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Nameless Warrior For Ever on Guard

Empire's Homage to "The Un- King stood, and every hand was raised to salute the soldier who died known Soldier."—The Salute of that we might live, chosen by fate for this honor which is in remem-Royalty.

(By SIR PHILIP GIBBS.)

Whitehall where we were waiting for him. He was known to us all. It was one of "our boys," not warriors, as they called them in the days of darkness, lit by faith.

in the crowd after an all-night vigil, he was their boy who went missing one day and was never found till now, though their souls went searching for him through dreadful

To many men among those packed densely on each side of the empty street, wearing ribbons and badges, on civil clothes, he was a familiar figure—one of their comrades, the one they liked best, perhaps, in the old crowd, who went into the fields of them all has had. of death and stayed there with the great companionship

The Old "Tin Hat."

It was the steel helmet, the old "tin hat," lying there on the crim-son of the flag which revealed him instantly, not as a mythical warrior aloof from common humanity, a shadowy type of the national pride and martial glory, but as one of those fellows, dressed in the drab of khaki. stained by mud and grease, who went into the dirty ditches with this steel hat on his head and in his heart the unspoken things, which made him one of us in courage and in fear, with some kind of faith not clear, full of perplexion, often dim in the watch-

words of those years of war. So it seemed to me, at least, as I ooked down Whitehall and listened unknown was coming down the road. March in Saul" with heavy drumming, but as yet the roadway was clear where it led up to that altar of sacrifice as it looked, covered by two flags hanging in long folds of scarlet and white.

About that altar cenotaph there were little groups of strange people all waiting for the dead soldier Why were they there?

The Great Await Him.

There were great folks to greet the dust of a simple soldier. There was the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London and other clergy in gowns and hoods. What had they to do with the body of a soldier who had gone trudging through the mud and muck like one ant in a legion of ants, unknown to ame, not more heroic, perhaps, than all his pals about him, not missed when he fell dead between

the tangled wire and the shell holes' Admirals, Lord Haig himself Commander-in-Chief of our armies in France, and Admiral Beatty, who held the seas; Lord French of Ypres, with Horne of the First 'Army, and Byng of the Third, and Air Marshal Trenchard, who commanded all the birds that flew above the lines on the mornings of enormous

battle. finitely remote, perhaps, in the im- quarters after ten and the King adagination of the man whose dust vanced towards the cenotaph, follow-

LONDON, Nov. 11.-It did not seem was not being brought toward them an unknown warrior whose body came It was their brains that had directed on the gun carriage drawn down his movements down the long roads Crowded behind the gun-carriage in which galled his feet, over ground churned up by gunfire, up duck umn of men of all branches of the boards from which he slipped under his heavy pack if he were a foot before coming to a halt, and behind slogger, and whatever his class as a lagain other men in civilian clothes To some women, weeping a little soldier ordained at last the end of his and everywhere among them and journey, which finished in a grave

> More Homage Than Any General. In life, he had looked upon these Generals as terrifying in their power "for the likes of him." Sometimes, perhaps, he had saluted them as they rode past. Now they stood best, purified at this moment by this in Whitehall to salute him, to keep silence in his presence, to render the dust of that unknown. him homage, more wonderful, with deeper reverence than any General

marked by metal disk-"unknown."

the cenotaph, not, only of England ders, when there was "nothing to but of the Indian Empire. These Indian Rajahs, that old white-bearded, white turbaned man with the face of an Eastern prophet—was it possible that they, too, were out to siren giving the warning of silence in pay homage to an unknown British

There was something of the light ed a little by wan sunlight, white as the walls and turrets of the War Office in this mist of London. The tower of Big Ben was dim through the mist like the tower of Albert Church until it fell into a heap un-

der the fury of gunfire. Presently the sun shone brighter to the music which told us that the so that the picture of Whitehall was etched with deeper lines. On all the The band was playing the old "Dead building, Jags were flying at halfabout the cenotaph were there to mournings, not for mere pageantry The Grenadier officers, who walked about with drawn swords, wore cpepe on their arms. Presently they passed the word along, 'Reserve arms," and all along the line of route soldiers turned over their rifles and bent their heads over their butts. It was when the music of the Dead

March came louder up the street. The King Stands Alone.

A number of black figures stood in a separate group apart from the Admirals and Generals, people of importance to whom the eves of the crowd turned while men and women tip-toed to get a glimpse of them.

