

## SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

## "OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES."

I was honored recently by the confidences of a young girl friend of mine. I say "honored" because it is so seldom that these young folks of our generation give us a glimpse into the workings of their minds and hearts. My little friend has a more analytical mind than most children, I believe, and yet she is just what she finds words in to clothe her half defined thoughts more readily than do most of her age. At any rate I found her explanations very interesting.

"There's a little something you just don't see," she said, "that's born of the people who lack it. For instance, people who have it never notice it. And I've noticed, by the way, that the people who really are never put on airs."

"Oh, really?"

"Little lacks that little something," she said, "that's born of the people who lack it. For instance, people who have it never notice it. And I've noticed, by the way, that the people who really are never put on airs."

it she made it seem funny instead of something to be ashamed of.

## "Tender Towards The Bashful."

"Mr. White has it. I always liked him ever since I was just a little girl. Mother was showing some callers a poem I wrote and they all laughed and said: 'Isn't this funny,' and I hated them for laughing. But Mr. White just said nice and serious: 'This is very good for a little girl,' and he didn't laugh at all. I don't believe that folks realize how careful they have to be not to hurt children's feelings."

(Just here I recalled Cardinal Newman's famous definition of a gentleman in which he describes him as "tender toward the bashful and merciful toward the absurd.")

"There's another way that 'something' shows too," she continued. "It's in 'fessing up when you've been wrong, and saying, 'you're sorry. Made me get rippin' mad and once she called a girl a liar. Afterward she was terribly ashamed and she went and told her so. She has it. That's what made her go and say she was ashamed."

## The Thoroughbred.

The grit to admit that you were wrong, the courage to joke over privations, the tact to avoid hurting someone's feelings, the gumption to make the best of disaster, the humility that makes "swank" the instinct to put others at ease—what is the elusive "something" comprising all these traits that my little friend has described?

We didn't decide what the something was, but when I suggested that the one who possesses it is a "thoroughbred," she picked the word up with a nod of satisfaction. "That's it," she said, "a thoroughbred. I like that word."

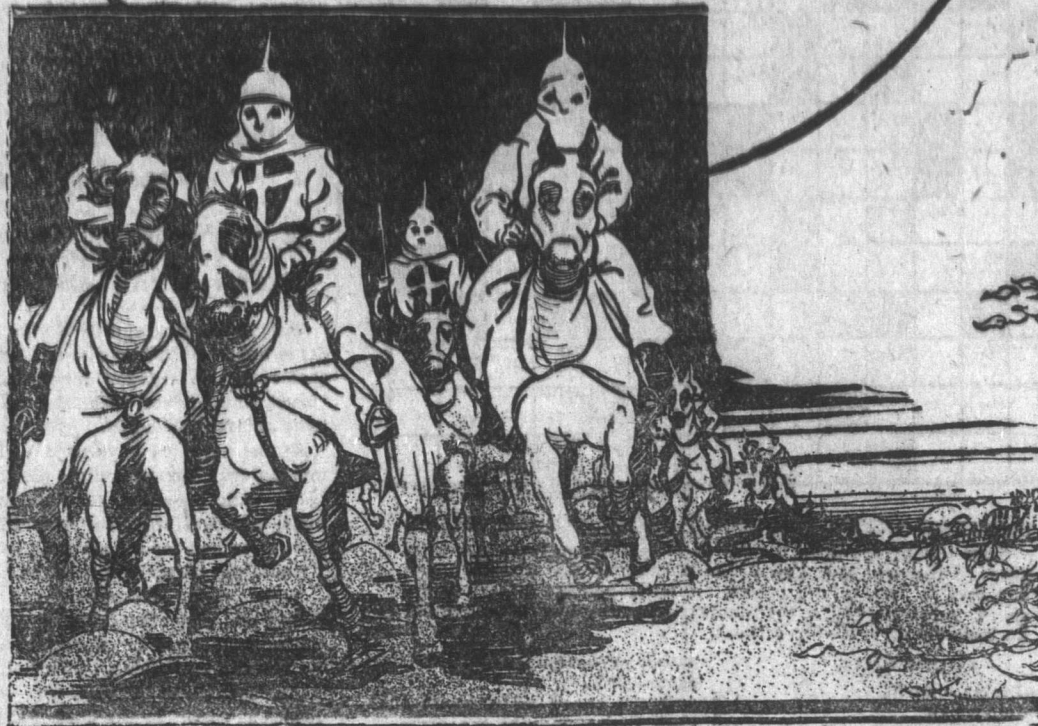
For myself, I came away from our little talk with a new respect for the wisdom that sometimes issues from the mouths of babes.

