

## POSTUM

brings cheer and comfort to many a person who wants his tea or coffee but doesn't drink it because he knows these drinks hurt him.

*"There's a Reason" for POSTUM*

## HOW I MISS THE MOVIES!

I miss the movies.

There was a time when I felt super-critical about them.

They seemed to lack imagination.

I resented the scenes in which the hero shut the door and opened it again to show us how it was done.

It annoyed me to see a heroine who always wore her hair in curls.

And the leading man who needed a haircut.

And the rich aunt who looked like a burlesque queen on her afternoon out.

And the heroine's pet cows—and cats—and dogs—and chickens—and all those obvious attempts to drag nature into pictures that were as artificial as the leading lady's lips.

And the caption "That night."

Also it seemed to me that every auto ride ended with the car plunging down the hillside.

And wicked old Bill Hart was like a gentle old cow trying to kick over the milking stool.

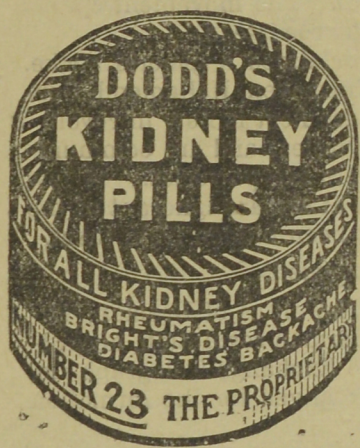
How I laughed when the hero—or somebody—reached for the desk or drawer and found the revolver.

Or the heroine discovered the letter that told "all" lying on the floor in front of her.

Yes, I felt super-critical—the movies seemed to lack the least touch of imagination.

But now—when the films are under the ban—

Gosh—How I miss them!



# WAR WOULD HAVE ENDED LONG AGO BUT FOR JOHN BULL

Huns Would Have Been Busily Engaged Long Ago in Dividing the Spoils—Britannia Rules the Waves and Has Made the Seas Passable for All the Allies—A Great Bulwark Against a Most Dangerous and Treacherous Foe.

(New York Life.)

Everybody in the war gets more bouquets than John Bull, yet but for John there wouldn't be any war. It would have been over long ago, and Germany would be busy with the details of her appropriation of Europe.

John Bull has saved civilization. We call it that, though civilization is a tough product and would have survived kultur just as it survived Attila and the successors of Mohammed and all the conquering hordes that swept over Europe. Belgium saved civilization when her body blocked the road to France, as in history a woman's arm that for a moment barred a door saved a fugitive prince. France saved civilization by her sacrifices and her military competence and her heroism. Russia saved it by her drive into East Prussia; Italy has helped in her turn. And now Uncle Sam has brought indispensable aid and fresh strength to the great cause.

Britannia Rules the Waves.

But Uncle Sam can bring his help because from the first day of the war Britannia has ruled the waves and has made the seas passable for all the Allies.

And consider the troops John Bull has raised and trained and sent and the treasure he has poured out, and the war material he has poured in, and the war material he has poured in and the ships he has built against U boat destruction! What a tale of fortitude, of devotion of all the immense resources of a great empire to a great cause!

Our kinsmen, the British, doubtless have among them great faults and in their day have done wrong deeds and have been selfish on occasion and often greedy; but in those particulars they are not unlike all other peoples, and in this war they have given evidence of being exceedingly handy to have on earth in times of crisis. All the Allies will admit that much about them.

And they will continue on the earth—there is no fear to the contrary—and they will continue to be a strong people. But they will come out of the war with strength depleted by immense sacrifices of blood and treasure and trade and all means of temporal resuscitation; justified in character, glorified by achievement, but in need of nursing.

Take Care of Herself.

So will France, so will Belgium, so will every nation that has been long in the thick of the fight; but because Great Britain in the past has been so strong and so rich there may be danger of a less generous disposition to-

ward her than toward the others, and of less solicitude to bind up her wounds and repair her losses. There will be a feeling that she can take care of herself, and so she will.

But that should not be the attitude of these States toward her. To us she has been a great bulwark against the most dangerous enemy that has threatened our place in this hemisphere since we started as an independent nation. We owe her friendliness; a kindness born of sacrifices in the same struggle and of identity of general aims for the reconstruction of the world. We shall be her rival in trade, but we should be generous and considerate rivals, careful not to build up prosperity at the cost of hers; helpful as to a people that shares with us a great duty of world-reconstruction and reorganization.

