

Victor Records

For Christmas

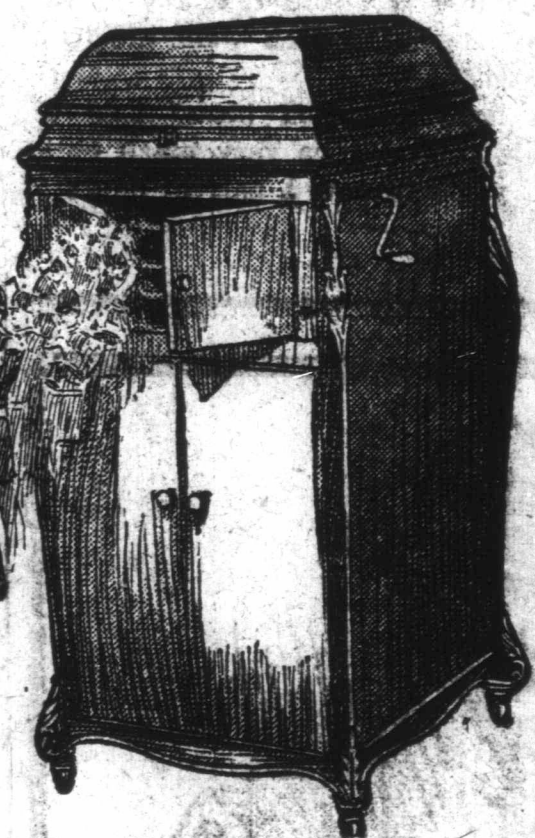
12 inch

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|--|--|
| 89066—Elegie (Song of Mourning)
—Caruso, Violin Obligato, Mischa Elman.....\$5.00 | 74436—Adeste Fidelis
—John McCormack, with male chorus.....\$2.00 |
| 96200—Lucia, Sextette
—Semluick, Caruso, Scottie, Journal, Daddi, Severina.....\$5.00 | 74346—Good-Bye (Tosti)
—Jno. McCormack.....\$2.00 |
| 89018—Trovatore (Home to Our Mountains)—Louise Homer and Enrico Caruso.....\$5.00 | 74653—Melodie (Tscharckowsky) (Violin)
—Mischa Elman.....\$2.00 |
| 89001—La Forza del Destino (Duet)
—Caruso & Scottie.....\$5.00 | 35408—Appropos—One Step
Tango Princess
—McKee's Orchestra.....\$1.50 |
| 183009—The Keys of Heaven (Duet)
—Mme. Clara Butt & Mr. Kennerley Rufford.....\$3.50 | 35589—Pretty Baby
There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl
—Victor Trilty Band.....\$1.50 |
| 88539—Fiddle and I
—Alma Gluck, Violin Obligato, Eferem Zimbalist.....\$3.50 | 35593—Songs of the Night (Waltz)
Fox Favourites
—Victor Dance Orchestra.....\$1.50 |
| 88307—Proch's Air and Variations—Louise Tetrazzini.....\$3.50 | 35523—Underneath the Stars
The Waltz We Love
—Victor Dance Orchestra.....\$1.50 |
| 88113—Mme. Butterfly (Some Day I'll Come)—Geraldine Farrar.....\$3.50 | 35504—Blue Danube Waltz
Southern Roses Waltz
—Royal Marimbo Band.....\$1.50 |
| 74476—Dreaming of Home and Mother
—Evan Williams.....\$2.00 | 35594—Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem
Angels from the Realm of Glory
—Trinity Choir.....\$1.50 |
| 74476—Menuet in G (Buthovrn)
Gavotte in D (Gosse)
—Eferem Zimbalist.....\$2.00 | |

10 inch

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| 64556—Spanish Dance (Granados)—Fritz Kreisler \$1.25 | 17563—Il Trovatore—Anvil Chorus
Tanhauser—Pilgrim Chorus
—Victor Male Chorus 75c. |
| 64594—When the Boys Come Home—Evan Williams \$1.25 | 17872—Over the Stars There is Rest
The Perfect Day
—Elsie Baker 75c. |
| 64302—At Dawning
—Jno. McCormack \$1.25 | 17874—When I Leave the World Behind—Hy. Burr
It's Tulip Time in Holland—H. Macdonough 75c. |
| 64109—Absent
—Evan Williams \$1.25 | 17732—The Little House Upon the Hill
When My Ship Comes in—Campbell & Burr 75c. |
| 64616—Happy Days
—Mabel Garrison \$1.25 | 17806—Oh, Promise Me
In the Gloaming. |
| 87245—Tales of Hoffman (Barcarole)
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When Enemies Shake Hands

When it is considered how bitter is the feeling engendered by war, and how overwhelming the conflicts of interests and passions which compel men to slay, all the more extraordinary does another aspect of war appear, the friendly and complimentary side of it.

