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## WHEN A MAN IS

Head Tries to Rule the Heart But It Lamentably Fails.

Collinson Owen is the author of the following article that was printed in a recent issue of the Sunday Pletorial (Longon, England):

I have a friend who is half in lov and who is wondering very argent ly what to de with the other half He is a bachelor, approaching close to the watershed of forty and has ample means,

Somewhere among the seven mi lions of London there is a certain young person for whom he has very tender regard. He is pondering very deeply over the question of taking the plunge into matrimony and there is only one thing that restrains him.

He is frankly afraid! Se much has he seen, in his professional capacity as a solicitor, of the failures of others, that he fears to tread where so many have met disseer before his eyes. He is suffering from too much knowledge. Normally, every man who marries is taking a chance with fate. Yet though he does not quite know

spite of a heart yearning to be warm the happiest auspices. he has contracted cold feet.

he will not altogether fail.

eripse in marriage is one in which, love, even though he is letting "! apparently, the collective experience dare not wait upon I will," may of humanity teaches nothing. What be counted as being already lost to father and grandfather learned is his bachelordom. The young lady of little use to the son when his has to be reckoned with in the turn comes to try the great experi- case.

to which my friend is just now giv- ter a dance, or any other moment, ing such intense thought took place when a little something-a look in in his flat, a comfortable and attrac- her eyes he has never seen before, tive place with the usual evidences or the slightest thing-will dissolve of the successful man of good tastes all his fears. In a flash he will for--choice water-colors, etchings and get all the terrifying experiences he the rest. And he told me the opin- has heard in the musty lawyer's ions he had drawn from his profes- office. He wil forget the unhappy will startle most people.

Saw Only the Failures.

My friend had come to the melancholy conclusion that, roughly, ninety per cent. of marriages are failures in varying degrees. Some where about ten per cent., he thought, were reasonably satisfactory. But to only about one per cent, would be award the palm of complete and unalloyed success >the sort of marriages of which on could say that they are ideal and

perfect unions. He spoke of marriages which were apparently happy, until suddenly something precipitated a breach and a story came out which showe that behind a conventional facade of content, if not active happiness, two people had really been in torture. Why give up a bachelor life, he asked, which, with all its drawbacks-a little loneliness, a little boredom-was infinitely preferable to a marriage which might

How could be count on berng lucky where so many others fail-

Not only did he know, he said, how much marriage was a fatture as an institution, but he knew why. The fault lay overwhelming women! Hence his fears. "I am not speaking of those fail-

ures which are caused by martial infidelity," he said, "they are of things that may or may not end in the Diverce Court. We can put those in a class apart. It's not that kind of danger I'm thinking of at all. The great proportion of marriages are wrecked on anything so decisive. It is what most people would regard as the smaller things that cause the mischief.

"It is the female temperament that is at the bottom of most of itintolerance, egotism and the rest.

"There are more husbands bullied to death than the world imagines. It is the husbands who keep myriads of these marriages going by their herote acceptance of a state of things which would justify them in clearing off the ends of the earth."

So there we are an indictment from "a man who knows." It does not come from his heart, but his rutellect. He believes it more in sorrow than in anger. He is at least half in love, and only wishes he did not know so much. He feels he cannot be as other men, and plunge light-heardedly, joyously into the

greatest adventure of life. At present his fears and his affections hold the balances about cven, and he is trembling on the beink.

My friend has become a specialist, and a specialist is apt to become obsessed by the particular trouble to which be devotes so much of his attention.

No statistician could ocompile a exact statement of the proportion of happy and anhappy marriages. My friend has even so in his own mind and bostoves his own figures, but it is certain that they are not to

Not an Awful Adventure. After all, marriage is the almost inevitable experience of all men, and an experience which is almost as ommon as birth or death must obviously be a reflection of life itself.

