

# TOYS! TOYS!

The assortment this season is a very extensive one. Glance over the list, you are sure to see something that will appeal to the little ones.



- TOY REINS, SUBMARINES,
- BATTLESHIPS, SKIPPING ROPES,
- SETS OF TOOLS, TEDDY BEARS,
- TOY FURNITURE,
- MOTOR BUSSES, RAILWAYS,
- CUBES, DRUMS,
- TEDDY BEARS with Electric Eyes,
- DOLLS, Dressed and Undressed.
- CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.
- AIRCRAFT GUNS, PUZZLES,
- WORK BOXES,
- WORK BASKETS,
- MONEY BANKS, RUBBER BALLS,
- PIN CUSHIONS, PHOTO FRAMES.

# Select Your GIFTS Early

Why not start in to-day? Come here, make your selections while assortments are at their best and you have every advantage for satisfactory shopping.

## Men's Hockey Boots.

What more suitable than a pair of Geo. A. Slater's Invictus Hockey Boots for a Xmas Gift, 40 pairs only of this well-known brand.

## Children's Hockey Caps.

20 dozen Wool Hockey Caps at the very low price of 40c. each.

# Marshall Bros

## Fcy. Silk Handkerchiefs

20 dozen Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs. A Job Lot purchased a little time ago. We mark them at about one-half of what they can be replaced for to-day, 36c. and 55c. each.

## Gent's Silk Neck Ties.

A beautiful selection of Gent's Ties suitable for Xmas Presents.

## Gent's Lined Kid Gloves

3 dozen only, left over from last season, at Old Prices, \$1.00 and \$1.40 pair.

## Wool Gloves.

In Child's, Misses', Boys' and Men's, in a great variety of colors. ALL AT OLD PRICES.

## The Worst Habit.

By RUTH CAMERON.



Someone spoke about the unpardonable sin the other day. What is it? said someone else. "I know what ought to be called the unpardonable sin," said one woman fervently. "What?" we asked. "The habit of irritability," she said. "I don't mean occasional irritability, but the habit of constantly saying the disagreeable thing instead of the pleasant one, of being on the lookout for grievances all the time, of flinging out at people when you misunderstand, of finding fault—you all know what I mean, just the habit of being irritable." She was right. We all know what she meant. And I, for one, agreed with her. Unless You Think Selfishness is Worse. Unless perchance you place selfishness above it. But, come to think of it, irritability is just one form of self-indulgence, isn't it? When you stop to analyze them, you find that selfishness is the father of almost every sin in the calendar. And that is why all the commandments can be encompassed in two of which one is "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "Just being pleasant has not a very heroic sound," someone has said, but it gives as much happiness as any heroic qualities. And "just being unpleasant" hasn't a very dreadful sound, but it is the cause of as much unhappiness as the worst crime on the calendar. The woman who spoke so feelingly, spoke from very bitter experience. In her family is one housemate who has let the habit of irritability get more and more firm hold of him. When he enters the house he brings a cloud of irritability with him. One of his sons has left home on account of it, his wife has twice been on the verge of nervous prostration and the doctor says nothing in the world ails her but that atmosphere. A Street Angel And Home Devil He is, like most of his kind, a street angel and home devil, but reports have leaked out through domestics, and otherwise. It is a queer thing about human nature, that most of us seem to feel the impulse to irritability. Especially when things annoy or one is overtired. Which brings me to the justification which is often offered for irritability—had nerves or over-tiredness. Before one accepts these as a justification one feels constrained to ask: Are they results of carelessness and self-indulgence or of unavoidable overwork? The latter is the only circumstance which even approaches a justification. And even then the really strong character will be above petty irritability.

## A GOOD WINTER HABIT

Many people dread winter because the sudden climatic changes bring colds, grippe, rheumatism, tonsillitis or bronchitis. But thousands of well-informed men and women today avoid much sickness for themselves and their children by taking a few bottles of Scott's Emulsion to make richer blood, fortify the membranes of the throat and chest and create body-warmth to resist sickness. Soldiers at war receive cod liver oil; it will also strengthen you. Scott & Borne, Toronto, Ont.

