

**CHRISTMAS**  
 AT  
**CLARKE BROS.**

**Opening of Holiday Goods Dec. 7 and following days**

**L**IFE has no nobler pleasure than that of friendship. At the end of the busy year, full of effort and struggle, comes the season when we forget the trials and welcome the opportunities, when we count our friends, when we choose for them remembrances, not because of their cost, but because of the pleasure they will bring, when we realize to the full that life is worth living because for once it is unselfish.

**The Worries of the Season**

If our store may play its part during the trying days that lie between now and Christmas Eve, if it may lighten the strain of your purse (for everybody's is too small at such a time), if by good service and splendid assortment for your choosing it may help to keep the puzzle wrinkles from your forehead, it will have done all we have hoped and planned to have it do. We have given very careful thought to things useful. The list below does not represent all of what we have on our counters, but we trust its suggestions may prove helpful to you. If you should see any article that you would like later on, we will gladly put it aside for delivery at a future date. We would suggest, however, that you do this at once, while our stocks are complete and before the best are taken.

**Fancy and Useful**

We have many novelties in fancy and useful articles for Christmas Gifts, including Mirrors, Photo Frames, Leather Hand Bags, Brush and Comb Sets, Clocks, Jewel Cases, Music Rolls, Atomizers, Cigar Cases, Leather Travelling Cases, Brass Novelties and many other articles that space does not permit us here to mention.

**Gifts for Women**

Had you thought of a dress or waist pattern for Xmas? Such a practical gift as this would be welcomed surely and then it would serve to remind the one who wears it of the giver. We are also well supplied with fancy neckwear, handkerchiefs, table linens, napkins, towels, gloves, boots and shoes, rubber footwear, winter jackets, umbrellas, fancy linens, etc.

**Gifts for Men**

There are many nice appropriate things to give a man and yet, when one sits down to think of something suitable it is not an easy task. What to give father, brother, husband, son or friend can be found in our store. Neckwear, gloves, suspenders, hoisery, coat sweaters, hats, caps, mufflers, overcoats, suits, underwear, boots and shoes, rubber footwear, fancy shirts, etc.

**Xmas Cards**

We have them in endless variety, little remembrances of the season, such as everybody is looking for, 12c per dozen.

**Books**

A good book for girl or boy is the choicest of gifts. We invite you to our Book Department.

**Holiday Stationery**

Why not give stationery? Always an acceptable gift. We have a most attractive assortment. Dainty boxes containing high class stationery, quality the very best and style strictly up-to-date.

Price 15c to \$1.00 per box

**Fountain Pens**

Why not give a real good fountain pen? Buy the best as a poor pen is a poor remembrance. We sell "Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens" and they are fully guaranteed.

Prices \$1.25 to \$5.00 each

**Silverware and Cut Glass**

Among the pretty novelties for Christmas giving there are many dainty things in Silverware and Cut Glass which not only adds attractiveness to the table but in themselves are serviceable. We invite your inspection when visiting our store.

**FINAL WORD**

Buying early is an immense advantage. In the first place it is possible to make much better selection as the stock is more complete. In the second place you have more leisure and can take your time in buying. We are always pleased to put away goods selected early and deliver them at anytime you desire.

Soliciting your Holiday Trade and wishing you a Merry Xmas

We are, yours very truly

**CLARKE BROS**

BEAR RIVER, N. S., November 27th, 1915.

*Read the Special Christmas Advertisements in this issue of the Monitor and you will find suggestions for your Christmas Gifts*

**MORGANVILLE**

December 10  
 Miss Hattie Jefferson is at home for a visit.  
 Mr Leander Balcom shot a fine moose this week.  
 Miss Ann Morgan has been ill with measles and pneumonia.  
 Miss Bertie Banks of Lake Jolly is visiting friends at Round Hill.  
 Mrs. Edward Morgan and Miss Chute visited friends at Milford Corner.  
 Mrs. Frank Alcorn and family spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Jesse Porter.  
 Preaching service in the Morganville church on Sunday, December 10 at 3 p. m.  
 Mrs. William Smith spent a few days at Lake Jolly visiting Mrs. Dunn who has been very ill.  
 Mrs. Inglis Phinney of Middleton arrived home to spend the Christmas season with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. George Morgan.  
 Mr. Avery Early has been very ill with measles but is getting better. He was one of the lads who volunteered for service but returned home ill.

