

Use PURE GOLD for Desserts

Jellies in sixteen flavors—Chocolate, Tapioca, Custard and Arrowroot Puddings.

All to make healthy children.

A home-made cake iced with Pure Gold Icing—A home-made pudding with tasty sauce flavored with Pure Gold Extracts
For the Grown-Ups.

FOR SALE AT ALL GROCERS



TEMPTING CHOICE RASHERS OF

Crisp, Well Browned Bacon

Can you think of anything more tempting? Your folks will relish it—especially if it's BEARNS' BACON, which is of selected quality. BEARNS' BACON, besides being so tasty, morning, noon or night, is one of the most nourishing of all foods for every member of your family.

Per Pound, 65c.

BLUE POINT OYSTERS.
ROYAL ROCK FATTED CHICKEN
Ex. S.S. SILVIA from New York.

"BLUENOSE"
BUTTER

Pure Golden Butter, fresh and crisp. Two Pound Slabs.

OLIVE OIL
Pure Spanish Olive Oil. One Gallon Tins.
Each, \$2.80

GREEN GRAPES 20c. per lb.
BLUE GRAPES 35c. per lb.
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W. E. BEARNS

"THE HOME OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT!"
DUCKWORTH ST. RAWLINS' CROSS.

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We have one of the largest and best equipped WOOD-WORKING PLANTS in this country. We make all our own stock from the log to the finished article, including: Framing, Matched Board, Clapboard, Ceiling, Mantles, Turnings, Mouldings, Doors and Sashes. Oil Barrels, Herring Barrels, Fish Casks and Fish Boxes. Folding Chairs, Tables, etc.

Buy DAWE'S (better built) DOORS.

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"WHIZ" ANTI FREEZE.

Positively guaranteed to prevent circulating system of automobiles from freezing when used according to directions. Contains no calcium chloride or other injurious chemicals and cannot damage any part of an automobile. Put up in one gallon tins.

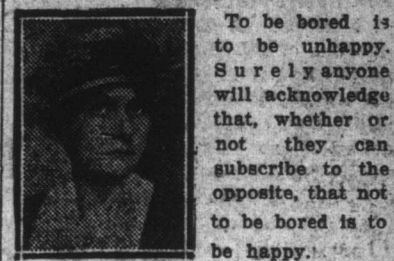
T. A. MACNAB & CO.,
Selling Agents.

nov5.11

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

NOTHING TO BE PROUD OF.



Yet, don't you think that people who are bored by the things that please others are apt to pride themselves on the fact, to plume themselves on their inability to extract pleasure from what other people enjoy?

And Then She Yawns.

You speak with anticipation of your evening at the movies. You are looking forward to seeing one of your favorite stars in a dramatization of a book by one of your favorite authors, and your work to-day is leavened by that anticipation and your work to-morrow will be leavened by your memories. But your neighbor does not kindle. "I never saw her," she says. "I almost never go to the movies. They bore me dreadfully. I have tried it once or twice but really I couldn't stay through the evening. And she languidly stifles a yawn at the very thought.

She is telling you of a misfortune—her incapacity to extract enjoyment from that which is a source of pleasure to millions. Does she tell it in the tone of one relating a misfortune? Far from it. Her tone and manner indicate plainly that she feels she has demonstrated her superiority to you and the rest of the common herd.

Pitying The Wrong One.

Then there's the person who does not enjoy the radio. What pride he takes in the fact! How scornfully he speaks of the people who spend their evenings "listening to bedtime tales."



By the time Lady Love and her little rabbit boy reached the Three-in-One Cent Store in Rabbitville, Mr. Happy Sun was shining brightly from the sky. Just as they hopped up to the door, it opened and there stood dear Uncle Lucky Leethindfoot, the old gentleman rabbit.

"Goodness gracious meebus!" he exclaimed, "whatever brings you out so early?" and taking his gold watch and chain from his pink waist-coat pocket, he added, "Just eight o'clock by railroad time."

"I had some shopping to do," explained Lady Love, with a smile. "Cousin Cottontail is coming over for lunch, so I made an early start. It was very beautiful through the Sunny Meadow and the Pleasant Pasture. All the grass and leaves were a-sparkle with hoar frost."

"Those frosty diamonds will be gone by the time we get back," laughed Uncle Lucky. "Mr. Happy Sun will see to that. When you have finished shopping, hop over to the bank. I'll stop there for a minute or three. Then I'll drive you home in the Luckmobile," and away hopped the nice old gentleman rabbit, President of the Rabbitville Savings Bank and the Welsh Rabbit Club.

It didn't take sweet Lady Love long to close shop. She knew what she wanted when she wanted it. Well, indeed. And in a few minutes she was hopping down Lettuce Avenue to Uncle Lucky's bank on the corner of Pumpkin Squares and that famous avenue, the Main Street of the quaint little town of Rabbitville.

