

# Down With The High Cost of Living.

## We are Smashing High Prices.

WE OFFER FOR CASH ONLY:

15 Bundles of Fancy Flannelettes, 10 to 20 yard lengths, value 45c. yard,

**Sale Price, 30c. yard.**

30 Bundles of Fancy Flannelettes, 10 to 20 yard lengths, value 50c. yard.

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The enthusiasm displayed by the shoppers who took advantage of our "SPECIAL SALE" last week proves that they know a "Bargain" when they see one. We have therefore decided to continue our Special Sale for another week.

# Marshall Bros

## Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

LETTING THE CHILD LOOSE.



Two women were talking about giving their 16-year-old daughters clothes allowances and permitting them to buy their own clothes.

Said one: "I don't feel that I want to let Frances handle her own money because she is so extravagant and foolish about it."

Said the other woman: "Yes, Margaret is just like that, and that's exactly the reason I want her to handle her own money."

"What do you mean?"

"I want her to handle her own money."

"That the very fact that she chooses so foolishly shows how much she has to learn. She's got to learn that you can't have everything you want, and that if you choose one thing you have to give up another. Nothing will help her learn that as well as handling the money that is to be spent on her, herself. She will learn. And I hope it will help her not only in handling money, but in handling herself."

"Truly a wise parent, and a great deal wiser than I."

"Don't you think so?"

"For what is life but a series of choices?"

"You can't have everything," is one of the first axioms of life.

You've got to choose and the content of your life will be made up of the results of those choices.

You Must Know What You Want

If you are going to get what you want out of life, you've got to know the first place what you do want.

How many people go through life, vaguely or definitely discontented because they hadn't the least idea what they wanted out of life and therefore made foolish choices all along the way.

Every time one makes a well-considered and wise choice, one increases one's ability to choose wisely the next time. Therefore, the parent who lets his child do some

of his own choosing, in the small things as early as possible, is helping to develop the ability to choose wisely in the larger things of life.

Many Choices a Child Can Make.

Letting a child handle the money that is spent on it just as soon as possible is one method of doing this. Letting him make his choices about many other little household matters—always, of course, subject to your supervision and to the restriction imposed by the rights of others—is another.

Of course choices are not always perfectly free. Circumstances impinge upon us. There is a divinity that shapes our ends. But it certainly lets us have a share, and often a big share, in the shaping. Besides, what seem to be unavoidable circumstances are often the result of earlier choices. Do not forget that.

### Who Won the War?

(From the London Morning Post.) Who won the war? Why, of course, Lord Northcliffe, with the assistance of his trusty knight, Sir Campbell Stuart. This great discovery is being proclaimed daily, not only by "The Thunderer" and all the other Dandies Dimonts of Harmsworth Hope, but also by the defeated and discomfited Hun. If the Germans say it, it is so. And they are saying it daily at the suggestion of the subtle Ludendorff, who is perfectly willing to admit that the home front was pierced by Lord Northcliffe as long as he himself has not to confess that he was routed by Marshal Foch, and who is quite prepared to acquiesce in the cunning of Sir Campbell Stuart as long as he is not asked to bow to the soldiery of Lord Haig.

When the Drocourt-Queant switch line was broken, the German general staff suddenly discovered how deadly was the intelligence which sent its poisoned leaflets from Crève House. It was perfectly clear that some explanation, other than the true one, had to be found for the collapse of Germany, and with their characteristic modesty the noble Viscount and Sir Campbell were good enough to come forward. "Blame the propagandists" will now be the refuge of all unfortunate generals. And so persistent are the Germans in their complimentary damnations that just as a certain Mr. Joseph Sedley in the end came to believe that he won the Battle of Waterloo, so a certain English peer may in time come to say, "When Foch failed, when Haig wavered, I came in."

## Oats.

500 bags WHITE FEED OATS. Much lower prices on this lot.

## Bran.

100 bags BEST BRAN. Prices right.

## Hay.

Orders now booking for Prime Horse Hay.

**Soper & Moore**  
Wholesale Grocers.

### Italian Ship Had Thrilling Voyage.

New York, Oct. 27.—Hardships at sea that made the trip of the "Ancient Mariner" seem comparatively comfortable were told by the skipper of the Italian steamer President Wilson, and his passengers who arrived to-day from Trieste and Naples. Shortly after leaving Trieste a wireless warning that a field of floating mines had broken loose caused a wide detour, then fire broke out in the forward room as Naples was reached. In the harbor, the labor agitators harranged the crew to go on a strike and at sea the next day, two dozen stowaways were discovered so the ship put back to Naples to debark them. One who attempted suicide by jumping overboard was arrested. Soon after leaving land the ship came upon seven Moors exhausted in a small open boat. They said a severe storm washed away their sails and cargo of eggs when en route from Gibraltar to Algiers. A severe storm amounting almost to a typhoon which splashed huge waves over the entire boat leaving salty streaks on the pilot house, was encountered off Gibraltar. For six days she pushed against head winds which the log of the trip described as the most severe the ship had encountered.

