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**SIDE TALKS.**

By Ruth Cameron.

**A LESSON FROM THE LLAMA.**

When you want to get a thing done whom do you ask to do it, the people who are always willing to help, or the people who are always loath to help?

What a silly question, you say. Isn't the answer obvious on the face of it?

Yes, it is obvious—too obvious. Indeed it seems to me one of those lines of least resistance which anyone who wants to do the squarest thing instead of the easiest thing would do well to run away from, instead of follow.

**The Women Always on Committees.**

Here is the sort of thing I mean. A friend of mine was made the chairman of a committee which has had a big job to handle. She was to pick her own committee and we were asking her whom she was going to ask to serve. "I think I shall ask Mrs. J. and Mrs. M. and Mrs. S.," she said, naming three of the club women. "Why on earth do you pick them out?" asked someone. "They are awfully lazy. Get Mrs. C. and Mrs. T. They are wonderful workers and they are always on committees."

"Exactly," said the new chairman with a snip of her black eyes. "They are always willing workers and as a consequence, everyone imposes on them. I made up my mind, when I said I would manage this bazaar that I would make the women who never do much, work, and give the others a chance to rest. That's why I picked out those very women. I don't believe in working people just because

they are willing and letting all the rest get from under."

A Daniel Come to Judgment.  
"A Daniel come to judgment," I say. Don't you?

I am a frequent visitor in a family where there is a baby and two little girls, one and eleven, who are often called upon to assist a busy mother with the care of baby brother. The nine year old is more tactful at amusing the baby than her sister and as an inevitable result is called upon twice as much. One day when I was there she rebelled. "Why don't you let Ruth take care of the baby? I do it twice as much as she does," she protested. "But you are so much more tactful with the baby than Ruth is, dear," said her mother evidently hoping to win her point by praise. Jane thought a moment and then burst out. "I'm sick of being good with him. It just makes me a lot of trouble. I'm not going to be good with him any more."

One doesn't blame her very much, does one?

**There is a Time to Think of Oneself.**

One would not blame any of these people who do more than their share of every job because they are so good at it, for deciding that it got them nowhere, and balking. But the funny part of it is they seldom do that. They don't seem to have that in them. There is a time to think of others and there is a time to think of oneself—for the sake of others if not for oneself.

There is a heat of burden in South America, seems to me it is the llama, which will not accept a burden above a certain number of pounds. Up to

that limit he is a cheerful carrier. When one pound more is placed on his back he lies down and cuts the Gordian knot of his difficulty by simply refusing to move. You can carry him if you wish but he will carry nothing more for you until you take off that extra pound. Maybe some people could learn a lesson from the llama.

**Terrible Accident.**

While coming out of the woods last Wednesday, Richard Riles, of Summerside, met with an accident, from which at the time of writing there is very little expectation of his recovery. As reported to us, Mr. Riles, in company with James Barry, also of Summerside, was coming down a hill on a sleigh, when a small stick on which he was sitting broke, and he fell catching up in the road and the other end entering his body several inches. He reached his home unaided, while his companion hastened to curling for medical aid. Dr. Fisher, who was at Corner Brook at the time attending another patient was wired to. He hastened with all speed to the scene and did all in his power for the suffering man. Mr. Riles is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Riles, of North Arm, and was married only a few months ago to Miss Sadie Pettipas of Summerside—Western Star, March 1.

**Excellent Show at the Nickel.**

PATRONS ENJOY HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.

Yesterday's programme at the Nickel was one that pleased the individual taste of the theatre-going public. The vocal side of the program was up to the usual high standard for which Miss Chase and Mr. Dale are well known. Miss Chase in her beautiful Soprano voice rendered "Neath the Autumn Moon" and "Magic of Your Eyes." Mr. Dale's splendid tenor voice was heard to advantage in "Love's Garden of Roses" and "Mother Machree."