Little Jack Rabbit followed close behind her, carrying a basket of clotheplins. Dear me, I forgot to mention before that somebody had stolen Lady Love's clotheplins. It had happened on Monday, the day this pretty little rabbit lady hung out the clothes to dry. She had left the basket of clotheplins in the little yard while she had carried in the clothes. But dear-est me and dearest you! On coming

(to hear him talk you would think there was never anything else broadcast.) How proudly he tells of the time a friend tried to get him to listen to their radio and the static broke in! How much fun he makes of the radio fans who spend whole hours at their instruments. "They'll soon get over it," he prophesies, "when the novelty wears off. Perhaps they will and perhaps they won't. That's as may be. Meanwhile, they are getting a lot of fun that he is missing and if anyone's to be pitied it's not they."

"Canned music" was a phrase coined by people who take pride in their boredom, to show their contempt for another form of amusement that brings pleasure to millions. Some of the people who use that phrase have never even heard the finest music rendered on a first class instrument. Some have heard but having made up their minds to be bored, or perhaps having a native incapacity to enjoy music have still gone on shrugging their shoulders at "canned music."

But Why Feel Superior?

All sorts of people are, a sheer waste of time to some people; the fan people have at picnic arouses cynical derision; the great enjoyment to be had at a contest of wits like bridge is incomprehensible to many. And, of course, it is inevitable that we shouldn't all enjoy the same things. Why feel superior about it? Why encourage oneself in being bored by exalting that boredom into a virtue? Why cultivate the bored habit of mind? Why refuse to give any of these diversions a fair show before one loftily condemns it as a waste of time?

Modern civilization has given most of us a great deal of spare time comparatively speaking. We all need to cultivate a capacity for small pleasures. It that time is to be a blessing and not a curse.



back, the little basket of wooden pins was gone. Who had taken them she couldn't guess. Nor can your Uncle Dave. But perhaps Bobbie Redvest will tell me some morning. Oh so early, are Mr. Happy Sun across the Blue Sky Country shall take his daily run. Goodness gracious meebus! There goes "Remmy," my old typewriter! In to poetry. He went so fast he forgot to put into verse form, didn't he? Well, well, I must tell him to be more careful hereafter.

As the two little rabbits turned the corner, thoughtful Uncle Lucky looked out of his bank window and shouted. "Hop into the Luckmobile. I'll be out in a minute." So into that famous automobile jumped Lady Love and Little Jack Rabbit and almost before one could have counted ten, out came the old gentleman rabbit, his wedding



Little Jack Rabbit followed close behind her.

stovepipe hat on his head and his gold watch chain shining against his pink waistcoat.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed merrily. "We'll have a jolly ride. It's such a lovely cool morning. Maybe the Luckmobile feels frisky," and he hopped, nice Uncle Lucky. The next minute off he went, Little Jack Rabbit by his

Both Died

With Boots On

TWO GUN MEN FIGHT IT OUT IN WILD REGION OF CALIFORNIA.

SAN BERNARDINO, Calif., Nov. 11.—Matt Burts and Bill Roberts, two of the few remaining two run men of the wild desert vastness that centers at Government water holes, have met and "shot it out."

Both died with their "boots on" in this last stand of the old type gunmen in Southern California. The scene was 330 miles northeast of the San Bernardino in the wild region near where Nevada, Arizona and California have common boundary lines at the Colorado River.

It was a duel, possibly over a water hole, which ended in the double tragedy.

Roberts was recently employed as foreman of the Rock Springs Cattle Company, because "he was a man who wouldn't run." For many years foreman of the big cattle range that reaches for thirty miles among the bleak hills of California's last frontier, had been "run out" by gunmen. Recently Roberts returned to the ranch and found that during his absence in the night thirteen bullet holes had been put through the house. It had happened many other times to Roberts' predecessors.

Apparently Burts and Roberts met at Roberts' house and neither would run. Six-shooters went into action and both fell.

Potato Prices

Now Downward

Selling at 85 Cents in Winnipeg, and Fifty Carloads Shipped in Eastern Canada.

WINNIPEG, Nov. 8.—High prices demanded by local holders during the past week have driven prospective buyers from the United States off the potato market. Relieved of this competitive demand, there has been a drop of 15 cents a bushel in quotations asked by the retailer. Potatoes can now be purchased by the car lot in Winnipeg at 85 cents a bushel.

Buyers for large firms state that about 200 cars of Manitoba potatoes were shipped to the United States in the past two weeks, while fifty cars were sent to Eastern Canada.

CONFEDERATION LIFE.—aug17.5m05

"Sex Against Sex" at Casino To-Night

BALFOUR STOCK CO. IN NOTED ENGLISH PLAY. POWERFUL DRAMATIC EFFECT.

