

# MAJESTIC Theatre

TO-DAY

The story of a lad who fought, like a knight of old, for a painted lady's daughter who was his queen.

Set amid charming scenes in the old Scotch village of Thrums. Made of the things that make life worth while.

## SIR JAMES BARRIE'S SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE IN 8-PARTS-8.

MONDAY: Thos. Meighan's greatest offering "CITY OF SILENT MEN."

# MAJESTIC Theatre

TO-DAY

HOOT, MON!

Dinna ye smirk at a bonny lad whose head's a' fu' o' love. And, 'oman, dinna ye glower at the lass. Coom! See a tale that w' saften yer hearts an' mak' ye laugh like the very auld de'il!

### Smoke



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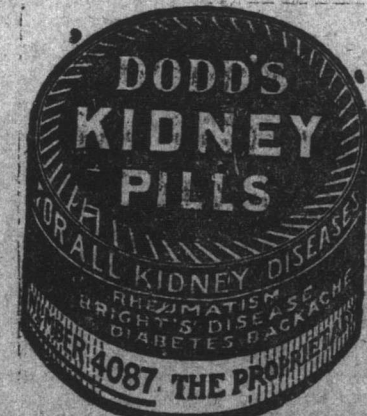
DICKS and Co. Ltd.

June 2, 1923

### BABY WEEK, June 4-9

NATURE'S PERFECT FOOD.

"Oh, please, Mrs. Glyn, don't throw away that basin of milk, I'll buy it from you." "Sure, ma'am, if it's any good to you; you'll not be buyin' it for I'll give it to you." "Good!" I replied. "Why, I'll just show you what can be done with it." We were boarding my three daughters and I at C— one summer whilst my boys were in camp nearby, and this well-to-do fisherman's family with whom we were staying were kindness personified, as one so often finds in the outports. When we go to camp or board, as is our custom every summer, the first question regarding our menu is "Have you plenty of milk and eggs?" We had that summer most assuredly struck quantities and they never sold any. Three of the family didn't use milk in any way, not even in their tea. Oh! the horror of seeing this precious fluid thrown out in such quantities. Not even a pig to feed it to and yet this family of seven consumed three barrels and a half of imported pork during the year, which was costing them over twenty dollars a barrel at that time. Why the home-grown milk-fed pork would have been so delicious. "But the milk is sour, ma'am." "So much the better for my purpose," I replied. "I can use it in a hundred ways. Can you spare me a few cupsful of that golden corned meat I saw you giving to the cows and calves?" "Why sure, ma'am but whatever will you be doing with that?" "I'll show you at tea time." When I took my golden cake from the oven and cut it and placed it on the table, exclamations of "Oh, how good it looks!" and then when buttered with Mrs. Glyn's delicious fresh butter. "Oh, how good it tastes!" But said they all, we never knew it was fit for humans, we thought cornmeal was only fit for cattle to eat. "Begorra," said Milne, "I wish you would make one every day and please forget and leave a piece on the cupboard to-night so I'll find it when I come home." Johnnie's calf only takes a cupful or two of sour milk so there was plenty to use for curds and such they were with so much of the cream left in the milk. Their method of getting the cream from the milk was by putting on the stove to scald dipper from the cows as soon as strained, thereby losing quantities of the cream which would not come to the surface as it would if left to cool and ripen for butter making, or using a separator which I urged them to get to lighten their mother's work. Consequently she had small quantities of butter, but the curds and buttermilk were very much richer and these were being thrown out. When I separated the curds from the whey I sent out the whey for the hens to drink and then the exclamation, "Oh, my, you don't waste anything," I said if your family doesn't like curds make them and give to your hen. Nothing makes them lay better. The four or five hens and a rooster were cooped up in a four by five foot plot-prisoners, and despite the acres of land that these folk had they had to go a mile to the village to buy eggs when they wanted them, and more eggs and less pork would be a better diet. Of course we had just all the milk we could drink and at that age and even yet, my daughters do not drink tea. (I was 40 years old before I contracted the tea-drinking habit). That household used as a minimum a pound a day, or a chest of tea (66 lbs.) in about two months. We had many jokes about tea. Instead of boiling the porridge with water as it was boiled in milk, over the fire for the King. "Oh, Mrs. C—I'm afraid your husband does not like our cooking; he didn't eat any dinner." This was the appeal one Sunday when his plate had been returned with his pork and cabbage and plum duff scarcely tasted. My husband used to come to spend Sunday with us. "Oh, Mrs. Glyn," I said, "don't worry please. How could you expect him to eat when you sent him such a delicious dish of junk?" or "honey clabber if used another way. That was our pioneer way of preserving penicillin—now one can get it in any grocery or drug store either in liquid or tablet form, so I sent to town and got her some and she used her milk that way also. Such a wholesome, nutritious dish for children or invalids. Oh, my, when I see babies deprived of milk, Nature's perfect food, and fed on diet which would kill grownups I feel like shouting, "Oh, use up milk," and then I see what mothers in the city are up against and the rotten milk supply we have. Sometimes it's sour when it comes and often if one scalds it goes to curds and yet do not throw it away, it's good for cooking purposes. But baby should have it fresh and clean. Oh the inhumanity of any mother who can breast feed her baby and doesn't. But poor mothers who do not even have the nourishment they should have are not the sinners in this case. This condemnation is more applicable to mothers who can afford luxuries. Although insensible of the fact that bottle fed babies do thrive and bottles must be used, yet I always have a desire to smash or throw away bottles and so-called comforters or rubber nipples babies are forced to keep in their mouths to prevent the exercise of their lungs—not one of my five babies would ever allow me to give them even a drink of water from a bottle or insult them with a com-



