

The Roast Beef of England

COLMAN'S D. S. F. MUSTARD is largely associated with the fame of England's roast beef, having been used with it for over a century.

Colman's D. S. F. Mustard

eaten with roast beef and other meats, fish, game, poultry, cheese, etc., causes better digestion, and assures full nutrition.

It has received the highest awards at exhibitions all over the world.

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The History of Sneezes.

A joke is a joke and a sneeze is a sneeze but a sneeze is not a joke, as a rule, though the dictionary, somewhat mechanically and facetiously, says that it is "the convulsive motion and explosive sound attendant upon the ejection of air through the nose or mouth." This may be true, though I have little faith in dictionaries, says Le Touche Hancock in the New York Post.

A great many people, when they sneeze, are like Mrs. Sparrit. You have forgotten who Mrs. Sparrit was? Tut, tut! turn to your "Hard Times" by a somewhat celebrated author, Charles Dickens, and read: "Mrs. Sparrit with a violent cold upon her, and her stately frame so racked by continual sneezes that it seemed in danger of dismemberment." Mrs. Sparrit's condition at the moment was certainly no joke, and we have all probably been in the same condition at some time or other.

The sneeze or a sneeze has an interesting history. From the time of Adam to the days of Jacob sneezing was a Divine sign of death, but Jacob, by making sacrifice and prayers, succeeded in changing it to a sign of life. From Jacob's day you may have noticed that all babies have sneezed on coming into the world.

The first man that sneezed was so surprised that he couldn't understand what was happening, and straightway went and insured his life. Our ancestors were equally alarmed and astonished by their sneezes, and when gradually the idea of spirits and gods and devils developed to account for mysteries, naturally the sneeze came in for its share of superstitious explanation.

One of the loudest sneezes recorded by history was delivered by Themistocles the Athenian. He and his fleet were just putting out to sea on a hazardous expedition when he sneezed so heartily and loudly that it startled the entire fleet. The sailors took the

sneeze as a bad omen and demanded that he instantly return to port. Themistocles, however, rose up and spoke thusly: "And do you wonder, O Athenians, that amongst so many there should be one with a cold in his head?" These brave words restored the shattered confidence of the sailors and they sailed off to victory without more ado.

Then there is the famous sneeze of Zenophon. This sneeze decided the fate of Athens. There came a moment in one of his wars when his soldiers were wavering. Suddenly one of his soldiers sneezed loudly—extremely loudly. The idea was promptly spread by some ingenious officer that the gods had employed the sneezing soldier's nose as a trumpet wherewith to sound the blast of victory. Inspired by the idea, the army made up its mind to do or die, and to save Athens.

Eastern legends would have us believe that in the place of everlasting fire sits a judge who keeps a book in which the names of all mortals are written. Every day he turns one page and this settles what mortals are to come into his presence for judgment. As the leaf is turned each of the chosen ones sneezes.

In ancient Greece the sneeze was greeted with "Joy preserve thee!" In Italy with "Felicite!" In Germany with "Gesundheit!" In France with "Bonne Sante!" In England with "God bless you!" and in this country generally with "Oh, stop it!"

In England the North country folks have a rhyme which runs:

Sneeze on a Monday, sneeze for danger!
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger!
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter!
Sneeze on Thursday, you get something better!
Sneeze on a Friday, you sneeze for sorrow!
Sneeze on a Saturday, loves comes on the morrow!
Sneeze on a Sunday, you'd best satisfy seek.

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KEPT secret and special and personal for you is

WRIGLEY'S in its air-tight sealed package.

A goody that is worthy of your lasting regard because of its lasting quality.

Three flavours to suit all tastes. Be SURE to get

WRIGLEY'S

Sealed Tight Kept Right

The Flavour Lasts

MADE IN CANADA



Trade supplied by MEEHAN & COMPANY, St. John's, Nfld.

The devil will have you the rest of the week!

This little ditty has not yet been set to music, although a sneezing sard-band might well be developed out of the interesting lyric.

There are times to sneeze and times not to sneeze. Aristotle believed that a sneeze in the morning was a good augury, but in the afternoon a bad augury. If the ancients sneezed when they were going on a fasting journey they promptly went back to bed. They considered the moment was not propitious for rising. If a Hindoo sneezes while he is bathing in the Ganges and before his prayers are finished he begins say them all over again from the beginning. Some people say that one sneeze brings good luck, and a double or treble sneeze bad luck. But there is certainly a time to sneeze and a time not to sneeze. The most awful time to sneeze is when making a proposal of marriage to a lady. A whole volume of fiction was once fashioned out of the idea that the hero sneezed half way through his proposal. In consequence he lost his opportunity and never recovered it.

