

**THE STORE OF STYLE**

**A PAIR OF RUBBERS**

Is an essential part of everybody's winter equipment. You need them now! Boots that will keep out rain, won't keep out snow-water. It's

**RUBBER Footwear** that you want.

We have some with the ever wearing roll sole and heel—some with double tongue—the glove rubber—that fits like a glove.

All prices from  
**50c. to 60c. for Childs**  
**60c. to 75c. " Misses**  
**60c. to 1.00 " Ladies**  
**1.00 to 1.60 " Mens**

**Tapestry Cushion Tops**

Why not add a charm to every room in the home?—You can get a Tapestry Cushion Top in beautiful scenery and floral designs. Size 19 x 19 inches.  
**for 19c.**

**HANDKERCHIEFS**

Ladies' size—hemmed and with no dressing.

**3c. each**  
**30c. dozen**

**Linon Pieces Stamped Ready for Working**

In Pillow Shams, Bureau Scarfs, Centre Pieces, etc.

**37c.**

These are serviceable linens that will beautify the home, and give delightful work these long evenings.

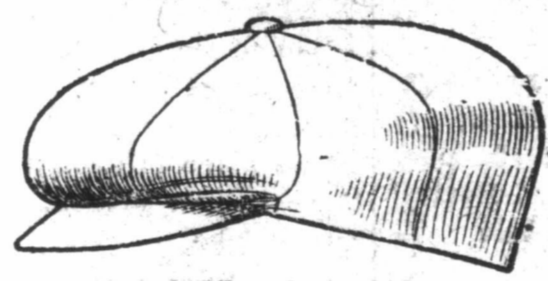
**ANDERSON'S**

**It's Stanfield's Underwear!**



**It's Unshrinkable**  
**STANFIELD'S** is the Underwear that's really unshrinkable—wears well and washes well. It does not become clammy with perspiration—but really gives off the moisture it absorbs. Every Garment is perfect in finish and make. Shirts have a double breast to protect the chest.

**A Seasonable CAP EASTERN 'A'**



With the invisible ear band that's wadded, padded, and tipped with wool. Heavy lining in Cap. Colours—Grey, Brown, Green, Navy and Mixtures.  
**Prices 80c. to \$2.00**

**Winter-Wearing Hose**

The coming of Winter means the wearing of Wool. **Wool Hose for Warm Feet**  
 Hose in Mixtures and Greys, Browns, Heather, Green, Navy, and Black.  
**Prices from 25c. up**  
 SEND HERE FOR YOUR HOSE.

**WINGS!**  
 for LADIES' HATS

We are clearing out our whole stock of these—some in prices up to 30c.—all going out for

**5c. each**

These can be taken in pieces and will make Hat trimmings of many kinds.

The colours of Wings are Green, Brown, Cerise, Navy, Wine, Fawn, Grey, Light Blue, Black and Shaded.

You'll also find some pretty Birds for trimming—among them.

Does your Hat need retrimming?

**Ladies! Protect your Chest**  
 WEAR ONE OF OUR **Special Mufflers**

They are made of a Cream Silk Wool—and with two pearl head dome fasteners to fit it close to neck.

After fastening it comes down in front like a Jabot with edge slightly notched, and end finished off with a neat Silk Fringe.

**A 70c. CHEST PROTECTOR. for 50 cents**

**THE HOUSE OF QUALITY**

**Childs' White Bear Sets**

The name "Bear" in any kind of Child's wear always meant articles of Quality, Comfort and Wear.

**So our NEW Sets**

have Quality, Comfort and Style in overflowing measure.

They are lined with fine Sateen—some with Satin. With Cord and Muff to go around neck—and Silk Strings on Collar.

**Prices 85c. to \$2.30**

**Childs' BONNETS!**

Bonnets that will catch the youngster's eye. A dainty dressed youngster is much to be admired; and the one thing that can add a charm to any Child will be an