Ladies' Tan Calf Laced Boots, worth \$10.00, only \$7.50 at SMALLWOOD'S.—\$225.12

A YEAR AGO.



A year ago to-day, no doubt, I had the fastods or the gout, or some grim grief oppressed my soul, and made me scalding teardrops roll. But what it was that made me sore, I don't remember a n y more. A year ago, I wist and wot, my grumblings made the welkin hot; the burdens I was doomed to bear seemed greater than a man should wear; but what those burdens were that galled my shoulders till I wept and bawled, I don't recall; how can one say what chanced a year ago to-day? To-day I'm weeping by the hour; the life I live seems lemon-sour; the government is on the blink, there's nothing for a man to drink, the baseball scandal broke my heart, my ding-donged auto will not start. But if you meet me one year hence, and lean with me against the fence, and look me in the eyes and say, "We met one year ago to-day, and you were shedding bitter tears, and had crape tassels on your ears, and sackcloth on your jaded frame, and ashes where your whiskers came; you seemed a most grief-stricken man; now, please explain it, if you can," ah, who can recollect the woe that jarred his soul a year ago? I have fresh troubles every morn; each hour catastrophes are born; I'd be a freak if I could say what hurt a year ago to-day.



CONTENTMENT.

Let others tramp the distant lanes And wander far away, I want the pleasant window panes Where lights of welcome play! I'll fare the little simple street That great men never find, Where there are honest friends to meet And hearts are always kind.

The ancient spires and walls of Rome Hold little charm for me, The smiling eyes of those at home Are all I long to see; The one which marks the wide world range In search of splendours new, I want the charms which never change, Pink cheeks and eyes of blue.

I want the curling smoke of fire Which loving hands have made, I want the roof within a spire, The dress without brocade; I want no grander sunset than The one which marks my west, I seek no finer fellow man Than those I know the best.

Oh, there are some must fare away And tread the distant hills, And some must travel day by day In search of glory's thrills; But I rejoice in all I find Beside my humble door, Where eyes are bright and hearts are kind, And do not sigh for more.

### For Naughty M.P.'s.

Curious Facts About Parliament's Own Guard-Room.

The fact that the House of Commons possesses its own prison for the accommodation of refractory M.P.'s is little known outside parliamentary circles.

This strange prison is situated in the Clock Tower, and comprises two sets of rooms, each of which is comfortably furnished. There are two bedrooms, one for the prisoners—not more than two of whom can be accommodated at one time—and one for the gaoler; and a sitting-room.

The office of gaoler is performed by the Supervisor of Badge Messengers, and it is his duty to ensure that the hon. member or members under his care do not escape, while, in addition, he attends to their wants.

As a prisoner an M.P. has a fairly good time. All his food is supplied by the House's catering department, and he is permitted to choose his dishes daily from the menu. As for exercise, he is allowed an hour and a half in the morning on the Terrace, and an hour in the afternoon. On both occasions he is escorted by an inspector of police and a subordinate officer. On Sundays he is permitted to attend church, in the common of a House of Commons messenger and a plain-clothes man.

## Hotels, Restaurants & Boarding Houses

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We have about 35 barrels on hand and will sell at \$1.00 gallon, why pay \$1.50

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mitted to attend church, in the common of a House of Commons messenger and a plain-clothes man.

Bradlaugh Defied the Speaker.

Records show that the first inmate of this remarkable prison was Mr. W. O'Brien, who refused to sit on a certain committee. His imprisonment lasted nearly a month.

Its most famous occupant, however, was undoubtedly Charles Bradlaugh. On making his appearance in the House, after being elected for Northampton, he was neither permitted to take the customary oath to make a special declaration in its place. Despite the Speaker's ruling Bradlaugh armed himself with a Bible and proceeded to administer the oath to himself. On being requested to withdraw he refused to do so, whereupon he was arrested by the Sergeant-at-Arms and confined in the prison.

In addition to the infringement of rules regarding Parliamentary procedure and behaviour, a member may be confined in the prison for impugning the honour of another mem-

ber. At least one instance of this kind is recorded.

Defended by Big Ben's Chimes.

As a result of their statement that a certain committee was subject to bribery, two members, Mr. C. E. Grissell and Mr. J. S. Ward, were declared to have committed a breach of this rule, and the Speaker ordered their appearance before the Bar of the House.

One of the two, Ward, was apprehended at once by the Sergeant-at-Arms, who escorted him to the Clock Tower prison, where he was kept for a week. At the end of that time his chief complaint was that the chimes were too deafening.

The other member, however, fled the country, being ultimately arrested at Boulogne, whence he was brought to London and imprisoned in Newgate.

In addition to M.P.'s, newspaper editors are liable to be imprisoned in the Clock Tower if by the publication of statements in their papers they suggest bribery or corruption against any member. They may first be summoned to the Bar of the House to apologize, and if they refuse to do this their detention in the Clock Tower prison may be ordered by the Speaker.—Pearson's Weekly.

### "Reg'lar Fellers"



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By Gene Byrnes

### Grove Hill Bulletin

Begonias in Bloom.

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