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Opp. Seamen's Institute.

SIDETALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

WOMAN'S COMPENSATION.

Grow old along with me.
The best is yet to be,
The last hour of life for which the
first was made;
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God;
see all, nor be afraid!"

—Browning.

Some weeks ago I wrote about the inevitable sadness mixed with her joy that comes to a wife when she sees her grown-up daughter join her husband in the sports and amusements in which she herself used to be his comrade, but for which she no longer has the strength nor the appetite.

A Letter Friend has rebuked me. Here is what she says:

The Happiest Moments.

"I have just read your article on 'The Woman and Life,' and I think you are wrong in thinking a mother feels sad in seeing her daughter supplant her in many ways. I am so fortunate as to have no daughter, only sons, but my envy is all, not for the young people who are taking the mother's old part in life, but for the mothers who have the joy of living again their old happiness in their daughters' young lives.

"It is twice as much fun and happiness to me to see 'the children' happy as it ever was to me to play the part they are playing. When I see the daughters of my friends playing, dancing, swimming, anything young and joyous, and then look at my old friend, the mother's beaming face, I know beyond doubt that she

is having the happiest moments of her life.

Mothers Rather Than Wives.

"I suppose it may be that I am of that class of women who are mothers rather than wives, but isn't that best and even natural for us who have passed beyond the mating period?"

"I am one of the fortunate few of whom people say that I am better looking at 45 than at 25. But if I am it is in a different way, for my hair is almost white, my former slenderness grown portly, and I look every day of my age.

"But to me, at least, middle age is no tragedy but a time of harvest and fulfillment. I am far happier than I was at 25, and old age and even wrinkles hold no terrors for me. Why do people think they must chase the fleeting joys and ways of youth forever? Why not take each age as it comes—each with its own joys and compensations."

A Mellowed Middle Age.

I don't like to be rebuked, but I like that rebuke. It is such a beautiful picture of middle age as it should be. I don't quite agree with her that it is always so. I have seen women who have hung back and fought against growing older with a bitterness that crowded the natural joys of mellowed and matured middle age out of their lives. But I do agree that the picture she paints of a mother who lives a second youth in her children's youth, is the more natural. And certainly the more beautiful.

There is no question but what Nature, by giving woman the larger role in the drama of creation, has penalized her physically. But perhaps this greater ability to enjoy her children's joy than the father has, is the spiritual compensation.

THE COMPETITOR.

Dave Doodad is a spidery whose sense is rather slim; he always knocks the dealer who may compete with him. Says he, "Old Hystack Horner has a methods fierce and punk; his store around the corner is full of worthless junk.

He likes the foolish laddies who with him spend their brass; he sells them finnan haddies when they go there for bass. Upon a coin he pounces like some relentless hound, and gives eleven ounces when you demand a pound. I surely wouldn't trust him an inch, so help me John; his crookedness will bust him before the year is gone." I call on Hystack Horner when I am tired of Dave, grown weary of the scorpion who talks of chest and knave, "What think you of your rival?" I ask this Hystack wight, who says, "The trade revival is growing day and night; the business fairly races, and I'm so busy now I am not keeping cases on Doodad or his frau. The way that things are humming there is no chance in view to watch Dave's every coming, and every going too. Hard times, I think, are planted, prosperity's in reach, and so I take for granted the fact that Dave's a peach." This Hystack's toiling gladly, and sees his assets rise, and Dave is sighing sadly, while he swats the flies.

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Our Riches From the Sea

A New England industry that cannot possibly move West is that of fishing. In that branch, at least, our geographical situation gives us a permanent advantage. While in a certain sense it is one of the most hazardous of occupations, one traditionally based on luck and chance, it is in another sense one of the surest. The demand for fish as human food is not likely to abate, and with the whole ocean at our disposal the supply is in no danger of giving out. Though the fish do not run evenly every year, they always come back. Fishing is one of the oldest of human employments, and it is likely to be permanent.

New Englanders have always been fishermen. Many of them are still so employed, but of all our industries fishing is perhaps the most haphazardly organized. While there have been improvements in methods of catching the fish, in treating and storing it, there is yet much to be done, and our methods of distribution are both costly and archaic. As an illustration, suppose that fish and other forms of marine foods were distributed as regularly and efficiently as our petroleum products are to-day. Being perishable, they are, of course, more difficult to handle, but there is plenty of room for improvement.

One of the standard dishes every French restaurant provides, at least in Paris and other cities, is "Moules a la mariniere." Seasoned with herbs, they are delicious and not expensive. Now the mussels found along the New England coast are as tender as those picked on the rocks of Brittany; only our people do not know how to use them. Another marine dish, served in all "popular" restaurants at least, is "Rale au beurre." It is our scorned "skates" properly cooked and served. Down on Cape Cod the trap nets are regularly clogged with skate, which is only thrown back into the water. There is no market for skate, say the fishermen, except in Philadelphia, and to send it there costs more than the fish brings.

Every high tide on the outer Cape shore washes up thousands of skate, on which the gulls make their meals. The same is true of a flat fish the natives call "sand pads." It is a delicious fish, but somehow the demand around Boston for any kind of flounder is never very great. In New York prices are much higher, but to send a barrel of fish from Cape Cod to New York by rail is both expensive and uncertain. Yet every night the New York boat goes through the Cape Cod canal, but does not stop. "If we could put our fish on board that boat," say the Cape Cod fishermen, "we could be sure it would be in New York the next morning."

In the marketing of fish products we have much to learn from the Scandinavian countries, as well as from France. Even on Cape Cod Norwegian smoked "sardines," or sprats, are sold in every grocery store. In Norway, where the soil is poorer than ours, one family out of every six gains its living from fish—the principal article of export. In Sweden there has been during the past few years an active propaganda to make better use of sea food. University professors make research experiments to determine the movements of fish, how to catch them and how to prepare them for market. Books are published frequently on marine life. Lectures on the same subject are common. This summer special "fish fairs" have been held in several cities, showing how fish is caught and how it can best be utilized both in public institutions and in the homes.

In June the Swedish government made an appropriation for the sending of samples of salted fish to Spain and other countries where the Swedish fishermen hope to compete with the Norwegians.

There are, of course, other riches to be drawn from the sea besides fish. Our civilization is also certain to require more and more motive power and some method may yet be devised to harness the tides that flow in and out of so many New England bays and tidal rivers, winter and summer, dry seasons and wet ones, with

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Talented Local Singer Will Appear at Nickel.

MISS ELEANOR MEWS SINGS ON MONDAY NIGHT.

On Monday night, Miss Eleanor Mews, the well known local mezzo soprano soloist will appear in favorite renditions at the above theatre. Miss Mews' singing has aroused demonstrative enthusiasm, and her selection of solos is calculated to please most tastes. She is an artist to her finger-tips, and such singers are not to be heard every day of the year. The picture attraction is of an unusual high quality, being Louis J. Gasnier's newest super-special entitled "Good Women." The story really sounds a warning to women against being carried away by the enthusiasm of political or business life, and points out that after all the woman's place is in the home; that she is the builder of the world, and

that without the protection the home offers her, which is in reality the sanction of the church and her fellow-men, she cannot achieve her greatest happiness. Monday night is a night of big entertainment at the Nickel—you owe it to yourself to see this show.

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