Buckles of pearl or gunmetal are among the newest ornaments.

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.

## When the Red Cross Train Comes in.

Written by Jane Anderson, a Distinguished Young American Writer for the London Daily Express.

I went down last night to see England welcome home her wounded soldiers, but in the big station there was not the England that I had expected to find. It was a very fine and wonderful thing to see. What is taking place in that great station each night when the Red Cross train brings home the men who are paying Britain's price for war is much, much more than one of the incidents in the story of the great war. It is a miracle. It is a miracle because the men and women who wait there by the wooden barriers are not the men and women of the old England—the England which has been centuries in building. That England with its still, deep, silent pride, its clear and unquestioned convictions, its castes and its traditions, is dead. Out of this war, out of the pain and the agony of it, the new England has risen. Mark of the War. There were many people who told me that, in England I should see no mark of the war, that the old laws, the old inheritances were sufficient to this new and black day of her destiny. But I have seen the mark of the war. I have seen a great crowd pressing up against a wooden barrier, waiting and watching, with the story of unutterable things written in their faces; I have seen women standing, holding children in their arms; I have seen girls and men and boys of all castes, crowded there together, patient, silent, unquestioning. I have watched the tide of hope, and fear and pride rise and fall under the grey roof of one of London's stations. I have heard the cheers of the crowd, have seen the flutter of white handkerchiefs along

the borders of the paved roadway where a wounded officer was being driven slowly past.

This great crowd was part and parcel of that England which has faced suffering and faced joy with the fine grave silence which is her inheritance of countless years. Yes, it was very fine to see! All the colour and the spirit and the courage of this new war were there. In the straight, white roadway set apart by new railings were the motor cars, three in a row, facing toward the street. On the other side there were soldiers, standing in little groups, with their new equipment heaped up at their feet—haversacks and trenching tools. These soldiers were on their way to the front—and waiting to give a cheer for the men who were returning from that black battlefield where England is paying her toll for victory.

It was in one small triangle under the wide grey station roof where the full tragedy of this grave homecoming was written. In this triangle, set apart from the crowd, where women who were waiting for their husbands to be brought in by the train, and men who were waiting for their sons to return from this fearful and splendid thing which is being fulfilled in France.

### White and Shaken.

It is thus that the wounded train, with its cargo of humanity, comes to London, and in the doors of the compartments there are men standing, men in khaki, grey with the mud of France, stained and torn. These men carried their arms in slings, or had their heads bandaged or covered with woven caps. They looked white and shaken, these Tommies to whom war had been in some small measure merciful.

They stepped down to the platform, helping each other, and stood together, looking tremendously happy and a bit bewildered; and every orderly and every assistant who passed by offered them cigarettes, which they accepted in full measure. There were also cups of bouillon for them, trays of shining white cups carried by a man with great white cuffs which came up above his elbows.

Then, according to the tickets which were fastened to their coats, or according to some extremely scientific and official plan of disposal and which I did not understand, they came slowly through the gates and took their places in the motor-cars. It was then that the crowd pressed up closer to the roadway. It was then that the faces of the people in the little triangle went very white.

When the cars turned out from the kerb the Tommies on the other side of the platform cheered and cheered, and the echo came down from the high roof. The crowd cheered and clapped its countless hands and wavered.

I have seen a great crowd pressing up against a wooden barrier, waiting and watching, with the story of unutterable things written in their faces; I have seen women standing, holding children in their arms; I have seen girls and men and boys of all castes, crowded there together, patient, silent, unquestioning. I have watched the tide of hope, and fear and pride rise and fall under the grey roof of one of London's stations. I have heard the cheers of the crowd, have seen the flutter of white handkerchiefs along

handkerchiefs, and shouted, calling out to the men who were being driven by. And the men waved and saluted and made gestures with the new cigarettes they had alighted.

If an officer came driving by, alone in his car, he was hailed as the Tommie had been hailed. With the wounded train standing beside the platform, with the great line of motors filling steadily, with the stretcher-bearers waiting beside the open gates, there were no longer bars of caste in England. A new England was welcoming back her men.

