



A Footwear for Ladies of good taste, that pleases the eye by its shapely lines, the purse by its moderate price and the foot by its delightful sense of comfort.

Made by Archibald Bros. Harbor Grace

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

"PIZEN" NEAT.

A neighbor of mine went last winter to visit her son and new daughter-in-law in their home in a city some distance from here. She looked forward very much to the visit, and I expected her to be returning with pleasure when she came home. On the contrary she came home looking somewhat dejected and uncommittal about the visit.

She liked her new daughter-in-law. Yes, she house was lovely! She took her about some, to the and concerts and things. Was daughter a good housekeeper—

And then the truth came out. Her daughter-in-law was not only a housekeeper, but a terrifically neat one. She went over every day to dust the furniture, but she didn't do all sorts of things like that. That was why they were so about more. She (the daughter-in-law) would get so tired she didn't feel like doing much work was done. And, of course, the mother had to help. "I'll help her," she said, "I'll help her keep the rooms like apple-pie than my big house," she said, "I don't think my house looks as good as that!"

Handing And The Windows. Her daughter-in-law had a nice place in her living room. She used it because it would make much dirt. Every night she exercised her mother-in-law to climb a chair, brought from the room for the purpose, and laboriously removed the two sets of hangings from the windows, which must be put back in the morning. When her mother-in-law got a blotter on the blotter, on her

desk (I never could think what blotter were for if not for that) the daughter-in-law was most distressed, and showed it to an embarrassing extent. She had a white kitchen, and the hours she spent keeping every inch of it immaculately white were something beyond belief.

That's about half of what my neighbour told me. Limit of space forbids me to go on with the tale. Do you know what my New England mother (herself a perfectly respectable housekeeper) would have called that woman? "Pizen neat."

I like that expression. I don't know exactly what the "pizen" is supposed to mean, but to me it seems that the individual's neatness poisons her life and the life of those with whom she comes in contact.

Home Neither Pleasant Or Comfortable. There is no finer achievement for a woman than to make a home pleasant, clean and comfortable. But the home of the "pizen neat" woman has only one of these three qualities.

Did you ever hear the story of the first wife of Isaac Watts (or was it Isaac Newton? It really doesn't matter, for the point of the story). She was "pizen neat." She did all the things that "pizen neat" housekeepers did in those days, and tradition runs that on top of that she even taught the dog to wipe his feet. Eventually she cleaned herself out of existence, and Isaac became a widower. One day, when he was visiting, his hostess apologized for her house not being as clean as she wished it had been. "Madam," said Isaac Watts (or Newton), with great fervour, "I love dirt." One wonders if he could have said "I love my wife" with as great fervour.

Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor

Where Men Eat Maize.

We in this country use maize to feed our poultry, but in northern Italy maize means just as much to those who live on the land as does wheat to us. The country folk there make a curious kind of porridge from the maize which they call "polenta" and which they make their chief food during the winter months.

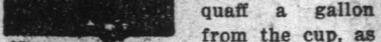
"Polenta" is made by crushing the maize and stirring it in a cauldron of water over the fire till it acquires the necessary stiffness.

The Italian peasants don't eat much meat, but are fond of fish, particularly in the lake districts where a laborer there will start work early in the morning on a cup of black coffee and a hunk of coarse bread or a bowl containing about two pounds of polenta.

At mid-day he has another bowl of polenta and a pint of chianti, the coarse red wine of the country, and some cheese. In the evening he will again have polenta and wine, supplemented perhaps with a little stewed or fried fish.

THE PUMP.

