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## The Truth About Prohibition

From the Viewpoint of an Eminent Professor.

By STEPHEN LEACOCK,  
Head of Departmental Political Economy,  
McGill University.  
(In the New York World.)

There can be little doubt that all of North America—or all of it that lies between the Mexicans and the Eskimos—is going dry. The United States has gone. The door of the beer cellar is locked and the key thrown away. In Canada eight provinces are at the actual moment dry. Only Quebec holds out—a well amid the waste.

There is every prospect that the Western world is about to go dry and stay dry. The moment is therefore fitting for one who thinks that we are making a sad error to voice a few words of regret.

To my mind the strange thing about the Prohibition movement is the queer psychology at the back of it. Few people really want it. But nobody cares to say so. Politicians wait in vain for the sign that is not given. Judges on the bench hand out reluctant sentences, wondering what they will do when the stock of wine in their own cellars is exhausted. Lawyers, doctors, professors and merchants sit tamely by awaiting the extinction of their private comfort. The working man watches the vanishing of his glass of beer and wishes that he was a man of influence with power to protest. The man of influence wishes

that he were but a plain working man and might utter a protest without fear of injury to his interests. Nor is there, so far as I am aware, a single one of the clergy to stand up and preach a sermon on the wedding feast of Cana of Galilee.

Drunkenness is, of course, a very terrible thing. It has blotted out a bright young life. It has slowly broken many a vigorous brain down to driving senility. It is a fruitful source of crime. It has desolated many a home. It has done, in short, all the things that are graphically depicted upon the lantern slides of the "temperance" lecturer.

But drunkenness is not here the point. The drunkard, after all, important though he is, does not fill the whole sky. It is a pity to destroy the comfort of the home and amenities of social life for the sake of so small and so worthless a fraction of humanity; the more so as the drunkard, under Prohibition, is apt merely to convert himself into a criminal, drinking illicit poison in place of honest beer and driving himself to ruin all the quicker.

The point that few people seem to care to dwell upon is, in the present crisis, the comfort and pleasure to be found in the ordinary and rational use of beer and wine and spirits such as is made of them by ninety-nine out of every hundred people who use them.

This cannot be measured in any scientific fashion, or submitted to the proof of a formula. It is a matter of experience. Those who have never had it are not qualified to speak. But there are countless thousands of people whose private opinions, if they would only speak it out, is that of all the minor comforts of life, from the cradle to the grave, beer and tobacco are easily first.

There has grown up in the matter a sort of conspiracy of silence. Nobody seems willing to bear witness to how widely diffused is the habit of normal wholesome drinking, and of the great benefits to be derived from it. The university where I have worked for nearly twenty years contains in its faculties a great number of scholarly, industrious men whose life work cannot be derided or despised even by the salaried agitator of a Prohibitionist society. Yet the great majority of them "drink." I use that awful word in the full gloomy sense given to it by the settable. I mean that if you ask these men to dinner and offer them a glass of wine, they will take it. Some will take two. I have even seen them take Scotch and soda. During these same years I have been privileged to know a great many of the leading lawyers of Montreal, whose brains and energy and service to the community I cannot too much admire. If there are any of them who do not "drink," I can only say I have not seen them. I can bear the same dreadful testimony on behalf of my friends who are doctors; and the same, and even more emphatic, on behalf of all the painters, artists and literary men with whom I have had the good fortune to be very closely associated. Of the clergy I cannot speak. But in days more cheerful than the present gloomy times there were at least those of them who thought a glass of port no very dreadful sin.

And, conversely, I can say with all conviction that I have never seen drunken professors lecturing to inebriated students, or tipsy judges listening to boozing lawyers, or artists in delirium tremens painting the portraits of intoxicated Senators. Moreover, among the class of people of whom I speak, the conception of how to make merry at a christening or a wedding or a banquet or at the conclusion of peace, or of any such poor occasions of happiness that mark the milestones in the pilgrimage of life, was exactly the same. I say it in all reverence—as that shown by Jesus Christ at the wedding feast of Cana of Galilee.

But these people, one might object, are but a class, and a small one at that. What about the ordinary working man? Surely he is not to be sacrificed for the sake of the leisure hours of the intellectual classes! But here, as it seems to me, is where the strongest argument against Prohibition comes in. We live in a world of appalling inequality, which as yet neither philanthropy nor legislation has been able to remove. The lot of the working man who begins day labor at the age of sixteen and ends it at the age of seventy, who starts work every morning while the rest of us are still in bed, who has no sleep after his lunch and no vacation trip to Florida, is inconceivably hard. It is a sober fact that if those of us who are doctors, lawyers, professors and merchants were suddenly transferred by some evil magician to the rank of a workingman, we should feel much as if we had been sent to the penitentiary, and it is equally a fact that we would realize just how much a glass of ale and a pipe of tobacco mean to a sober, industrious workingman—not a picture-book drunkard—after his hours of work. It puts him, for the brief moment of his relaxation, on an equality with kings and plutocrats.