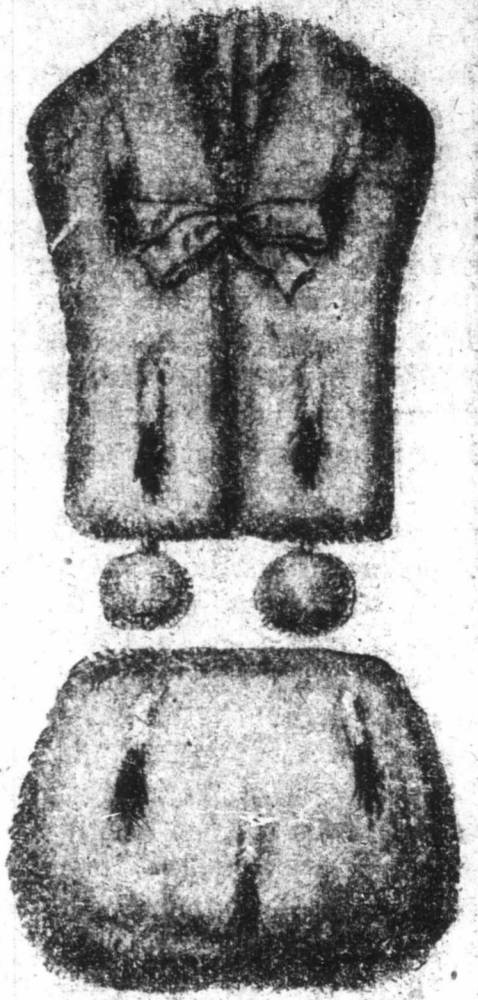
**IMITATION ERMINE**

—OR

**BEAR SKIN BONNET**

On these you'll find Silk Ribbon daintily arranged—and sheered around edge—some touched up with a little Pink and Blue.

**Special \$1.20**



**The New Emperor of Austria**

The Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, who succeeds, at the age of twenty-nine, to the troubled throne of the unhappy Hapsburgs, owes his succession to the revolver shots at Sarajevo which kindled the first flames of the European conflagration and ended the life of his uncle, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who otherwise would have occupied the throne before him.

Called to assume the responsibilities of ruling 51,000,000 of people at a time of supreme crisis in the fate of the Dual Monarchy, the task will not find him unready, for he has long prepared himself to bear the enormous burden which has now fallen upon his shoulders.

Thoroughly under German domination and carefully tutored for the part he would have to play in the great world conflict—whether it came soon or late—he may be relied upon to apply his whole strength to carrying on the war in the same spirit of ruthlessness which characterized its control by the grim old man who has directed for so many years the destinies of that mosaic of nations and religions which we call Austria-Hungary.

With Austrians and Hungarians alike the new ruler is personally popular, and even in these days of trial he is likely to be able to command their loyalty.

Since the age of eighteen the new Emperor of Austria has been a soldier, and in the earlier stages of the war he was attached to the Staff in Galicia and subsequently in Serbia. Later on he was recalled to Vienna to take his place at the side of the aged Francis Joseph, who not only desired his counsel and support but also wished to initiate him as completely as possible into the extraordinarily complicated problems of rulership with which he will now have to deal.

On the personal side perhaps the best impressions available are those of a motor-car can be seen travelling

fast. It is the Archduke coming back from an early morning audience with the Emperor at Schonbrunn. There is a figure in brilliant uniform and tossing white plumes on the front seat, but that is not the Archduke, only his adjutant. At the back of the car, sitting very upright on the edge of the seat and saluting in a way that adds even to so simple a movement the suggestion of physical vigour, is the next Austrian Emperor, in a black tunic that fits in the glove-like way that is the secret of Austrian military tailors, with a red collar and a high kepi. His face is plump, with a dimple in the chin. It is very brown and sunburnt, and has the short-cropped moustache that Austrian officers have copied from their English brothers-in-arms.

"An active, healthy, sensible, jolly young officer—that is the impression you would have of the Archduke Charles if you met him walking through the Graben of an afternoon. And your observation would not have deceived you, since that is exactly what he is, or has been hitherto—for what effect the anxieties of the Austrian crown may have upon his character remains to be seen. He is a soldier and a sportsman. He used to have fame as a dancer until a skating accident handicapped him waltzing. He speaks English well, French fairly, and commands an extensive selection of the difficult and sometimes non-European tongues that are spoken among the seventeen races of Austrian Empire—Czech, Magyar, Croatian, and the rest."

The new Emperor, who married in 1911 Princess Zita of Bourbon-Parma, has three children—two boys and a girl. Before he became direct heir he used to take the babies and the "pram" in his motor-car out to some sylvan spot, where the "pram" was taken down and the father happily wheeled his two eldest children in the glade.

His heir has sixteen names, of which the first two are Francis Joseph.

In the new and terrible responsibility that has come upon him the young Emperor will have to stand largely in his own strength. For in Austria-Hungary the Emperor has to play a large personal part in government. In his double capacity as Emperor and King he is the link that holds the realm together. Ministers are his servants almost to the same extent that prevails in Germany, for, although there is universal suffrage in Austria-Hungary, the electors are so irreconcilably divided by race and language and religion that they can exercise no control over national policy. Each nationality within the Empire fights for its own interests and for the privilege of oppressing some other nationality.