**PRINCE DALE**

December 10  
 Mrs. Harold Fish spent a few days recently in Digby.  
 Mrs. Fletcher Sproule of Clementsvale spent Thursday at Mrs. G. H. Wright's.  
 The Red Cross Society met at the home of Mrs. Millidge Wright on Friday evening.  
 Mrs. Albert Fraser returned on Saturday from a visit with relatives in Massachusetts.  
 Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Milner are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a daughter on December 2.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Wright and Mr. Thomas Seeley of Marshalltown, are guests at Mr. Forman Wright's.  
 Mrs. William McCormick, who has been visiting relatives here, returned to her home in Bear River on Tuesday.

**LOWER GRANVILLE**

December 13  
 Mrs. Hogan of Upper Granville is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Elias Bent.  
 Miss Dennis of Halifax is the guest of her friend, Miss S. E. P. Elliott.  
 Rev. Mr. Indoe and Rev. T. F. McWilliams exchanged pulpits on Sunday.  
 The small boy and girl begin to see visions of Santa Claus in their dreams.  
 The branch of the Red Cross Society of this neighborhood forwarded to Halifax via H. and S. W., on Friday, 3rd, inst, the following, viz.: 13 hospital shirts, 12 men's grey flannel shirts, 8 prs. socks, 1 1/2 dozen lead pencils, 3 prs. wristlets, 1 roll old linen, 350 mouth wipes.

**PORT WADE**

December 13  
 Mrs. John O'Flamming is visiting her aunt, Mrs. C. T. Crowley of Digby.  
 Mr. Sanford Flemming of New Germany is visiting his sister, Mrs. David Nelson.  
 Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. William Rogers on the arrival of a daughter, Dec. 9th.

Mrs. James Snow and daughter, Bertha, went on a trip to St. John, Wednesday, and returned home again on Saturday.

The ladies of the Red Cross shipped a box to Halifax on Saturday which contained the following: 48 handkerchiefs, 24 pairs of socks, 24 face cloths, 17 grey shirts, 12 hospital shirts, 6 hot water bottle covers.

**GRAND JOGGIN BRIDGE OF THE D. A. R. COMPLETED**

(St. John Globe)

Digby, Dec. 8.—The work of "rip-rapping" the fill-in of the Grand Joggin bridge of the D. A. R. to the south of the town, and which has been going on since early last spring, is finished, the contractor, H. T. Warne, doing a fine job and giving employment to a large gang of men. This work was found real necessary to prevent the tides washing away the earth dumped into the bridge. Over 15,000 yards of stone were used to build the wall, which is fifty feet high on both sides of the bridge. The contract for supplying the stone was sub-let by Mr. Warne to James Robinson and Fred Robinson who had lighters engaged carrying stone from the shores around the basin. The same kind of "rip-rapping" was done to the smaller bridge across the Little Joggin, and Mr. Warne also had this contract.

The plant from which camphor is obtained in China has been discovered in the Philippines growing wild in great quantities.

**TORONTO HEARS BILLY SUNDAY**

**Evangelist Opens Campaign to Support Movement for a Dry Ontario**

Toronto, Nov. 22.—Billy Sunday, ex-baseball player, peripatetic reformer of morals, and slang gospel propagandist, made his Toronto debut at two crowded meetings in the Arena this afternoon and evening under the auspices of the "Committee of One Hundred for a Dry Ontario." Thousands were turned away, many having come from points in Ontario to get fresh light on the "no booze" movement. Temperance was Sunday's sole theme. Several members of the Ontario Government and Legislature were present, and the Ontario License Commissioners occupied a special box. "Oh, this whiskey business; how I hate it," Sunday exclaimed. "It turns men into monsters. It poisons everything it touches. It brings sorrow with it and leaves remorse behind it. Everwhere the human derelicts can be seen; the prisons are full of its victims. The holy bonds of matrimony are snapped as if they were spider's webs when the sweet milk of human concord is turned into the gall and woe of drink."

"I will fight it wherever it lifts its damnable hydra head," he went on in a voice which despite his emotion, could be heard in every part of the vast auditorium. "I'll fight it in the home, in the lodges, in the clubs—everywhere. I will make no compromise with it. If I had an uncompromising hair in my head in this fight I would pluck it out and hurl it into hell."

