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(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental Col-
lege, Garretson Hospital of Oral
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General Hospital.)

176 WATER STREET.
(Opp. M. Chaplin's.)

Jan 13, t. h. s. f.

PATENT NOTICE.

Four weeks from the date hereof
application will be made to His Ex-
cellency the Governor in Council for
Letters Patent for new and useful
improvements in and relating to Ro-
tary Engines, Rotary Pumps, Air Com-
pressors and the like not heretofore
known or used, to be granted to Er-
nest Feuerherd of Walton, 50 Lower
Oldfield Park, Bath, England, Engi-
neer.

Dated this 27th day of January, 1920.
E. T. McGRATH,
Solicitor.

Jan 27, feb 10, 17

Hotel Clerk: "Is this hundred-pound
note the smallest thing you have about
you?"

Departing Guest: "I am afraid it
is."

Clark (to bell-boy): "Here, take this
bill out to one of the waiters and ask
him to change it."

Highwaymen.

By F. O. D.

(In Toronto Saturday Night.)

Have you ever held up, Friend Reader? Of course, you have, but we don't mean that way. We are not referring to the grocer and the butcher and the gent's outfitter and all the other knights of the road who are continually holding up the poor old public these days and removing every-thing except his rheumatism and the gold filling in his teeth.

What we mean is, have you ever while strolling home drowsily from a moist and hilarious party, per- chance, had a person in a mask stick a gun in your face, and then while you were frantically clawing the air with both hands, deftly lift your watch and your wad and possibly your overcoat—presuming that it was the sort of overcoat a really nifty highwayman would consent to be seen in? Has this ever happened to you?

No, we have never been held up, but there is nothing about our appearance that would suggest to the discriminating footpad that we were worth "frisking." There is nothing conspicuous about our clothes—except possibly their age—and there are no bulges in them to indicate the habit of carrying around a wad of paper money. Besides, we don't keep the hours which are popular with the highwaymen's union. It is true that now and then we sit in a friendly little game—ten-cent limit—but the bandit who caught us on the way home from one of these wouldn't get even a car-ticket. It is our custom to give everything to the kitty—no, not Kitty! In fact, if the thing was nice about it, we would be perfectly willing to go fifty-fifty with him on any-thing he found. We would even help him to search.

But if we haven't been held up, some of our friends have—their ap- pearance, no doubt, being considerably more prosperous than ours—and that is why we have thought it well to bring this whole question up and dis- cuss it seriously. Only the other night, for instance, a journalistic friend of ours was returning from a little after-Christmas party. Being a quite informal affair, it broke up at the early hour of two-thirty, and our friend was able to climb into the right night-car and get off at his own street. At real parties, of course, they either don't go home at all, or they are taken in the police ambulance.

Well, our friend, who is a man of large and impressive personality—about two hundred and fifty pounds in his summer underwear, we believe—was strolling along the quiet street where he lives, when he was hailed by a couple of men in a motor car across the street. The car was drawn up to the curb, and a man was stand- ing beside the hood, as though he were about to do some work on the machine.

"Oh, I say, would you mind giving us a hand?" he called. "We're stuck."

This being the blessed season of peace and goodwill, and our friend being more than usually full of Christmas spirit—the sort that ladies bring from Montreal wrapped up in their kimono—he toddled over to lend a friendly hand about the size of a meat-pie.

"Whassa matter?" he asked genially. The man standing beside the hood stepped up to him and shoved some- thing shiny and hard against his shoulder.

"Come across," he growled, "and no noise, or I'll plug yuh."

Our friend had read many dime novels and been to many western movies in his time, and he knew ex- actly what to do. Without a moment's hesitation he reached up both hands and hung them on his ears—that's about as high as a man of his build can get them both at once. He gasped a few times to recover his breath and his bearings, and then his wanted fluency returned to him. With the clearness of inebriation he realized that the whole thing was a joke.

"Boys," he said in his most unctuous tones, "I thank you. Here I am, a poor newspaperman, with Christmas just over and my next envelope three days away. I had to borrow ten cents to get home in a night car—they wouldn't trust me with enough to get

a taxi. And yet you hold me up! It is a compliment and I thank you."

All this time the local Claude Duval was struggling with his coat buttons, trying to get at those sacred vest pockets where the average man carries his wealth, his watch, and his tooth picks and matches. But our friend is of such proportions that even when his arms are hanging by his side it would be difficult to loosen his coat—he has to exhale to do it him- self—and with his hands up in the air, it would take Houdini himself to unfasten the buttons. The bandit fumbled and pulled and cursed, while our friend looked approvingly on and made helpful suggestions.

"You better start at the bottom and work up," he said. "The top button is always the hardest. But honest, it isn't worth while, boys. There isn't a thing worth taking, except my watch. It's a good one, and it's down in the little pocket on the left hand side. I know it's a good watch, be- cause I paid two dollars for it only three years ago, and it's been keeping dandy time ever since. I'd kind o' miss it, but if you boys would really like a good watch, I don't mind letting you have"

"Oh, shut up," growled the exas- perated gunman, and he made a still more desperate effort to get the coat unfastened. While he was struggling, the beard which concealed the lower part of his face was pulled slightly to one side; and out fat friend became more than ever convinced that the whole thing was a joke, and that these bandits were merely a couple of wild lads with a distorted sense of humor.