Lots of people seem to go to church for the purpose of picking flaws in

**Queens of Europe. Sad and Anxious.**

The Queens of Europe are sad and anxious women nowadays; and the bravest and best-loved of them all is perhaps the saddest and most anxious. The letters of a British major to his mother, published since his death at the front in a little volume entitled "From Dugout and Billet," give a brief but moving glimpse of Elizabeth of Belgium, to whom he was presented, not realizing at the moment that she was the Queen, or anyone more imposing than "a little fairy lady with a face full of soft womanliness and pale care."

They fell naturally and simply into conversation, and the major soon found that:

"She only wanted to hear about two things—armies and soldiers. She talked of them with unassuming intimacy. She said that from the beginning of the war she had been moving about; always moving, never in one place. All the time I could see that she was repressing her feelings. You could see she was suffering acutely.

"Have you relatives fighting, madam?" I asked greatly blundering.

"All of my sons," she replied, "those who have not already fallen."

"But, forgive me, madam, your sons must be children!" Her eyes filled.

"My little ones are in England; but every Belgian, dead or fighting, is my son," she said with tremendous emotion. "I am Rachel, Monsieur le Capitaine, and I cannot be comforted. I can only try to comfort."

"And so only then did I stumble on the truth that I was in presence of one of the most tragic of living figures, the indomitable little Queen of Belgium. I think the sun got into my eyes then."

The war has brought sorrows and

anxieties to Queen Mary of England, but she is no such tragic and appealing figure as Queen Elizabeth, even if one of her sons—her actual, not figurative, sons—is no longer safe in England but at the front, where he has recently earned his captaincy, and universal popularity besides, with French and English, officers and men. The Prince of Wales has proved himself eager, unaffected, brave and democratic; a fine, steady, likable young fellow, and a good soldier. But he had a terrible time getting away. Queen Mary did not want him to go; neither, for political reasons, did Lord Kitchener, whom the boy long vainly besieged for permission. The same major who wrote his mother about Queen Elizabeth wrote to her also the story, as it was told and believed in the army, of one of the prince's early interviews with K. of K. After long argument and discreet pointing out of possible dynastic disaster the prince broke out impetuously:

"But I don't care if I am shot!" Kitchener is said to have replied, "Neither do I, sir. But you can't go! Nevertheless, in the end youth and ardor prevailed, with such obviously good results, both military and dynastic, that even K. of K. was satisfied.

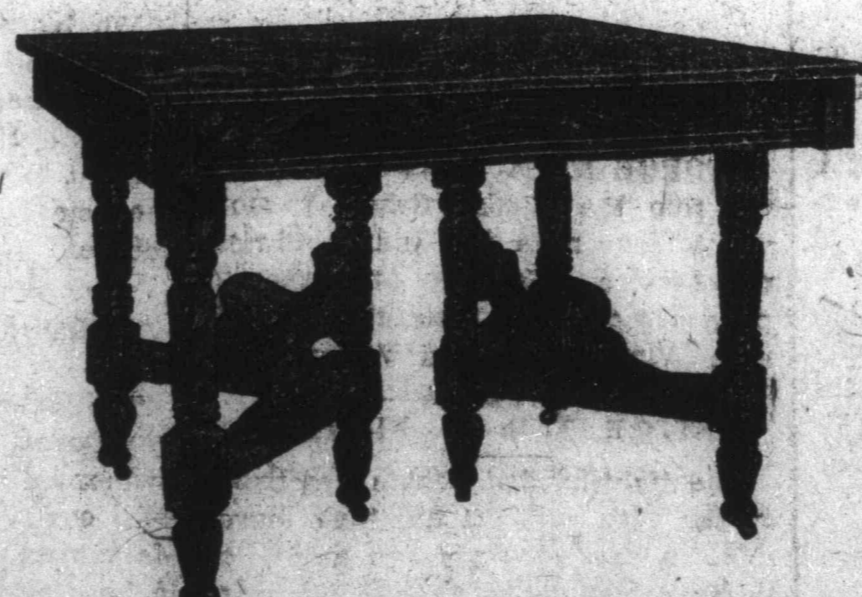
THE PATH OF ADVANCE.

And there are some whom a thirst, Ardent, unquenchable fires, Not with the crowd to be spent, Not without aim to go round In an eddy of purposeless dust, Effort unmeaning and vain. Ah, yes, some of strive, Not without action to die Fruitless, but something to snatch From dull oblivion, nor all Glut the devouring grave! We, we have chosen our path— Path to advance! but it leads A long, steep journey.

—Matthew Arnold.

**Extension Dining Tables**

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Highly Finished Surface Oak or Golden Gloss.

Made from Selected Hardwood.

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