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Pour les blessés et les hopitaux français Chers Compatriotes

La guerre qui sévit en Europe, depuis plus de quatre mois, est épouvantable, et les misères et les souffrances des combattants dépassent tout ce que l'on peut concevoir.

C'est, du côté de la France, une guerre sainte. Elle combat avec ses alliés, l'Angleterre et la Russie, pour la défense de la Serbie, envahie par l'Autriche et de la Belgique, mise à feu et à sang par l'Allemagne.

L'Autriche et l'Allemagne sont deux colosses qui, depuis quarante ans, se préparent à cette guerre de vol et de rapines; la Belgique et la Serbie réunies occupent un territoire qui n'est guère plus étendu que celui du Nouveau Brunswick.

La France a été envahie, a son tour, et les armées prussiennes se sont avancées jusqu'à vingt-mille de Paris. Quoique repoussées, à la bataille de la Marne, elles occupent encore aujourd'hui le Nord est du territoire, qu'elles ont pillé, brûlé et inondé de sang.

La France lutte pour la justice et pour sa propre existence.

L'Angleterre, champion des libertés humaines, se bat, à côté de la France, pour les mêmes motifs d'honneur et de chevaliers et parce que l'Allemagne convoite ses colonies, ce qui fait que c'est aussi pour nous que l'Angleterre et la France couvrent les champs de bataille de leurs morts. Sans la flotte anglaise, nous n'aurions pu empêcher la flotte allemande de venir en Belgique, et de mitrailler la superbe cathédrale de Reims en France.

S'il circulait à l'entour de nos côtes un seul croiseur allemand, nos villes et villages maritimes seraient à sa merci; toute navigation cesserait et, sur terre rien de ce qui nous est cher et sacré ne serait à l'abri des profanations des soldats prussiens.

Nos populations ont réprouvé gé néralement l'appel qui leur a été fait en faveur des Belges honnêtes et eux. Ils ont aussi, comme c'est leur devoir, souscrit au Fonds Patriotique destiné aux familles de ceux des nôtres qui vont sur le front de bataille. Personne n'est oublié, sauf la France.

La France aujourd'hui donne l'hospitalité au gouvernement du roi de Belgique; des centaines de mille Belges, fuyant les Prussiens, se sont réfugiés sur son territoire; ses hopitaux et ses édifices publics sont remplis de soldats blessés—blessés français, blessés belges, blessés allemands, tous soignés avec un soin égal.

Or, la France, si hospitalière, si chrétienne, si grande, est, il faut jamais l'oublier, à côté de l'Angleterre, objet de notre loyauté, l'Aima Mater où vont nos affectionnements.

Elle se prodigue héroïquement faisons quelque chose pour elle. Euvoyons, pour ses blessés et pour ses hopitaux, des vêtements, des provisions, de l'argent. Le président et le secrétaire du Conseil Exécutifs de l'Assomption, prennent la liberté de faire un appel à toute l'Académie en faveur de la France en détresse, et prient particulièrement Messieurs les Curés, les succursales de l'Assomption Mutuelle, et les associations d'hommes et de femmes de bonne volonté, d'organiser leurs paroisses respectives des comités de secours pour les soldats blessés et les hopitaux de France.

Il se fait dans la province de Québec un mouvement pareil, avec M. le sénateur Dandurand pour président.

Nous nous sommes mis en rapport avec le comité Canadien pour agir de concert avec lui. Les succursales acadiennes pourront se mettre en communication directe, pour la remise de leurs contributions, soit avec M. le sénateur B. Dandurand, de Montréal, soit avec les sous-

gués de Shediac N. B. Pascal Poirier Président de l'Assomption Charles D. Hebert Secrétaire.

A few things to think of it

Buy made-in-Canada goods and help toward the full dinner pail.

Let all Canadians, men and women, young and old, show their patriotism and make Canada strong and prosperous by buying made-in-Canada goods, thus providing work for Canada's sons and daughters.

Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, has circulated a letter to his priests scattered throughout France, Holland and Great Britain, urging them all to return to their parishes. He says that their return will induce the Belgian refugees to seek their homes again. The Cardinal adds that the German Governor of Antwerp has authorized him to declare that the young men need have no fear of being taken prisoners into Germany either to be enrolled in the army, or employed at forced labor, and that both German and Belgian authorities will take all possible steps to procure food supplies for the people.

The provincial by-elections in Ontario are not very reassuring to the Conservative party, and indicate that the sweep in that province, which marked the Dominion elections of 1911, is by no means certain of repetition. A few days since a provincial by election was held in Hamilton West, when a Conservative majority of 1445 almost touched the vanishing point, with a Liberal Labor candidate running. On Monday, the by election in Dundas, caused by the death of Sir James Whitney, resulted in a Conservative majority of 921 being almost reduced to the vanishing point, the seat being retained by only 76 over straight Liberal.

A few newspaper like the Halifax Herald are professing to be for a Khaki election and pretend that the Liberals are afraid of such. Not so. The flag flappers will get the surprise of their political lives. The feeling is intense throughout the country that the Borden Government by its naval policy virtual-

Billy's Christmas Greeting

By EUGENIA KASSAS

"O, I am a heartless flirt, who doesn't understand the meaning of the word love, am I, Mr. William Dunning?" stormed Marjorie all to herself, in answer to the final decree of rage and defiance which that gentleman hurled at her by means of a vigorous slam of the front door.

"I believe he would have shaken me, if he hadn't rushed out in time to prevent himself from doing it," she continued, the ever ready dimples venturing out of their hiding places, but she banished them severely. "I'll never, never forgive him, even though he asks me to, which of course, he won't! And he calls me stubborn!"

Next morning Marjorie was tremendously busy wrapping up dainty little parcels, for the next day was Christmas, and her many friends must be remembered, in spite of quarrels and Billy.

"Still, she seemed very much preoccupied over her work, and quite suddenly she threw aside the piece of



holly she had been toying with, and fairly flew to the telephone.

In answer to her impatient summons, she was quickly connected with Brown & Co's book store. "Have you sent out those books that were ordered for Mr. William Dunning?" she asked anxiously.

The answer evidently pleased her, for she breathed a sigh of relief. "That's all right; I'm glad you haven't, for I have changed my mind about them. Please cancel the order."

Marjorie hung up the receiver with an air of triumph. "There, I'm glad I thought of that! Billy would have construed a Christmas present into an abject apology," she said, her indignation rising at the very thought of such a thing.

But when she went back to her parcels and picked up the little twig of holly she had intended tucking away into one of them, her face softened. "I know that isn't the right kind of a Christmas spirit to have, but I can't have Billy thinking that I am admitting I was wrong, when I know I wasn't," she argued with herself.

The joyous ringing of Christmas bells and merry shouts of her younger sisters and brothers, when they discovered their stockings the next morning, only served to emphasize her depression.

"Billy never loved me; if he really and truly did he never could treat me like this," she told herself as she stood looking with unseeing eyes at the snowy Christmas world.

Just then a young man, fairly tearing around the corner, arrested her attention. It was no less a person than Billy himself, who was coming, post haste, to see her.

Marjorie looked at him in wonder. "What had come over Billy? Why this sudden contrition, when she admitted it now for the first time, even to herself she had been greatly, if not altogether, to blame for their quarrel."

"O, Billy, I am so glad you came." Billy took some little time to emphasize his appreciation of her welcome.



then "Glad I came? Why wouldn't I come, dear?" he asked.

"Because you vowed you wouldn't unless I apologized," Marjorie explained mischievously.

"You didn't think I'd be so narrow and unforgiving as to ignore your dear little peace offering? Through one of the books with me to read something to you," he told her, and diving into his pocket he produced a little copy of "Romeo and Juliet."

Marjorie was surprised for a second, then it flashed over her what it all meant. Brown & Co. had forgotten to cancel her order and Billy had received the books. Billy had construed her sending them into a humble plea for forgiveness.

