

Public Notice!

Government of Newfoundland 5 1-2 Per Cent. Loan.

Applications will be received at the Office of the undersigned, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m., for the purchase of Government of Newfoundland Bonds, amounting to ONE MILLION DOLLARS, bearing interest at the rate of FIVE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. per annum, payable on the first days of January and July in each year, and Principal repayable on the first day of July, 1939.

Such Principal sum and interest are payable at the Office of the Minister of Finance and Customs, St. John's, Newfoundland; at the Bank of Montreal, St. John's, Montreal and Toronto, and at the Agency of the Bank of Montreal, New York.

These Bonds will be free from all present and future taxes, including Income Tax, in Newfoundland.

H. J. BROWNRIGG,

Minister of Finance & Customs.

nov21.1f

JUST RECEIVED!

Half a Million GUNCAPS

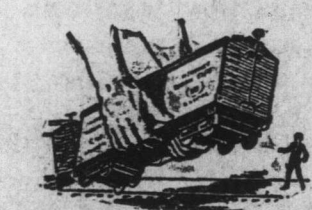
Gold Lined,
Double Waterproof,
English Manufacture,
Military and Fowling.

The Direct Agencies, Ltd
Wholesale Only.

may17.1f

"O'Sullivan" Rubber Heels.

Special Prices to Shoe Repairers.



Each-day you lift
a load like this:

In a short walk you lift 33 tons, the weight of a loaded freight car. Every ounce of this great weight comes down on your heels. Don't pound along on hard leather. Save the shock and strain by using



New Stock Just Opened. All sizes in
BLACK and TAN.

Parker & Monroe, Ltd.
THE SHOE MEN.

Advertise in The Evening Telegram

Peace.

What was the first prophetic word that rang
When down the starry sky the angels sang,
That night they came as envoys of the Birth—
What word but peace, "peace and good will on earth"?
And what was the last word the Master said
That parting night when they broke brother-bread,
That night he knew men would not let him live—
Oh, what but "peace I leave" and "peace I give"?
And yet behold: near twice a thousand years
And still the battle-wrath, the grief, the tears.
Let mercy speed the hour when swords shall cease,
And men cry back to God, "There shall be peace!"
—Edwin Markham.

Christmas on Board Ship

CHRISTMAS is the one season of the year when the steel bands of battleship discipline are relaxed. This year there will not be a great many tars on leave, but all the same the jollity below decks will be kept up in the good old style.

When in home ports, shortly before the day a party of men go ashore, and return laden with holly, mistletoe, and greenstuff. Or, if none is to be had, nimble fingers will soon manufacture some good imitations. Therefore, when December 25 dawns—may be under a tropic sky or the cold grey of the North Sea winter—the mastheads, yardarms, bridges, and mess-decks will be decorated and festooned.

There is very keen rivalry between the mess cooks as to which can produce the finest plum-pudding if only because each pudding is to be tasted and criticised by no less a personage than the captain himself. So soon as the men are at their messes, which are gay with holly, bunting, photographs of wives, and "best girls" the captain and his officers visit each mess in turn. When they arrive the mess cook proffers a plate loaded with plum-pudding cut into small squares. It is a point of etiquette that the captain and each officer should eat a piece and praise it.

On a big ship there may be as many as forty different messes. Therefore, the plum-pudding rite is apt to be rather trying. Besides tasting the plum-pudding, the quarter-deck visitors inspect and admire the decorations; and then, having wished the mess a "Merry Christmas," pass on to the next. After dinner the band plays on deck, and the men dance, dress up as niggers, hold sing-songs, and so on until 9.30 p.m., when they are "piped down" to their hammocks.

When at sea Christmas is perhaps even jollier than in port. There are no absentees, and especially in "turrin parts," everyone is determined to be extra festive just to make up for being away from home.

One great drawback of Christmas on board ships at sea is that there is no Christmas post.

When possible, the Christmas mailbags are sent to the nearest port, whence they are fetched by a destroyer or other fast vessel.

The Wrong Bird.

A labourer, having won a goose in a Christmas raffle, was returning home with his prize, and on the way went into an inn for refreshment.

Laying down the goose, he was proceeding to satisfy his thirst, when a seedy-looking individual, seizing the goose, made off.

He at once started after him, and before running far had his man by the neck.

"What did you take the bird for?" asked he, angrily.

"Sure," said the seedy-looking man. "I took it for a lark."

"Did you?" was the retort. "Then you'd make a bad judge at a bird show!"

Why Are Some Roads Called Turnpikes?