It is no use to say that tobacco shortens his life. Let it. It needs shortening. It is no use to say that beer sogs his oesophagus and loosens his motor muscles. Let it do so. He is better off with loose motor muscles and a soggy oesophagus and a mug of ale beside him than in the cheerless discontent of an activity that knows only the work of life and nothing of its comforts.

The employers of labor have hitherto, through sheer shortsightedness, been in favor of Prohibition. They thought that drinkless men would work better. So they will in the short spurt of efficiency that accompanies the change. But let the employer wait a year or two and then see how social discontent will spread like a wave in the wake of Prohibition. The drinkless workman, robbed of his simple comforts of life, will angrily demand its luxuries. A new envy will enter into his heart. The glaring inequalities of society will stand revealed to him as never before. See to it that he does not turn into a Bolshevik.

Lord were the plaudits of the Prohibitionist when Russia emptied its vodka into the Neva and declared itself bone-dry. Yet look at Russia now.

But when all is said and done, there is little use in arguing or protesting against the new regime. The thing is coming. We must obey our masters. Not then for the merry days that are coming; when the lemonade shall pop at the dry banquet and the sarsaparilla foam to the top of the glass; when two old friends shall sit down,

## Mike Welch of St. John's Was Unable To Walk a Step

Since Taking Tanlac He Can Get Around as Well as Anybody.

"I had rheumatism so bad before I began taking Tanlac that I couldn't walk, but now I haven't a pain in my body," was the statement made by Mike Welch, a well-known fisherman, who lives at 12 Spencer St., St. John's, Newfoundland, in an interview with a Tanlac representative, recently.

For two years I have been troubled with rheumatism in my legs and arms," Mr. Welch continued, "and the pains were so bad that I could not raise my right arm above my waist. At night I would ache so bad that I could hardly get any sleep at all, and I was so nervous that I would actually shake. I lost my appetite and what little I ate wouldn't digest but would sour and cause so much gas to form that I would have awful dizzy spells. I had terrible pains through my back and my kidneys troubled me a great deal; in fact I was troubled with something all the time. I could get no strength or nourishment at all and lost weight rapidly, going from one hundred-and-fifty pounds down to one hundred-and-forty-five, an actual loss of forty-five pounds.

"I tried all sorts of treatments and medicines but they did me no good and finally I made up my mind to try Tanlac, as I had seen so much in the papers about what it was doing for other people. In all fairness to the medicine I must say that it has completely overcome all my troubles and put me back on my feet in fine health and able to do my work. The rheumatism has all left my legs and arms and the pains through my back have gone and my kidneys are in good condition. I have a fine appetite and can digest everything I eat perfectly, and am gaining back my lost weight and strength right along. I have not had a dizzy spell since I started taking Tanlac and at night I sleep like a log and up of mornings feeling fine. I just feel better than I have in years, and I think so much of Tanlac that I wish you would publish this statement of mine, for I believe it will be the means of helping other people who are troubled like I was."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, under the personal direction of a special Tanlac representative; in Harbor Buffet, by Thomas Wakely & Sons; in Placentia, by James Murphy & Son; and in Topsail, by J. K. Bursell—adv.

side by side with a bucket of ice-water between them; when emergency cases shall be treated with a coffee bean, and wedding guests shall trip to the merry music of the victrola filled with unfermented grape juice.

But what's the use of writing about it? None that I can see. I call any body who has read this article to witness that its tone is as fair-minded as open daylight and as kindly as a jug of red wine under a hawthorn tree. Yet I know by experience that it will bring nothing to the surface except unmeasured condemnation from the intolerant. The editor of this paper will receive, perhaps, threatening letters from Mothers' Meetings and Children's Blue Ribbon societies for daring to print it. And for myself, the lawyers and judges and doctors whom I have quoted will say that they never heard of me, and that they never took anything stronger than raspberry vinegar. Never mind. Perhaps I shall be able to get work in Hayti or in Dutch Borneo or some sensible country.

## LET "DANDERINE"

## BEAUTIFY HAIR

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Let "Danderine" save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality.

Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp, check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs this stimulating tonic, then its life, color, brightness and abundance will return—Hurry!

## The Lure of the Pearl.

Bahrain, the remote Arab Isle in the Persian Gulf, has played an important part in the eventful history of the Middle-East. Tradition says the lustrous pearls that gleamed on the breast of the Queen of Sheba were fished up from the hot, dangerous depths of these waters. And long before the flood, a great creature half man and half fish, called "Omnes," came up from the waters of Bahrain, strode ashore, and went north to teach the Chaldeans culture.

A Babylonian Princess it is said had a necklace of Bahrain pearls which

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## STEER Brothers.

was so long that even when she stood upright it brushed on the ground. This fierce, hazardous pearl quest is pursued now, just as in years past. From June to November often as many as five thousand small boats, each carrying from six to fifteen men, are busy fishing for pearls off Bahrain and along the Arab coast. It is a precarious trade, calling for courage, skill and strength. Scores of stalwart divers die each season from shark bites, the stings of poisonous rays and from other accidents.

