

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

WHAT GRANDMOTHER SAW.



I inquired.

"Well, there's granny. She is awfully upset because she read in the paper that some woman she went to school with who lives a thousand miles away is dead. She hasn't seen her for years and years, and mother says they never did hit it off at all well, but granny was as blue over it as if it was someone she would miss a lot. I call that funny. Don't you?"

I didn't. Neither in the sense of peculiar, nor in the sense of humorous. Do you?"

A Blow At Her Tenure.

I call it very natural and infinitely pathetic.

For I know what grandmother saw in that death notice.

Not the loss of an old acquaintance, but a blow at her own hold on life.

I think there is nothing more pathetic than the way the gradual dropping off of people of their own age brings it home to the old folks that they, too, are really going to die sometime.

No one but the very smallest child is ignorant of death and that it is coming to us all sooner or later.

Almost no one, except the very old, believes with his heart that this tre-

mendous change can really come to him. Of course we all believe it with our minds. But that's quite another thing from believing it with our hearts.

My grandmother used to quote to me sometimes, "The young may die, the old must."

They Dread The Journey.

It had a desolate ring to my ears even then. I know it must have been ever more desolating to her and yet she quoted it. That was her brain trying to tell her heart that this thing was really true.

Perhaps you will tell me that to anyone who has the right kind of faith, there is no terror in the thought of death. I know that. But I do think the terror of dying still persists. It is the nature of old folks that they should not like the idea of any long journey, any great change in their way of living even if they knew it was for the best. So even if the long journey is to bring them into a land of peace, they cannot help feeling some dread of the journey.

We Shan't Be Sorry.

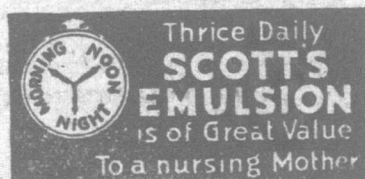
And this is why, when they take up their papers and read that this one or that one has passed on, they lay the paper down with a shadow on their faces that is not wholly grief for their own loss of a friend or acquaintance.

And this is why, too, that we should try to be very gentle and very patient with them beyond our capability of understanding or of sympathy.

If we live long enough we shall understand and not be sorry for the extra effort. But we may be very sorry, some day if we fail to make it.

dinner, I wandered about the town, visiting various shops, where there were tempting displays of liquors, cigarettes and perfumes, among other things. The prices, allowing even for the extra charges which as a foreigner, I had to pay, were extremely reasonable. Smokeable cigarettes from two dollars and fifty cents a thousand, an excellent table claret at three dollars the gallon, whiskey, the very best, from fifteen to twenty dollars a case! St. Pierre pays practically no duty on imports, which accounts for these very low prices. I visited Mons. P. in his office, and chatted with him a long time. He was in a very pessimistic mood. The good times in St. Pierre were at an end. That hurry and bustle I had seen this afternoon—put—all on the surface. Vessels were no longer calling there to load for Rum Row, for big steamers were taking their cargoes from Scotland, and themselves, would have to off the U.S. Coast, and sell to the dry inhabitants. Liquor was cheap in St. Pierre, but with transferring charges removed, the steamers could sell it still cheaper.

"What will happen to you here?" I asked. "You must have big stocks left on your hands and there are far more shops than the proceeds of your curtailed fishery can support." My friend shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, well, I have left my bread before Providence," he said, philosophically. "It made me doubt his cause for pessimism. It was now getting dark, so I said 'au revoir,' and accepting a present of two pint flasks of whiskey, hurried away towards the beach, where the dory awaited me.



Dwyer Sisters Attract Immense Audience

DAINTY PERFORMERS SCORE BIG AT THE CRESCENT.

The dainty vaudeville team known as the Dwyer Sisters opened an engagement at the Crescent Theatre last night before a large and appreciative audience. Although having just arrived after a long and tiresome trip, these dainty performers were in the pink of condition and treated their audience to an unusual entertainment of songs and clever dancing. Both girls are attractive, have pleasing personalities together with tasty costumes, which also is an enhancement to their act. They are about as clever, classy and neat a singing and dancing act as one would wish to see, and one of the best that has been seen here in many years. A combination of talent, charm and general radiation make them the big success that they have already proved themselves. It is something really worth seeing. There will be a complete change of bill on Thursday.

There is also an up-to-the-minute picture programme headed by Viola Dana in "They Like 'Em Rough." In this picture Viola Dana radiates cheerfulness. She does not smear it on with a paint brush. She does not play the Pollyanna until her audiences are made to feel that their sympathies are being imposed upon. Miss Dana puts an optimism across to people convincingly.

The above is a big show that should be seen by every man, woman and child who is looking for real entertainment.