Undoubtedly the name turnpike as applied to some roads arose from the fact that pikes or gates were set across the roads by the keeper or toll collector. In addition to collecting tolls, it was part of the tollkeepers business to keep the road in repair. His wages and other expenses for doing this were received from the tolls collected from the people who used to ride on carriages, wagons, etc. In the early days the toll collector was armed with a pike, a long handled weapon with a sharp iron head, which he used to prevent people who travelled his road from going by without giving up their toll. Later on a swinging gate was built across the road, which made it unnecessary to use the pike, though the name was retained, for no one could pass while the gate barred the way. When the passer-by had paid his tolls the toll collector opened the gate and let him pass. If he did not pay the gate remained closed and the driver had to turn back or decide to pay. Hence comes the name, turnpike. In some parts of the country they call these toll roads—
From the Book of Wonders.

THE LAST LAP.

Kearney F-I-R-S-T.

Heading for Christmas with those superb quality lines whose merits have marked the stages in "KEARNEY FIRSTS" progress on the road to his "Victory Xmas". Individually, the greatest leaders from out our lines have kept the pace set by the "KEARNEY FIRST" prestige; their wear-famed qualities have been made known to you in every separate announcement. You have seen their points analyzed; you know our goods as we know them. You have read our claims for service—our guarantee—our challenge—unaccepted.

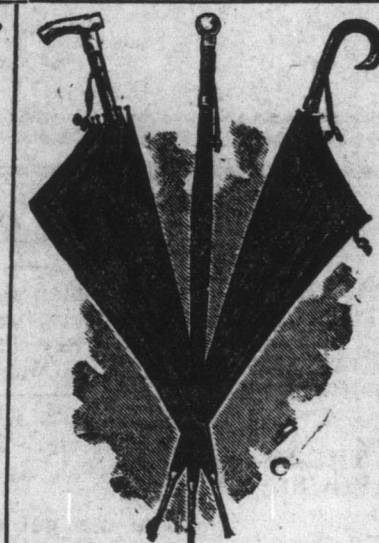
BUT—STOP!

We made one claim, because we believed it then—"the Costliest Store in Town". Our throne has been usurped. We have fallen. Our goods have not gone back one whit in quality; they are still the finest products of the greatest markets. They are still sought after by men who want to pay for the best. But we believed that because we had world-famed trade marks on what we sell that our prices must have been higher because the quality was higher. We have deceived ourselves; our prices are LOWER on many lines. It is true. One word for you—compare! We give our prices here for every article. Mark what others charge. The difference between buying elsewhere and buying here goes right back into your pocket in what we save you.

"By Their Quality Shall They Be Judged."



NECKWEAR.
75c., 85c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00.
SHIRTS.
Silk, Wool, Cotton, Madras.
\$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$8.00.
COLLARS—35c. each; \$4.00 doz.
HANDKERCHIEFS.
Silk, Linen, Crepe de Chine, Cotton (Initialled Silk), 25c. to \$3.00.



RAINING FAVOURITES,
\$7.50 to \$20.00.

RAGLANS,
\$35.00 to \$50.00.

WALKING STICKS.
A joy for him Xmas Day.



"For Tripping the Light Fantastic,"
Dress Needs Others Will Forget to Give.

DRESS SHIRTS.
DRESS TIES.
DRESS STUDS.
DRESS COLLARS.
SILK HATS.
WHITE GLOVES.
SILK SOCKS.

Filling the Comfort Kit of the Outdoor Chap.

Wool Mufflers, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$8.00.
Wool Gloves, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50
Sweaters, \$8.50, \$12.50
Sweater Coats, \$15.00, \$25.00
Wool Vests, \$10.00, \$12.50, \$13.50
Fur Caps—Genuine Hudson Seal), \$18.00.
Wool Sox, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50
Pure Wool Shirts, \$6.00, \$7.50
Underwear, \$7.50 to \$9.00 garment
Silk Squares, \$2.50 to \$5.00
Velour Hats, \$10.00 to \$15.00
Hats, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.50, \$10.00
Caps, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00.

EASTERN SILKS.

"If you want good silk get it from China and Japan" accounts for the supreme artistry in the weaving of these products of foreign lands.

From "Her" to "Him" or vice versa.
SILK PYJAMAS
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS
SILK SCARVES
SILK SQUARES
SILK SOCKS, SILK SHIRTS, SILK NECKWEAR.



When the Fire-Light Beckons to the Indoor Man.

