

On Christmas Morning

COMES realization of weeks of loving planning. Will the disclosure of your jealousy-guarded secrets bring forth "Oh!"s and "Ah!"s of delight and satisfaction?

Will precious baby eyes, big like saucers, sparkle with joy, and other blue, grey or brown eyes of the "dearest girl in the world," beam on you with affectionate approval for your good judgment in the selection of the Christmas gift for all the family?

There can be no mistake if you have chosen the gift that overshadows all others—the PATHEPHONE.

FOR it brings music into your home: Music that will not only give cheer for a day, but prove a veritable treasure-trove of melody—standing ever ready to entertain for many a year to come—Music garnered from every source—to meet your every mood—Music such as can only be produced by one supreme instrument—



STOP!

We have something interesting to tell you. We are holding a

CHRISTMAS SALE!

During the remainder of the Holiday Season I am offering my entire stock at a liberal discount, and in some lines my prices are certainly bargains.

There are Bargains for Everyone.

For the Women

I am selling Dress Goods, Prints, Flannellettes, Ladies' Shirtwaists, etc., at 10 per cent. discount. 15 per cent. off Ladies' Sweaters. 25 per cent. off some lines of Boots and shoes, and some lines are selling at cost to clear. 10 per cent. off all lines of Boots and Shoes. 10 to 25 per cent. off Ladies and Children's Coats, Suits and Furs.

For the Men

Men's Heavy Underwear 10 per cent off. Selling Price \$3.25, \$4.50, and \$6.00. Odd Heavy Woolen Shirts, at \$2.50. 10 per cent. off Men's Heavy Woolen Working Shirts, Mackinaw Coats, Pants, Sweaters, etc.

10 per cent. off all Oil Tan Moccasins. 10 per cent. off Skates and 15 per cent. off Skating Boots. Skates selling from \$1.00 up.

Have you tried our home ground White and Graham Flour. Made from prize Restigouche wheat. We also sell Potatoes 35c per peck, or by the bushel or barrel.

This store will be open evenings for the balance of the Holiday Season.

S. M. MOORES

Dimock Block, Next Speardikes, Water St., Campbellton



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

1. Thou shalt love the giver of the gift, because he has sent the gift.
2. Thou shalt remember first the very young and the very old.
3. Thou shalt buy, within thy means, remembering the spirit of the gift and not the value.
4. Thou shalt not become a party to the mere exchange of gifts. Let the heart go with each and every greeting or present thou sendest out.
5. Thou shalt make such gifts as thy skill may warrant, inasmuch as the work of thy hands gives added value to the offering.
6. Thou shalt tie up no bitter remembrances with a gift, but only peace and good will.
7. Thou shalt have thy gifts ready several days before the time of delivery, that the immediate days before Christmas may be filled with peace and happiness, and not with turmoil and frenzy.
8. Thou shalt seek the abodes of the poor and friendless with such wholesome gifts as may cheer and nourish their hungry bodies and hearts.
9. Thou shalt not gush over thy gifts. Thou shalt show thy gratitude in more sincere ways.
10. Thou shalt, at earliest opportunity, give written or verbal thanks for such kindness as thy friends may have bestowed upon thee at Christmas.

THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM.

Who goes tonight to Bethlehem? The weary way, the winding way—The roadside vineyards are stripped bare.

The little trees are gray. Mary the Mother bowed her head. "The way is long," she said.

Who goes tonight to Bethlehem? The dark begins to fall—The village lights shine in the dusk. There's food and fire for all. Mary the Mother bowed her head. "There is no room," she said.

Who goes tonight to Bethlehem? The East is kindled light—The air is silver with a song. And wings flash near and white. Mary the Mother bowed her head. "My little Son," she said.

THE INFANT KING.

The shepherds, watching through the night, Were startled by an angel bright. Who bade them not to fear, And wings flash near and white. That with the sign of Eve destroy And dry the bitter tear.

The shepherds, kneeling on the sod, Then heard that Christ, the Son of God, Was in a stable born, So poor that on a bed of hay The lovely infant Jesus lay. A manger to adorn.

The shepherds to adore him went And heard the choirs from heaven sent. With grandest voices sing, Glory be to God on high. And on earth peace to those who try To love the Infant King.

—JOHN H. TAYLOR.

The British Have Wound Up As The Watch On The Rhine

There is No Sign of Turbulence in Cologne Since the Arrival of the British Troops—Germans Urged to Refrain From Rioting and Base Behavior.

Cologne, Dec. 8.—At mid-day on Friday, Dec. 5 our first cavalry patrol entered Cologne and, riding to the swing bridge which has replaced the old bridge of Coats, was the first British soldiers to reach the Rhine. This morning one company, led by the 18th Hussars was posted on the town side of the bridge and another on the other side opposite the village of Dente, famous as far back to Roman times as the bridge-head of Cologne. Facing him on that side was a German sentry in uniform, bearing a gun, the last of the rear guard of the German army.