I have said that a sneeze is no joke. It isn't, but it may lead to hilarity. Such occasions do occur. It was only the other day that some one said to me in an extremely rude tone of voice, "Oh, I can keep my eyes open." At that moment he sneezed. This gave me my opportunity for a splendid repartee. I replied on the instant, "Yes, and if at the same time you kept your mouth shut you'd be perfect!"

WINTER WINDS.

The winter, slow dragging, is spilling our lives the wild winds are nagging like Billingsgate wives; all day they are rapping, they give us a pain; all night they are chanting a dippy refrain. The wild winds are bolder than wild winds should be, and keener and colder than bergs in the sea; they come and deliver a smart, and a sting, and sufferers shiver and clamor for spring. And spring will be slippin' along pretty soon, and spring is a pipkin, with roses of June. And how we will love her, the garlanded spring, when mockingbirds hover around us and sing! If winter were banished, to come back no more, we'd find, when it vanished, that spring is a bore. We wouldn't be grateful for breezes of May, if winter, the hateful, were out of the way. The long night is chilly, and plastered with snow; the mercury's silly, its fourteen below; and thus we're in training the spring to enjoy; so cut out complaining, and cheer up my boy.

Achieving of the Goal.

(From the Boston Transcript.)
The Treaty of Versailles goes into effect in a Europe that is still shaken to its foundations by the havoc and the destruction of the last five years. It will be many years before economic and social conditions become even approximately normal again, and the currents of national life resume their customary channels. But the Treaty of Versailles marks the achieving of the goal which Europe has been looking forward to with anxious hope ever since the cataclysm of 1914—peace and a reasonable permanence in the relations between nations. Europe to-day has been delivered from the nightmare of a German hegemony. The problems of peace and reconstruction which face the statesmen of the nations of Europe are certainly no greater than the problem so successfully met by overcoming the German attempt at a mastery of the world. How quickly and satisfactorily they can be met depends ultimately on the willingness of the peoples of Europe to take up again the humble duties of peace, and their determination to set going again at full speed the machinery of national production so long arrested.

Everywoman.

(By Nina Mardock.)
I have quiet eyes of chaste Penelope And all her healthful ways, and I As with a simple song I move dispassionately
Through the persistent days, Soft as a summer breeze that winnows the sun's gold
With breath not hot nor cold.
And yet I know that I am Cleopatra, too!
With mouth for love as keen; With leaping pulse and blood as warm and rich in hue
As fired that Eastern queen. I could be wanton, too, in conquest, fierce as she
Who gladdened Antony.
So I that am two women so disguised as one
All my life long! And witness men who mark some strange thing said or done,
Some discord in my song, Dream of no cause, but cry: "All women are wrought so!"
Which is the most men know! —Sydney "Bulletin."

Getting Rid of William Shakespeare.

If William Shakespeare could come back to earth he would probably learn something about literary ethics that would cause him to hang his head in shame. At last he is being exposed in his true colors as a bigoted and insular Englishman, incapable of doing justice to other races. For some years past he has been denounced by persons of advanced thought as a Tory reactionary who dearly loved a lord and was entirely out of touch with modern political ideas. Now an even worse crime than the failure to sympathize with the aspirations of democracy is charged against him. He never rose to President Wilson's conception of the rights of small nationalities, and wantonly trampled on racial susceptibilities. As a result, he is receiving some hard knocks in the United States. Recently the Board of Education of Newark, N. J., struck "The Merchant of Venice" off the list of works for literary study in local schools, because the role of Shylock is regarded as a slander on the race of which Leon Trotsky is so distinguished an ornament. In justice to Shakespeare it must be said, however, that all Hebrews do not take his sins so much to heart. The finest performance of Shylock that has been seen since the days of Irving is now being given in London by an actor of Russian-Jewish origin, whose name we shall not attempt to spell from memory; while Jacob Adler, the leading light of the Yiddish theatre in America, used to play "the Jew that Shakespeare drew" very skilfully indeed. This, however, was prior to the time when people were thinking of the rights of small nationalities.

