

## 'My Lady' Sardine Sandwich.

High grade Sardine, boned, skinned and ready for spreading on sandwiches. A delicious sandwich can be made in a trice with "My Lady."  
Can be obtained at all grocers.

**Angus Watson & Co.,**  
England.  
Distributors of "Skippers"

We Always Have Some

## Good Values

to offer you that you won't strike everywhere, and still have some to-day, despite the ever advancing American market and the extra ten per cent. exchange we are "soaked" for the privilege of paying them our good coin.

### Floor Coverings.

**CONGOLEUM**—  
2 yards wide; the best of the American Floor Cloths.  
Special Price,  
**\$1.89 yard.**

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**BEST AMER. TWEED COATS**—Unlined, but heavy, and tailor finished. Reg. \$25.00 for \$17.50.  
(Just to turn the stock into money.)

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40 VERY CHOICE TURKEYS.  
SHIRRIFF'S ASSORTED JELLY POWDERS.  
MINCE MEAT in Glass.  
KIT COFFEE and VI-COCOA.  
ENGLISH SPICES, 10 lbs. CRANBERRIES.  
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SHELLED WALNUTS and ALMONDS.  
MARVEN'S FANCY BISCUITS in tins.  
GROUND NUTMEG, and the BEST 60c. and 65c. TEA in the city.

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## FOR SALE.

1 House on Springdale Street, good investment; 1 House on New Gower Street, 1 House on Hamilton Avenue, 1 House in Hoyestown and one on Water St. West; 1 New House on the corner of Prince of Wales Street and Merrymeeting Road, 1 House on Duckworth Street, 1 House on Pennywell Road. For further particulars apply to

**J. R. JOHNSTON,**

30% Prescott Street,

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Real Estate Agent.

### Rather Damp Job.

While in London on a holiday, a visitor went to have a look at the Thames. There was a steam shovel at work out in the river, and he was standing watching it. Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder and turned

round to find a son of Erin standing there.  
"Say," said he, "isn't London a wonderful place? Be gorry, now, just look at that thing goin' down there; now, look at it; isn't that wonderful? But say, old man, I wouldn't want to be the cove at the bottom filling that thing up, would ye?"

## Talks by Tiberius.

### "THE STRIKE."

Have you ever been called out of bed by your partner about 2 a.m. and in response to the appeal, have found yourself face to face with an armed burglar? Did it ever cross your mind that the clever lawyer asked a "stan-ner" of the accused, when he popped the question:—"Have you ceased beating your wife?" The difficulty of an answer is obvious when it is pointed out that if the man had ceased to beat his wife he must have previously beaten her, and if he had not ceased, he was still doing it. Guilt was proven in either case. As in the case of the burglar, much tact would have to be shown to clear up the situation; so in the matter of the man beating his wife; so also in the writing up an article on this very thorny subject: "The Strike."

### Labour War.

The Great European War has come to an end for which we all should be, and most probably are, devoutly thankful. To see the flower of the Dominion's manhood, going past our doors to suffer, and in some instances, to bleed and die, because an unprincipled clientele of wretches sought, at any cost, to bring grist to their own mills, and renowned to their own names, by the awful means of military force. The nations of the earth grew to be very serious during its progress. Another war is taking place, more serious, more involved, more devastating even than the other. The very men who went out, "Over there," and come back, "Over here," and who have had their blood for conquest, enthused; have mingled with the men who did not go, and together, like hounds held in the leash, they snarl and bark and snap at the conditions which surround them, both economic and religious, and strain to break away. There have been breaks away. Four hundred thousand men, belonging to the mighty Republic to the South of us, have defied the Courts of the administrations, and have subjected their nation to unknown physical discomforts, and such a state of mental suspense and incertitude as a newly freed spirit must feel when it breaks away from the body, into the blackness of a new and unknown world. Even in the usual quiet and calm of Terra Nova's labour sea, there have been a few capsizees, a few troubles; on a few occasions men and women have gone on "Strike." Not a very serious matter in itself may be, and yet, being part of what is becoming very serious in its world-wide aspect, namely, a fierce and sustained struggle in the Economic World, between Labour, so called; and Capital, so called. The air is full of it, a struggle which in its effects will mean hunger, cold and suffering, on the one hand; worry, discouragement, and disinclination to put to use a God given faculty for business administration on the other. What are the sides in the conflict? There are two, and they are called Capital and Labour.

### "Capitalists."

What do we know about the Capitalists. Look at any cartoon and see what pictures are drawn of them. Look at this one. A big fat man; height 5ft. 10 inches, to 6 feet; weight, 250 lbs. more or less; girth—in true proportions. Dressed in a heavy loud check coat, hat to suit, patent leather boots, price thirty dollars. On each hand a big diamond ring. Face flushed, rotund, flabby, ruthless, greedy, smoking a dollar cigar, swinging a fifty dollar gold tipped cane. There he is as the average cartoonist sees him, and as the average workingman sees him with this addition; he heads the list of all contributions, and is looked upon with contemptible patronage by the Church because he can give. His very appearance provokes a fighting spirit, the labouring man has a feeling that the diamonds and cigars and palatial home, etc., are stolen at the price of the sweat and blood of himself and others.

