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ADMISSION 20c.

UNITED ARTISTS CORP. PRESENTS REX BEACH'S ROMANCE "FAIR LADY"

Featuring the beautiful BETTY BLYTHE. A picture in which the vows of vengeance are forewarned. 9 big acts—9.

Hear the Mount Cashel Band

in complete change of programme Thursday and Friday nights only.

MONDAY:—MARY CARR in "THE CUSTARD CUP"—A William Fox Super-production.

The Winter-Fishers of the Northern Seas

DOUGLAS KISSACK, in Crumbers Journal.

Reykjavik to Billingsgate—it seems a long way. The fishwives of Iceland, Billingsgate with its crowded, shadowy lanes that wander vaguely at the foot of the Monument. But there are men who span the distance—the winter-fishers of the silent northern seas. They are men of rough speech and they are men of heart. They are the casual passer-by; only the fishermen know their real worth. Their work is cruel, biting work. The sea, where nothing breaks silence save their own voice or the shrill shrieking of hungry seals that follow their boats. They are really a great day when they are off the north seas. Bustle and excitement on the quaysides as the boats and provisions. Exploitive of the postmaster, all to no purpose the hundreds of rough fishermen in their blanket hoods, jumpers, and caps, with crinkling sea-boots on their legs, all talking and chattering the chatter of the usual crew of the port; the raucous chatter of the gulls hovering aloft and the big boats straining at the ropes as if they knew the tide was in the flow and they must be off.

High and wheeling in the sky; low and squat in the water; one great funnel looming with ruddy colours; stout, short, and coils of the stoutest rope imaginable. Steel-built, throughout, and stand the roughest seas that the north coast—the fishers' boats. From stem to stern they have coats of dull gray—easily streaked with rust are long, the coating and provisioning over the hulls begin to throw out great clouds of black smoke. In the dusk the green and red and white lights on each side of the bridge and ride up the masts. Down below the hulls and boom, and they are the islands of green twist round the masts' sterns. Figures clamber in a frenzy; hangers-on stand on the quayside ropes. Out of the night comes a sturdy voice giving order. Slowly, one of the big vessels slips away from the wharf. In the rear she turns, hoots defiantly at her crew, and glides her way towards the harbour-mouth. She sets a good example. One by one the rest of the gray fleet steal away—and the quaysides are strangely silent. Only the portmaster is glad. He thinks of the awful day when these boats will return with all their dirt and their smells and the saucy oaths of their crews.

But for the watches on land all interest is centred on the pale light—the trawlers as they put out to sea and less they see, till only a glimmer of a screen tells them that the sea is all well.

A strange journey through the night, clearing bell-ways, flashing the arms of light-houses, monitor the tolling of lightships standing in the shallows. Elsewhere, inter-ference and no other ships at all. Occasionally there is a smudge of cold sleet—intensely cold. Down comes the big fish-boat. Some are merely big boats on the sea—the biggest and the best. Strange, low land on their stretch bows for hours on stretch. They pass blue cliff-lands: The darkness again and a double water-look-out.

Another dawn, and they are in the blue seas of the north. Pale in the distance is Iceland with her little villages nestling at the foot of snow-capped hills. To such things the sailors pay no heed. The sea is all care about, and what it will give. By now the fleet is spread out in tiny units, miles apart. Only one boat to be seen, attenuated, short-fingers against the breaking sea. But such bustle on board! The cook so busy, bottling the fish by the gallon, making flapjacks; the trawlermen love so well by the dozen. Every man gloved and armed and abetted by cigarette and pipe. The vessel slows down, and the which begins to grunt and wheeze. Up comes the great drag, and its steel rests. For a moment the trawlers uncertainly, then down it goes with a crash. This done, the ropes tautened astern, the vessel goes ahead with a nice breeze on her bow.

It is waiting-time for the crew, but one to be wanted. Everything is ready for the time when the boat comes in. Every now and then

a tall stick, surmounted by a flag and corked at the foot, is dropped overboard. The trawler leaves these to bob derisively in her wake. She is working round in a huge semi-circle. Two, three hours pass. Again the cook and his boy appear with hot food. Then, at a curt command from the master, standing saugy in his wheel-house, all hands prepare for the in-coming of the trawl. This winches tug and strain at the ropes. Slowly the net draws nearer, tumbling the water about its sides. Then one extra heave and it is inboard with its weight of silver fish.

