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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

SPEAKING OF CATS.



Praise be, there are plenty of people in the world who like dogs as well as I do! How do I know? Because of the flock of letters that came to tell me so, in answer to my little talk on dogs.

One Letter Friend, though he seconds my words of praise of the species, reproves me for saying my dog was the sweetest, wisest, and handiest dog that ever lived. Guess he doesn't know human nature so well as he might or he would know that there never was a dog owner who wasn't perfectly sure of that. He says the little boy next door said (Yes, I do have some little boy readers and I'm terribly proud of the fact.) "Gee, she never saw my dog or she couldn't have said that." Yes I could, but I should have expected to hear him say the same and should have applauded him. I wouldn't give much for a dog owner who didn't think that.

His Feline Companion.

This same Letter Friend wants me to say something about the domestic complement of the dog—his feline

we all know that feline and feminine nature are supposed to be akin. But even so, that would not prove that women would understand cats. Understanding one type is not a universal human capacity by any manner of means. And certainly it would not prove that she would like the cat the better.

Which Likes Which?

My Letter Friend appreciates this fact for he says: "There is something amiss with a man who does not like cats, the same being true of a woman who does not like dogs."

Although this runs somewhat counter to the old idea of a man with a dog at his heels and the old maid with her adored cats I think it is a correct reading. The most ardent cat lovers I have known were men and the most ardent cat haters, women.

Personally, I am, as I said fond of cats, but there is another domestic animal, similar and yet vastly different, of which I am infinitely fonder. And that is kittens. Before you decide my description is foolish go to the library and get Agnes Repplier's fascinating essay on the difference between cats and kittens. You will not only withhold your condemnation but you will have a half hour of great enjoyment as a reward.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S.—On Irish Night a Sketch, Concert and Dance. Reserve seats 50 and 40c. Back rows and Gallery 30c. Tickets and plan of Hall at Mrs. W. P. Cotter's, W. E. Brophy, T. J. Kent and Royal Stationery. Dance tickets 50c.—mar23, f.m.tu

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

A LITTLE HOUSE.

A little house and the children there. A little yard and the pansies in it. And the world outside with its pressing care. Can be shaken off in a happy minute.

Hate may race at my back and shriek. With its fingers gaunt it may strive to clutch me. But let me come to the door I seek. Then I am safe and it cannot touch me.

Care may drive me and troubles press. Malice by day may lurk behind me. But I shut my door to life's bitterness. There I am safe and it cannot find me.

A little house with its welcome true—Just keep that free from the touch of sorrow. And the world outside, when the day is through. With its care must wait until to-morrow.

The days of "Yerrah" and "Begorra" are gone. Now it's Cend Mile Faltie—a hundred thousand welcomes to the Irish "Irish Night" at the College Hall!—mar23

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR BURNS & SCALDS.

A False Standard.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir.—The writer who in the Squires' personal organ signs himself "Fair Deal" displays no more of that virtue his assumed title speaks of than the wolf pack shows towards the snow-impeded deer. His idea of a fair deal is to tell a cultured gentleman by foul attack to make a pedestal on which to raise the golden calf. This "Fair Deal" believes that his patron, Sir. M. G. Winter is so secure in the estimation of the people that he needs no defence, yet he would labor hard to prove the superiority of his patron. He labors hard and brings forth, not a mountain, but a mouse. No body wants to find fault with Mr. Winter for having gathered wealth, which "Fair Deal" says has been gathered honestly, but objection must be raised to the attempt to glorify wealth and the setting up of a false standard of values. The question asked by "Fair Deal" is, which has served his country better, Winter or Robinson? Each one must try to answer for himself according to the standard which guides his mode of thinking. For my part, I stand for the side of culture. He is a more valuable citizen who holds aloft the torch of education and the ideal. The idealist and the man of culture is the guardian of our liberties and he who makes it possible for the money getter to pursue his more or less sordid calling with some security and ease. Suppose nature had made us all after the type of the money getter how long would civilization endure. Money getters are, without disparagement, mere parasites who reap where others sow. They have industry, but even this is the result of a passion strong enough to overcome nature's many handicaps, and we generally know it by the name of greed. Who gave us all those things which delight and solace us, lift us above our surroundings into realms of pure pleasure and guide our footsteps up the slopes to a nobler conception of life? Are they the big provision dealers, or are they the men of science, literature and art, the poets, the painters, the sculptors? What elevation of thought arises from the contemplation of a big warehouse where the Quilps and Scrooges and the Skylocks count over their barrels of pork and gloat over a growing bank account. The man who writes one inspiring column a year is of more real value than an army of Quilps and Scrooges and all that ilk. There is a peculiar inconsistency in the selection of Sir M. G. Winter as a paragon of all virtues, while there is an attempt at the same time, by the same papers to hold up all other business men as examples of the reactionary in business and the civil virtues. Refinement has made poor strides in this country if the standard of the money-bag is to be adopted.