Is the Capitalist really like that, is he really that sordid, selfish, brutish man, who reckons not and cares not for the feelings and humanity, of those who work under him? Is he but a machine of cruel good fortune who lives in a world of cold calculation and greed? We most emphatically reply that while there may be Capitalists who nearly correspond to the description, yet they are but few. The most inhuman, bloodless, cruel Capitalists in our experience are not the men who own the big works, turn over the millions of money, and employ many "Hands." The worst Capitalists we know are the people who come round to our homes selling eggs, butter, milk, fish, etc., by the dozen or lb., as the case may be. The big Capitalist is generally kindly, human; the small capitalist whose stock is a cow, or horse, or a dozen hens; whose labour list begins and ends with self, he is the terror to a fair and just estimate of the cost of living; he often grinds the poor and soars away up the cost of living.

There are Inhuman Capitalists; There are Capitalists and Capitalists; the big man, the man who is in our mind when we think of the Capitalist, looks as much like a laborer as can

possibly be when he has his garden clothes on. He can be and usually is, very human. He is much like other men, with an ordinary amount of covetousness, ordinary tastes, and an ordinary amount of altruism. He, however, will not concede to labour's demands, but will fight them as bitterly as the Crusaders fought the Pagans, or the host of Saladin, the Frank. The Capitalist is one side in the conflict, the Labourer is the other.

### "Labourers."

On general principles the Labourer is not a member of the International Workers of the World. The I. W. W. sees red, but the "labourer" does not, nor has he any sympathy with those who do. He claims that the Capitalist will drive him to Bolshevism, but he does not mean it, nor does he believe it. When the I. W. W. overran the Iron Ranges of the North a year or two ago, the man in the forefront of the fight against them were not the paid servants of the Government, the Soldiers and Police, but the men of the pick and spade brigade, the working men. One terrifying fact in connection with the strikes is the intellectual and physical normality which prevails among the working men when on strike. Before they go out they know that a strike means possible hunger to their families and themselves, and all kinds of mental distress to minds which while willing to fight for right, yet are unhappy when idle. Notwithstanding, they go as an army under orders, no racing rowism, no vindictiveness, they quietly lay down their tools and quit.

No one with average intellect will deny to men, who are the backbone of the race, the right to organize. Without a law that binds them together, and without the united front which that unity gives them, they could never successfully claim their rights, and they have rights, real rights at that. We do not blame these men, we understand them, we have worked with them. They recognize that the penalties of that abstract body, the public, are their penalties; the public deprivations are their deprivations. They seek a comfortable wage. They are not socialists, or anarchists, they are your friends and mine, and possibly, you and I. They are not degenerate, drunken or debased, they do not dream of an autocracy of labour. The Labourer is worthy of his hire.

### What!—How!

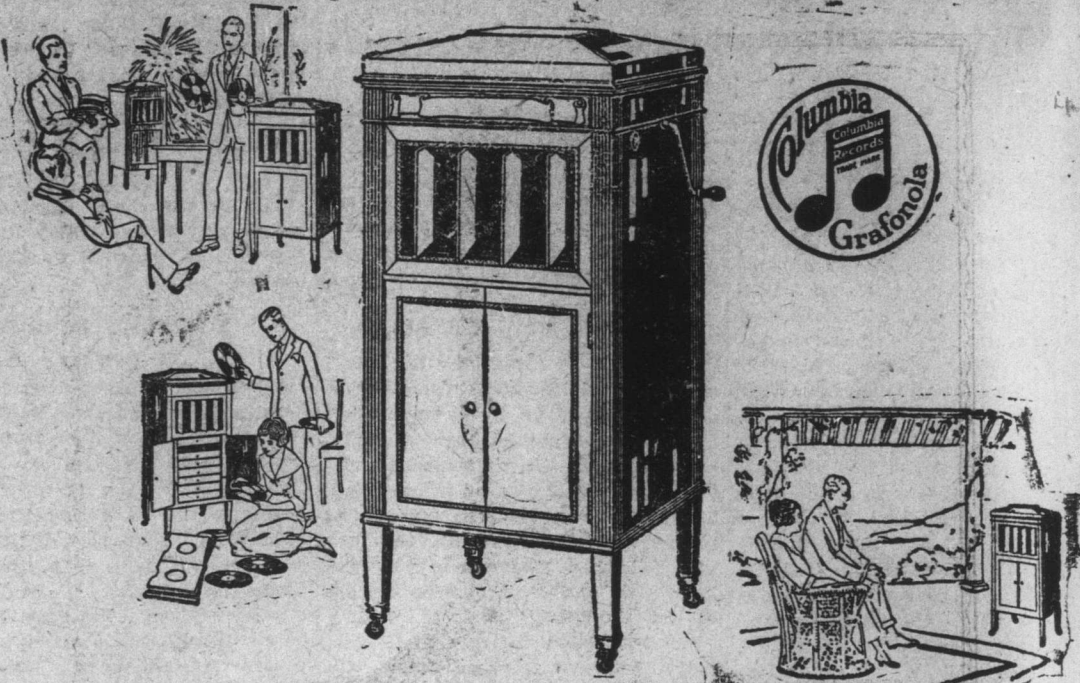
What shall we do? The long promised war of industry is upon us, the Armageddon of Capitalist and Labour is now being waged. The world's greatest battle awaits the morning of decision: How shall we secure the Summum Bonum; the greatest good to the greatest number? Both sides in the conflict have their rights; on both sides the men are generally good and honest in their convictions, and support them with a deadly sincerity or moral integrity. There will certainly be a fight to the death, unless some mediator be found, some via media open up.

