

**Bricks Tasteless!**  
**Bricks Tasteless!**  
**Bricks Tasteless!**

**THE BEST ALL ROUND TONIC and BLOOD BUILDER ON SALE IN THE COUNTRY TO-DAY.**

We have just received a large shipment of nearly 2,000 bottles with a similar lot due next week. BRICKS TASTELESS is still going strong and in as great demand as ever, and by the end of this year we will have sold as much as any two previous years combined.

**BRICKS TASTELESS**

will certainly help you considerably if you need a good TONIC and BLOOD BUILDER; just the thing to take after recovering from a heavy Cold or Grippe.

**Ask for Bricks if You Want Results \$1.20 per bottle**

EVERYWHERE.

**Dr. F. STAFFORD & SON**  
 (Sole Distributors for Newfoundland).

P.S.—One Bottle of Bricks Tasteless and you receive 1200 votes in the Pony Contest at Majestic Theatre. You can purchase Bricks where you like and return us the outside Carton and we give you Coupon for 1200 votes.

**Get Busy, Children!**

Tell Daddy to remember EVERY LID TAKEN FROM A QUART TIN OF "MATCHLESS" Paint is worth 1,500 Votes in The Majestic Theatre Pony Contest. For every Dollar's worth of other products manufactured by us, you gain 1,000 Votes. When buying insist on "MATCHLESS" Paints, Varnishes, Enamel, Shellacs, Putty or Oiled Clothing, Leggings, "STANYL" Disinfectant.

ROLL UP YOUR VOTES.

**Standard Manufacturing Co. Limited**

nov:14

**In Stock and to Arrive BEST QUALITY North Sydney Screened COAL.**

**M. MOREY & CO., Limited**

**SIDE TALKS.**

By Ruth Cameron.

**A PICTURESQUE IDEA.**

A friend of peace, the children, the serene old mine has an interesting idea about Hell.

She thinks it will be the place where we shall be shown what would have happened if we had made the right choices instead of the wrong ones in life.

Every day we choose. Sometimes in little ways. Sometimes in big ones. But never a day passes that we do not stand at some fork and choose one path or the other. Shall we have a doctor for the baby or let it wait until to-morrow? Shall we let Betty go on that house party she is so keen about or ought we refuse her? Shall we buy that house or wait a year and see if real estate goes down? Shall we go on the motor trip or stay at home and see that business deal, through or is it at the state where it can carry itself through? Shall we go to the movies this afternoon or take a long walk out into the country?

**A Road That Constantly Forks.**  
 What is life but a series of choices little and big, a road that continually forks? And so seldom in this life can we know where the path we did not take would have brought us. Sometimes, of course, if we could know we should be well content. Then again we should be bitterly disappointed to think how simply life could have been made different and happier for us. And it is of this knowledge that my friend suggests Hell might well be built.

The man who married the wrong woman and lives a miserable, mis-mated childless life might be confronted with a vision of the happiness he might have had with the other woman, the happy home, the

**What She Might See.**

The wife who urged her husband to take the house that was beyond his means and who finally saw him plunged into a nervous breakdown that wrecked the whole fabric of their life might be tortured by being shown the life that would have been theirs if they had stayed in their little apartment, the nervous breakdown escaped, the children kept at school and their whole lives altered for the better.

Even minor choices, had they been other, might have been the entrance to the way of heart's desire. If we had gone to the tea that day instead of staying home we might have met someone who would have changed the whole course of our life for the better. How tantalizing it would be to know that in vain!

**Don't Make One on Earth.**  
 Yes, I think my friend's conception of Hell is very clever. I am sure such suffering would be really exciting. And I am sure of another thing, too. That is, that since we know how cruel it is there is no use inflicting it on ourselves any more than we have to, as some people do. What do I mean? The people who make hell on earth for themselves with imaginary pictures of things as they might have been.

There is only one way to face life courageously and sanely, and that is marching breast forward, not with one's head turned backward over one's shoulder. We've got to make our choice as we go along to the best of our ability at the moment and, having made them, put them behind us and do the best we can as one who

"Never turned his back but marched breast forward  
 Never doubted clouds would break  
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
 Sleep to wake."



Of course Little Jack Rabbit was anxious to tell Lady Love all he had learned from Professor Jim Crow. You or three stories ago that wise old bird had instructed the lunny boy as to the way the trees and bushes store up seeds for the winds to plant and the birds to eat. How the goldenrod makes a nest in its stalk for the mother fly's egg, and, Oh, dear me, many other interesting things. Lady Love listened with a quiet smile, but when her small rabbit son began to tell her about the deserted nest of the white-faced hornets, she said, "I remember early last May watching the queen mother hornet creep from a crevice in the hollow chestnut tree where she had spent the winter. Dear, Oh dear, she was lean and hungry. All the other hornets had died from the cold—all but this one mother queen, who after sunning herself for a time, began to chew the fibre from a dead limb close by. As soon as she had chewed it to a soft pulp she flew straight to the very berry bush on which you have just seen the empty balloon nest of the white-faced hornets. It took her a long time to chew and make into paper pulp the wood fibre with which to begin the nest half the size of an egg. This was divided into small cells in each of which she laid a worker's egg. For the first brood she laid only worker's eggs so that she might have others to help her build the nest yet larger. And when the eggs hatched into tiny grubs she fed them with honey and pollen, and as they grew older, with a meat hash of insects which she caught and chewed fine. As soon the tiny grubs grows large enough to fill the cell he stops eating and spins for himself a silk covering. Then he keeps very quiet for a few days changing from a grub to a winged creature."