Little Radicalism in Nippon

TOKIO, (C.P.)—Fears expressed in various Japanese quarters that radicalism is growing with alarming swiftness are laughed at by the Metropolitan police here. Records show that fewer arrests have been made since the earthquake than before, and that no communists or other radicals have been seized by the police for months.

The attempt to assassinate the Prince Regent in front of the Diet building, recently, and the bomb episode in front of the Nichibashi Bridge, near the Imperial Palace, were not due to spread of dangerous thoughts, police say, but were perpetrated by men whose minds were unbalanced. These men are selected for the crimes by others nursing absurd ideas about their duty to the state, according to the police.

The police admit, however, that there is a perceptible increase in the class consciousness as a result of the earthquake, but this is confined to highly skilled and educated labor leaders. The average laborer is still content, however, if his wages are increased a few sen a day, and he backs in luxury it brings in the nature of better living conditions. It is contended that an intangible national spirit will always prove an effective check on radicalism in Japan.

2-15
MATINEE
2-15THE STAR MOVIE
NEWFOUNDLAND'S
LEADING PICTURE HOUSE7-15
NIGHT
7-15

To-night is the last Opportunity of Seeing

MARION DAVIES, FORREST STANLEY and LYN HARDING, in

"When Knighthood Was In Flower"

A Cosmopolitan Production, in Twelve Parts.

"For exquisite gowns and elaborate settings this picture has not been equalled."—N. Y. Sun.

To-morrow a Complete Change of Programme.

LOOK! LOOK! At What's Coming—

MARIE FANCHIONETTE and JAMESON REILLY—SINGERS and DANCERS—The team that put the Capital J in Jazz at the Longacre Theatre Last Season.

And Now, Look at This:—Direct from Ireland: MISS GLORIA PLEASANTS—A Harpist, Playing Classy, Popular and Jazzy Selections. (Of course the Star Movie Leads).



Where the Rum Fleet Goes.

Some Impressions of St. Pierre.

A bleak-looking rock, no different from many hundreds of islands that dot the Newfoundland Coast. That is St. Pierre as one first sees it from an approaching vessel. As the vessel drops anchor in the roads, however, subtle differences are apparent. That great expanse of shingly beach, that commodious and well sheltered harbour, and above all, the forest of masts that when first beheld looks like a great wood of high, bare trees, growing at the waters' edge.

It is vastly different, indeed, from even the biggest of Newfoundland's outposts, which are now alas, almost denuded of shipping. Everything and everybody seemed busy in that little island, which with the Miquelons, Langley and Og Island, or Isle au Chien, forms all that remains to France of her once great possessions in North America. Tugs and trawlers fitted about, with thick columns of dirty black smoke issuing from their funnels, marring the beautiful clearness of the fine April day; vessels, large and small, were everywhere at anchor; but there was an entire absence of the big steamers, which filled the harbour when I visited St. Pierre last autumn.

The vessel's dory brought me to the beach, some little distance from the quay. Walking through that northern section of St. Pierre one sees little to merit the description "a little bit of old France," so often applied to it. The decrepit looking wooden houses, which are more or less modern, are crowded together, and the narrow streets are unpaved. It is not until one turns the corner towards the quay and the ugly prison wall comes into view that one realizes he is not in Newfoundland. That prison wall is one of the unpleasantest things I have ever seen. Built of dirty, gray stone, it stands some ten feet high, and is crowned with thick, jagged, broken glass, set firmly in concrete. I have no doubt that one

glance at the top of that wall would be sufficient to deter the hardiest criminal from any desire to escape. Clothes and flesh would be torn to ribbons in an attempt to scale it. As I passed the prison, a man, clad in a rough-looking khaki uniform, with the familiar French kepi on his head and an efficient looking dirk at his side, walked quickly by. He was a gendarme, the only one I saw while in St. Pierre, although I believe there are a dozen or so there.

Once past the prison, the town takes on a truly foreign aspect. The wooden houses are replaced by others with stone and plastered walls, and some of the streets are paved, to some extent. It reminded me of the little French villages, the pictures of which were so common during the war.

The quay is very wide and solidly constructed, and is considerably better than anything of its kind in Newfoundland. Along the street opposite, runs a row of shops, all built on the same pattern, and all, even the tin-smith's, displaying a great array of assorted liquors in their trellised windows. Great coloured signs, advertising the merits of famous whiskeys, are everywhere displayed—and one is left in little doubt concerning the main industry in St. Pierre. There must be more liquor to the square yard in St. Pierre than to the square mile in any other country, Scotland, of course, excepted.