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## STEER BROTHERS

forter. No subterfuges for them the straight diet or none. I had a very trying and unhappy experience with a baby whose mother had died at his birth. Baby was a week old when I reached him and was being fed on sour bread pap made with heaped-up sugar and milk and forced into his little stomach like the farmers stuff the poultry at Thanksgiving and Christmas—also the bottles from which he drank with a long rubber tube down thru—I threw them out, didn't try to clean them—and ordered a more hygienic kind from town and fed baby with a spoon until the new bottle arrived. Ugh! that bread pap, I can smell it yet. Baby was a little skeleton although at birth a beautifully normal child. When I bathed him I would almost cry he was so skinny. Such constipation and foul smelling napkins I had, never witnessed. To-day he is a large, robust man and only 17 years old, but that first awful week of his life left a serious trouble which I believe

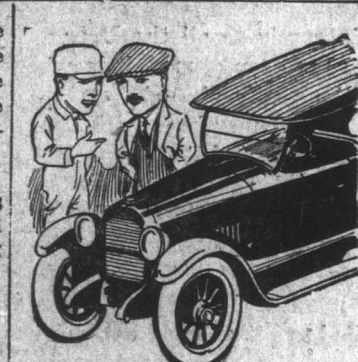
originated then and from which he may never recover. Oh mothers, give the babies the best chance possible and nature's own food. They are the men and women of the future.—M.J.C.

Henderson's Rich Maderia Cakes at Ellis & Co's Grocery.—may 21, 23

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### It's a Big Picture Young and Old Alike.

SIR JAMES BARRIE'S CREATION "SENTIMENTAL TOMMY," PRESENTED BY PARAMOUNT.

Story for young and old alike. The description that may be found in Paramount's screen version of Sir James M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," which will be the feature at the Majestic Theatre, tonight, is doubtful that many grown-ups who haven't a fond memory of the youngsters to-day have about him at one time or another.

Story begins with Tommy's arrival with his sister, Elsiebeth, to the village of Thrums and his reaction from a crowd of youngsters who are throwing stones at her. Many episodes showing Tommy's imagination which are humorous and wholesome. The story Tommy and Grizel to maturity. Tommy becomes demented after his bar; childhood sweetheart, a woman in his arms. The scenes are dramatic and full of interest.

Grizel of Tommy is played by Margaret, a popular young leader. May McAvoy is Grizel.

### Leaps From Window Lands on Fence.

Milford, May 18.—Fred Richards of New Bedford, a night worker, formerly of Bellingham, walked in his sleep during the day time and leaped from a second-story window, landing against the side and top of a wooden fence, one picked piercing his lung. He also fractured three ribs. It was believed that he had attempted suicide until his statement that he was in the habit of walking in his sleep had been corroborated by relatives in Bellingham.

### TUTT AND JEFF—

### ONE WAY OF TELLING A GUY WHAT'S WHAT.

—By Bud Fisher