Just as life is not a wholly hap-By state, but largely a compromise in which, for the most part, we are induced to making the best of things, so is such a large slice of life as marriage, indulged in by millions

of human beings, likely to be governed by the same laws. As I pointed out to my friend, if

only one man in a hundred married, would indeed be an awful adventure to embark on. But as ninety-nine men in a hundred marry, and on he whole seem no worse for it, then he might take it for granted that nothing creadful would happen to him.

I also pointed out that his posttion in life was secured with an income much more likely to increase than diminish. A man who can be certain of this holds one of the most powerful guarantees of happiness, either in married lire or any other kind.

After all, awkward temperament usually reveal themselves under stress. If things run smoothly it is easy to keep smooth. anxiety does as much to render marriages unhappy as any factor-there is little doubt that on the whole it is the greatest factor of all. Think of the households where there is never quite enough where the husband is snappy and illtempered because of the strain of meeting bills which are always just too much for him; where the mre is worn to shred in body and mind by living in an atmosphere where financial strain kills laughter and joy. A man who at 40 can begin married life shorn of some of . his illusions, aware of the mistakes of what lies ahead, he is confident that others, and with the certainty of always being able to give his wife My friend, however, has seen so all that is necessary, and a good many battlebred failures come stag- deal over, is surely, beginning under

I think I know how his affair The subject of happiness or oth- will end. A man who is half in

There will come a moment, Our conversation on the subject may be in a taxicab going home afthe failures they are, and gladly clasp his missing half of him.

Women Learning Business. making "pickings" among the fair game. sex much poorer for the fake stock salesmen. In former years the women with a little money and no financial training have provided an

especially lucrative field for the

blue sky promoter. This is an argument for a little business training for every woman which is seldom considered. one who is alive to what is going on, conversant with the fundamental principles of incomes, expenditure, and the investment of savings, will not turn her little hoard over to the first smooth talker who comes to her with "gilt-edged" promises. Fortunately for the women themselves, as for others who would be

affected unliappily by their losses.

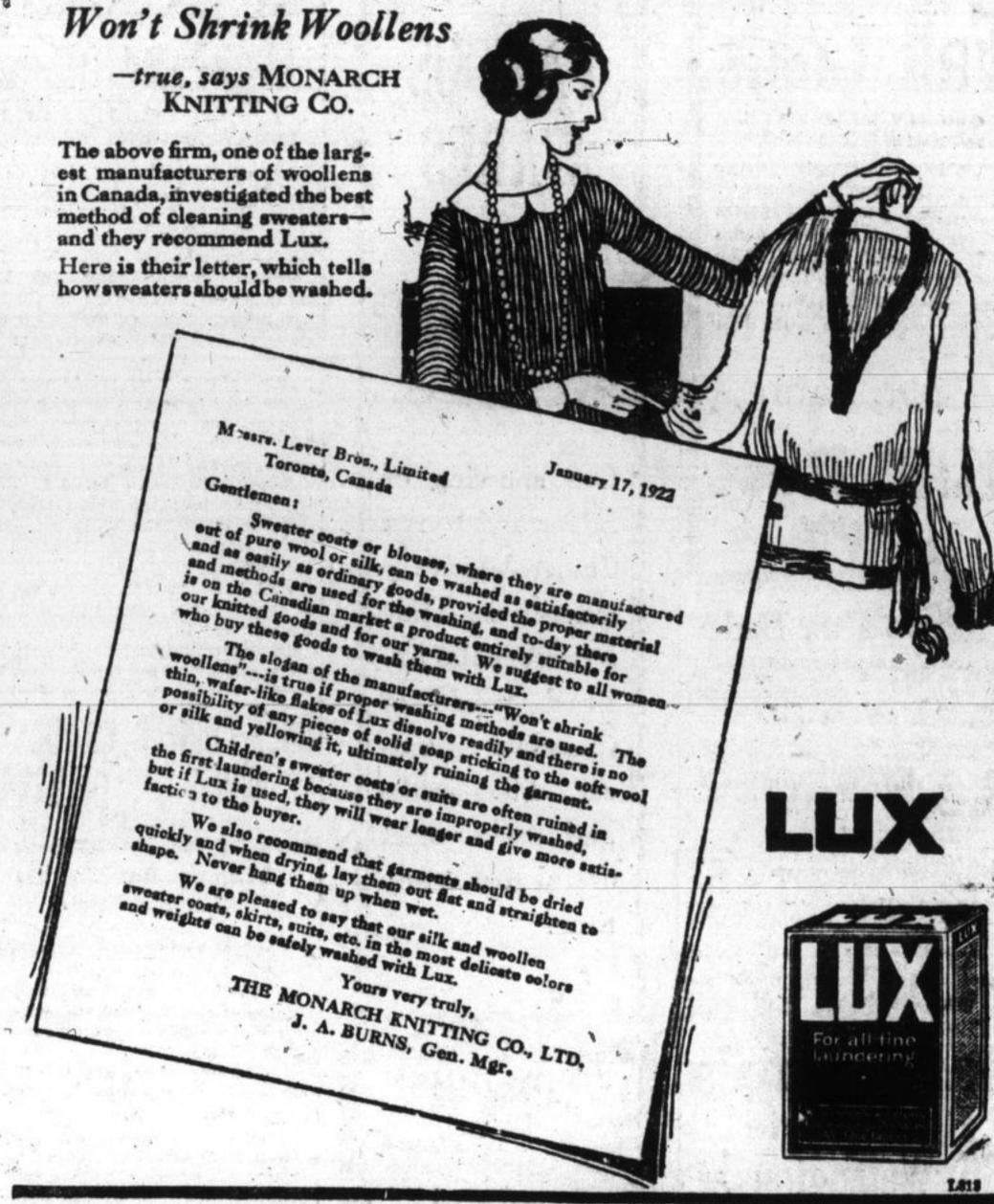
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MONTREAL