Those who like comedy plays had their heart's desire last week in "The First Year" and "Fair and Warmer," as played by The Balfour Stock Company. This week, however, the company changes over from comedy to serious plays, and for the opening bill offers to-night "Sex Against Sex," a modern version of Sidney Grundy's noted English success "Sowing the Wind." "Sex Against Sex" is not a comedy by any means. It is a powerful drama with a big plot, that is well interpreted. The original play was made famous by Cyril Maude, and this in itself is sufficient guarantee of what sort of a production lovers of good drama are going to see the opening part of this week.

The writer will not attempt to tell you the story, because it is too good to give away before you see it. Special scenic equipment and lighting effects will be used. All new vaudeville specialties will be rendered by the regular variety artists and with the addition of Mr. Jack McKenna, the popular photographer who will appear in person. Mr. McKenna arrived by Saturday's express to join the Balfour Stock Company, and we understand from Mr. Balfour that new people will be added to the company each and every week of the company's engagement.

You are advised to book early for "Sex Against Sex." Seats selling at Casino box-office.

side and sweet Lady Love with the packages on the back seat.

Down Lettuce Avenue they rolled, passed the kind Policeman Dog and into the next story, which I shall write this minute for all my little nephews and nieces.

Playing THE NICKEL TO-DAY

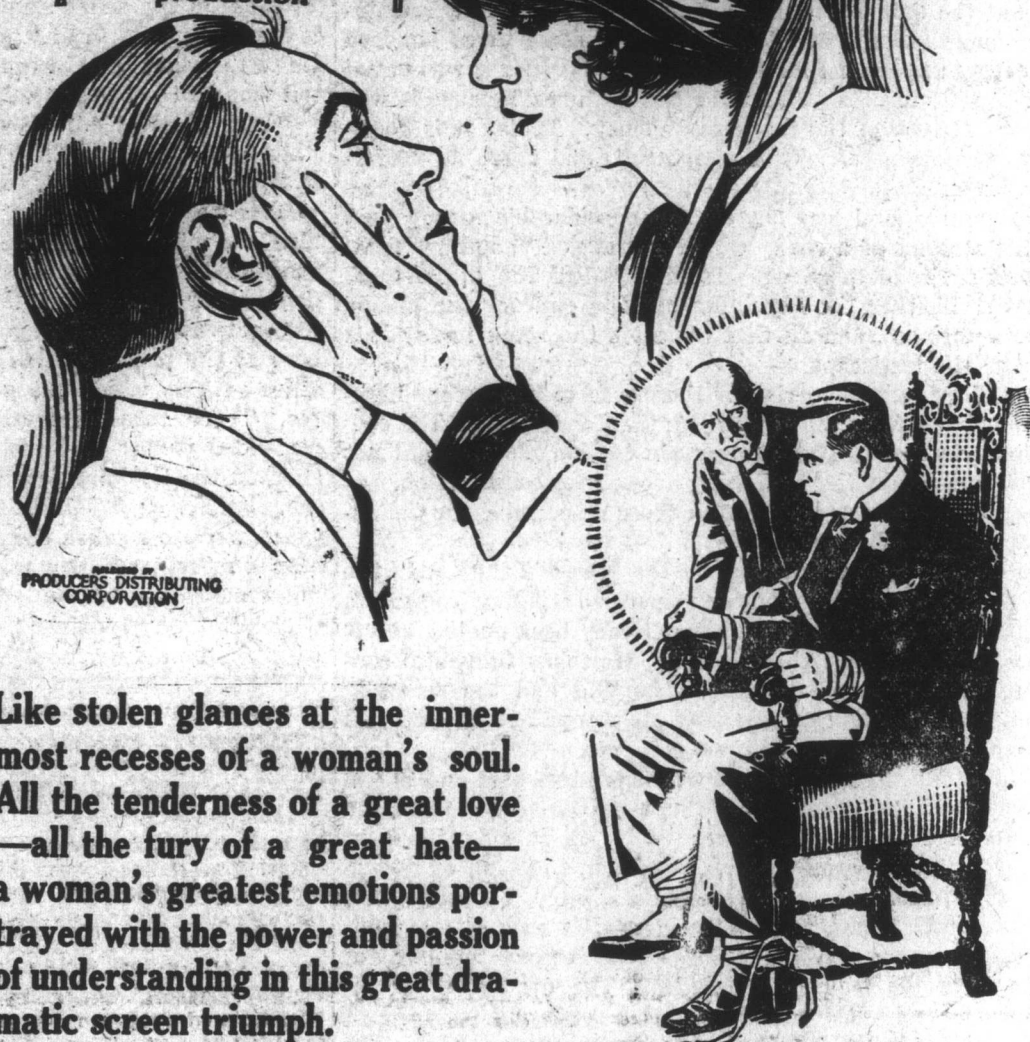
Are All Women

WITHOUT MERCY

With VERA REYNOLDS Dorothy Phillips Robert Ames and Rockcliffe Fellowes

Adapted by Monte Katterjohn from the novel by John Goodwin

GEORGE MELFORD production



Like stolen glances at the innermost recesses of a woman's soul. All the tenderness of a great love—all the fury of a great hate—a woman's greatest emotions portrayed with the power and passion of understanding in this great dramatic screen triumph.