The present giant struggle, mercifully waged as it has been, is already rich in amazing interludes; but there really never was a war of any magnitude in which the antagonists at some time or another did not for a few hours sink their differences, and figuratively, shake hands. The fiercer the fighting the stronger would seem to be the revulsion of feeling when it did come.

Readers will readily recall the surprise, almost shock, caused by the discovery that British and German soldiers over several miles of fighting to bring about an informal truce for quite an hour on Christmas Day, 1914. To many people, such a meeting seemed utterly incongruous and inexplicable, but certain it is that it had not an atom of effect on the subsequent fighting, which indeed waxed more fiercely than ever.

Last Yuletide German soldiers on French and Russian fronts, as well as British, sought, by aid of improvised posters, chalked in perfect English, to bring about an informal truce for a few hours and, as a matter of fact, though little encouragement was given them by the Russian side, there was a sort of intuitive understanding came to that nothing unnecessarily aggressive should be indulged in.

The Breakfast Truce.

But scarcely a day passes which is free from these complimentary pauses. Soldiers fresh from trenches, within stone-throw of the enemy pits, as many are, will tell you that in the mornings, when the blue smoke rises from the trench mouth, denoting the cooking of breakfast, it is considered bad form by both contestants to indulge in any promiscuous firing, and seldom is the unwritten law broken.

It is only quite recently that an extraordinary instance of this sporting feeling—for such it may fairly be called—occurred. A German soldier remained for several minutes plainly in sight of the occupants of the British trench, presenting an almost certain target for even an indifferent shot, yet not a single rifle bullet pinged its way towards him. "Let the poor devil alone," an officer had said. "If he is not stark mad then some Prussian brute has placed him there as a punishment."

Some of these war courtesies are in reality drolleries, smacking of anything but grim life and death. There's something indescribably quaint about soldiers of the one side telling with flourishes all the good news to the other, and requesting their kind favors in the way of comments. Of course, this is a game two can play at, and played at it is nearly every day of the week with never ending variations.

The Corporal's Coffee.

"Don't throw a beastly hand grenade whenever we give you a bit of bad news," ran one notice in glaring chalk characters.

Back came the answer by a similar medium.

"The grenade you delivered yesterday carriage forward put dirt into our corporal's coffee."

A few minutes sufficed for the reply "Lucky corporal to have any coffee at all."

Occasionally, however, a notice board, half facetiously shown an enemy, strikes a note of apprehension, as was evidenced when some of our lads sought to give the hostile trenchers opposite the revised estimates of the great naval battle, and were met with a seemingly earnest request, that the announcement might again be shown.

But after all there is nothing very new in these little sidelights. Past wars bristle with them. A night or two preceding the bitterly fought battle of Talavera, brave men of both sides met together, passed pleasant-ries, exchanged tobacco for cigars, and ended up with an impromptu concert, after which a Highland sergeant paid the French artistes a rare compliment, and expressed the hope that they would all survive what was in store for them.

But Peninsula battles teemed with all that was best and worst in war, and it has been chronicled on more than one occasion that weary and parched men of Wellington and Soult's armies slacked their thirst at the same pool, only too glad for the time being to sink their differences.

When the Russians were at war with the Swedes, and were closely besieging Sweaborg, the Impregnable, that wonderful siege by land, sea, ice, the Russian general not only permitted but assisted in the forwarding to the garrison of letters and papers addressed to it, and even offered a safe conduct and escort to the families of officers who wished to be spared the rigours of a siege.

An Act of Chivalry.