All kinds of fish have come in, much useless; fine plaice and soles, dace, ray, cod, whiting, gurnard and lone herring, crabs, dogfish, shells and seaweed. It is hastily scrambled out and sorted. What is worthless goes back to the sea again. Then the slaughter begins. Wary, heart-breaking work this of cleaning the fish. In the closing of the day it is colder still. The acetylene lamps flare up, lighting the scrubby faces of the busy men. After a washing the fish goes down to the ice-chambers. And all this time the trawl is out again. So the whole process is repeated. Day after day, trawling and cleaning, the same prowling up and down the seas, always the same things to see. Till comes the day when the vessel's holds are full. Gay-coloured flags run up halyards and a tiny steam-vessel puts off from Iceland, manned by a strange

bearded crew of giants who speak little English.

This little craft willingly relieves the trawl of her catch, no matter the weather making it so difficult for her to stand by. Then, with a farewell hoot of her siren, she forges away for the coast of Scotland. Once in port, her cargo is delivered to the railwaymen. A long run through Scotland, over the border, then down, down to London and the shadowy, cobbled lanes of Billingsgate, where the fished catches are sold to anybody who may care to buy at the foot of the Monument.

Far off in the northern seas, their coats streaked and rusted, their haws-pipes choked with weed and clay, their tunnel-colours dimmed, and their crews dirty and unnaturally bearded, the trawlers still cast their great nets and still at night post a double look-out for the icebergs that sweep down from the Arctic to crush the daring men who would trespass in their seas.

Blue Puttee Friday-Saturday Specials. Moirs "Dream" and "Motor" Packages. Regular Price, \$1.20. Special, \$1.05. All fresh stock. Also Home Made Cakes on hand and Baked to order. Cakes and Ice Cream Bricks for sale Sunday, 12 to 1.—Nov. 31

Value of Insurance

ENHANCED BY A DEFINITE LIFE PROGRAMME.

Have you a definite plan of insurance on your life? This important question which was addressed by the Travelers' Insurance Company, of Hartford, to its own staff, is deserving of more attention from men than it gets. The evident advantages of life insurance can be greatly enhanced by attempting to understand the chief benefits of policies offered, and arranging those purchased accordingly.

The answer of one member to the questionnaire mentioned above, reads: "I am arranging my life insurance along a very definite plan. It has four definite parts to it—five in fact, when I take into consideration my old age. The first step in my plan is a \$2,000 Ordinary Life payable in a lump sum to my wife for the purpose of cleaning up debts and funeral expenses. This is very important, I believe. I don't want the widow Brown walking around with all the merchants saying that Old Man Brown died and left a big wad of bills that she could not pay."

"Next comes the home. In my case I already own a home, but there's a mortgage on it. The second feature of my life insurance program is a term policy sufficient to pay off this mortgage in case of my death. "Third comes a monthly income for my wife. This is arranged on a

graduated scale. A large income for the first ten years to cover the time when the children might still be independent, and after that a smaller, yet sufficient, income for the lifetime of my beneficiary.

"These income policies really play two parts in my program. They are on the insurance-annuity or long term endowment plan, so that they not only provide an income for my wife in case of my death, but also an income for myself in case I live beyond age 60 or 65, which I fully expect to do. "The fourth feature is a \$2,000 policy, payable in a lump sum, to be deposited in the bank as a contingency fund. This is very important—and I believe a large number of such policies could be sold to men who consider themselves amply provided for in the way of insurance. Take home-ownership, for example. Every home-owner knows that only too frequently unexpected expenses will crop up in the form of special assessments, painting, re-roofing, new plumbing, a new furnace or a dozen and one other things in connection with the house. The possession of an emergency fund for such purposes would enable my wife to meet such expenses without trying to save it out of her monthly income.

"If my children were younger, I should have a special policy to cover their educational expenses; as it is, their education will be completed within five years—and the larger income that I have arranged for the first ten-year period should see them through in case of my death."

