

Christmas Gift Suggestions!

As the selecting of suitable Christmas Gifts is always a perplexing problem, we take this opportunity of making a few helpful suggestions, which will no doubt relieve you of some of the worry of the Gift Season.

Ladies :

CREPE-DE-CHENE HANDKERCHIEFS, FANCY SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, ASSTD. BOXES FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS, CASHMERE, WOOL & KID GLOVES, SILK HOSIERY, FELT BEDROOM SLIPPERS, BLOUSES, SPATS, GAITERS, Etc., all at Special Cash Prices.

Gentlemen :

LAWN and SILK INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS, LINED and UNLINED KID GLOVES, FANCY SHIRTS, NECKTIES, MUFFLERS, LINEN COLLARS, WINTER CAPS, BOSTON GARTERS, SLEEVE LINKS, INVICTUS HOCKEY BOOTS, all at Special Cash Prices. SHIRLEY PRESIDENT BRACES only 75c. pair.

TOYS!

Dolls, Drums, Games, Books, Tea Sets, Trains, Rattles, Humming Tops, Toy Trunks, Coon Jiggers, Flags, etc.,
Twenty per cent. off for cash.

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

ON DINNER NAPKINS AND WRITING PAPER.



A letter came to me the other day, written on letter paper, which was very thick, several sizes larger than the ordinary paper, and of a beautiful shade of gray. The letter itself was a short one and took up but two pages out of the four. And at that, the writer left margins of

over an inch. A friend saw the letter lying on my desk. "Don't you simply adore paper like that?" she asked, fingering its thickness and admiring its size and color. "I wish I had some just like it. Don't you?"

"I do and I don't," I said. "Which, though it sounds hectic and cryptic, I would be epigrammatic, is nothing but the truth. Good Taste in One Way But Not in Another."

Parts of me would like paper like that. It is so rich looking and so distinguished. I can fancy people saying when they get my letters, "She always has such good taste." But another part of me says, "You know perfectly well that it really isn't the best taste. You know that using paper so much thicker and heavier and larger than you need, even if it is approved by fashion, is not a style that has its foundation on what should be the really important criterion of any fashion—beauty and common sense."

The color is beautiful, but, you do not need such large paper for short notes at least, and you do not need such thick paper for any purpose. You know that half your joy in having such paper is the effect of costliness it gives. And you know that you disapprove of any fashion which, without achieving a commendable increase in beauty or utility, wastes the labor of someone in producing it and prevents that labor from being put into channels where it would produce something for more general distribution.

Not Fair to Someone. The part of me that feels this way

has the same objection to the enormous dinner napkins hotels and private hostesses occasionally present one with, although the other part of me does enjoy a sense of luxury as I spread these miniature table cloths out on my lap. There is no need for any such use of linen. It means that someone, somewhere, put a far larger amount of labor into producing the article than was needed to give it utility or beauty.

Our motive in wanting to possess and use such articles really goes back to a love of ostentation—of being able to feel that we are offering something that shows we can afford more than a merely useful thing. We are saying, in effect, when we use such napkins and such writing paper, "I can afford to have a big margin of paper that I don't need for use." Of course, we don't consciously have any such feeling, but I think it is at the bottom of the success of such styles.

Don't You Hate Skippy Sheets? Now please do not think I like things skippy. I don't. If there is anything in the world I detest it is a skippy blanket that can't be pulled up about one's neck without getting pulled out at the bottom. But that's a matter of utility, not display.

Of course, it is very hard to say where utility ends and display begins. But if you try to have a general idea that you want to buy beauty and utility and avoid display and ostentation you will at least have an ideal to work towards. "How is this for a motto?" "Anything I can afford for beauty and utility, but not one cent for ostentation."

When the Cattle Talk.

QUEER XMAS CUSTOMS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Now that the shadow of the Great War has passed from the sky of Europe, Christmas, the festival of peace and good will, can emerge from its retirement, with all its varied customs and superstitions.

In many parts of Austria, a very curious Christmas custom is still observed. On St. Nicholas Day each house is visited by two men in the guise respectively of a bishop and a deacon. The parents point out to

EGGS!

For Your Xmas Baking

98

Cases P. E. I. Firsts Fully Inspected.

Soper & Moore

Wholesale Grocers.

through village or town, may not stumble.

In the days of peace, for a full week before Christmas Day dawned, the Russian peasant was busy killing his fatted oxen and sheep, cooking them at large bonfires, and preparing everything to the minutest detail for his banquet and revels.

The day before Christmas he devoted to the strictest fasting, so that his appetite might be in good order for the morrow; and that he realized his ambitions was evidenced by the fact that when once he began eating and drinking, he never stopped until far into the following day.

When Paris Celebrates. The Russian peasant was, and is, a man of many superstitions. He believes that the first star to appear in the heavens on Christmas Eve is the very star that led the wise men to Bethlehem, and that whoever sees it first is assured a highly prosperous year. In the centre of his Christmas table he places a bundle of straw and hay, symbolical of the manger, and, before the meal, each guest draws from the bundle a blade of straw, the one who draws the longest being destined to live the longest.

During the feasting, the destitute children of the village go from house to house singing carols, receiving gifts at each door, and in return, pelting the donor with oats, thus ensuring him riches.

Berlin the shops are opened on each of the three Sundays before Christmas, known as the copper, sil-

ver, and Gold Sundays, and customers flock to them in thousands to buy their Christmas presents.