He had suspected this from the first—this shows what half a bottle or so of Scotch can do to give a man nerve—and now he was sure of it. He felt that he could speak freely, and he did.

"Oh, you little rascal," he chuckled, patting the bad man on the head, "one of these days you'll pick on some nervous fellow, and he'll be frighten- ed, and then you will get into trouble. Naughty, naughty!"

The bandit swore with superb abandon and made threatening mo- tions with the revolver, but still our friend wheezed merrily on.

"Did auntie give you a pretty itty gun for Christmas?" he asked, mak- ing playful efforts to grab it. "But you mustn't play rough games like this with it, or auntie will be angry, and papa won't have a tree for you next time, and Santa Claus may send back your letters unopened."

It was no use—they couldn't frighten him into silence, and the other bandit at the wheel of the car was getting obviously nervous. He kept hanging over the side of the machine, gazing frantically up and down the street; and at last he could stand it no longer.

"Jump into the car, fer gawd's sake!" he said. "Can't you see that guy is stalling along until a bull comes in to sight, and then he'll yell for help? Jump into the car. Do you want to be pinched?"

The first bandit hesitated, but it was clear that he too, felt rather nervous about it. It seemed impos- sible that a man should be so cool and chatty while he was being held up, un- less he was playing some very subtle and daring game. So with a final vitriolic flow of profanity, he leaped into the car. There was a roar from the motor, and the machine went around the corner on two wheels, while our friend shouted lusty adieus after it.

"Goodbye, boys, what's your hurry? Just when we were having a real nice, old-fashioned time. If you come back I'll get the watch for you myself. Goodbye—kiss auntie for me."

And then next day he came down to the office with the chastened feel- ings of the morning after; and on the city editor's desk was a description of the two men who had held him up, and an impressive array of highway robberies which they had committed in that very neighborhood during the evening. Cold perspiration broke out all over him, as he thought of the risk he had been running.

"After this," he confessed to us, "an inmate of the old men's home can hold me up with a clay pipe and get every- thing I have just for the asking. In

fact, I'll wear my overcoat open so they won't have any trouble."

But, of course, that is how he feels about it while he's sober. Personally, after such an experience, we would immediately send a heavy order to Montreal; and we would never think of being out after dark without the protection of a large, joyous bun. It is much pleasanter and safer to carry than a revolver.

You see, the whole system in deal- ing with highwaymen is to be confid- ent. Confidence is the secret of suc- cess in holds-up, as in swimming or shots from the tee or any other sport. Of course, it is not always easy to be confident. Without some assistance a man's coolness and savoir-faire are liable to desert him while he is look- ing down the hole in a gun barrel which seems about as big as the end of the St. Clair tunnel. That is just where the fermented beverages of Scotland are likely to prove so helpful. Imagine a Prohibitionist in the position of our obese friend on the night in question! Would he have playfully called the highwayman a little rascal? Certainly not. He would probably have scream- ed for help and got shot for his pains—though we have an uneasy convic- tion that it would be just our luck to have the bandit miss him. Our modern knights of the road are such sloppy performers—no finesse!

It was very different in the grand old days of Dick Turpin and Claude Duval. Then to be held up was a sort of social privilege, so far as we have been able to learn from our favorite historical novels. The thing was done with an air, you know—a dark night on Hounslow Heath, a splendid fellow suddenly prancing up on a superb horse, a silver-mounted pistol held at a jaunty angle, a few brisk but courte- ous directions to the gentlemen in the coach, a passing-over of bags of clink- ing guineas, some pretty, compli- ments and apologies to the ladies of the party and then a clattering-off in- to the romantic darkness.

That would be a picturesque ex- perience, something to look back on with a not unpleasant thrill. But when your bandit comes tumbling out on you from a smelly motor car, which he has stolen somewhere, and proceeds to go through your clothes with the tact and skill of a police ser- geant, the thing loses its charm. It is so dull and uninteresting, and there is nothing romantic to go home and tell your wife about. In any case, wives are much more suspicious nowadays, and the man who goes home without his money and his watch is likely to have a hard time convincing his spouse that he didn't lose the loot at a poker party or blow it in entertaining a visiting chorus.

As for our landlady—if we were held up and robbed, we wouldn't dare mention the matter to her. She would merely conclude that it was another effort on our part to avoid our finan- cial obligations. Our only hope is that if we are ever "frisked," the bandit will shoot us up a little—not much, you know, but just enough to win us our freedom.

"But that's not an alligator-skin bag. Where are the wrinkles?"

"Ah! Wrinkles are out of fashion, miss. You see, this alligator had its skin massaged."

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By Gene Byrnes

