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E. W. Moore
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The Gang at Tucker's.

VISIT A SICK FRIEND AND ARE
ENTERTAINED NOT WISELY
BUT TOO WELL.

Tuesday night I visited the abode of the Tuckers and found all hands on deck as busy as sailors. Mrs. Tucker was kneading a pan of dough, while Tucker on the north east corner of the room was busy sewing a "teevee" on his boot. The "Cute Man" was on the Port Side of the stove with both feet in the oven, reading out the list of Citizens "confined to their homes suffering from severe colds."

Looks as if all hands are working overtime says I as I took a seat in front of the Bogie. We're always busy up here, says Mrs. Tucker, 'tis the only way poor people can live now-a-days.

The "Cute Man" having finished the list of prominent citizens, who were chronicled as being sick, Mrs. Tucker said, strange thing you never see anything of a poor man being confined to his room. Now Sam Hipditch up on the Hill is sick this fortnight but not a line appeared in the papers about it. As soon as I have the bread in rise I'm going up to see Sam and I want you all to come with me.

Tucker objected to accepting the invitation giving as his reason that if all the Gang went the neighbors would think that Hipditch had passed in his checks. The "Cute Man" said visiting sick people was gone out of fashion. In days of old, said he, neighbors tumbled over one another when a friend was sick, in an united effort to get him on his legs again. If you had soup for dinner your wife brought over a jug of soup, and if a man was lucky enough to be laid up in the spring of the year the neighbors brought him stewed flippers. But that day is gone, says the "Cute Man," folks have become too grand for such treatment. Delaney came in while the "Cute Man" was specifying and the "Cute Man" subsided.

What's the latest, says Mrs. Tucker, as she scraped the dough from her fingers.

Not much, say Delaney, I hear Sam Hipditch is pretty low.

We're just about to go up to visit him says Mrs. Tucker. Wait a minute till I get my togs and away we go. We all went out in single file, Mrs. Tucker leading the way, followed by the "Cute Man," Delaney and me. Tucker remained, promising to have a hot cup of tea ready when we returned. He said we'd need it.

Up the Hill we went, Mrs. Tucker going into a store to buy a crock of Jam and a few oranges.

Mr. Tucker is strong on Jam and Oranges for sick people.

We arrived at Hipditch's and Delaney knocked at the door. A minute passed and no response. Delaney knocked again, this time a little louder. After awhile waiting we heard someone coming, and the door being half-opened, who appeared but Hipditch himself.

We heard you were very sick Hipditch, says Mrs. Tucker, and we came up to visit you.

So I am, says Hipditch, sick enough to make my will. Come in says he and he switched on the light in the hallway.

Mrs. Tucker again led the way mak-

ing a beeline for the kitchen. But Hipditch intervened and switching on the light in the Front Room invited us into this select apartment.

When seated Mrs. Tucker enquired about Mrs. Hipditch. Sam said she and Matilda had gone to the show at the Majestic.

Mrs. Tucker's eyes blazed with indignation. Hipditch sick and his wife and daughter at the show, was the like ever heard of in any christian community?

How do you complain, says The "Cute Man" as he cast a sympathetic glance at Hipditch.

Terrible pains in the back and head says Hipditch, and no sleep.

That's a complaint that's going, says Delaney.

Hipditch started in to describe his maladies more graphically but Mrs. Tucker stopped him by asking what did the Doctor order.

That settled it. Hipditch made a bounce for the kitchen and returned carrying a half-pint bottle of medicine. He handed it to Mrs. Tucker and asked her to taste it. Mrs. Tucker tasted it and handed it to The "Cute Man." The "Cute Man" tasted it and handed it to Delaney.

Delaney pretended to taste it and handed it to me. I held it on until they started in talking again and escaped tasting it.

Bitter stuff says The "Cute Man," I'd say there's barks in it.

Never knew any one to taste medicine says Mrs. Tucker, that didn't say there was barks in it.

While Hipditch was talking about the Doctor and the medicine. I took a glance about the Front Room. There was sufficient furniture in it to start a young man in business, in fact there were so much crammed in the room that it was impossible to move about.

The grate was as black as the ace of spades and the room was heated just enough to prevent one from being frostbitten, by an oil stove. Photos by the score adorned the mantelpiece, and here I made the mistake of the evening. You have a nice lot of Photos Hipditch, says I, more to keep the conversation going than anything else, and immediately Hipditch started in showing us the Photos. Here was Susan Jane, now in Boston and doing well. Here was her husband. He had a splendid job in a big wholesale warehouse. As he told us of Susan Jane and her husband he passed the Photos to Mrs. Tucker. She looked at them, and passed them along to us. No one said anything except Delaney who passed Susan's husband and said he was a fine stout man.

Hipditch passed along a half dozen more Photos of his cousins and his cousin's wives until I nearly getting lee blind spied a gramophone over in the corner.

See you got a gramophone Hipditch, says I, just to get him to forget the Photos of his relatives "Now in the States."

Oh yes, says Hipditch, why I was almost forgetting to tell you about it. I won it and a hat-box full of records in a lottery that Din Aspell ran off last week. In a jiffy Hipditch was winding it up and then making a dive in the hat-box selected a record and put it on. Terrible heart rending screeches rent the air as a saucy voiced member of the feminine sex warbled a laughing song. We stood it boldly, Mrs. Tucker being the only one of our company to show signs of giving out.

Laughing song finished. Hipditch put on "Love me and the World is Mine."

The needle took about three minutes to get in the right groove, but after that it got through all right. This song was sung by a bass singer who had seen better days. Hipditch now started in to put in a new needle but slipped and split the box of needles about the floor. Hipditch apologized for the delay and assured us he would be ready for a new start in less than no time.