D.W. GRIFFITH'S  
"The BIRTH of a NATION"

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Also News Reel and 2-Act Comedy—Jacobson and Evans in their Musical Treat.

Kaiser Calls  
Russo-Japanese  
Treaty Ominous

London, Feb. 14.—The most ominous in post-war history in the opinion of the former Kaiser of Germany, the treaty recently signed by Russia and Japan.

Among recent visitors to Wilhelm's exile at Doorn, the Daily Telegraph's diplomatic editor, who is well informed, says the former emperor was greatly excited on the day of the treaty's signature.

"This treaty portends a tremendous change in the world's outlook," Wilhelm is said to have told his friends. "France is backing the black races and Great Britain are backing the white races."

There will Germany stand? Where will she stand?

The Kaiser is said to be far from satisfied with the present prominence of the Crown Prince in Germany.

## MERITED REBUKES.

"You rascals," I remarked to Brown, "offend me so every one; I do not like to call you down, but duty must be done. Much rather would I say my way, my course, in a sentence word, than have a carping friend striving here to make the world a modern, flawless place, to turn it to a world renowned as having grace and grace. And strangers come by every train to view these persons scenes, and oh, it fills their minds with pain to see your wretchedness. This is no place to settle down," they say, their faces grave; and so I beg you, Jasper Brown, to buy a shave." You'd think I'd profit by my words, which show that course is wrong, and burn the nests so long. Instead, I see that in the throes of anger, and he says, 'I hate to speak about your person, a thing of gorgeous dyes; I hate to criticize your back, that glimmers in the sun; for kindly things I would speak; but duty must be done. Now strangers come from east and west, from Hackensack and beyond, they come in droves, at our elbow, to make this place their scene. They come, a hundred gents a week, their savings to up-cough, when they see your crimson neck, they say 'The stuff is off.' They think we float the Volstead law when such a back's displayed, and they nearly withdraw from Punks' classic shade.' It is a disgusting job to chide the man across the way, yet duty will not be denied, and we must say our say."

WINS, A. & CHURCH up. ASE. —70c. to —40c. to COMMUNION up. OKS—All VATION—WHEAT MINALS—ited

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LEADS LINENST FOR COLDS.

## CORN

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

## Fads and Fashions

Harmonizing shades are stressed for sports wear.

Printed linen parasols are strikingly gay in color.

Ties give a spice of variety to the spring silhouette.

The uneven hem line is the rule for the evening mode.

Painted fabrics show the influence of modernistic art.

Beads and metal laces help the evening mode to scintillate.

A fig, envelope bag of black-plin morocco is striped in green.

On the new pumps, trimming is used just outside the instep.

## Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

## EPITAPHS

The Father:  
He has lived his life from day to day  
As though it soon must end.  
And when death summoned him away  
He had no wrongs to mend.

The Mother:  
No strange, untutored soul she'll be  
In that celestial sphere.  
She knew the ways of Heaven, for she  
Had been an angel here.

The Grandfather:  
If Heaven is what I think it is,  
Then he his time employs  
In making countless pretty things  
For little girls and boys.

The Grandmother:  
Her children's children count her love  
The gentlest they have known.  
Because she spoiled them with the sweets.  
She could not give her own.

The Sister:  
The loneliness is ours to claim.  
The pain of loss we knew;  
But, stranger, whatever your name,  
She was your sister, too.

