

## Useful GIFTS.

Things that you not only use for the time being, but for many months to come.

**Men's Lined Kid Gloves, Astrachan Back,**  
60c. and 95c. per pair.

**Ladies' Lined Kid Gloves,**  
90c. to \$1.40 per pair.

**Eiderdown Quilts,**  
\$9.50 to \$15.50 each.

**Ladies' Eiderdown Jackets,**  
Assorted prices.

**Ladies' Silk Underskirts,**  
A nice assortment at moderate prices.

## Here is a Store Full of Splendid Christmas Opportunities!

Which you are cordially invited to come and see. Owing to the disorganized state of Toy markets great difficulty has been experienced in getting together the usual Xmas Display for the little ones. We have been able to secure many lines of Toys that at first seemed almost impossible to obtain.

### GLANCE OVER THIS LIST

then come and see the goods:—

Dolls, Soldiers, Tommy Atkins, Drums,

Rubber Balls, Battle Ships, Tin Tea Setts,

Wardrobes, Teddy Bears, several sizes, Rattles,

Motor Cars.

Work Baskets, Animals, Planos, Trains,

Chest of Drawers, Side Boards, Money Boxes,

Toy Cannon, Games, Cubes, Pyramids, Trumpets,

# Marshall Bros

## FURS Make An Ideal Gift

And you'll find that really fine ones of the most advanced styles cost considerably less here than you might expect.

We have many different kinds of Furs and styles to show you.

**FURS IN SETTS,**

Squirrel, Fox,  
Seal, Otter,  
Marmot.

**Ladies' Handkerchiefs**

In boxes of 3's and 6's from  
50c. to \$1.50 per box.

### Encouraging Old Folks.

By RUTH CAMERON.



There is a certain group of people that I have listed in my mind under the head of Encouraging Old Folks.

Can you guess what that means?

It means those elderly people of my acquaintance who, by being just as happy and full of life, and full of the spirit of adventure as young people encourage me to believe that old age needn't be a dull and sorrowful state of existence unless you make it so.

Let me tell you about some of these people.

One is a woman who is between seventy and eighty. In the winter this woman lives with her daughter in the city, but at the first hint of spring she goes to the country, where she has a house of her own. She plants a garden, she stocks her hen-house, she spends most of her time outdoors, and is very happy. Her daughter's family comes down in June and stays until September, but she stays until Thanksgiving. She sleeps with a neighbor at night, but for the rest of the time she is alone. She gets her own meals, is entirely self-reliant and the brightest, happiest old woman I ever knew. I feel I should apologize for calling her old, for she is not that in anything but years. She is more keenly alive, more interested in the news of the day and in everything that is going on than most women half her age.

Double Pneumonia Didn't Disturb Her.

Two years ago this woman had double pneumonia. Her one concession was to come down two weeks later in the spring.

Two of the people who belong in my gallery of Encouraging Old People are only middle-aged, but I want to tell you about them because to young folks even advanced middle age (say from fifty-five to sixty-five) is apt to appear a rather unhappy state.

These two people are husband and wife, she, about fifty-five, he, about sixty. They have no children living, they love going about the country and seeing things, and though they have comparatively little money they manage to get what they want by doing the sort of things one would only expect of young people. For instance they want to go away for the summer, they couldn't afford to hire a cottage, so they went into the woods, built a little home-made camp in a very beautiful spot and had the time of their lives.

They Know How To Find Adventures.

They are people, too, who find adventure in little things and the greatest adventure of all in each other's companionship. "We call this my room, and this, his," she told me, pointing out their respective coats, "and last night we lay awake until twelve o'clock in our two rooms talking about what we would do this winter."

Many of us dread old age more than we do death. It seems like a dreary marching on without the music. There is no need for this dread, because we need not be old in the sense of leading narrow, stupid lives if we will never begin. The music is always there. Let us never let our hearts grow deaf to it.

With My Letter Friends.

Question—I am writing to ask you a question, but do not wish to have

## Citron Peel!

We can supply your wants in Finest Selected Corsican Citron packed in 10 lb. Boxes.

Packed under Public Health Authority of Leghorn, Italy.

**Soper & Moore.**

Wholesale Groceries, Fruit and Produce.  
Phone 480.

It made public. If I wrote you a private letter would I receive an answer? Answer—Certainly, if you gave your right name and address, which some of my correspondents seem to prefer not to do. One is reminded by them of the man who gave a false name when asking at the post-office for his letters, because he thought the postmaster unduly curious in enquiring his name.

### From Private M. Allan.

Galle Camp, Nov. 14th, 1915.

