

Ladies' Dressing Gowns.

Some very smart effects are shown in this lot in the following colors: Saxe, Card, Red and White.

Ladies' Hand Bags.

A few manufacturers' samples. Regular prices \$1.50 to \$2.20. Now all one price, \$1.00 each.

A JOB LOT OF Fancy Sick Handkerchiefs.

20 doz. Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs. Good value for 50c. to 80c. each. Now 35c. and 55c. each.

Plush Table Cloths.

4 only Plush Table Cloths, a carry-over from last year; colors Saxe, Myrtle, Card, at last year's prices.

New Year Gifts.

We have many useful gifts for New Year. It is absolutely impossible for us to list more than a small portion of the many things shown here now that are especially desirable for gifts. All over the Store you will find pleasing suggestions that will make you glad you came.

Furs! Furs!

Always an appreciated gift. We have many beautiful sets left. As we do not wish to carry over, remarkable reductions have been made. We have them in the following:

SQUIRREL, MUSKRAT, SEAL, FITCH, GREBE, OTTER, ETC.

Marshall Bros

Ladies' Dressing Gowns.

A little clearing lot in Saxe, Rose, Card. AT OLD PRICES.

Eiderdown Quilts.

12 only, all of very pretty designs and colorings. No better value can be found anywhere.

Prices \$5.50 to \$25.00.

Dorothy Dodd Boots.

The Ladies' Favorite Footwear. There is nothing better than a pair of Dorothy Dodd's for a New Year Gift.

Gent's lavictus Boots.

Our stock is now complete and we would advise you to buy early as leather is advancing every week.

Gent's Lined Kind Gloves

Still a few pairs left at \$1.40 per pair.

Even As You and I.

"He could remember that he had wept to be allowed to go to school. Even more vivid was his recollection of the persistent tears which he had shed to be allowed to stay at home."—Stephens.

That little passage by my small nephew. He spent the last part of his summer vacation, when time began to hang heavy on his hands, looking forward to the first day of school. When I saw him the other day and asked how he liked school he said unenthusiastically, "All right," and then he added with new life in his tone, "Say, do you know it's only three weeks to the Christmas vacation."

At Recess Time.

One day last year I happened to be passing a school-house at recess time. The bell rang, the children scampered indoors—that is, all but two. These two, who were evidently too young for school, stood gazing wistfully after the others. When the last child had disappeared they turned dejectedly away. There wasn't a child they wouldn't have changed places with, and there probably wasn't a child who wouldn't have changed places with them.

What queer, restless, eager, unsatisfied big creatures, grown-ups are! Life's just one looking forward after another, except when it's looking backward.

At five we were looking forward to going to school, at six we are looking forward to the next vacation. At twelve the feminine contingent is impatient for the time when it can put its hair up (or was, until Mary Pick-

ford appeared) and the male to long pants, and both feel that all their troubles will be over when they get into high school.

At sixteen college begins to stand for perfect happiness. And a little later we (now can you doubt I am a woman) look forward to marriage as the state where we will at last find what we have always been restlessly seeking for.

We Find We Can Say "Thirty Years Ago."

And so it goes from one stage to another until finally we begin to look backwards and discover with surprise that we can say glibly, "Thirty years ago," and that we begin to have as many memories as anticipations. It simply shows, doesn't it, how much of life is of the mind rather than of the body. The present is the only actuality to the body, the past and future are of the mind. And yet we live more in them than in the present.

"Brave Young English Boy."

"You know, this war makes one a Socialist. One is thinking continually about the comfort and welfare of one's men. Consequently, one sees their many grievances, and one sympathizes with them. If this war has done little else, it has brought men into touch with the people below them in the scale—people that they would never have mixed with and understood, but for the war. It has welded the folk of our great England together more than they have ever been before."

From a letter written to Lady Levinge by Lieutenant the Hon. V. T. Harmsworth (Royal Naval Division) before going into the action in which he was killed, aged twenty-one. He was known to his men as "Our

READY TO-DAY!

Xmas Poultry!

150 TURKEYS.
50 GEESE.
200 DUCKS.

Give us your order at once as future supplies may not arrive in time for Xmas.

WE ARE READY NOW.

Soper & Moore,
Importers & Jobbers.

