

We asked the captain if he had ever had occasion to pick up a policeman or two swimming for their lives, but he said it was against his principles to interfere in other people's amusements, so he always let them swim.

Farther down the Irish Sea we passed the Isle of Man. In spite of the misty sunshine upon it, it looked very much like one of Hall Cain's novels. We could take an entirely new view of "The Deemster" and "The Bondman" when we had seen the land of their setting—those stark cliffs with the tumbling surf at their feet, and the bare uplands marked off into little squares. Heaven only knows what they grow there besides best-sellers, but it cannot be very much. We were assured, however, that the tourist crop is a very rich and steady one.

"That's the Coney Island of the west coast of England," said our informant, pointing to a dismal little town of tall houses along a deserted beach.

We looked at him sharply to see where the joke came in, but he was perfectly serious. The place was about as cheerfully active as a training camp for undertakers' assistants where they might cultivate the necessary dose of expression. We had heard it said before that Englishmen took their pleasures sadly, but we had hardly thought they took them as sadly as this. Coney Island—but perhaps it suggested Coney because it was so very different.

Some time after dark we cast anchor in the Mersey. There was moonlight on the river, and through the mist the lights on either bank formed ribbons of stars. Tugboats and lighters plied to and fro all about us, and every now and then hoarse orders were shouted across the water.

It was the first sight of England, and a picture not to be forgotten. We trust that we are not an especially sentimental person, but we must confess we were thrilled by it. Even the pervading odor of smoke and fish seemed to contain romantic suggestions like those hideous and complicated smells that hang over East-end cities.

With the day came disillusion. There is nothing like the business of packing up and disembarking to bring a man back to the humdrum realities of life. There were passports to be examined, a dozen stewards of all sorts to be endowed with the remains of our worldly estate, and then one hustled ashore to see how much of one's baggage one could rescue before it was irretrievably scattered.

Travelling in England seems to resolve itself into a whole-hearted and breathless scamper after trunks and suitcases. And it is extraordinary how elusive the things become. A man's trunk seems to take unto itself legs and walk off and hide. Huge Bartogors, requiring about three men to handle them in Canada, develop over here the playful agility of young lizards and crawl into the most unexpected places. And, of course, there is no checking system to keep track of them. They simply run away, while you hurry after them calling them pet names.

In the station at Liverpool we spent a joyous hour retrieving our trunk, which had decided to go off and belong to some nice master. It was nowhere to be found. With the aid and advice of about four porters, who proved to be very clubby fellows and called in their friends, we hunted through miles and miles of baggage—only they call it "luggage" over here.

The trunk was nowhere to be found, and we had pleasant visions of ourself figuring at Court functions in our pyjamas. If that trunk was not found, we knew that we would be living out of a harem-bag for the next couple of months until money arrived from home to buy more clothes. London is not a city to be conquered socially in the raiment you happen to land in. Just about the time the last porter was on the point of giving the thing

up as a hopeless case, and we were wondering if there wasn't some home in England for destitute Canadians, it occurred to us that the truth might be in the baggage-car of the train. Somebody or other might have liked the looks of it—though battered, it is not entirely unimpressive—and put it away for future reference when the lock could be filed off.

Sure enough, there it was, looking as happy as a triant dog that has just come back home. And on its lid gleaming that it had been examined and passed by the customs authorities.

Naturally, it had to be examined all over again, and all the porters and their friends came back, and we had a round or two of shillalags, and everybody seemed pleased with the work of the grand old system. Probably it is a good system—for porters.

Wary and panting we tottered along the platform to the caddy-hells on the train where we were to live between Liverpool and London. On the way we met an English acquaintance of the ship, and we told him our troubles. Perhaps a certain Colonial bitterness crept into our account of them, but he was blandly unconcerned.

"Well, you did get your box after all, didn't you?" he asked mildly. Yes, we got it. We felt ten years older and our heart was acting strangely, but we got it all right. We might even find it when we reached London, if we crawled out every time the train stopped and ran along to the baggage-car—no, no the luggage-van—and prevented it from jumping out onto the platform of some village station. Travel in England is certainly not without its thrills.

We understood then why the English are the greatest nation in the world. Any race that could withstand the worry and uncertainty of such a luggage system—it is probably the same one that good old Noah used in handling the animals on the Ark—would naturally be undismayed by the ordinary difficulties and dangers incidental to empire-building.

Before getting into the train we took a good look at it. After the huge engines and cars of Canada it had all the appearance of a neat but rather old-fashioned toy. It was a trim and nicely rounded little train, as if it were intended to run through sections of drain-pipe. We felt that we could put one hand on the roof of the car and vault right over it.

Talking of drain-pipe, we did run through a series of the darkest and dustiest tunnels between Liverpool and London that we have ever experienced. We might have been going through the Rocky Mountains, there were so many of these rabbit-burrows. And yet the country seemed comparatively flat. Every time an English railroad builder comes to a grade, he simply bows into it.

Whenever we reached a tunnel, everyone in the compartment promptly jumped for the windows and jerked them up to keep the clouds of smoke out. By the time we reached London we had developed a set of back and biceps muscles that Jack Dempsey would envy, for we happened to be sitting next to the windows and most of the work fell on us—also most of the smoke.