Dear Mother,—Just a few lines to let you know I arrived safe and in good health. We had a grand run across. We went to Port aux Basques. We arrived there on Thursday morning on the first train. The second train arrived two hours later with the German prisoners. We went for a tramp through the place. The steamer arrived at ten o'clock and we went aboard; we got a great send-off. We arrived at Sydney at eight o'clock Friday morning. Some of the boys were sea-sick crossing the Gulf. I wasn't. We landed and took the train at Town's Station. We got a grand reception at Moncton. There is a lot of Newfoundlanders there. We arrived at Mulgrave and crossed the river on the steamer Scotia. There were three tracks on her deck. The cars were divided into three parts. We steamed across the river. It was a grand sight. We arrived at Lewis Saturday evening at 5 o'clock took the ferry and crossed to Quebec then we boarded the Corsican. There were 1,200 Canadians on board with us. They had a grand band with them. They played some nice selections of music before we left the pier. We sailed at 10 o'clock Saturday night. We arrived at Plymouth at 2 o'clock Tuesday; we were just then days on the steamer. We had fine weather coming across. We took the train at Plymouth and arrived at Galle Camp at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning. It was a long trip with a lot of shifting about. We left the German prisoners at Quebec in charge of the Canadians. When the Corsican was returning after landing us she was sunk. They were after us and sunk another in

mistake. We were very lucky, we are ten miles away from the rest of the boys. We go up every evening on the train to see them. It costs us 15c. to return. We are going up to stay with them shortly. Send me a cake and a pair of gloves for a Xmas box. It is cold in Scotland now, they had snow in some parts but not where we are. The winter is not very long here. We get leave every evening at 4.30 p.m., and we take the train for the city. Fruit is very dear here; apples are sold by the pound. They laugh at the idea of asking for a dozen. Friday I had a great dinner of fish and chips—it was good. I am going to Edinburgh and Glasgow if I get leave. This is Saturday, I am writing this in a soldiers' hall in the city; we were paid and got the afternoon off. Don't forget to send me the papers, there is not much news here, but the Allies are winning on all sides. How is father? Don't worry about me I will be all right. I heard you got prohibition now. I am sending a little souvenir I hope you will get it all right. Tell Bride I didn't see Herb. P—yet, he was out the night I went up. Tell Jim he ought to enlist, he is losing time, a soldier's life is great. With a thousand loves from your only son,

MIKE.

### Trench Journals.

The editors of many of the curious little trench journals, which are being brought out in ever-increasing numbers by our soldiers at the front, have a perfect genius for inventing queer and bizarre titles for their publications.

Some of these, though certainly strange-sounding, are at least understandable. The "Pow-Wow," for instance, which is the trench journal of the 20th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, conveys some sort of an intelligible idea to most people. But the same cannot be said of the "Lead-Swinger," which, its sub-title informs us, is "The Bivouac Journal of the 1-3 West Riding Field Ambulance." Is "lead-swinging" Army slang for an ambulance man? Or what?

"Pip-Squeaks" is another puzzling title, until one learns incidentally, on glancing through its inside pages, that "pip-squeak" is a special kind of small German shell, so called by Tommy from the noise it makes when fired.

The curiously-named "Comb and Paper" reports and criticizes concerts and other similar entertainments at the front; a sort of trench "Era," in fact. The "Hangar Herald" presents no difficulties to anyone who knows that "hangar" is the name airmen

### LOOKING FOR WORK

Everywhere men complain about work even boys and girls in school or business find work tedious and irksome, but it isn't the work half so much as their own lack of physical strength that makes it hard.

Rich blood, strong lungs and healthful digestion make work pleasurable in business, in school or even housework, and if those who are easily tired—who are not sick, but weak and nervous—would just take Scott's Emulsion for one month and let its pure concentrated food create richer blood to pulsate through every artery and vein—let it build a structure of healthy tissue and give you vigorous strength—you would find work easy and would look for more. Insist on Scott's.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

give to the sheds where their "aero" planes are stored. The paper deals, as its name implies, with the doings of our aviators at the front.

The "Gasper" is a paper published so its editor informs us, "for soldiers at the Base," and he goes on to tell us incidentally, that "the Base is a place where troops are kept until they are so fed up that they do not mind getting killed." This is all right; but—why "Gasper"?

Yet another of these curiously-named ventures in active service journalism is entitled "Dicksey Scrapings," and its sub-title, which is at least self-explanatory, even if somewhat diffuse, is as follows: "The Only Authorized Version of the Doings of the Honourable and Ancient Order of the Cooks of the Artists' Rifles." But even with all this we are not told where the "Dicksey" comes in, or what is the origin and meaning of the term.

I was cured of Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Halifax. ANDREW KING. I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. LT.-COL. C. CREWE READ. Sussex.

I was cured of Acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Markham, Ont. C. S. BILLING. Lakefield, Que., Oct. 9, 1907.