What is the Panacea? A mere man cannot step in between such intensely human problems and give an impartial judgment. No material thing can give an answer. It must be for God to come in, in some shape or form. All good laws are of the essence of the "Great I am." The law of co-operation, i.e., of mutual understanding and effort, would most probably bring peace within sight. Let the workman see in the Capitalist that which will help him to be conciliatory in his demands that Capital is necessary and not an evil per force. On the other hand let Capital see in Labour, the humane, the need, the heart. Let both grow together in the bringing about of a mind between and belonging to each, one mind for the common good. Then we may expect to hasten on the ideal of Tenbyon, "The Brotherhood of Man, the Federation of the World."

### A Plant That Eats.

"Tul-Tul" as the natives call it, is the most wonderful vegetable plant in the world. It grows on certain South Pacific Islands, and in appearance is like a giant turnip, but blood-red in color. To the white man it is a very tough and tasteless vegetable. To the natives, however, it is a main item of their diet. They cook it and mix it with their cocoa-nut and bread fruit, for it is supposed to be very nourishing. They cultivate the plant in a rough sort of fashion in large ditches or swamps. Its most peculiar feature is that it has to be fed, and for this purpose the native children go over the island collecting all decayed vegetable matter. This is soaked in plenty of salt water, and is then taken in armfuls to the plants and put in the centre of the leaf-stems or on the short thick stem from which the leaves spread out on every side. Slowly but surely the decayed matter disappears, the leaves stiffen and spread out erect—signs apparently, that the plant has dined heartily, for it really is a case of feeding a plant. There is no opening of the stem or the leaves; the food is slowly and

# Columbia Grafonola

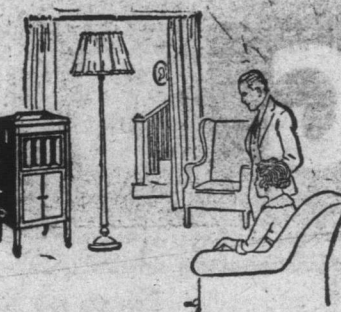


## Make Every Month as Merry as This

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They will give you songs and dances, the very latest popular hits, gems of Grand Opera, fairy tales, quaint animal recitations for the kiddies—joy and mirth for all the family every day of every year.

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Nineteen-Nineteen.**

**That the coming year may be one  
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for You is our Hearty Wish as  
the Old Year closes.**

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The LODGE PLUGS were used for aircraft work during the War in GREATER QUANTITIES than those of any other make.

They hold the World's ALTITUDE RECORD, 30,500 feet (5 miles) above sea level. They were used on the ROLLS-ROYCE engines and Handley-Page Aeroplanes, winners of the prize flights from London to Constantinople, and from Cairo to Delhi.

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# G



## BOWR

## Guilty or Not Guilty

### THE MYSTERIOUS DRAMA OF MOUNTAIN VIEW.

THORNTON HALL, in TIT-Bits. The murdered Mrs. Frederick Small, what was his object, and how he accomplished it? These questions are likely to remain for ever unanswered. There were few happier couples in Frederick Small and his wife. He was a prosperous broker of the city, esteemed for his business and loved for his amiability and vitality. She was a pretty little woman, with a charm which few could resist; and each was devoted to the other. Their life together seemed ideally happy. They were just like a honeymoon couple," says one who knew them all, "and loved to escape from their own home to their charming bungalow at Mountain View, New Hampshire, where, remote from the world, they could spend an idyllic life together."

And this rustic retreat was the scene of the tragedy. One October night the bungalow

burst into flames, widely-scattered the wreckage on the scene. A charred, mangled, and destructive fire in the district that occupied, as it was supposed was a discovery which revealed the death of the couple. At first it was a supposition which was disproved. Around the head of the dead woman, a rope tightly drawn self to account for the skull had been blown, and she had through the head murder—foul murder of this terrible crime. The man Mrs. Small.

An Infernal The dastardly deed had first been struck of his work, the had then rained

and the Worst is Yet to