The Prime Minister and Minister and ex-Ministers of England were there-Asquith, Lord Curzon other statesmen who in those years of conflict were responsible for all There were great Generals and | the mighty effort of the nation, who stirred up its passion and emotions who organized its labor and service who won the victory and this peace I thought the people about me stared at them as though conscious of the task that is there's, now that peace

is the test of victory. But it was one figure who stood alone as the symbol of the nation in this tribute to the spirit of our dead. As Big Ben struck three

"Right Here" === We want to repeat once again that for downright irresistible quality and

value in Tea

ed by the Prince of Wales, the Prince's two brothers, and the Duke of Connaught. And while the others god in line looking toward the top of Whitehall, the King was a few aces ahead of them waiting motioness for the body of the unknown varrior who had died in his service.

Crowd Stilled by Emotion.

fore the ordered silence the dense ines of people had kept their places without movement and only spoke little in their long time of vaiting, and then as they caught their first glimpse of the gun-carriage were utterly quiet, all heads were bared and bent. Their emotion was as though a little cold breeze were passing. One seemed to feel the spirit of the crowd. Above all this mass of plain people something touched one with a sharp, yet softning thought.

their noble music and their drums thumping at the hearts of men and women. Guards with their reversed arms passed and then the gun carriage with its team of horses halted n front of the cenotaph where the that we might live, chosen by fate prance of that great army of comman's land.

The King Laid a Wreath.

The King laid a wreath on this coffin and then stepped back again. one long vista was an immense colnavy and army moving up slowly above them flowers in the form of wreaths and crosses

Then all was still, and the picture was complete, framing in that coffin where the steel hat and the King's sword lay upon the flag which draped it. The soul of the nation at its emotion, was there in all once about

Guns were being fired somewhere in the distance. They were not loud, but like the distant thumping There were princes there about of guns on a misty day in Flanreport," though on such a day, perhaps, this man had died.

Presently there was a far-off wailing like cry of a banshee. It was a some place by the river. The deep notes of Big Ben struck

11, and then the King turned quickof Flanders in Whitehall, The tat- ly to a lever behind him, touched it tered ruins of Cloth Hall at Ypres and let fall the great flags which used to shine white. A mist, suffus- had draped the altar. The cenotaph stood revealed, utterly austere, except for three standards with their gilt wreaths. It was a time of silence. What

thoughts were in the minds of all the people, only God knows, as they stood there for those two minutes which were very long.

There was dead stillness in Whitehall, only broken here and there by

Who Was the Unknown?

The unknown warrior! Was young Jack, perhaps who had never been found? Was it one of those fellows in the battalion that moved up through Ypres before the height of the battle in the bogs?

Men were smoking this side Ypres. One could see the glow of their cigarette ends as they were halted around the old mill house at Vlamertinghe. It rained after that, beating sharply on tin hats, pouring in spouts down the waterproof capes Shelling began along the duck boards by Westhoek ridge, gas shelling,

very old thing. Fellows dropped into the shell holes full of water. They had their packs on, all their fighting kit. Some of them lay there in pits where the water was reddish.

There were a lot of unknown warriors in the bogs of Glencorse Wood and Inverness Copse. They lay by upturned tanks and sank in slime. Queer how fellows used to drop and never give a sound so that their pals passed on without knowing.

In all sorts of places the unknown warrior lay down and was not quickly found. In Boulon Wood they were lying after the battle among the river trees. On the fields of Somme they lay in the churnedup earth. In High Wood and Delville Wood and this side of Loupart Wood. It was queer one day how the sun shown on Loupart Wood which was red with Autum tints. Old "Boche" was there then, and the wood seemed to have a thousdug. An airplane came through the leecy sky, wonderfully careless of the black shrapnel bursting about it. Wonderful chaps, those airmen.

For the man afoot it wasn't good o stumble in that ground, barbed vire tore one's hands damnably There was a boy lying in a tangle of barbed wire. He looked as though he was asleep, but he was dead all ight. An airplane passed overhead with a loud humming sound.

What is this long silence, all this crowd in London streets two years after the armistice peace? Yes those

Lighten the load on the Sled.

BEGIN TO BUY XMAS GIFTS NOW SAYS CHEERY JOE.

Of course you all want "him" to prance down Xmas morning, his face a big sun of happiness, beaming to say, "How on earth did you know NECKWEAR that this was just what I wanted?"

> Many Xmas gifts for "him" don't just plan out that way.

Because-

People will wait until fifty-nine minutes to ten Xmas Eve to burst in on an overwhelmed, busy clerk to purchase that important gift that should have a week's careful consideration 'way back in November.

And when gifts are bought that way I'll stake a whole sledful of joy they do disappoint. If that "him" is a person of any consequence at all, he deserves to have more than one minute of your time devoted to the purchase of something he has to wear for at least a day. And if real thought and time is given to the purchase, he WILL wear it until next Xmas comes 'round.

Advice: BUY NOW, and Buy Men's Wear, for this is an Economy Xmas, and little articles to wear never disappoint.

Yours for the Right Gift at the Right Time,

CHEERY JOE.



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