When the stretcher-bearers came, carrying their shapeless bundles, covered with blankets, and lifted them into the ambulances, the crowd was still. It stood in silence while the ambulances, with their great crosses of red, filed slowly past. England was paying tribute to the men to whom war had not been merciful.

It was then that the people in the little triangle were afraid. When an officer from the platform came to speak to them they waited, without even the courage to look at the list he carried. This officer was telling them the name of the hospital where their husband or their son had been taken.

### The New England.

It was just as the last ambulance was driven past that I heard an officer tell a man—he was a tall man with white hair, and a gentle, distinguished bearing, that his son had come in on the train. The man turned away. Then he came back. "It's not serious?" he asked. "That was all. But there were tears in his eyes. The crowd stepped back and made way for him as he walked past.

Then the Tommies on the platform took up their haversacks and packs and came marching by. The empty train stood by the platform; the roadway was deserted; but the crowd still waited, and the Tommies on their way to the front gave another cheer. A cheer for the men who had come home. The crowd answered and shouted to them. Yes, it was but one year ago that I had seen other men leaving for France, and had seen the silent crowd at the gates watch them go.

That was England watching them. This was the new England—this great, open-hearted, cheering crowd; with its fluttering handkerchiefs, its big and splendid gestures, its shouting and its fine generousities, was the new England—the new England paying open tribute to her sons.

## Furness Line Ships.

The S. S. Durango is due here tomorrow. She is 9 days out from Liverpool to-day. The S. S. Graciana leaves Halifax to-morrow for this port.

SENSIBLE GIFT for your Home would be a nice Rattan Chair or Rocker. We have a beautiful selection, bought before the advance and selling at the Genuine Old Prices. CAL-LAHAN, GLASS & CO., LTD.

VOLUNTEERS GIVEN LEAVE.—A number of volunteers, belonging to different outposts were given leave to spend the Christmas season with their parents and left here yesterday for their respective homes.

ASK FOR MINARD'S LINIMENT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

## HOLIDAY FOOTWEAR!

Edwin C. Burt

THE BURT SHOE New York



We want women to see our Holiday Shoes. We've a wonderful array of the Best that's made in Footwear, for all purposes. The woman that wants moderate priced Shoes can find unusual values in our

\$2.75, \$3.00 or \$3.50 Shoes.

While the woman with a taste for Shoe luxury will be delighted with our

\$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50 or \$8.00 Shoes.

We have every variation of size, width and shape of last that's made.

We count it only a pleasure to show these new models in Footwear.

## HIGH CUT and SKATING BOOTS.

We have just opened up our High Waterproof Boots, also a large assortment of Hockey Boots for Men, Women and Children.

# F. Smallwood,

THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES.

## WINTER APPLES!

NOW IN STOCK: WAGNERS, BALDWINS, RED, STARKS, ETC. All good winter keeping stock. Also, PARSNIPS, CARROTS, BEETS.

And to arrive: ORANGES and GRAPES for Xmas Trade.

BURT & LAWRENCE. FOR SALE—One Second Hand Safe in good order.

# BL

# CASH

## Buy Early Dis

for goods mentioned present prices when you these special purchased some time ago

## Wonderful

Men's Stanfield Wool Men's New Knit Wool Women's Heavy Cream garment.

Women's Heavy Grey Children's Cream garment.

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ALL NEWEST Superior Quality Great Reductions

Ladies' Waterproof Ladies' and Misses' Caps and Hood.

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Best Quality Wool Coloured Cotton

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## Splendid Value

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

Men's Eastern Wime Boys' Navy Sweaters

# Henr

## Wild Horse Fra

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 11.—Examined witnesses in the "Arizona horse case," in which the government alleges a large number of were defrauded of sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$25,000 by the sale of tom herds of wild horses in that County, Arizona, to-day that one of the alleged victims sought in vain for two months field glasses, for a sight of the mals he had purchased. The Government alleges