Christmas Eve in Paris is given over to a scene of revelry and rioting such as Paris herself never witnesses on any other night of the year, while to the Parisian Christmas Day itself is a day of dull decorum, of family reunions, dyspepsia, and the dispensing of countless presents to everybody, from the concierge to the oyster-man and telegraph-boy.

"Straight From the Horse's Mouth." England, too, has her share of Christmas superstitions, for there are thousands who believe in the magic of cock-crowing to scare away evil spirits, as in the days of Shakespeare. And are there not hundreds of farmhouses in remote parts of England where it is an article of faith that cattle have the gift of language on Christmas Eve? Woe be to man or maid who yields to curiosity and plays eavesdropper, for they are sure to hear something they would go miles to avoid hearing.

There is a story told of a farm-servant, who, scoffing at this superstition, concealed himself in his master's stable and listened. Just as the clock struck twelve he heard, so the story runs, one horse say to another: "We shall have hard work to do this day week."

"Yes," answered his companion, "and the way to the churchyard is long and steep." The sequel is stranger. The story goes that the servant died, and was buried just a week later!

Household Notes.

An excellent storm door is made by covering the summer screen door with heavy muslin, canvas or carpet. The linen should be wrung out by hand, as the wringer leaves wrinkles that are difficult to press out.

Fasten to your closet door a padded cushion. To this can be placed dress skirts and other wearing apparel. When making hard white icing all utensils should be spotlessly clean as any spot of grease may make the icing heavy.

If roasting a turkey, pin large thin slices of pork on legs to prevent them from burning, and drying in cooking. If apple pies are made with rather flavorless apples, sweeten them with brown sugar and it will improve the taste.

Beat ¼-pint of whipped cream and a little salt into a small cream cheese. Pile on top of a deep-dish apple pie. If a roast is dredged with flour after basting with fat, it will have a crusty, frothy appearance, which is appetizing.

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"Bishop" Bunyan's Deed of Gift

John Bunyan, the Bedford tinker, whose education had, during the early part of his life been neglected, applied himself, after his marriage, to the study of the Scriptures, and eventually became a Baptist preacher at Bedford. At the Restoration he was committed to prison for preaching, and it was during his confinement that he wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Holy War," the two finest allegorical works in this or any other language. After his release from jail, where he had been for twelve weary years, his popularity was so much increased that he preached to large congregations, and was called, in allusion to his widespread influence, "Bishop Bunyan." All was not sunshine, however, for there was always the fear of being arrested again. So, dreading lest his faithful wife might be left penniless at any time, should his small worldly means be taken under a pretence of fines and penalties, John, on December 24, 1685, executed a deed of gift, vesting in her everything he possessed. This document is a singular one in many respects. The original is in the church-book at Bedford, and is remarkable for having been sealed with a silver two-penny piece. The deed secured to Elizabeth his property, such as it was, without the trouble and expense of applying to the Ecclesiastical Courts for probate of a will. It appears from this deed that he had resumed his trade as a brazier, which is a superior kind of tinker. Pursuing this, and visiting various districts to quicken the lagging energies of his more supine brethren, also writing and preaching, were heavy labours; and at last the iron frame of John Bunyan gave way under that mysterious disease, the sweating distemper. But he struggled through it, tenderly nursed by his loving helpmate. Later on, however, he had a relapse, and finding his strength decaying, he settled his worldly affairs, as well as the shortness of the time and the violence of the disorder would permit, and after an illness of ten days, he expired. Elizabeth, his faithful helpmate, survived him only four years.



RAIN DAY CLOTHES. Behind the rainy day there lies blossoms and birds and sunny skies. The clouds are but a mantle gray. Designed for just a rainy day. And as with men who sometimes wear harsh raiment for their hours of care. And yet beneath each uniform The kindly hearts continue warm. So life is fair, despite the gray. And sombre garment of the day.

We do not ask our friends to be Always attired in finery. We find them garbed to fill the soil in raiment thick with dirt and oil. And sorry sighs to look upon. And yet our love continues on. We do not look on them in hate. Because their robes are out of date. And torn and shabby, for we know The hearts beneath with friendship glow.

So when there comes a rainy day And all above is robed in gray. Why should we turn away and sigh And fear to look upon the shaggy? Life still is fair! The birds and bees, The blossoms and the leafy trees. Are ours to know, and we shall smile With them through many an after-while. Friendly the day shall still remain. Though dressed in gray to suit the rain.

Christmas Cures.

All sorts of ailments are believed to be cured at the season of Christmas.

The children of Yorkshire carry round a box, covered with evergreen leaves, containing a doll dressed up to represent Christ. They call at each house and ask for money for the Christmas festivities, and those who contribute are allowed to take a leaf from the box, and this leaf is believed to be an absolute cure for toothache.

The country people in Cheshire believe that on Christmas Eve the Holy Child comes to re-visit the earth at midnight, and in some homes where there is a sick child the mother takes the little one from its sick bed and carries it to the door a few minutes before midnight, and waits there until midnight has struck.

If the child recovers its health, she believes it is because the Christ Child, in passing the door, touched the sick child with His healing fingers. If the child dies, the mother comforts herself with the belief that the Christ Child called the sick child to Heaven to be His "playmate."

Some Somerset folk never let the Yule log quite burn out, but always save a piece of it for the next Christmas. The ashes are believed to cure hiccup.

Splendid Value Packets of Xmas Cards at 20, 25, 30, 35, 45, 50, 65, 80 and 90c. at GAILLANDS—Dec 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

MUTT AND JEFF

MUTT WAS SERIOUS, AND JEFF—WELL, YOU KNOW HIM.

—By Bud Fisher.