I walked on the bridge this morning and, leaning over it, looked down on the waters of the Rhine, and even then could hardly believe that there had reached that goal which used to be spoken of as a grim jolt in the dugouts near Ypres, and on the Somme, when it seemed easier to get to Heaven than to this German river—and this was so to many thousands of our men three months ago. I went into Bapaume on the morning of its capture, and even then the idea that we should be on the Rhine today would have seemed a fantastic vision. But there this morning were our Hussars with our sentries keeping guard, and down below the bridges on the quayside some of our men were cleaning their machine guns in the centre of a German crowd, and the soldiers were some of our armored cars, at which the people of Cologne stared from tram cars and sidewalks.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

The young Hussar pacing the bridge looked lonely among all those German civilians about him looking at his kit and giving him a sidelong glance as they passed. One of my friends spoke to him and asked him how he was getting on.

"The people are not unfriendly," he said. "They came up and speak to me in English now and then."

"What do they say?" he was asked; and for a moment he hesitated. Then he grinned and said:

"One German this morning came up to me and said in well spoken English, 'So you have wound up the Watch on the Rhine?' It seems too good to be true; but I believe this young sentry, especially after meeting several young Germans, now waiters again after four years of war, who spoke English perfectly, having been in hotels in London and Liverpool, where they learned our songs, and our slang. At the Domhof Hotel, where I once stayed in times of peace, one of these young waiters had just come back to his old way of life again, and seemed pleased to meet English people, though they had come in an army of occupation."

A WONDERFUL CHANGE.

There in the Domhof Hotel I sat and was waited upon by Germans who, until a few days ago, were in the uniform of their army, and who had just come back to his old way of life again, and seemed pleased to meet English people, though they had come in an army of occupation. Since their arrival the city has been calm. Part of the trouble, I am told, had been due to young hooligans, who carry arms and have been out of hand since their fathers went away as soldiers. The civil authorities now are calling upon all parents to deprive them of these weapons.

CAUSE OF REVOLT.

From inquiries I made it seems to me that Cologne has suffered severely from food shortage, and I have seen figures showing that infant mortality has increased to very high figures since the beginning of the war, but here again as in all German towns, I distrust food is a question of money, and if the people could afford to pay enormous prices they could live in luxury.

THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Prepared For Woman's Use.

A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attend the making of this great medicine for woman's ills. Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best.

Chapelle and other towns on our way, there seemed a sense of hostility to our presence, and to-day at least there was no hat doffing in the streets when British officers passed, and thousands of men, who obviously were German officers, just out of uniform, looked stern and cold, but they behaved with dignity and sufficient courtesy, as they have been called upon to do in proclamations pasted on the walls and bearing the signatures of Ebert, Haase, Scheidemann and other majority Socialists now ruling in Germany.

These public notices, welcoming back the soldiers to their homes and asking them to co-operate in the good order and industry of the civil population, so that they might attain the peace for which they have been fighting, seemed to me dignified and worthy of respect. They up-held the democratic liberty of the new republic.

"The ban has been removed," says one proclamation. "Germany is free and ready to take her place as a free people in the society of nations."

All the German population is urged to refrain from rioting and destruction and base behavior, which, says the proclamation, "are also hated by enemy troops."

These appeals for good order follow days of rioting in Cologne, which began when soldiers of the German fleet came into the city three weeks ago. They all arrived by train and marched out of the station bearing the red flag of revolt. There they were met by a great crowd of civilians, who joined them in the procession around the Cathedral Square and helped them take possession of the Rathaus, or town hall, the post office, and other public buildings.

Shops Were Looted.

Part of the mob then went to the soldiers' clothing depot and pillaged it, throwing clothes out into the street, where they were stolen by another crowd outside.

Some shops also were looted and some people killed in this riot. Gradually, however, the situation of Cologne, was able to restore order and resume his authority with the help of his burgerwehr, or town guard, and Cologne became normal when the sailors went their way. But three days ago disorder again broke out and there was pillaging of Jewish clothing stores by soldiers, who wanted suits and said:

"If we are found in uniform by the English we shall be shot."

Cologne Again Calm.

On this night of December 3 some people were killed, and to prevent further disorder the Burgomaster desired the presence of British troops in the evening. Since their arrival the city has been calm. Part of the trouble, I am told, had been due to young hooligans, who carry arms and have been out of hand since their fathers went away as soldiers. The civil authorities now are calling upon all parents to deprive them of these weapons.