Of thing, however, must be said for those tiny English trains, and that is that they travel smoothly and make great time. Slipping away from the platform so quietly that one hardly notices them moving, they are soon shooting through fields and villages at a rate which a Canadian limited would hardly dare attain.

Here and there on sidings we passed funny little locomotives with gaudy red bumpers, and lines of freight cars—or goods vans, or whatever it is they call them—perched up on high wheels and looking not much larger or more solid than clothes baskets.

But what a pretty country it all is—a country of tiny fields marked out by green hedges, of little villages snugly tucked into the folds of their trees, each with its ancient church spire pointing up softly through the golden haze. After the shaggy immensity of Canada, it looks so trim, so carefully groomed, so narrowly circumscribed.

It was a lovely, sunny day, and the country was at its best. Even the sunshine is different here and has little of the crisp brilliancy Canadians know and love. It is sunshine grown mellow, so that the shadows are all softened and distant objects fade away into a yellow mist.

When we were not admiring the beautiful landscape, and charming pictures that every turn of the train revealed, we were busy studying that superb and leisurely person the British workman. We must have seen many hundreds of them during that trip from Liverpool to London, but in the whole time we did not catch one

of them at work. The splendid fellows simply stood, singly or in groups, and watched the train go by. Heaven only knows how the business of the country is carried on, but evidently someone else must do it. Or perhaps the British workman occasionally is guilty of a little work, when there is no one about to reproach him with his loss of dignity and breach of union rules.

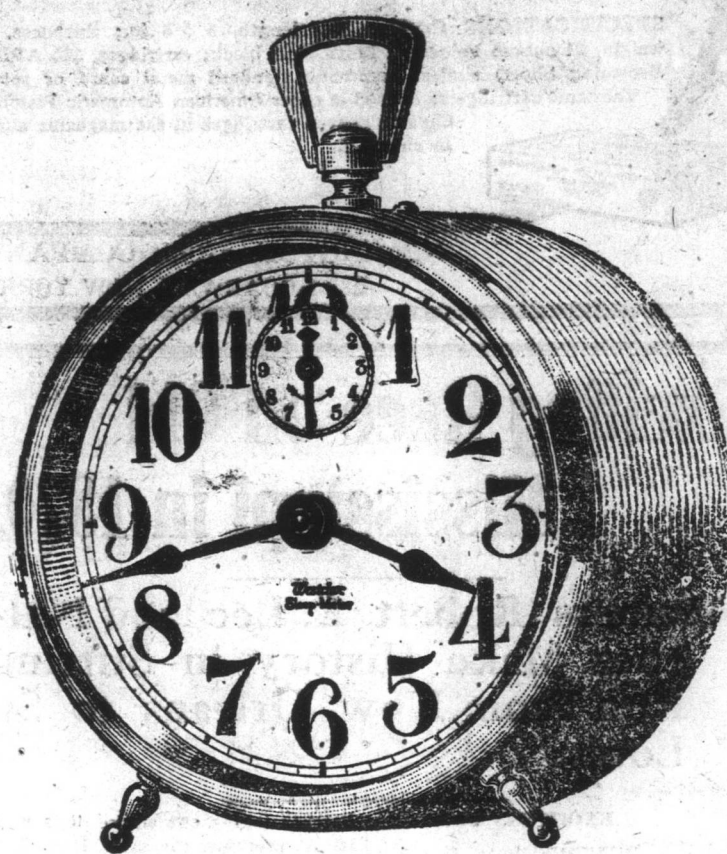
Only once during the whole trip did we see any signs of real activity. About a dozen women were busy in a field gathering vegetables, so far as we could make out, and not one of them raised her head to look at the train. But there was one man there, and he followed the most statuesque traditions of his class. With his hands in his pockets he watched us go by, and then very leisurely he proceeded to light his pipe. It was a splendid exhibition of utter nonchalance.

One after the other the little villages with their quaint red houses were lost in the distance, and then suddenly we realized that there were no longer any intervals between them and that they had coalesced in the outskirts of the great city. We were entering London. Houses stretched away in interminable rows, each with its little plot of ground in front, and each with its array of chimney-pots.

Our first impression of London is one of chimney-pots standing in a row as far as the eye could see. They had the appearance of having been called out on parade and then left there to wait for the stand-still which never came. There was something "Martian" and yet something pathetic about those chimney-pots—wary soldiers always rightly at attention.

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At Euston Station we lost no time in tumbling out and running to the baggage-car to gather up our belongings. In England there is no handing your checks to a transfer-agent to forward your belongings to your hotel or residence. There are no checks to hand, and no transfer-agent to give them to. The only thing to do is to hire a porter and have him drag your

trunk out of the general medley—unless you should see a trunk that you like better than your own. In that case, there is nothing in the world to prevent your walking off with it. We had better luck this time—probably because we were so promptly on the job—and then, having gathered our belongings about us, we looked around for a conveyance.

"You had better have a four-wheeler, sir," said the porter. We agreed and he called a dilapidated vehicle, driven by an ancient horse and a shabby that dated no doubt from the time of "Pickwick Papers." The trunk was hoisted to the top—it took three men to do it—and then we drove majestically into the streets of

London, feeling every moment that our belongings would come down through the roof on our head. But nothing happened—nothing ever does happen to a four-wheeler. And so we arrived at our journey's end.

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