Yours truly,

March 12th, 1923.

See Mr. J. C. Pippy in Dr. Tomlinson, head of the Electro Magnetic, Private Lunatic Asylum, at St. Joseph's, Irish Night, mar23, f.m.tu

Toopunkankommen.

The reason why the Advocate crowd have developed so rapidly into great statesmen is because their minds are still fresh and vigorous from not having had any thinking to do. They never did any thinking or study so they feel ready now to do any kind of Atlas stunt. But heaven help us if we permit them to use the country to practice upon. They are like the lady who cuts out every "How-to" from the Household Friend and is ever ready to practice her stunts on the poor victim who comes her way. They have a "How-to" cure cut out from every quick journal which they are anxious to try out. They never found anything to do from caplin school to caplin school till they light on the rube job of keeping affairs of state from getting tangled up. There was never any wisdom in our political world till these ready-to-learn statesmen like meteors suddenly flashed into the political sky. International problems are easy to those wonderful men, and as for local affairs it is a wonder to watch them juggle with them, keeping four balls in the air at once and a lighted lamp on their nose. Some of those same law-makers would not be elected constable in a Jim Crow town. It is instructive (inverted ratio) to take up the Advocate and to read the stilted nonsense that paper gets off about the why and the wherefore of every subject that engrosses men's minds. A person looks over the bunch and wonders how they were ever got together. Some archaologists must have opened by mistake "Toopunkankommen" and they poor fellows taking the disturbance for the dawn of the millennium crept out and got into the Advocate office whence they issue the Toopunk ideas of 2000 B.C. They ought to go back again. They are out of place here. A bas, Toopunkankommen.

Rim Lac rests the eyes, ask us about it. R. H. TRAPNELL, LTD.—mar23

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Don't Say Paper, Say The Evening Telegram.

To the Point.

By WILL U. B. WISE.

Only a few political "dunder" heads found to go to Ferryland or St. John's East for the Squires-Cooker competition. "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" is written in large plain letters over the entrance to those who fight for any candidate with Squires-Cooker tag upon his coat tails.

Remember this taxpayers that Twenty Million Dollars has been added to the public debt by the Government squanders of the past years.

It will not be taxes, piercing intolerable as they have been for past three years that will continue to be imposed should Cooker win again. They will rather grow to be spikes and will be super-imposed upon us with a fury that will know no bounds.

Citizens! have you a home of your own, built at the cost of many sacrifices and that now shelters you gives you comfort. Destroy St. John's by voting for Cookerism and they will destroy your happy home, against it and you protect that home now and in your old age when need it most.

Under the sway of Cookerism have had poverty and pessimism, the looming of the Bennett Government upon the political horizon, and optimism are discernible.

The name of Monroe has been orally identified with the truth of the Colony. Labor in abundance, decent labor at that, to all classes working people, was ever the desire of the men who bore that name. They never sought to put the people on the rocks and then make people break those rocks to come enough to live on.

Charlie Hunt is the ideal citizen, is easily the most popular man in Newfoundland. He is none of stand-off, swelled head, brazen face of politicians that sometimes find power, but a genuine gentleman every way. St. John's West is a tremendously fortunate in securing him a candidate.

Councillor Outerbridge is a popular and most genial young man. This was proven by the votes of fellow citizens when he came to the poll at the Municipal election. As he is one of the sons of Sir W. Outerbridge, a leading director of the firm of Harvey & Co., Ltd., it is readily seen that the intelligence of the country is considered in favor of the fight to restore the Government once again in Newfoundland.

Historic Trinity Laid in

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