The program of each person will differ just as his circumstances do. Consequently forethought is necessary to reach the proper solution. Intensive study by actuaries has resulted in the placing on the market of new policies to meet these peculiar needs, but, as the public has a limited knowledge of insurance, it devolves on the agent to work out the program. The purchaser of insurance has a right to demand and expect from agents, the ability and knowledge to give them wise counsel in these matters. Efficient agents will place themselves in a position to do this, realizing that the same lack of foresight which makes it difficult to sell policies, will lead to future dissatisfaction and resentment where policies not suited to the needs of the insured are placed.

Stafford's Ginger Wine for sale everywhere 15c. per bottle. nov.11

Household Notes.

Lobster canapes make attractive appetizers. Serve the heated lobster mixture on golden rounds of bread sliced in hot melted butter.

Dainty macaroons are made with grated coconut, corn flakes, sugar, beaten white of egg and a pinch of salt. Bake until nicely brown. When you are in a hurry, to save making dumplings for the stew, place over it quarter slices of stale bread and let them steam, tightly covered.

Just Folks. By EDGAR A GUEST

DOUBLE-STRENGTH.

He who has a friend has this: Comradeship for sunny days; Something kings and princes miss One to speak his name with praise.

He who has a friend may be Poor of purse and worn by care, But he's rich in this, that he May his comrade's fortune share.

He who has a friend may weep For some gentle spirit flown Which he loved but could not keep But he will not mourn alone.

He who has a friend may fall Bruised and broken in the fight, But his friend shall hear him call And shall seek him through the night.

He who has a friend may know For the work he has to do, Wherever he may go That he owns the strength of two.

To his own, through good or bad, From beginning to the end, When he needs it he may add All the treasures of his friend.

Famous Catch-Phrases

SECRETS OF THEIR SUCCESS.

They ask me sadly why I am downhearted; What secret sorrow corrugates my brow; I answer: "Sir, our glory has departed."

"We have no catchword now!" So sang a poet some fifteen years ago, and certainly at that time there was no current phrase so universally popular as "Yes, we have no bananas" is to-day.

The necessary qualifications for a popular catch-phrase would seem to be Simplicity and Stupidity, and without a doubt those two ingredients abound in the phrases that have tickled the senses of the people during the last hundred years. In 1830 the small boy of the period would rudely remark to his elders, "How are you off for soap?" or, more rudely still, "Go to Bath and get your head shaved." Some five years later the slogan became, "Go it, ye cripples," while in 1858 a phrase was coined that remained topical for two generations. That was the famous "Does your mother know you're out?"

"Where Did You Get That Hat?" Catch-phrases, by the way, in the form of questions have frequently reached a high degree of popularity, as witness the one invented in 1840, "Do you see any green in my eye?" In the 'nineties, "Have you seen the Shah?" and "Where did you get that hat?" attained an equally wearisome vogue.

The year 1839 gave to the world the classic "Jump, Jim Crow," while in 1841 the advent of the first public hoop-kickers led to "That's the ticket for soap." No further meteoric phrase occurred until 1850, when "All Serene" lit up the comic firmament; and after that there is a long and blessed wait of ten years. But the year 1860 was a true vintage year. In those short twelve months were coined such universal favourites as "Keep your hair on," "Give a bird" (both typical to-day), "Not for Joe," and "How's your poor feet?"—an absolutely unique collection.

"Not To-day, Baker."

In 1865 the social verbal plesantry was "Not to-day, baker," which had its origin in a phenomenally successful music-hall song. In the 'seventies and 'eighties there were many catch-phrases, but none worthy of inclusion in this column, which is only reserved for those of abiding interest. But with the arrival of the 'nineties they blossomed thick and fast. In 1890 "Mind the step" instantly achieved immortality, and then in quick succession through the following years came those world-beaters: "Get your hair cut," "Now we shan't be long," "Let 'em all come," "What hol' she bumps," rising to the classic pinnacle of "Pip-pip" and "There's hair!"

As Sir Walter Scott would have said, "Prodigious!" The Great War was not responsible for many catch-phrases. Possibly the best known, if put to the vote, would be "That's the stuff to give the troops."

Anyhow, any impartial person who has read through this article must assuredly agree with my contention that Simplicity and Stupidity make up the recipe for a successful catch-phrase. HARTLEY CARRICK, in John O' London's Weekly.

Others are pleased, why not you? with Sam Eddy, The Taxi Man. Phone 1551J.—nov.11



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