"Every barroom is a recruiting office for hell." This assertion was followed up by the question, "Who are in favor of the saloons?" and the answer as Mr. Sunday gave it was: "The distillers, saloonkeepers, gamblers, pickpockets and every degraded hobo and low-down, good-for-nothing." The men who were in it knew it was a bad business, he said. It was recognized as the worst enemy of every man. "The curse of God is on it, and they know it," he declared. "They are barred from every decent society. The Masons say: 'You can't wriggle your dirty carcass in here,' and the Oddfellows and many others had followed suit.

"No man," he went on, "can honestly say the Lord's prayer and then vote for the saloon. The man who does so is merely a four-flusher and a false alarm. If the saloon is not the biggest wrong that ever wriggled out of the pit of hell, the devil ought to be canonized. It is said that it helps business. You may as well say that the skunk in the henhouse is good for the fellow who owns the chickens."

Sunday told the meeting that he found the people engaged in the liquor traffic in the United States the biggest bunch of liars in the country, and he did not suppose things were very much different in Canada. "The gang," he explained, "could not tell the truth without saying something that wouldn't hurt their business." He believed that in His own good time God would overthrow the whiskey business. In the meantime the movement for the abolition of the saloon went on, and could no more be stopped by the "liquor gang" than the rock of Gibraltar could be knocked down by green peas shot through a pop-gun.

"Young men and women of Canada, get into the game, and we'll clean up the old Dominion for Jesus Christ," he shouted.

**Gymnastic Moves**

At the night meeting Mr. Sunday displayed considerably more physical exertion than in the afternoon.

During his address which lasted for nearly an hour and a half, he indulged freely in gymnastic evolutions throwing his arms out violently, then bending till his knees almost touched the platform, jumping up suddenly and sparring fiercely at an embodiment of the liquor demon. He never retained any one position for more than a few seconds. He used his hands as a megaphone repeatedly.

"I'll help you if I can in your great fight," he said.

He fairly took the breath of his audience away when, at the end he mounted a small table on the platform to make his parting greetings. Raising hands and eyes toward the roof, he bade "Good-bye to Jesus, whom he thanked for allowing him to meet the good people of Toronto and to the success of the meetings. Then came the devil's turn. Addressing an imaginary Satan somewhere on the floor, Sunday crouching as low as he could the while, also bade the evil one good-bye for a while. "Ah, devil," he said, "I know you're getting cold feet, and I'm not surprised. I know you have stood for a long time with your heels in this fair and beautiful city of Toronto, but now you've got a mustard-plaster on your chest, and I don't blame you. Your days are doomed, devil. So get ready to go back to fire and hang up your ensign on the doors of hell."

If anything is worth saying it is right for the people to know who said it.

**TORONTO'S FOREIGN QUARTER**

(By J. M. Neelands)

South of College Street and west of Yonge Street, and extending south as far as Queen Street, there is a district commonly known to Torontonians as "the Ward." Walking through it, one might almost imagine oneself whisked over to the continent of Europe, without any of the fuss and worry of ticket and ocean voyage.

All sorts of signs in strange languages are displayed on the shop windows or pasted upon bill-boards. Some are printed in English at the top, but the majority are entirely foreign, and can only be translated by the generous aid of pictures.

Some of the favourite illustrated signs in the windows of the grocer or the butcher are hens, roosters and eggs. One concludes that these are also for sale. There is one word on Jewish shop windows that one soon learns to recognize, it is the word "kosher," which means "clean according to Jewish law."

Before the celebration of some of the Jewish religious days, notably that of the Day of Atonement, large crates of fowl may be seen in front of many of the shops. Through the bars the imprisoned birds are vainly thrusting their heads, just as though they wanted to see what was going on in the Ward. The merchants are most attentive in their care of the fowl, giving them corn and water in plenty, for well they realize that the better condition the birds are in, the more money they will get for them.

A sign sometimes seen over the door of a shop or a private house in the Ward with the word "Shocket" printed thereon, means that here lives a rabbi, who is specially qualified to kill, according to the rites of the synagogue.

In a grocery store which bore the owner's name in Macedonian letters, strange looking loaves of bread were displayed; alongside of bunches of garlic and great rounds of ancient looking bologna sausage. Cracked eggs were ticketed 15c. a dozen, while a stiff-looking painted rooster presided over a basket with the well-known legend "Newlade, 25c."

In the Ward peddlers with their open push-carts do a big trade. It is surprising what a variety of things they have for sale—fruit, herrings, shoe laces, cups, saucers, curialins, remnants of cotton and laces, and even boots may be seen in the carts. In fact, the push-cart is a department store on a small scale. As the women crowd around, inspecting the wares carefully before buying, one has a fine opportunity to see types of many nationalities, and one must own that these strangers within our gates are a healthy looking, well set-up, able-bodied lot of women. Nearly every one of them has a baby in her arms or clinging to her skirts, so that there is no likelihood of shrinkage and rape of population in the Ward in the next generation.