I celebrate the cistern pump in all my tireless rhyming; how brilliantly its waters jump when it has had a priming! I work the handle down and up, and watch the gushing fluid, and sniff a gallon from the cup, as quaffed the old time Druid. They say that base and evil men are selling bootleg brandy; in musty joint and squalid den they keep the poison handy. And customers go there and swirl the stuff from frowzy flagons, the nto the boneyard on the hill they go in creaking wagons. If they escape the brier and shroud, it may be they'll be blinded, and crippled, busted and bowed, and sick and broken winded. For booze is made of deadly things, of powdered toads and henna, of warthog tusks and serpent stings, and chophouses and senna. So I shall seek no alley dump or drinks made by a vandal, but journey to the cistern pump and blithely ply the handle.



WALT MACON

Tales of Ghostly Footprints.

Some of the very strangest things to be met with in the course of psychical research are ghostly footprints. Several Devonshire villages, some years ago, woke up one winter morning to make a very remarkable discovery. Upon looking out of their windows, the inhabitants saw everywhere in the snow which had fallen during the night, most extraordinary footprints, totally unlike any they had ever seen before.

One of the leading scientists in England, after studying a drawing of the footprints, declared that they most nearly resembled the footprints of a badger, but as they were discovered on the roofs of houses and tops of walls it was perfectly obvious no animal of the badger type could have made them.

The theory that the footprints were those of a bird was equally impossible, as they were found to be usually about eight feet apart and of such a size and so deep that no bird smaller than an ostrich could have possibly produced them.

Others suggested that they might have been made either by a kangaroo or by an ape that had escaped from a menagerie, and the footprints could not be followed up continuously from one place to another, but were to be seen at the same time in places many miles apart.

Also, strangely enough, although the footprints led to and fro from several houses, they were never seen in such a position as to suggest that the mysterious visitor had either halted or stood there.

Certain of the footprints strongly suggested something cloven, and local public opinion became convinced they were due to some evil supernatural agency—many people believing, indeed, they were the footprints of the Devil.

Crowds flocked to see them, and so great a terror did they at length inspire that people in the districts where they were found dared not venture abroad alone after nightfall.

But with the next fall of snow there was no fresh prints, and the sensation caused by the mysterious footprints gradually subsided. There are still, however, various places in Devon that, owing to these footprints, have been named "The Devil's Walk."

In an old Lancashire church lies a huge stone coffin, and in the wall just above it may be seen a slight indentation in the shape of a human foot. According to tradition, the origin of this footmark is entirely supernatural.

Many years ago considerable excitement was caused in the neighbourhood by a quarrel between two persons well known locally, over some religious matter. The argument became more and more heated, and the climax was reached when one of the disputants, who had been standing on the floor where he had been standing a distinct indentation in the shape of a human foot.

Everyone was so greatly impressed by the incident that the piece of stone with the footprint on it was taken out of the ground and carefully preserved. When the person with whom it was connected died, it was placed in the wall above his tomb, where it is still to be seen.

There is an old mansion, in the same County of Lancashire, that can also boast of a footprint of a supernatural nature. It is to be seen imprinted on the stone passage leading to the private chapel of the mansion.

A certain clergyman was once charged with heresy before a Justice of the Peace in the mansion, and was condemned to death. On his way to prison he suddenly paused in the passage, and prayed in a loud voice that there might remain on the spot where he stood, a constant memorial of the wickedness and injustice of his enemies. He then passed on, leaving upon the stone where he had been standing an exact impression of one of his feet.

ANNOUNCING!

The Standard of Comparison

A NATION'S TRIBUTE TO BUICK.

Again Buick has occupied first place at the 23rd National Automobile shows which recently took place in New York and later in Chicago.

In occupying first place at both National shows for the fifth consecutive year, Buick continues the position in the industry awarded it by universal public opinion.

In line with Buick's leadership throughout the World, we are selling 1923 Buicks at prices not equalled elsewhere.

BERT HAYWARD, Distributor.  
Bank of Montreal Building.

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NEW SHIPMENT

Galvanized, Black and Brass PIPE.

Also Bar Iron, Octagon Steel, Black and Galvanized Sheets Sheet Zinc, Sheet Copper, Ingot Tin.