A rare act of both chivalry and courtesy in war stands to the credit of a distinguished British Admiral, Lord Exmouth. Charged with the task of bringing the then turbulent Algiers to her senses, by recourse to a bombardment it need be, his Lordship sailed with a powerful fleet through the straits to discover very soon to his regret that extreme steps would be necessary. The ships took up their respective positions, and only waited for a signal from the flagship to commence operations, when the Admiral noticed a group of men silhouetted clearly on an exposed part of the city ramparts. Apparently they were so fascinated by the unusual spectacle as to be oblivious of danger. The error was entirely their own, but Lord Exmouth suspended the fatal order to fire till, by dint day of warning gestures, he had scared the rash spectators away.

What He Saved He Lost.

(By Maurice Maeterlinck, in the 'Figaro,' Paris. Translated in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.)

M. Maeterlinck commemorates the 'Day of the Dead' in the 'Figaro,' with an essay, 'The Might of the Dead,' written as probably only he could write it.

It is a beautiful homily on two texts—first, Maeterlinck's cherished thought which he expressed in the 'Blue Bird' that the dead really live in our thoughts, die again when we forget them, and come to life again when we remember them. His second text is 'What he saved he lost.' I quote these passages from this fine essay:

The Dead Live.

"The dead live and move among us much more really than the most adventurous imagination can picture. It is very doubtful that they do remain in their graves. It even seems more and more certain that they never let themselves be imprisoned there.

"But without probing further into the great but obscure truth, which for the time being we cannot define more precisely, let us dwell upon that which is not disputable.

"Whatever our religious faith may be, there is at least one place where our dead cannot die. That living dwelling of theirs is in ourselves, and for those who may have lost it becomes paradise or hell, as we are near or far from their thoughts, and their thoughts are always higher than ours. By lifting ourselves, then, we shall go to them. We must take the first steps for they cannot come down, while we can always ascend, for the dead, what ever they were in their lifetime, become better than the best of us. The least good by shedding their bodies have shed their body's vices, follies,

and meannesses, and the spirit alone remains, which in every man is pure.

"There are no bad dead, because there are no bad souls. And what was always true of all the dead is truer still to-day, when only the best are chosen for the grave. In the world which we call the kingdom of shadows, and which really is the ethereal kingdom of light, there are now as deep perturbations as those we feel on our earth. The young dead flock thither, and since the beginning of the world never were they as many, as strong, and as ardent. If such men were really annihilated, had vanished for ever, were for ever to become useless and without voice, all that we have believed hitherto, all that we have tried to do, all our victorious over evil days and evil instincts, would be delusion and lies. It is scarcely possible that this should be so, even regarding the external survival of the dead, but it is absolutely certain that it is not so regarding their survival within ourselves. Here nothing is lost and no one dies.

"Our memories are peopled by a multitude of heroes, stricken in the flower of youth, and far different from that procession of yore, pale and wornout, which counted almost solely the aged and sickly, who were already scarcely alive when they left this earth. To-day in all our houses, in town, in country, in palace and in cottage, a young man dead lives and rules in all the beauty of his strength. He fills the poorest, darkest dwelling with glory, such as it had never dreamed of.

"It is terrible that we should have this experience, the most pitiless mankind has known, but, now that the ordeal is nearly over, we can think of the perhaps unexpected fruits

The Deserted Cabin.

"Somewhere in France," mid bursting shells and flying shrapnel, Robert Service, the poet of the Yukon, goes driving a motor ambulance. Away up in the north, gazing down wistfully, lovingly, upon the great river beneath, a deserted little cabin waits in vain for his return.

"Below its crooked window red raspberries climb; A hornet's nest hangs from a beam; Its rafters are scribbled with adage and rhyme. And dimmed with tobacco and dream."

These lines are taken from a simple poem that hangs in a frame beside the door. It is entitled "Good-Bye, Little Cabin," a pathetic tribute to this silent witness of a poet's joy and sorrow. A pair of moose antlers are nailed above, and inside there may still be seen several rolls of brown wrapping paper, scribbled with the original versions of many of Service's poems. Here, too, a few hardy mottoes dangle bravely—"Each day has its laugh," and "Don't worry, just work."

The little cabinet is a part of Dawson City, yet it seems peculiarly alone. Perhaps the tangled shrubbery surrounding it imparts that sense of isolation, and one can readily imagine that the faraway poet would fain have it so, guarded from intrusion, and cherishing the memory of its former occupant.