RICHARD HUDNUT  
THREE FLOWERS  
TALCUM  
Your choice of the Three Flowers odor presented in a Talcum Powder box of Quality and Delicately Packaged.

## Little Jack Rabbit

by David Cory



"Whoo, hoo; hoo, hoo; whoo," sounded a screech owl from the marsh close to the Old Duck Pond.

"It is the Great Horned Owl's hunting cry," said pretty Lady Love, the little rabbit's bunny mother, as she put away the supper dishes. "No doubt his mate is snuggling down on her two big blotched eggs while he is winging his way through the open spaces of the Shady Forest, looking for a partridge at roost."

"It is only early March," answered the bunny boy, looking up from his spelling book. "Does the Great Horned Owl nest so early in the Spring?"

"Yes," answered wise little Lady Love. "And soon all the birds will be back from the south. Some morning you will wake to hear Blue Bird's song."

"That will be nice," laughed the bunny boy. "I'm so glad the long cold winter is almost over. It won't be long before I'll see dear Granddaddy Bull-frog again. Do you think he hears Great Horned Owl's cry way down in the mud at the bottom of the Old Duck Pond?"

"I'm not sure," answered Lady Love. "But, make no mistake, the old gentleman frog will hear sweet Miss Spring when she calls to the violets and pussywillows."

"Time for bed, you sleepy head," just then sang the little Cuckoo Bird, popping out of her tiny clock house on the wall.

Like an obedient little rabbit, the bunny boy kissed pretty Lady Love goodnight and hopped up to his room and into bed before that little bird had finished calling "Cuckoo" eight times. Well, he was a good little rabbit, now wasn't he? I hope all my little readers go to bed as willingly.

But it wasn't Blue Bird's song that awoke the bunny boy next morning.



It was Mr. Happy Sun.  
"Don't forget the kindling wood," advised Lady Love; "nor the Canary Bird's breakfast. The doorknob must be polished bright until it shines like a ball of light."

Out to the woodpile hopped the bunny boy and in a minute or three came back with an armful of kindling. Then he filled with seeds the little yellow bird's dish and polished the doorknob, but what he did after that you must wait to hear in the next story.

No sireebus. It was Mr. Happy Sun. With his golden fingers that merry old fellow lifted the little rabbit's eyelashes. Yes, that's what he did. And the next minute out of bed hopped the bunny boy and into his clothes. Then down to the kitchen he hopped, skittery step, to eat the nice breakfast of Clover Cereal and Carrot Cakes which his kind mother had placed on the table.

"I think I'll find Blue Bird to-day," laughed the little rabbit, folding his napkin neat and trim into the pretty silver rim.

Like an obedient little rabbit, the bunny boy kissed pretty Lady Love goodnight and hopped up to his room and into bed before that little bird had finished calling "Cuckoo" eight times. Well, he was a good little rabbit, now wasn't he? I hope all my little readers go to bed as willingly.

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## BonMarché

WATER STREET ST. JOHNS

## SEALERS NOTICE.

HAVING PURCHASED A BANKRUPT STOCK OF  
Oiled Clothing

We are in a position to offer  
\$2,000 Worth  
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All Sizes.  
Guaranteed to be of the very best quality, and will outwear any others on the market.  
\$1.90 a Garment.

THESE MUST BE CLEARED WITHIN THREE WEEKS.  
OUTPORT ORDERS—Cash must be remitted with all orders, and money returned if not satisfied that you have made the best bargain yet.

SENTENCED FOR THEFT.  
TORONTO, March 6.  
E. V. Donnelly and Harold B. Thompson, formerly employed in the office of the Provincial Secretary of Ontario, who were recently found guilty of having conspired to defraud the Province through theft of sums amounting to more than \$8,000, were sentenced by Mrs. Justice Lennox today to serve fourteen months detention in a common jail or similar place of detention, and nine months indeterminate.

Black and white cheeks are effective on a slipper of white kid.

—By Bud Fisher

## MUTT AND JEFF

## JEFF PREPARES TO HORN INTO PALM BEACH SOCIETY.