"THE PATHE REVIEW" the "FILM MAGAZINE."

"CHARLIE CHASE" in "POSITION WANTED"

COMING:—"POLA NEGRI" in the Paramount Special—"MEN"

THE PERFECT LAND.



WALT MARON

What though the boosters, in their might, of modern Eden rave? There is no land of pure delight this side of Jordan's wave. We have to cross to Paradise to find that perfect shore where no man has to swat the flies, a and pilgrims weep no more. In every human latitude there is some grievous flaw; in prairie land the blasts are rude, the rains are wet and raw. On tropic isles the dreamer might in peace repose, but then the rotting seaweed stinks, and chiggers bite his nose. I journeyed to a lovely land, where sunshine is the boast, and there I found the people stand, a sad and grouchy host. "You should be happy as a queen," I said, "in such a place, and yet methinks a frown is seen upon each downcast face." They looked upon me through their tears, and murmured in disgust, "It hasn't rained in seven years enough to lay the dust." The traveler from parts remote tells tales of human throngs, and everywhere thee waiting note is heard throughout their songs. The Ekl-mo alone is glad, he does not weep

or curse, although the weather's always bad, and daisy growing worse. He doesn't credit rosy tales of lands where summer dwells, of babbling brooks and verdant vales, green leaves and bosky dells. He thinks that snow is everywhere, with ice and frost and rime, so he's content and doesn't care to hunt a better clime.

A Screen Masterpiece at the Nickel To-Day

"WITHOUT MERCY" IS SEASON'S MOST UNUSUAL FILM.

George Melford is another famous director who has entered the independent field and is adding new glory to already enviable reputation.

Latest production, "Without Mercy," presented by Metropolitan Pictures, Inc. and released through Producers Distributing Corporation, which opens to-day at the Nickel Theatre combines all the qualities which go to make delightful screen entertainment.

The story is centered around a mother and her daughter, with the daughter in love with two men. One man, an unscrupulous schemer, has the girl infatuated with him even as he had the mother in the days of her youth. The mother, knowing this, and still bearing on her body marks

of brutal treatment at his hands, tries to direct the girl's affections to the other man who really loves her.

The combination of events that lead up to the unmasking of the villain, abound in action and thrills, and keep the spectator on his seat's edge throughout the entire showing. Murders, explosions, and elections are but a few of the gripping and harrowing incidents that combine to make "Without Mercy," a drama of rare action and heart interest.

The role of the mother is played by Dorothy Phillips. Rockcliffe Fellowes plays the villain, who is conspiring for the daughter, portrayed by Vera Reynolds, and Robert Ames is the hero.

Individually and collectively, they render a fine performance, giving life and color to the already human characters who live the narrative. More George Melford Productions can be looked forward to.

WATCHES.

Our stock of Ladies' and Gent's Watches is the finest ever shown by us. See them. Prices right.

W. & R. ENGLISH,

Jewellers. Est. 1871. 404 Water St. Box 44 June13.6mo.00d

SNOODLES

PLUS HATS ARE QUITE THE CLASSY STYLE FOR CANNIBAL DUDES—SO ARE GRASS SKIRTS—HOWEVER—PETEY'S SLISSORS TRIMMED THE REAR END OF MR. CANNIBAL'S SKIRT SO CLOSE THAT THE POOR DUDE MADE A QUICK EXIT AND LEFT HIS HAT BEHIND.

THIS WAY OUT DO

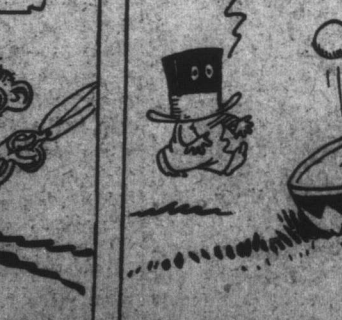
I WON'T HURT YOUR SLISSORS! I ONLY WANTA MAKE TWO HOLES.



NOW—NOBODY CAN SEE ME



WHEN DOES TH' PARADE START??



THE WAR DRUMS



TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW



Petey Becomes A Member Of The Cannibal Band.

By CY HUNGERFORD