Wool Slippers, \$4.00
Dressing Gowns, \$20.00, \$30.00, \$35.00, \$45.00.
Smoking Jackets, \$15.00, \$20.00
Pyjamas, Wool, and Union, \$6.00 to \$12.50; and Silk, \$8.50 to \$25.00.
Night Shirts, \$1.75 to \$7.50
Bed Sox, \$4.00

Do you forget the old folks? Comfort means so much to them. Don't let Xmas pass without your remembrance of all they have done for you.

XMAS DAY HE'S "DRESSIER" THAN ORDINARILY.

Chamois Gloves give the right effect.
Kid Gloves, lined & unlined; dressed and undressed. Wool Gloves, lined and unlined; Silk Gloves. "Nothing like a lot." Choosing variety unlimited.
Chamois Gloves, \$3.50 to \$4.50
Kid Gloves, \$3.50 to \$7.50
Wool Gloves, \$2.00 to \$3.50

COMBINATION GIFTS.

SHIRT, TIE and COLLAR.
SOX and TIE to MATCH.
SOX and SCARF to MATCH.
SOX, TIE & HANDKERCHIEF to MATCH
GARTERS and ARM BANDS.
COLLAR BOX and COLLARS.

We're matchless matchers when it comes to combining colours. Two heads are better than one—we'll help you choose. We sell to men every day of the year, and we have our memory chained around every customer's taste. Try "KEARNEY FIRST"—always on the floor to see that you get service.



GEO. F. KEARNEY

SMYTH'S.

Matched—
Boxed—
As per our
Famous
Xmas Recipe.

Manager.

Big Special

BLUE PUTTE

Count De Soisse's

A SOUTHERN TALE

IN the isolated mountain region of North Carolina there is a hamlet called Flat Rock. The name is reminiscent of Newfoundland and the people themselves are not unlike the residents of the outposts in their customs and habits and their manner of speech. Like Newfoundland this region was settled by the best blood of the three kingdoms and the pure and undefiled Saxon tongue of Shakespeare's time still expresses the ideas of the people. The very air of these mountains seems heavy with romance and stirring legend. Through the jungles which are deep and tangled one may catch a glimpse of the crumbling eaves of some forgotten mansion which once sheltered the cream of the colony's gentry in the old regime. Here Lady Betty Fairfax may have danced the stately minuet with some gay cavalier who wore the scarlet coat, and Marion the "swamp fox" may have found shelter under its roof-tree before he descended like a thunderbolt upon an unsuspecting British garrison. They were lordly homes, these old-time mansions, and were principally occupied by planters, British governors and titled refugees who fled from France in the Reign of Terror. One of the latter was Count de Soisse, courtier of Louis the ill-fated and aristocrat to his finger tips. Fleeing from Paris at the time Charlotte Corday removed the monster Marat, he managed, with several boon companions, to make his way to England where he embarked no vessel sailing for America. He erected at Flat Rock a magnificent chateau and at once gave himself up to a life of gaiety.

Beautiful women of high degree were constant guests at the chateau from which sounds of music filled the night with revelry and did not cease until the dawn had passed. Political changes in the old world no longer troubled the Count. If he could no longer lead a cotillion at Versailles or roll in patrician elegance down the Parisian boulevards, he possessed youth and wealth sufficient to establish in this region a gay court of his own. His feasts attracted the best blood of the state as well as the fawning sycophant who flattered the Count like a courtier in the reign of the merry monarch. The chateau was furnished with regal splendor and the choicest wines of Italy, France and Spain filled its cellars. The Count's carriage as it was driven down the white shell roads seldom failed to attract the wondering gaze of the slave and rustic, so gorgeously was it appointed. It cannot be said that the Count was much given to reading or study, although his library was the finest in the state. He had long ago lost interest in the serious things of life and had abandoned himself entirely to pleasure. There were persons who had participated in the orgies at the Soisse Chateau who asserted that the Count nursed a secret sorrow that he strove to drown in drink and sensual pleasures. It was noticed that at times when taken off his guard, he would exhibit a drawn and haggard appearance that belied the pleasure he appeared to take in revelry and song.

Several years had passed since the Count's arrival in America when tragedy took place which cast a gloom over the countryside and made Flat Rock a community to be shunned. It was Christmas Eve, 1793. The chateau was filled with a gay party bent on making the night memorable one in the annals of the state. Fair ladies from Virginia, escorted by bewigged and powdered gallants tripped through the white portals ablaze with lighted torches and glistening with mistletoe and holly. There were statesmen of his renown, former generals of both the British and Colonial armies, diplomats, writers and scribes of fame who had journeyed many miles to mount and coach to partake of the lavish hospitality of the French aristocrat. Words cannot describe the merriment that followed, the feasting, the music and the careless