A Chinese settlement, further on, gives one an idea of how these people live. Here is a row of stores with various signs: "Chinese Canadian Club," "Chinese Merchandise" (tea, rice, ginger, etc.), "Chinese Restaurant," or Chop-Suey establishment, and so on. There is always a certain air of mystery hanging over these places. When a customer enters, he is surprised to see so many celestials sitting idly about, and he wonders if and how they make a living.

In the Jewish section all work is in the open, and indeed seems to be inviting one in. Jewish grandmothers are rocking themselves contentedly in the front of the shops, babies galore are frolicking on the door-steps, but in the Chinese shops all is dark and inclines to secrecy. Before the customer leaves he will notice that the dark forms he saw on entering have vanished. They have glided silently off to some back room.

The Chinese children that one saw playing in front of their home looked much like other children in their "Made in Canada" clothes. Their complexions and their slanting eyes gave them away. But the tiny baby that the eldest girl was holding was a typical Chinese baby. The clothing was wound so tightly around its wee

The high quality of Purity Flour comes from First—The selected wheat we use. Second—This wheat, milled to a rigid standard under the closest supervision of miller and chemist.

**PURITY FLOUR**

More Bread and Better Bread



body that it presented the appearance of a mummy, while on its scrap of a head was a black silk cap embroidered in true Chinese style.

Some of the names on the signs over the shops in the Ward are as jaw-breaking as any in the war zone. Przemysl everyone thought to be one of the oddest names ever heard, but some of these are about as difficult. For instance, Pechenick, Wradowsky, Yuskowitz. Mrs. Pinchewlichek adds these inviting words to her sign, "everything cheap."

On another street in the Ward a sign was noticed on a particular dirty window. "Nice clean beds for one night, 25 cents. From the appearance of the front of the house, one of these adjectives might truthfully have been eliminated.

Looking up many of the alley-ways or side passages to the houses, one is surprised to see other little houses, evidently all occupied. Perhaps one would be surprised to know how much rent the owners get for these poor places on which the sun never gets a chance to shine.

If your stroll is timed somewhat after 5 p. m., you will meet hundreds of Italian laborers returning home after a day's hard work. Sturdy sons of toil are they, living together as economically as possible, saving their money so as to send for wife and family some fine day, unless they have been so fortunate as to have already established their home.

So these men and women of different nationalities are helping to build up the population of our fair city. From them we can learn, and from us they are unconsciously gaining ideals which will make for future good citizenship.

**THAT OLD HORSE**

Yes, he has pulled the heavy loads in winter and cultivated the crop in summer. The family have driven him to the church every Sunday morning. The children have piled on his back and ridden around the fields and enjoyed it very much. He has been faithful to you and your family. To the best of his ability he has made himself valuable to you. The money he has made can not be told, for you have never kept an account of the worth of the horse. But for twenty years he has been worth from fifty cents to a dollar a day. Of course he has more than repaid you for his feed and shelter.

Well, what are you expecting to do with the old horse now? He is stiff in the joints and blind in one eye. He can not pull a load, and the children are grown and gone, so they cannot ride him about any more. Did you say you were going to trade him off or sell him to a peddler? That would mean a hard time for the faithful animal. Surely you would not part with the horse that has helped you to pay for your farm, keep the family and rear the children. He has earned his right to a peaceable, quiet old age, with good feeds of grain and hay and the same warm stall. He has not failed you when he was strong, and you should not fail him when he is old and useless. Let him come in and lie down to rest on the same good bed of straw. And when he comes at last to the end of his journey, bury him beneath the friendly soil he has so often tilled for you.

—W. D. Neale in Farm Journal.

Lieutenant-Governor MacKeen has received a gold medal from King George which is to be awarded a Russian laborer, Anton Ranchinsky, for his gallantry and humanity in rescuing four people from drowning in the Avon river nearly two years ago now. Ranchinsky was working for the Nova Scotia Construction Company on the construction of the new bridge over the Avon River when he saw a boat capsized and its four passengers thrown into the water. Ranchinsky leaped into the water and struck out for the drowning men. He rescued all four from death in the muddy, swirling waters. Ranchinsky has since left these parts and through the efforts of officials he has been traced to Ontario.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.