Mrs. Tucker gave a roar at Hipditch that put him almost in a trance. 'Tis fortunate, she says, that the needles gave out or I would be compelled to tell you what I think of that Gramophone. No wonder your wife and daughter are out, no wonder the cat is out. There are more people driven from their homes, on nights that you wouldn't put a dog out, by gramophones, than by any other cause.

Our charity moved us, to-night, Hipditch, to visit you. You have tortured us to death. You froze us to death in the Front Room, because you wanted

British Colonel
demands attention.



We must have the "utmost" in plug smoking

to impress us with the surroundings. No. 2—You poisoned us with your medicine—No. 3 You tortured us with a vivid description of your ailments. No. 4 You have us cross-eyed from squinting at the photos of your relatives. And last but certainly not least you have penetrated our brains with the shrieks of a raffled gramophone. Now look here Hipditch. Take a friend's advice. The first night you are strong enough, steal away at midnight and drop that Music Box over the nearest wharf. You'll find that you'll be a happier man. You will have your children around you and your wife to comfort you.

Don't get vexed Hipditch. You are no exception. Every man that owns a Gramophone thinks 'tis the best Gramophone in town. Tell the Missus we called to see you and I hope you'll soon be on the road to recovery.

We all filed out. More tired than words can tell. And resolved never again to visit a sick man, without first ascertaining, if he is strong enough to wind a gramophone.

TIM SHANAHAN.

Mother Lobster.

THE PERILOUS LIFE OF A POPU-
LAR SHELLFISH.

The old woman who lived in a shoe is familiar to all, but the old woman who lives in a shell will take more recognizing. She is a very wonderful old lady, and can do what we mortals find impossible—jump out of her skin, and this she does regularly every year.

She is a very brave old fighter. She will fight with rival lobsters, crabs and any fishes that come within her reach. She has a mighty claw for grasping, a mightier one for crushing, and six pairs of legs, so, you see, she is well armed.

Her shell is attached to her body by muscles and nerves, and she moves by the aid of her tail. With one backward sweep she glides quickly forward, and a good pull will send her scudding backwards underneath the rocks. If you go near to her and frighten her, she will throw off her claws at you, hoping to scare you away. In time she repairs this damage to herself by growing some more claws.

She lays her eggs in August and September, each of which she attaches to her shell in a wonderful way, and for the following ten months she carries them about with her. This instance shows why she only casts her shell once every twelve months.

A New Shell in Six Weeks.

Her husband and children are more extravagant in the matter of clothes, and go through the process of moulting twice a year. It takes six weeks to complete the making of the new suit, and while it is being done the poor, soft, defenceless lobster retires to some secluded corner amongst the rocks out of the way of sharks, skate, cod and other hungry fishes. As soon as he is resplendent in his new suit he emerges from his hiding-place, and feeds and grows and swells like a caterpillar.

It is a very funny thing that, although the lobster can grow a shell on nothing but sea water, it cannot make the shell go on growing, but he has to cast it off when it becomes too tight.

When the shell is about to be "slipped," the flow of lime to the different parts of the shell is stopped, and the lime that the shell already contains is absorbed by the lobster, leaving the shell horny, thin and elastic. After a time, when Nature is ready,

the softened shell splits down the back, and the warrior must come out. It sounds quite easy, but if you have ever noticed how well the flesh of the lobster fits into its claws, you will wonder how it is possible for it to manage all this by itself with only an opening in the back.

How to Hypnotise Lobsters.

But Nature comes to its aid, and the fleshy part of the claws seems turned to water, so that it can pass through the tiny joints in the claws. Shivering and afraid, the lobster creeps into some rocky pool, and there it waits until it is fully armed again. If the lobster finds that it has not enough lime to complete the coat of armour, it eats its old shell.

This moulting goes on again and again throughout the life of the mother lobster. Before a junior lobster is two inches long it has changed its suit fourteen times. After six more moults it is six inches long, and by the time it reaches the age of four years it is ten inches long, and has cast its shell twenty-five times. Until the lobster has moulted four times the claws do not pinch, but after that period its joints are supplied with what is termed a "breaking joint," with this enables to cast its claws away at will.

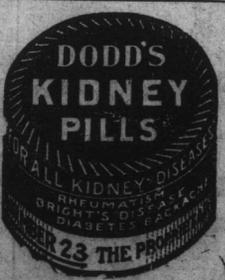
It must take a great deal of patience to keep on growing these new claws, as the lobster seems to cast them away on the slightest provocation. If a thunderstorm occurs while a number are in the "pots," they all immediately throw off their claws from fright.

Lobsters can be hypnotised by stroking their backs, if you can get the chance. When under the "stroking" influence they will not cast off their claws, but will stand on their heads or tails, and only on being thrown into the water will they regain their habitual ferociousness. — Pearson's Weekly.

Heart of Polish Patriot
Returns to Poland.

The embalmed heart of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot, which has reposed in a bronze urn in the little chapel at Chateau Rapperswil, near Zurich, since 1837, is to be returned to Poland. It will be kept at Zugwil in the Swiss canton of Solothurn in 1817 his heart was removed and retained there when the patriot's body was taken to Cracow for burial. The heart remained at Zugwil until 1837, when it was taken to Rapperswil, where it was given a special place of honor in the Polish Museum. It has been the shrine of countless Polish pilgrims since that time.

Fudge spread on crackers and allowed to cool makes a dainty confection.



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Shipping Notes.

By advice received Saturday, the three-masted schooner Pellean arrived at Barbados. Schr. Beulah Mae arrived from Gibraltar yesterday, after a passage of 20 days, bringing a cargo of salt. The auxiliary schr. Sordello was towed to port yesterday from Lewisport; she is loaded with pulp for London.

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