Jimmy.

An Invincible Spirit.

"These words were written, in a letter to a friend, by young Vere Harmsworth, second son of Lord Rothermere, not long before leading his company into action on the 13th of this month," says the Sunday Pictorial.

"Twice wounded, before he was struck by the shell that killed him, he continued to cheer and rally his men until his voice was silenced. The same invincible spirit urged him, earlier in the war, after fighting at Antwerp, to escape from internment as a prisoner of war in Holland (where he would have been safe until the war ended) and to find his way back to the post of danger and to that 'great thing,' that 'greatest honor,' which he held to be the chance of taking his men over the parapet.

"He was only twenty-one; yet, under the stress of these tragic years, had had time already to reveal not only those qualities of personal sacrifice and bravery we attribute, as their British birthright, to our power of youth, as it fades and falls on the field of battle, but also to reflect, to realize, the hopes latent in the seemingly hopeless nightmare.

"He recognized that war is the great leveller, and from it will spring a new brotherhood of mankind. We live in experience rather than in years, and this brave English youth attained through the ordeal of heroism to a wisdom that saw life as a whole."

"It is a great thing," you know, to lead men into action. I am one of the lucky company commanders who are to go over with their companies."

From a letter written to Lady Levinge by Lieutenant the Hon. V. T. Harmsworth.

"It's a great thing—to die for England, and this brave English boy! These are the things that you bring us, things of great joy."

Weave his words in your crown of laurel

With the English rose.

It's a great thing to die for freedom As the English die, To lead your comrades into battle When dread dawn is nigh, To fear not death, nor to regard it, But, confront the foe, With a word that men's hearts hold fast to, All the way they go.

It's a great thing—and great for ever Shall your fame be, Your words be graven on the white walls.

Of our English sea, By sea and land we shall remember 'Till at the end of all We hear your voice among the shadows.

Like a bugle call, Mabel Leigh in the Daily Mail, All that May Quiet a Heart.

"The very gallant death of Mr. V. S. T. Harmsworth, Lord Rothermere's son, is an instance of the tragedy and glory in which much of our youth is being eclipsed," says the Spectator. "This boy of twenty-one recently refused a Staff appointment, saying:—'The greatest honour which an officer can receive is to lead his men over the parapet.'"

"In a charge across No-Man's Land he was wounded in the throat. This evidently delayed him, but it did not stop him. We next hear of him rallying a party of another battalion. With him he advanced to the German second line, where he was again wounded, this time in the right shoulder.

He was in bad need of a breather. He sat down and lit a cigarette, but in a moment he began collecting the men near him, and he led them on to the third line. Here he was killed by a shell.

"Thus he organised and led two distinct attacks after he was first wounded and might have honourably considered himself out of action. Neither the second nor the third attack was any of his business. But they were the business of an invincible heart; and by such amazing tenacity, which is being displayed on all sides, we shall win and the doubters will be ashamed. There is all that may quiet a father's and a mother's heart in a death so noble."



"TOO—LATE!"

Don't wait until that Cough or Cold develops into the Cough that you are not able to throw off. If you have contracted a Cough or Cold (which no doubt you have) don't keep on saying: "Oh, 'tis only a Cold; that will wear off after a few days!" This is where you are making one of the biggest mistakes in your life. Nine cases out of ten it doesn't wear off.

Try a bottle of STAFFORD'S Pharyngeal and Cold Cure and watch results. Price 25c.; postage 5c. extra.

If you have an impression or tightness on your chest mix equal parts of Camphorated Oil and Stafford's Liniment and apply to the chest on a piece of thick flannel.

STAFFORD'S DRUG STORE (Theatre Hill) is open every night. nov28.11

THE MONEY GOES.



I spent a pensive for a rose, a groshen for some taffy, and said, "The way the money goes would drive a fellow daffy! The cost of living keeps us hot, it's threatening to bust us, and a nd someone surely should be shot, if there's such stuff as justice." I paid a pistol for a pup, a doubloon for a daisy, and then I reared three cubits up, and said the times are crazy. "No matter what a fellow makes," I said, by bosom bleeding, "the money goes for cats and cakes, and other things he's heading. He cannot save a single yen, however hard he's trying, he' stony broke and broke again, whenever he goes buying." I paid a guilder for a goose, a kronen for a cradle, a noble for a hangman's noose, a livre for a ladle. And I was just about to say that it is past man's powers, to put a little sum away, against the day of showers. And then my nephew said, "Dear Unk, the riot act I'm reading; if you would cut out buying junk that no sane man is needing, you'd land in Easy street, perhaps to stay there, are you know it; it's blowing coin for useless traps that breaks an old fat poet."