Meeting Mons. G., an old friend, I was invited by him into a neighbouring cafe, where we partook of whiskey and soda. It was not the excellence of the drink, nor yet any pressing need for it, that made me appreciate it as I did—rather, it was the freedom, the absence from that restraint which characterizes the taking of a drink in a prohibition country. Everybody drinks in St. Pierre, but I have yet to hear of any native of the island being found drunk. What an argument against Prohibition! In company with G. I went out on the quay, where everything was bustle. Ford cars and occasional trucks, ran about at rates of speed, which endangered the safety of any pedestrians unfortunate enough to get in their way—and American bootleggers, Newfoundland seamen and French fishermen thronged the place. A big three-masted vessel lay alongside the quay. This was the famous rum runner, the "Im Alone." She is one of the best equipped vessels of the rum fleet, and is steamheated, has electric light and wireless, and carries a powerful auxiliary engine which gives her considerable speed. She was, when I saw her first, ready to clear for Rum Row, and not only was she filled to the hatches, but also carried a deck cargo of tightly packed cases.

I ordered dinner at a neighbouring cafe, soup, French rolls, a wonderfully cooked steak with crisply fried potatoes, some delicious pastries and a melting custard. Before dinner, I asked for a martini cocktail. Madame l'hotesse looked a little puzzled. Then "Moi out, moi out, Martinique." I cared little whether it was called martini or martinique—that drink by any other name would have pleased me as well. They know the art of cocktail mixing in St. Pierre. After

To Restore Property Rights to Foreigners

TOKIO (C.P.)—The removal of all restrictions upon foreign ownership of land in the Japanese Empire and abolition of "dual citizenship" which embarrasses foreign-born Japanese who fail to renounce allegiance to the Emperor upon reaching the age of 17 will be advocated by the Kiyoura government. It has been indicated in official circles here.

Favorable action on these two proposals, if obtainable while the present chaotic condition prevails in Japan, will be expected to pave the way for diplomatic efforts directed to alleviating the condition of Japanese on the Pacific Coast of North America.

The Japanese Diet in 1910 enacted a law permitting foreigners to own lands in this country, but owing to the absence of an imperial ordinance or a statute providing necessary details for execution of the law, it has never become effective. Inasmuch as three or more foreigners have been able to constitute a juridical person and hold or occupy land on long-term leases obtained from Japanese owners, failure to enact the law has never been protested by any foreign governments.

In controversies regarding treatment of Japanese in California, however, inability of foreigners to own land in Japan is often cited as justification for laws denying rights of land ownership to Japanese in America.

A DESIRABLE POSSESSION.

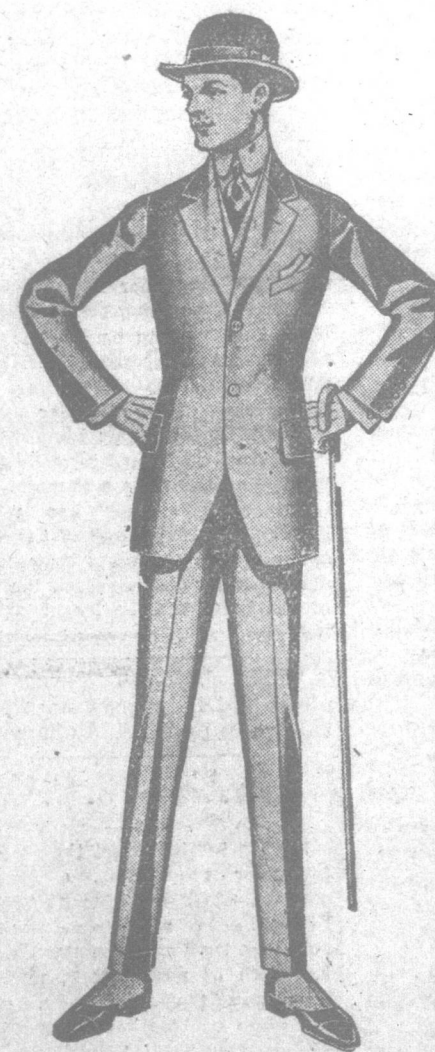


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Austria's Wealthy Sought by State Tax Collector

Vienna, March 16. (A.P.)—Tax hungry authorities have decided that in some directions they have been too lenient in the past, and that henceforward the man who can afford domestic servants must contribute more generously to the state.

It has, therefore, been ruled that the tax on the employment of more than three domestic servants in the same household be raised ten-fold. And the wealthy who have in their service more than ten domestics—there are only 60 such households in Austria—will be assessed at even a higher rate of increase. Baron Rothschild employs a total of 47 servants, and for this privilege pays a tax of \$14,000.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR DISTEMPER.

When Others Are Affected

London Evening Standard: The public is not interested in the dignity of directors or of trade union magnates. It has only a secondary interest in the size of dividends or the rate of wages. But in the case of the great public utilities on which its health, convenience, and even existence depend it is entitled to expect that no effort should be spared on either side

to settle industrial questions peacefully. And no effort should be spared in the long run to settle the public point of view. It is the public that is the real power, and it is the public that is the real enemy of the industrial magnate. It is the public that is the real enemy of the industrial magnate. It is the public that is the real enemy of the industrial magnate.

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