"Isn't that the way a butterfly comes out of its chrysalis?" asked the bunny boy.  
 "Yes, little son," answered Lady Love. "Only the young hornet is dragged out of his cell at the proper time by the queen hornet."

After a little while he sets to work, as well as all his brothers, and the queen mother, having reared her brood of workers, works no more. From then on she merely lays worker eggs to fill the new cells as they are added to the nest by the industrious hornets."

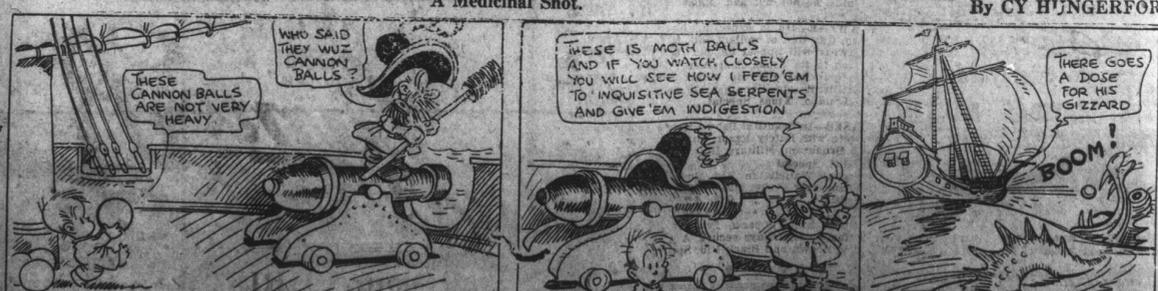
"Dear me, how did you learn all this, Mother dear?" asked the little rabbit, with such a surprised look in his face that Lady Love began to laugh. "Why, I just told you," she answered. "I watched the hornet queen for many days. That's how I learned about her ways."

Just then the tiny Cockoo Bird stepped out on the little front porch of her Clock House on the wall and softly sang:  
 "It's eight o'clock and time for bed,  
 Hop upstairs, you Sleepy Head,  
 Kiss your mother happily,  
 Don't try to linger on her knee,  
 Nor beg to wait a moment more,  
 But quickly hop across the floor  
 On willing and obedient feet  
 Into your little bedroom neat."

"Yes, little son," answered Lady Love.

**SNOODLES**

THE GOOD SHIP JIM JAMS IS ON ITS WAY. THOSE ON BOARD AT THE PRESENT WRITING ARE SNOODLES, PETEY AND ADMIRAL YACOB. BUT JUST WAIT THEY ARE GOING TO HAVE A VISITOR TOMORROW!



**GOING TO GET MARRIED?**  
 —First You'd Better See—  
**VIOLA DANA**

**Don't Doubt Your Husband**  
 A Tragi-Comedy of Married Life in the First Year  
 by SADA COWAN and HOWARD HIGGIN  
 Directed by **HARRY BEAUMONT**



RICHARD had always been so good to her during their year of courtship. He was the original "Yes, dear" kid. But Helen (Viola Dana) began to notice "No, dears" creeping into his talk as the honeymoon waned. Who was going to rule the roost?—That became the question. How much liberty was he going to have—no questions asked—It's a smash!

**MAJESTIC TO-DAY**

**"Don't Doubt Your Husband"**

THE TRAGI-COMEDY—Starring **Viola Dana** and a strong caste, in **Real Story.**

SATURDAY AFTERNOON—Special for the Children

**"North of 36"**

The Shetland Pony is Here. It's a beauty—WHO WILL WIN

**BISHOPS**

BEGINNING TO-DAY—  
 WE INTRODUCE TO THE MEN AND YOUNG MEN OF NEWFOUNDLAND

**SPECIFIED OVERCOATS**

An entirely new line—Bishop made from start to finish—A fresh demonstration of our power to give you the best Coat for the money.

These specified Coats are entirely our own product. We designed the models ourselves. We bought the Woollens. Every step in the making of them—the cutting, the tailoring, the line, hand fashioning—was carried out under our own supervision. They are made to our own specification.

After direct comparison we now present the specified line as being the finest garments obtainable in the country at \$25.00.

**Overcoats to Measure \$22.50 \$27.50 \$35.00**

SEND FOR PATTERNS.

'Phone 250 P. O. Box 920

**Found Arsenic in American Apples**

LONDON, Nov. 28.—(Canadian Press Cable.)—A batch of submissives will likely be issued against various fruit-growers of London for selling apples containing arsenic as an outcome of the finding of two fruit dealers, yesterday for selling apples from the United States which contained arsenic. The apples in question contained arsenic equivalent to one-tenth of a grain per pound.

It was stated in the police court that the poison had got into the apples through the spraying of the trees with a solution of arsenic to protect the fruit against the codling moth.

The British Chamber of Horticulture announces that arsenic is not used for spraying English apples after the apples have become the size of walnuts, and any such spray is washed away by the rains before the fruit matures.

**Ingersoll Cream Cheese**

"Spreads Like Butter"  
 Cure that cough—take Ingersoll's Phoratorone.

**Gifts Women Love**

women does not appreciate powder or cream as much as they do Face Powder and Vanishing Cream.

**Shipping**

redness called "stomach" Boston and New York on the return of the next.

**Shipping**

Luella B. Cross, Captain arrived in port yesterday and of coffee and other goods in the Straits of the Co.