The rivalry between Uncle Sam and John Bull should be a rivalry in good works, and so, please God, it will be.

## THIS MOTHER JUST EXERCISED DIPLOMACY

(New York Sun)

The diplomatic mother has three little boys, all under 12, all boy scouts all choristers. Going to school and being a boy scout consumes time enormously during the week, and being a chorister dips into Sunday time to say nothing of two practice hours during the week. The diplomatic mother says the only way to live with boys is to keep them busy, although even at that they get tangled up in each other quite sufficiently.

The family moved the first of October, and now instead of living near the church, to whose choir they belong they are sixteen or more blocks away. The trio burst into their mother's presence the other day with the announcement that they were going to quit the choir. The diplomatic mother got a mental flash of Sunday activities, where quiet had once prevailed, but she responded casually:

"Why are you going to leave the choir?"

"Well," explained the eldest "there's nothing in it. Walkin' a mile each way twice on Sundays and four times a week to rehearsal is too much to ask of anybody for \$1.25 a month.

"I suppose \$1.25 isn't such a lot, and it is really quite a long walk," mused the mother. "Have you sent in your resignation?"

All three mutineers looked serious, and the eldest asked what a resignation was.

"A resignation is a politely written note expressing your regrets and addressed to your choirmaster."

## Victims of La Grippe

LEFT WEAK AND DISHEARTENED AND AN EASY PREY TO OTHER TROUBLES.

A Nova Scotia Man Tells How He Found New Health and Strength.

If you have had an attack of la grippe, or Spanish influenza you are not out of danger until your blood is restored to normal.

Influenza leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin blood, impaired digestion, and over-sensitive nerves. In this condition the system becomes an easy prey to deadly pneumonia, bronchitis, nervous prostration, rheumatism and even consumption. Ask any one who has had an attack of influenza what their present condition of health is and most of them will answer "Since I had the grippe I have never been really well." This general feeling of weakness will continue until the blood is built up again, and for this purpose nothing can equal a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. From first to last these pills make new, rich, red blood in the body, and through this weak, despondent, victims of influenza are transformed into cheerful, healthy, happy men and women.

Among the many victims of la grippe who proclaim the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. Amos Kaulback, of Petite Riviere, N. S., who says:—"I was taken down with a severe attack of la grippe, or influenza. After a time the early symptoms of the trouble left me, but I did not regain my usual strength, and I had always been a strong man. There were times when I felt I could hardly crawl about and I was so run down I could scarcely go about my business. I continued taking medicine but it did me no good. Then I found the trouble was affecting my digestion and the disagreeable feeling from this added to my general misery. I was finally advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. I had only been taking the pills a few weeks when I found my strength returning, my appetite improved, and still continuing the use of the pills a few weeks more found me restored to my old-time vigor. I can most strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who have passed through an attack of influenza, as a safe medicine for renewing their strength."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Oh!" They all looked troubled. "Or you may take it in person," she added.

All right. They would take it in person. Next time when they went to choir practice they would take it. That settled it.

Next day the diplomatic mother called on the choirmaster. It seemed a simple matter to send the choirmaster a little check just before pay day. At least he could try it out when they announced their determination. Each little boy—"Celestial brats," Dickens calls them—would then receive \$2 a month, instead of the despised \$1.25 wage.

After next choir practice hour the trio again burst into their mother's sitting room, all exclaiming at once. The Woman Who Saw was lucky enough to be calling there at the time.

"It's all right! We ain't going to quit!"

"Quit what?" inquired the diplomatic mother, innocently, looking up from her knitting.

"Why the choir, of course. The choirmaster says we've got such dandy voices, he won't lose all three of us for anything, and if—if we won't tell—and if we will come regular—and not miss a single practice hour—for the whole month—he'll give us each \$2 a month in our envelopes! But we're not to tell."

"It must be very pleasant to know how he appreciates you" remarked the diplomatic mother, quietly, with a pleased smile. "And I'm so glad you're going to stay. I love having you in that beautiful choir. It makes me feel so proud." She beamed at them, and they beamed back and everybody was happy.

Only diplomats should be mothers, decided the Woman Who Saw. Won't some of the colleges inaugurate a course in domestic diplomacy?



### MINARD'S LINIMENT

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