### TRAGEDIES.

The king was a riding slowly, reviewing of his troops, when, with a zeal unholy, the band sent up some whoops. The steed was much affrighted, the king was scared, alas! and 'er its head he skidded, and landed on the grass. And operators tireless the dreadful tidings hurried, by wires and by the wireless, all o'er a breathless world to Greenland's icy mountains the dreadful message flew, by Africa's sunny fountains the sweating heathen knew. By many an ancient river on many a palm y plain, the news made people shiver, and filled the ir souls with pain. And as their ire grew larger, we heard the nations sing, "Oh, let us lynch the charger that bucked and threw a king!" Know all men by these presents, and also by this sign: That day ten thousand peasants were shot and killed like swine. Yea, while that that worst of horses indulged in leap and bound, ten thousand nameless corpses were piled upon the ground. They lay beside their rifles, all stained with blood and dirt, but who can heap such trifles when royalty gets hurt?

Some dresses are composed entirely of founces made of tulle or lace. The best under muslins are the simplest nowadays, as regards trimming.

**CAPTURED BLACK FOX.**—Last week Mr. Robert Keats, of Port Blandford, caught in a trap a beautiful black female fox. It was caught by one fore paw and no bones broken. The skin on the paw is barely marked. Mr. Keats sold the fox to S. R. Oakley, who will mate it with a silver dog fox and hopes to have a brood of young ones in the spring.

**MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS-TEMPER.**

## BRITISH THEATRE!

On MONDAY and TUESDAY Presents:—

**Hobart Henley,**

in a splendid two-part I. M. P. production.

**"The Black Pearl."**

"SECOND LIGHT"—A pretty drama with Mary Pickford.

THE UNIVERSAL ANIMATED WEEKLY NEWS.

MATT MOORE, the versatile favorite, in

"HOW HE FOOLED AUNT."

AND CARTOONS BY HARRY MAYERS OF "PUCK."

## 5c. The Crescent Picture Palace. 5c.

### "After the Storm."

A 2 reel drama, produced by the Biograph Company.

"JUST FOR A LARK"—A comedy-drama, with Isabel Rea. "THE EAGLE AND THE SPARROW"—A tale of a reformation. "MUD AND MATRIMONY" and "HIS OWN HERO"—Two lively comedies.

DAN DELMAR, the Popular Crescent Vocalist, singing Novelty Songs and Ballads.

GOOD MUSIC AND EFFECTS—A COMFORTABLE AND WELL VENTILATED THEATRE.

On Wednesday—A special 3-part feature—"THE BLESSED MIRACLE."

## ROSSLEY'S EAST END THEATRE!

St. John's Leading Vaudeville, Dramatic and Picture Theatre.

DELIGHTFUL PROGRAMME TO-NIGHT!

**Mr. Ballard Brown and Madge Locke**

IN UNIQUE MUSICAL COMEDY,

**A NIGHT IN JAPAN**

All New Songs and Japanese Dances—The Finest Photo-Plays Ever Seen.

NOTE.—In active preparation: Mrs. Rossley's 4th Annual Christmas Pantomime, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. Don't forget the Dance (Fancy Costume) to be held in Rossley's West End Theatre, Dec. 27th. Tickets on sale at Rossley's.

## Fancy Dress Mask Ball,

— AT —

**Rossley's West End Theatre,**

"OURS" ON HUTCHINGS' STREET.

**Monday, Dec. 27th, Commencing 9 p.m.**

Tickets now on sale at Rossley's East End Theatre.

**Ladies 50c., Gentlemen 60c., Double \$1.00**

NOTE.—The beautiful little Theatre is now being cleaned and decorated. These dances will be conducted in first class style.

**Our Absolute Guarantee of Purity and Quality is behind every pound of HOMESTEAD TEA we sell.**  
"There's a Smile in every Cup of Homestead."

Moir's "You Kid" Caramels, 1 doz., 75c.	Flavoring Extracts, 1 oz., 75c.
Moir's Peanut Kisses, 1 doz.	Flavoring Extracts, 2 oz., \$1.00
Moir's Assorted Kisses, 1 doz.	dozen, Lemon, Vanilla, etc.
Moir's Chocolates, 5-lb. Box, L., Pineapple, Strawberry, Maple, Orange, Vanilla, Raspberry, Chips, etc.	Florida Oranges.
Moir's half lb. to 1 lb. Boxes. "Clips" Chocolates, assorted 30 lb. pails.	Valencia Oranges.
"Very Good" Mixture Chocolates and Sweets, assorted, 30 lb. pails.	Roasted Peanuts.
	California Lemons.
	French Peas by the case, dozen or 'tin.
	New Season's Nuts.
	New Table Raisins.

**C. P. EAGAN,**

DUCKWORTH STREET & QUEEN'S ROAD.