In Milady's Boudoir.

The most celebrated nerve specialist in the world cannot restore over-taxed nerves without some material assistance from his patient. He may prescribe a regimen calculated to relieve the high tension, by building up the general health and eliminating worry, excitement and undue haste, but the sufferer herself must make an effort independent of medical aid.

Of first assistance in getting control of the wayward nerves is will power. Not a weak, anemic brand of this force, but a strong efficient one that makes for unfailing perseverance.

Many people possess will power that exercises remarkably well in some directions, especially when it concerns their own desires, but when the will operates directly upon themselves, as in the case of compelling the nerves to "behave" it relaxes and becomes more of an enemy than a friend. Every time that the will power is put into active operations and quells nervous squalls, the patient scores age in checkmating a further explosion of frenzied nerves.

The monotonous grind of daily work, whether it be directed in the home or office should be broken by periods of physical exercise and mental exhilaration. The ideal day is separated into three parts: Eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work and the rest for play.

Staying at home with but few outside interests dulls the brain and makes one less companionable for people who enjoy a certain amount of pleasure derived from outside sources.

Reading should be undertaken as a means of education and as a diversion, especially those books and articles that tend to give the reader a higher, broader viewpoint of things. A humorous story makes an excellent tonic for jangling nerves.

SOMETHING GOOD THAT IMPROVES WITH AGE.

NEWMAN'S Celebrated Port Wine.
ELLIS & CO., Ltd.,
203 Water Street.,
Grocers and Wine Merchants.

We have recently purchased

18 Hogsheads of this CELEBRATED PORT WINE,
Equalling nearly
1000 Gallons,
or 450 Cases of 1 doz. each,
or 5400 Bottles.

We are now booking orders for immediate delivery, or within THIS WEEK, for Cases, Gallons or Bottles. Now is the time to avail of this opportunity and purchase while there is yet time. It improves with age and keeps on improving.

Also, remember our stock of

WINES—Sparkling and Still.
Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, Ales, Stouts and Liqueurs.

have all to be disposed of during

This Week.
Don't Neglect Ordering Now,
and not leave till too late.

THANKS TO THE FRENCH DRY CLEANING PROCESS

which has made it possible for thousands of our patrons to enter into the Festivities with a greater degree of enjoyment because of the knowledge that their apparel is immaculate, and has the smart appearance of newness.

Messrs. Nicholle, Inkpen & Chafe,
St. John's.

Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

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Men's Stanfield
Men's New Knit
Women's Heavy

garment.
Women's Heavy
Children's Cream

garment.
Ladies' and Boys'
Prices.

Ladies' and

ALL NEWESTS
Superior Quality
Great Reductions
Ladies' Waterproo
Ladies' and Misses'
Caps and Hoods
All our Stock of
Prices.

Big Money

L

Ladies' Flannelette
Ladies' Costume
of all descriptions
Ladies' Imitation Fur
Ladies' Real Fur Sals
is a judge of a b

Wool Blanket

Best Quality Wool
Coloured Cotton Blank
Best Quality American
These are regular
and we show a large

Splendid Values

Ladies' Superior
bers from 55c. pair
Men's Superior Quality
from 79c. pair

Men's Eastern Winter
Boys' Navy Sweaters

Henry

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The St. John's C. of E. Orphanage begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the following donations towards the Xmas Tree:—Moore & Co., \$5.00; A. Friend, \$1.00; N. J. Vinnicombe, \$1.00; Evening Herald, \$2.00; Mr. James Gaudet, \$1.00; W. J. C., 50 cents; P. & S. Williams, 50 cents; W. J. R., 50 cents; A. Friend, 20c.; A. Friend, 50c.

C. C. C. DANCE.—To-night C. D. and are holding a dance.