The example of the Newark school authorities in purging the school curriculum of the offence, has but added to Shakespeare's troubles. Acting on this precedent, a New York organization, known as the League of Scottish Veterans of the World War (your Scotsman is great at forming societies) has demanded the suppression of "Macbeth" because in that tragedy a Scottish king is presented as a traitor and a murderer. It has forwarded a copy of its resolution to the Newark Board of Education, but we are left in doubt whether this was intended as an expression of sympathy or not. If it was, this revival of fraternal feeling is touching and recalls the old legend that the lost ten tribes emigrated to Aberdeen.

If various other organizations will keep up the good work, we shall probably get rid of Shakespeare altogether. The Sons of England have good grounds for pointing out that in "Richard III" and many of the other historical plays English monarchs are held up to opprobrium. Welsh susceptibilities are trampled on in the characters of Fluellen and Sir Hugh Evans. The dramas of "King Lear" and "Cymbeline" deal with the villainies of the ancient Britons, who were probably of the same blood as the modern Irish. These dramas certainly constitute an affront to all persons of Celtic blood. A few of the comedies might survive; but a little research would probably reveal many causes of offence. There are several Italian and Spanish villains who figure in them, while from another point of view, that of general desirability, many characters (Falstaff, for instance) are unsuitable acquaintances on a continent which is now staging a spiritual awakening with the assistance of the press.—Saturday Night.

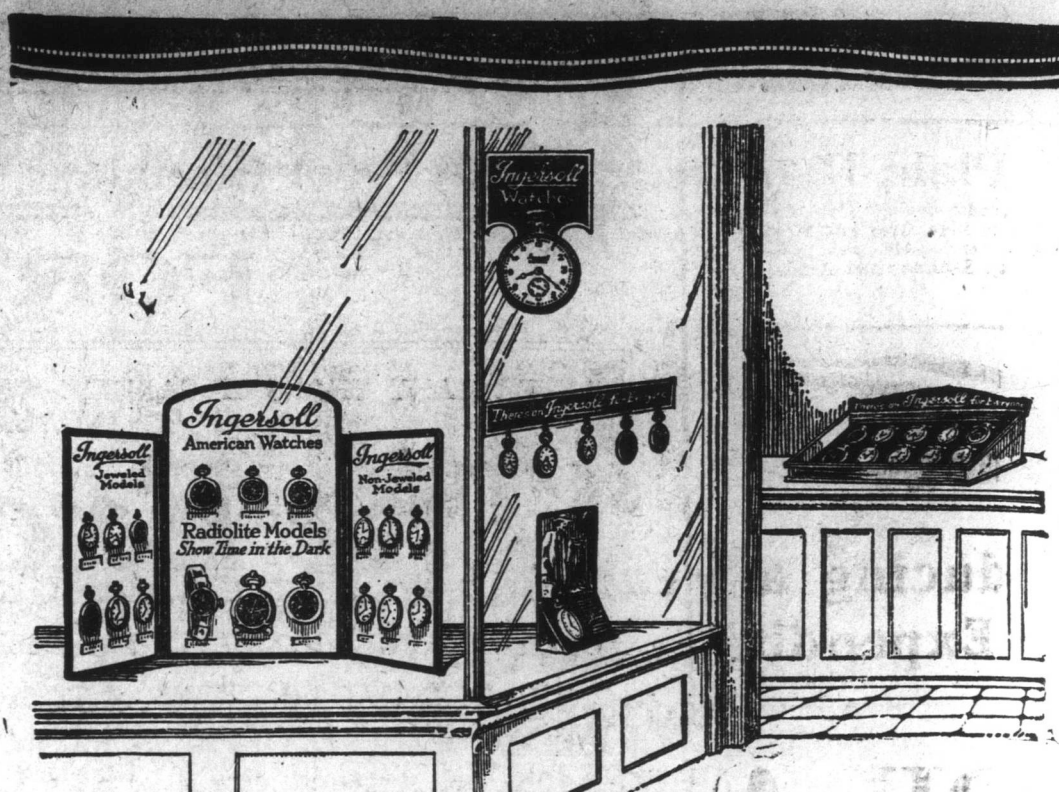
Saving the Boy.

We have heard a lot of talk lately about "saving the boy," and hysterical women rushed around soliciting votes for the destruction of the "demon rum." But what is the use of saving the boy from rum, if he is to be taught the instincts of sin and crime and passion in the movies? Lawless passions running rife, divorce, attempted assaults, etc., etc., are amongst the bill-of-fare in some of the latest most popular "films." The youth of the present day are having a riotous feast of unreason set down before them at their most susceptible age. When they get through with the lessons of the movies it will not much matter whether they drink rum or not.—Catholic Register.