JOB'S STORES, Limited

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redded a snow-white cambric handkerchief"—Pearsons.

**How Pinkerton Founded HIS FAMOUS FIRM.**

Just over seventy years ago a cooper living in Illinois, U.S.A., needed some staves for his barrels, and went into the woods to cut them.

While thus employed he heard voices proceeding from a cavern in the vicinity. He stole to the entrance, which was cunningly concealed by brushwood, and discovered a group of counterfeiters busy at work.

He withdrew without being noticed by any of the gang, journeyed to Chicago, forty miles distant, informed the Chief of Police there of what he had seen, and offered to guide a posse of his men to the spot.

His offer was accepted, and the counterfeiters were arrested. For this service the cooper, Allan Pinkerton by name, received one thousand dollars.

**Making Detection Pay.**

This experience opened the young man's eyes to the fact that hunting criminals might possibly be made to pay better than cooperating. He started in quite a small way, but he had a natural genius for detective work, and before long his name became a terror to evil doers throughout the United States and beyond.

As time went on he took into partnership his two stalwart sons, Robert Allan Pinkerton, since dead, and William Allan Pinkerton, the present head of the firm.

Between them these three men have been responsible for the arrest of most of the more notorious crooks who have made America their headquarters during the past fifty or sixty years.

It was the Pinkertons, for instance, who ran to earth the notorious Walter Sheridan, the originator of the great Bank of England forgeries, for which the Bidwells were convicted and punished.

**Swindling the Bankers.**

Sheridan combined the dual role of forger and bank robber, and his astuteness, and skill in evading arrest, were such that the ordinary police were quite unable to cope with him.

Eventually, after some score or more American bankers had sustained between them losses totalling more than \$500,000, they retained the services of the famous detective agency. Allan Pinkerton took up the chase himself, assisted by his youngest son, William, and within a very few weeks they captured their man, after a desperate fight, at Sandusky, Ohio.

Another famous bank robber whom the Pinkertons laid by the heels was Max Shuburn, whose criminal exploits were on a par with those of Sheridan's. After they had succeeded in capturing him, however, the Federal authorities insisted on his being handed over to them.

**Too Clever for Police.**

The result was a ludicrous fiasco. In order, as they thought, to ensure the safe custody of their prisoner, the police handcuffed him to an officer, and both were locked up for the night in a room in the hotel where he had been arrested.

During the early hours of the morning, however, Shuburn contrived to pick the lock of the handcuff by means of the Shank of his scarf-pin, and, shaking himself free, slipped quietly away. He was soon recaptured, but escaped to Europe, and died some few years back in Belgium.

Cub Cigarettes are appreciated, not only by the smoker but by those in his company.

**ST. JOHN'S GROCERY STORES**

Small Green Cabbage.

Finest Local Potatoes and Turnips.

P. E. I. Beet, Parsnips, Carrots.

Finest Family Beef 12 cents lb.

New Spare Ribs. 16 cents lb.

Bologna Sausage. 20 cents lb.

J. J. ST. JOHN,  
Duckworth St. & LeMarchant Road.

JEFF WAS HOARDING HIS FOOD SUPPLY

By Bud Fisher

I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT A BOILED SHOE! I WONDERS WHAT JEFF'S DOING OVER AT THAT HOUSE?

HELLO, OLD LIMBURGER!

SOCIAL CALL, JEFF?

NO! I'VE GOT A NEW STUNT NOW! INSTEAD OF ASKING FOR MONEY I GO TO BACK DOORS AND ASK FOR A HANDOUT. THIS LADY TURNED ME DOWN!

NO WONDER! YOU SHOULD TAKE OFF YOUR HAT WHEN YOU ASK A LADY FOR ALMS!

BUT I COULDN'T DO THAT, MUTT. IT'S FULL OF SANDWICHES!

MM! GREAT!

MUTT, FOR THE LOVE OF MEG, HAVE A HEART!