The picture programme was equally as good, containing a mighty production of the great outdoors, entitled "The North Wind's Malice." Someone has said it's the little things that count. And true it is, for the little things easily develop into affairs of tremendous importance. In the great north the little exasperations of life grow big with serious menace. There monotonous of existence passed in scenes of swirling snow, and howling gales pounds at the gates of reason with ever mounting insistence. This big human story unfolds. It all, it will be repeated to-night at the Nickel.

**Strange Color Names.**

Names for colors have been a difficulty since the Chinese Emperor Hsueh Ti, 5,000 years ago, wore a garment dyed "The blue of heaven." The historian Agrippa d'Aubigne (1552-1630), compiled a wonderful history of tints in use in his day, among which may be cited: Color of a sick Spaniard, color of the joyous widow, the scratched face, lost time and the dying monkey. In the days of Louis XVI the names were generally more poetic—souple, d'ouffe, vive, bergere and so on, but it is to that king that we owe "puce," a name the origin of which English people seldom stop to examine. Marie Antoinette appeared once wearing a brown-colored robe. "C'est couleur puce" (it is the color of a flea), said Louis. And puce became the rage until he remarked later that her satin frock was "couleur des cheveux de la reine." Whereupon the queen's hair became the reigning shade. The extravagance of color names reached its limit in 1827, when we find in the fashion books such names as frightened mouse and free love.

National Greetings ... .. 101

Every nation has its own peculiar mode of greeting. In England "Hello!" is a characteristic salutation. When meeting the Irish say "God bless you," and on entering a dwelling "God save all here!" Of similar religious import is the dignified Turk's "God grant you His blessings!" and the former national

**NICKEL****RUTH CHASE**

Soprano.

- (A) NEAT THE AUTUMN MOON (Vanderpool).  
(B) MAGIC OF YOUR EYES (Penn).

SAMUEL GOLDWYN and REX PEACH present

**Rex Beach's**

famous story

**The North Wind's Malice**

Directed by CARL HARBAUGH and PAUL BERN.

PROFESSOR MCCARTHY at the Piano.

**GEORGE DALE**

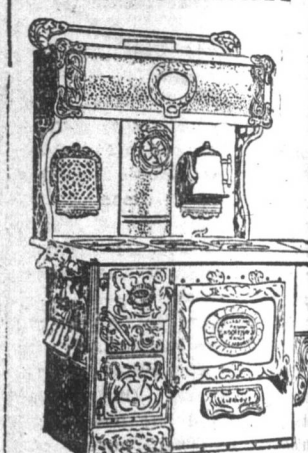
Tenor.

- (A) LOVE'S GARDEN OF ROSES (Hayden Wood).  
(B) MOTHER MACHREE (Ball).

**NICKEL****PUBLIC NOTICE.**

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned on Thursday, the 16th March, for the purchase of airship material now at Borden. Inventory of the said material can be seen at the Department of Agriculture and Mines between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. The highest or any tender necessarily accepted.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL  
Min. of Agriculture & Mines  
St. John's, N.F.  
25th February, 1922  
Feb 27, St. J., M. T. H.

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**CRESCENT THEATRE TO-DAY "EDDIE MCGINLEY,"**

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Presenting his Characteristic Comic Diversity, Fun Successes.

**Eddie has a new Programme every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.**

For a Good Laugh Take in the Crescent.

**Richness! Fragrance! Natural Purity! And Delicacy!**

Are it's qualities which appeal to discerning Palates.

**Armada** the cup that cheers**Napoleon's Page a Cardinal.**

When at the summit of his power, after Europe had bowed to his despotic rule, the great Napoleon was present one evening at the Comedie Francaise in Paris.

During the course of the performance his eye wandered from the stage over the vast throng of spectators gathered about him, until they rested finally upon his young page, to whom he was very partial (for he bore a name and title of the old noblesse—Rohan Chabot, Prince de Lebn), and who he noticed, kept his hand concealed under a fur rug that lay folded on his knees.

This strange position and lack of interest in the players, made the Emperor very curious, and, suddenly thrusting his hand into the fur, he discovered between the fingers of the page—a set of prayer beads.