He most probably wouldn't have come at all if it hadn't been for that. She stiffened visibly and all her love was swallowed up in a wave of rebellious pride.

"You are mistaken," she commenced coldly, but Billy interrupted her. "Here, I have found it. 'My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep, the more I give to thee.'"

"The more I have, for both are infinite," he was reading, and the simple beauty of the lines awoke something in Marjorie stronger than pride or resentment and she only smiled when he added tenderly: "My Christmas greeting to you, dear."

betrayed the empire's interests and that its military aid has been too cheese paring and piecemeal to be worthy of Canada. The Dominion government had a great opportunity but fell far short in meeting it.

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PICKING A PRESENT FOR PLATT

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

When Harry Platt and the Greens (I forget her name) were married, it was one of those my-oodness-gracious-just-think-of-that affairs, with no one in

on the secret except the suburban minister who tied the knot, the cabman who drove them out there and the girl from the minister's kitchen, who was a witness, and left a thumb-print of grease on the certificate (she was frying doughnuts at the time) and the minister's wife (at least the name was the same). Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes, when the Platts were married, it being that kind of a wedding, there was no chance to send them a wedding gift as I would have liked to do, or to have done, (whichever is proper, or grammatical, though I'm sure I can never tell which). But Mr. Platt is one of the nicest men in the office, that is, he was before this happened. So I felt we ought to do something for him, just to show our good will, anyhow, we've dug down for others we thought much less of, so why shouldn't we for him? But the wedding was over, without invitations, or even a reception, and they were housekeeping before we knew it. So what could we do?

Well, just then Christmas came along not just then but two months after the wedding. They were married October 29, so it wasn't quite two months, but that's close enough. When Christmas came along, that is, just before it came along, I suggested that we make up a purse and give them a sort of delayed wedding present, just to show our good will. Everybody thought it was a splendid idea, that is, of course, except Mr. Platt, whom, of course, I didn't consult. So I got up a subscription paper and went to everybody in the office (except Mr. Platt, of course). I got \$26.60, including ten cents from the janitor, who wasn't expected to give anything but wanted to give something, which shows just how popular Mr. Platt was with everyone in the building, when a janitor even would chip in.

Christmas shopping is hard enough, goodness knows, when you do it for yourself; but when you do it for a stock company capitalized at \$26.60, with 28 stockholders, with 28 different kinds of ideas and tastes, then Christmas shopping rises above a mere annoyance to the dignity of a real trouble. And that's what I was up against. I thought it would be nice to get an expression of opinion. So I went around one morning and asked for ideas. But I couldn't get a word. Nobody could think of anything. I couldn't myself. At noon I went out and looked. I walked miles, I priced, then I went back to the office. You should have seen my desk. Honest, you would have thought some one had turned in a general alarm. They couldn't wait for me to get back. There were—28 of them, (that is, 27, or 28 with me). They all had suggestions, and they were all different.

The head book keeper thought an arm chair would be nice. (He stands up all day). The collector thought a raincoat would be best, while Miss Jones suggested a dress pattern. They all said, of course, that they left it entirely to me; and then each went away sadly, as much as to say that he hoped I wouldn't be so foolish as to buy any of those other things that the others had proposed.



The next day I looked again. But either a thing was too expensive or I would have money left. It is remarkable how few things there are in the world you can buy for \$26.60, no more, no less.

And then I saw it. It was in a department store, and marked down from \$50 to \$26.60! There it was, to a cent! A great, big, glittering, magnificent Punch Bowl! Nobody had thought of that!

But, to make sure, I sent the sales ticket with it and told the Platts they could exchange the punch bowl, if they wished, for something they liked better.

And what do you suppose those Platts did?

In January they traded in that magnificent punch bowl for three tons of coal!

For Sale I offer for sale a nice spring foal, for the sum of \$25.00. This is a rare bargain. Joseph Gaudet (Isidore) Tignish, 2 ins.