Once again the words of farewell—"I hear the world—call and the clang of the fight;

I hear the hoarse cry of my kind; Yet well do I know, as I quit you to-night,

Its Youth that I'm leaving behind. The shadows enfold you, it's drawing to night;

The evening star needles the sky; And hush! but it's stinging and stinging my sight—

God bless you, old cabin, good-bye!"

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which we shall reap. One will soon see the breach widening and destinies diverging between those nations which have acquired all these dead and all this glory, and those who have been deprived of them and it. And one will be astonished to find that those which have lost most are those which will have kept their wealth, and their man.

"There are losses which are price-less gain, and there are gains in which one's future is lost. There are dead whom the living cannot replace and whose thought does things which no living bodies can do, and we are almost all now mandatories of someone greater, nobler, braver, wiser, and more alive than ourselves. He will be, with all his comrades, our judge.

"If it be true that the dead weigh the souls of living, and that our fate depends upon their verdict, he will be our guide and our champion. For this is the first time since history revealed to us her catastrophes that man has felt above his head and in his heart such a multitude of such dead."

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MISSION OF REPENTANCE AND HOPE

Last month, we invited a further expression of opinion on the subject of the proposed Mission of Repentance and Hope in this Diocese. So far, no response has been forthcoming.

A few words may not be out of place in reply to Mr. Nichol's letter, which appeared in that issue. In view of the fact that revivalism has run riot in certain sections of our population, he offers a warning against the dangers of a Mission of the "Evangelistic" type, and suggests a "Teaching" Mission instead.

There is an old saying: "Abusus non tollit usum." "The abuse of a thing does not do away with the use of it." We are confronted on many sides with the abuse of "revivalism,"—a false, fruitless religious excitement which often does more harm than good, or fizzles out in nothingness. But are we to be compelled, for that reason, to ignore the emotional element in Christianity altogether? A reviving of earnestness and enthusiasm amongst our ranks is sorely needed,—of that there can be no doubt. Why cannot such a reviving take the form of a Mission of Repentance and Hope which, while made full use of as an opportunity for systematic teaching, may, at the same time, be fired with white-hot enthusiasm by a churchmanlike appeal to the emotion? In fact, let us have a revival on Church lines, well ballasted with plenty of sound teaching, and issuing, through the power of the

spirit, in a real and lasting change in the individual and corporate life of our people.

It is possible to be too cautious at such a time. If it calls us to anything at all, a National Mission calls to ventures of faith; and if a venture of faith is needed in facing the risks of "revivalism," let us not be backward and timorous in making it. A few months' good, hard praying can reduce the danger to a minimum.

The idea of a "Book of Life," referred to in the extract which we reprint below from "The Guardian," is one which is well worth considering in parishes and missions where it is desired to introduce into Church some permanent memorial of the brave men who have fallen at the front—and, from time to time, other parishioners of note. The ordinary brass plate fixed upon the wall of a building is not at all times an improvement to its appearance, especially when the practice of erecting such memorials is at all overdone. A "Book of Life," on the other hand, would be a chaste and dignified addition to the furniture of any church.

A booklet of more than common interest in relation to the best form of war memorial is published by the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company, Ltd., with the title of "In Memoriam." It is based upon the idea of commemorating the dead in a "Liber Vitae" which was first ventilated in "The Guardian" a few months ago. It de-

scribes a revival of an ancient Saxon custom for the mourning of the dead, the suggestion being a volume to be maintained in every parish church on the lines of the famous "Book of Life," once kept up in Durham Cathedral, and now preserved in the British Museum as one of the Cotonian MSS. For seven centuries, as noted by Mr. Penderel-Brothurst in an interesting Preface, "first at Lindisfarne, next at Chesterle-Street, and finally at Durham, it was kept upon the High Altar of the successive Cathedrals of that great Northern Diocese in which the Faith was nurtured by some of the most illustrious Saints in the English Calendar."

"The pamphlet contains illustrations of the casket and volume suggested for this purpose by the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company. But the whole idea, appropriate as it is, in the best taste, and a timely revival of an excellent practice of those forefathers whom we are so tempted to undervalue, is one which well deserves to be adopted in preference to some of the rather blatant mural memorials which are already beginning to appear in and about our parish churches. We understand that a copy of the booklet will be despatched post-free to any reader of 'The Guardian' interested. The address of the Company is 112, Regent-street, W."

—Editorial Diocesan Magazine.