At that period the Rosary was far from being in favor at the French court; and the young duke blushed, expecting a severe reprimand.

"Ah, Auguste, I have caught you!" exclaimed the Emperor. "Well, I am pleased. You are about the silly scenes of the stage. One day you will be a man." And, returning the beads to their owner, he added: "Continue, I will not interrupt you again."

The page died Cardinal Archbishop of Beascon, where he left a cherished memory of piety and good works.

**Wills and Dempsey.**

NEW YORK, March 9.—Harry Wills, the New Orleans negro, is to be pointed as a result of his victory over Kid Norfolk last night, for a title match with Jack Dempsey.

When the men fell into a clinch last night in the second round the referee made an effort to separate them when Norfolk toppled over backwards, landing on his shoulders. He arose and walked to his corner, apparently unhurt, after taking the count. Wills and the referee said the knockout blow was a short inside to the jaw.

Dempsey last night expressed his willingness to defend his title against Wills and Governor Edwards, of New Jersey, said he would approve such a match in his State if the public demanded it.

Wills is powerfully built and has

something of a wallop in his punches, and is a willing scrapper. He has a habit of holding an opponent with one arm while hitting with the other, thus exposing his jaw and body to attack. A more clever boxer, whose punching power equalled that of the negro, might break him of the holding habit.

**Plunged to Death in Unused Shaft.**

HORRIBLE FATE OF TWO YOUTHS AT SYDNEY MINES.

Tragic were the deaths of Johnnie Hollick and John Power, two youths, each about 12 years old, who plunged down an old unused coal shaft at Sydney Mines, presumably on Saturday afternoon, and were either killed outright or died as a result of injury and exposure. Their bruised bodies were recovered yesterday afternoon, more than twenty-four hours after they left their homes. The boys, who are sons of Charles Hollick and Hurray Power, who reside on the old road leading to Sydney Mines at a place known as the Tank, left home Saturday afternoon. They were overtaken on a road by a man named Collins, who was driving a team in the direction of Sydney Mines. The boys asked for a drive, which was granted, and got off the sleigh when near the old No. 3 shaft, which has been idle for up

wards of half a century. That was the last seen of the boys alive, so far as can be present be learned.

Nothing was thought of their absence until supper time came, when their parents became alarmed and a search was made for their whereabouts, which was kept up until early morning. Yesterday forenoon superintendent of mines James R. McNeill, George Greenwell, and Frank Baxendale, also officials of the Company, joined in the search, and yesterday afternoon they came across footpaths leading in the direction of the century old and unworked coal shaft.

Stout ropes were secured and after a time Frank Baxendale offered his services to be hoisted into the murky and deep shaft. At a distance of 55 feet he came upon the dead bodies of the boys. Their fall had been impeded by the presence of broken timber, two dead horses and a calf, which choked the shaft. Underneath was snow and water, which prevented the boys going to the bottom, a further distance of about 100 feet. The inanimate forms of the two boy chums whose last moments must have been terrible, especially to the Power boy, who, it is believed, lived some time after the awful plunge. Slowly and carefully the bodies were hoisted to the surface, where the grief-stricken parents and relatives received them. The double tragedy has cast a deep gloom over the whole community. Nobody can account for the

terrible affair, although the general opinion is the boys were on their way to Sydney Mines, and jumped off the sleigh at this particular place in order to take a short cut. It is claimed that in order to get inside the fourfoot wire enclosure that surrounds this old shaft it was necessary for the boys to climb over the fence, as there was only a few feet of snow at the northern corner of the shaft.

The pit was covered over, but some time ago a fall-in of earth occurred and the Scotia officials, in order to safeguard against trespassers erected the wire fence. However, there will likely be a full and complete probe into the dreadful affair, when all facts in connection with the case will be learned. In the meantime coroner Francis will hold an inquest, which will commence this evening at Sydney Mines.—North Sydney Herald Feb. 27.

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**"REG'LAR FELLERS"**

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By Gene Byrne