"SKIN THE CAT"

But if you won't exercise vigorously you must take "Cascarets."

There is nothing like bending exercises, taking long walks, or chopping wood to keep the liver and bowels active, but most folks take their exercise in an easy chair. Such folks need Cascarets, else they suffer from sick headache, sour, acid stomach, indigestion, colds and are miserable. But don't stay bilious or constipated. Feel splendid always by taking Cascarets occasionally. They act without gripping or inconvenience. They never sicken you like Calomel, Salts, Oil, or nasty, harsh Pills. They cost so little too—Cascarets work while you sleep.



SIGNS OF AN INGERSOLL DEALER

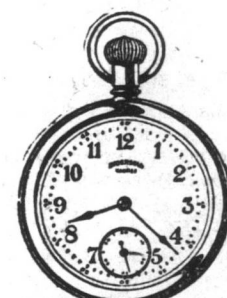
How to Buy a Watch

WATCHES vary in price and in quality. Some only look good.

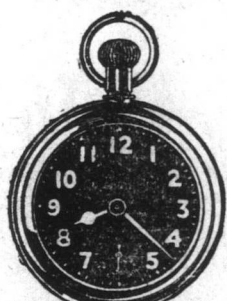
Sensible people nowadays are looking for *quality* in the time-keeping mechanism and *good looks* rather than *fancy appearance*.

Ingersolls are guaranteed time-keepers. They are reliable. People have faith in them. Quantity production (five million a year) makes them low-priced as well as good-looking and accurate.

Decide on one of the fifteen different Ingersolls, and look for the store that shows the advertising illustrated above.



YANKER
The most famous watch of the Ingersoll line, and the lowest priced.



RADIOLITE—tells time in the dark. Radium does it.

Ingersoll Watches

There are fifteen different Ingersolls, including jeweled models and the famous Radiolites that tell time in the dark. No matter how low the price the quality is there. Always look for the INGERSOLL on the dial.



RELIANCE
Seven jewel, thin bridge model. Solid nickel or gold-filled case.



WATERBURY
RADIOLITE
A small sized Radiolite or watch, nickel, solidly case and jeweled.

Religion and Happiness.

(By Mr. J. E. Middleton.)
Goethe said that Christianity was a religion of sorrow. Another writer less eminent, but, in this case, more just, expressed the opposite view in a rhetorical question.
"Why should the children of a King, Go mourning all their days?"
In our time, men are beginning to realize that happiness comes from the greatest measure of self-realization. The young man rejoices in his physical strength. The intellectual rejoices in his power of thought. It is only reasonable that the man who has trained his spiritual nature to larger vision and greater activity should rejoice in his spiritual strength. There is no trace of egotism in such enjoyment. A trained musician hears the C Minor Symphony by Beethoven with ecstasy. He is not admiring his own power of appreciation, but rather the genius of the composer. Similarly, as soon as any natural gift is enlarged by exercise, the pleasure of the man is increased.
The early Puritans who groaned at their work and at their worship, the

men who labelled themselves and their Maker by calling one another "poor worms," were extremists, with a distorted view of life and its privileges. They were the men who denounced laughter and frowned on the play of children. Some of them were great and notable figures who served their generation well, but it is probable that less whining if the nose would have improved them materially and would have given them a greater influence. One wonders what they thought of praising the Lord "with the high sounding cymbals." King David's touches of "triviality" must have been distressing to them.

There is no aid to happiness so effective as a good conscience. The man who disciplines himself by doing his best in all activities; the man who moulds his daily life after the highest pattern; the man who has complete confidence in the Divine governance of this world is not a "mourner here below." He thrills to every stimulus. He lives the fullest, the most satisfying and the most joyous of lives. Christianity is not a religion of sorrow. It is rather the road to happiness.

Household Notes.

An adventurous pair of patent leather pumps are scarlet-toed and scarlet-heeled.
A black toque of camel's-hair is thinly fringed with monkey fur tucked into all its folds.
A smart hat in caracul has two long sweeps of uncured ostrich drooping at each side.
Black, brown and navy taffeta, worked all over in eyelet, is used for afternoon dresses.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Sirs,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for the past 25 years and whilst I have occasionally used other liniments I can safely say that I have never used any equal to yours.
If rubbed between the hands and inhaled frequently, it will never fail to cure cold in the head in 24 hours. It is also the Best for bruises, sprains, etc.

Yours truly,
J. G. LESLIE
Dartmouth.