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While the poor classes were closely rationed and had meagre fare, in the Domhof Hotel today there was a better luncheon than one could get in any restaurant in England. It is this inequality of suffering that has caused bitterness and revolt, and soldiers, returning penniless after the privation of war, find it hard to get enough to eat, so some of them told me tonight.

In Aix-La-Chapelle today there was a formal entry of French and American troops, and the Belgians handed over the Government of the town to the French General. The entry was very picturesque and impressive, and the French General, with the Belgian and American Generals, watched the march past of their troops through great crowds of German people, who saluted the colors.

CANADIAN FOR DECEMBER.

One detective story, beginning a serial by Isabel Eccleston MacKay, two war stories, three Christmas stories, two social stories, Sir John Willison's Reminiscences, an impression of the Vineyards, with illustrations by Estelle M. Kerr, other illustrations by Dorothy Stevens and F. Horman Varley, reproductions of paintings by Horatio Walker, M. M. Bell-Smith, Frank H. Johnston, and A. Susan Orr, besides an outstanding poem by Arthur L. Phelps, are features of the December number of The Canadian Magazine.

TEN SONS HAVE DIED IN THE WAR

Quebec Woman Has Helped Recruits, and Herself Has Slain Two Huns.

New York Herald—Ten sons who have given to her country, and every one has been killed. Three hundred men she has recruited for the Canadian overseas service and two Huns she has slain with her own hands. She has served the British and Canadian forces as an ambulance worker and driver and has been honorably discharged from service. And now, regardless of all personal danger, she is acting as a cook on board the tug Warrior, out of Seattle, that she may thus release another man for service. What woman has done more for her country than Mrs. Emma Wilkins, of Quebec, Canada, who has done all these things?

Six of the sons that Mrs. Wilkins lost in the service were her own flesh and blood. The other four were sons of her husband by a former marriage, but she had mothered them and cared for them with a love equal to that which she gave her own. Her husband himself was killed in the South African war, and because of the shock of his death the baby she had died soon after. Her brother-in-law was killed fighting in this war, and his wife, Mrs. Wilkins' sister, went insane when she heard of the death.

Husbands, childless, relationship Mrs. Wilkins, fifty-one years old, is determined to be of service so long as the war rages. Her creed is the gospel of war as she has learned it, and her one prayer is that the Huns may be beaten back and back until, fighting upon their own ground, they are crushed by the righteous wrath of the people they sought to destroy. Her one appeal as a woman who has truly given her all that right may not perish is that Americans and Canadians fight until their dying gasp rather than yield one inch to the Germans through any kind of peace save a peace brought about by the sword.

The 300 men she recruited in Winnipeg, Canada, recently, joined the service when simply, sincerely she related the stories of her own adventures on the battlefields of France. When she told how one by one her boys died fighting for their country she did not break down. She did not even weep. Her eyes were dull with pain as she spoke, and there was only the faintest hint of a falter in her voice. Of her own adventure in sending two Germans to the place where all Germans go, Mrs. Wilkins does not care to speak in detail.

She shot them when they attempted to enter a hospital where she was an ambulance worker. It was in 1916. The Huns had raised an English base supply and had broken through the lines and were swarming down upon the hospital and the buildings surrounding it. Mrs. Wilkins seized a dead soldier's rifle and refused to flee, as some of the other nurses and ambulance workers did. She waited in the doorway of the shack which had been converted into a temporary hospital, and let the first Hun that came within range have it in the stomach. He staggered and crumpled. Another Hun appeared. A bullet from the woman's rifle spun him like the flick of a whip lash and he lay on his back. He fell but scrambled to his feet and began to run. Another bullet broke his backbone. Then the English reserves came up and the Germans were driven from the field.

"It was us, or the Germans, so I shot and they fell," said Mrs. Wilkins. "When I was on the way to England with three of my sons," said Mrs. Wilkins when in Detroit a short time ago to loom recruiting and Liberty Loan the Lusitania went down, my boys sailed to me then. "Mother, if you die and the United States ever comes into the war, the first thing you do when you get back to Canada is to cross the border and kiss the first American flag you see."

"I did that in Seattle," continued Mrs. Wilkins. "There was a big American flag dropping almost into the street from the upper windows of a building. I knelt down and cried in the folds of that banner the story my boys wanted to know, that they had died for what is representative of that they had died fighting—hard."

A Novelty.

"What is this you have invented?" "A ventilator for street cars and railway coaches."

"What is unusual about it?" "It will ventilate."

Neutral Habit.

"Would you call a cat carnivorous or omnivorous?" "All I know about cats is that they are vicious."

A woman says it is almost as solemn to be married as to be.

Send your

RAW FURS

TO

Alexander

561 Barrington Street, Halifax, N.S. Being manufacturers and not buying to sell we always secure the finest grading and the highest market prices. Quick return! No price list issued but we guarantee to hold your skins separate until you accept or reject our offer.