The divers work in from five to twenty fathoms of water, although seven fathoms is perhaps the average depth. The best pearls seem to come from the deeper water.

The divers usually remain under water a minute or more. One Arab writer solemnly asserts that long ago Arab divers could stay under water for two hours (!). But modern Arab divers are not so long winded. Black pearls of sinister lustre are often found in the Bahrain waters, and many times the tiny steel colored "seed pearls" are brought up. In the busy pearling season often one thousand boats are anchored at one time off Bahrain, and Menameth, its principal port, is crowded with fishermen, buyers and gamblers. Among the sentimental and romantic Arabs a peculiar legend is current as to the origin of pearls. They say that the gems are formed from mermaids' tears, which fall into the oyster while the shell is open.

Other superstitious beliefs prevail concerning these gems of the ocean deeps. For instance, it is a common practice (only among the rich, needless to say) to powder a pearl and swallow it either as a tonic for failing vigor or to ward off impending disease or ill luck; or a maiden may rub her eyes with a pearl and thereafter, by merely gazing at a man, she may make him her slave! Black pearls, however, must be avoided, for Arabs say in them some sinister manifestation of the powers of darkness.



Wealthy Arabs have chains of pearls or "prayer beads," such as are carried by pious Moslems.

A Quinine That Does Not Affect the Stomach. Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets) can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. There is only one "Bromo Quinine," E. W. GROVE'S signature on the box. 30c—each.

## Left in the Train.

Things that people have left behind them in London and South Western Railway trains have been sold by auction. One odd lot that an absent-minded person forgot consisted of four nine inch thick stone slabs and pieces of slate and marble. A hamper of Bibles, prayer and hymn books, 140 bottles of ink, 24 tins of boot polish, 32 parcels of Epsom salts, 48 Seidlitz powders, 240 bottles of Worcester sauce, many umbrellas, two bayonets, a shield, a dummy rifle, and two dress gowns are among the "lost property." As a matter of fact most of the "heavy stuff" was "lost goods." It is not at all unusual for a truck to get mislaid, and not turn up for months afterwards. Meanwhile the owners have been compensated. When the property eventually turns up it is sold at the company's auction and the proceeds credited.

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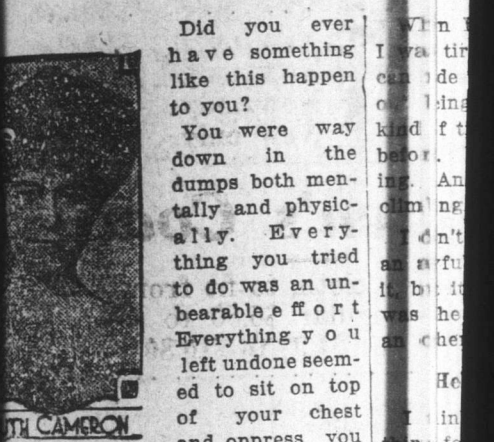
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SATURDAY—Our Special  
Sweeping Reductions in every  
ment.

Side Table  
by Ruth Cameron

THE PUSH THAT HELD



Did you ever have something like this happen to you? You were way down in the dumps both mentally and physically. Everything you tried to do was an unbearable effort. Everything you left undone seemed to sit on top of your chest and oppress you like a nightmare. There seemed a general savoredness to life. You didn't know how you ever got into a state, and you didn't know how to go about getting out of it.

The Little Thing Gave You a New Grip on Life.

And then some little thing happened. You had a chance to hear the wonderful music; a friend was moved to carry you off for an all-day trip on a perfectly heavenly boat, or some specially prized visitor took into your routine and filled your heart full of the joy of her presence and your mind full of new thoughts. And behold, when you went back to the routine you found you had a new grip upon life! Work was no longer an unbearable effort, work and yourself ceasing to fret over things, you began to feel a new power in yourself.

This is Just What Happened to Me Last Spring.

For some unknown reason things seemed to have lost their savor to me. I had gotten into a "qui bono" state of mind. After all, what's the use of all this working and hoping, even of getting what one wants, if one doesn't seem to be much point to it, when you do get it.

The Big Little Things that Pulled Me Up.

And then one of these big little things happened to me. A friend came down upon us and carried us in his machine for a two-day trip on an entirely new place. My mind was filled with the images of new things, and on top of that he filled it with new thought suggestions.

THAT ROLL OF STAGE MONEY IS CERTAINLY A GOOD IMITATION OF THE REAL THING. I CAN HARDLY TELL IT APART FROM THIS ROLL OF REAL COIN I'VE GOT.



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The gift that keeps the picture story of every youthful interest—school days and sports, the winter and summer outings, the city boy's trip to the country and the country boy's trip to the city. In all these there is fun in the picture taking and afterwards both fun and satisfaction in possession.

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