sional observations in terms which fates of A. B. and C., pity them for progressing rapidy almost everywhere as women become active in club, commerical and public life. This is very hopeful. For a weman learns a helpful fact, she hasten to The entrance of women into busi- teach it to her children, and so the ness and the business training which war against the promoters of bad women are acquiring in the admin- securities is wought doubly as woistration of the modern bone are men learn wisdom in the financial

> THE COLORS OF THE FLAG. What is the blue on our flag, boys? The waves of the boundless sea, Where our vessels ride in their tameless pride,

> And the feet of the winds ar From the sun and the smiles of the

To the ice of the South and North With dauntless tread through tempest dread.

The guardian ships go forth.

What is the white on our flag, boys? The honor of our land, Which burns in our sight like beacon light.

And stands while the Mils shall stand: Yes, dearer than fame, is our land's

great name. And we fight, wherever we be. For the mother and wives that pray for the lives,

Of the brave hearts over the sea What is the red on our flag, boys

The blood of our heroes slain On the burning sands in the wild waste lands And the froth of the purple main

and it cries to God from the crimsoned sod And the crest of the waves out-

That He sends us men As our fathers fought of old.

We'll stand by the dear old flag

Whatever be said or done, Though the shots come fast, as we face the blast And the foe be ten to one;-

Though our only reward be thrust of a sword And a bullet in heart or brain, What matters one gone, if the flag

ficats on And Britain be lord of the main? -Frederick George Scott

He Got There. A regular seed home soun entered the sleeping-car and paid for a berth. He had never been inside of a car of the kind, and everything asionished him. When the porter came to make up the beds, he saw the native was greatly perplexed, but as the native made no direct appeal, it wasn't his duty to post him. He was the first one to make preparations for bed. He glanced anxiously around, pulled off one boot, and then took a rest ave minutes. When the other boot came off he had solved the problem. Pushing his boots under the berth. he started for the rear platform, and nothing was heard from him for about ten minutes. Then he put his head into the door and called out. "All you uns in ther look out, for I'm a-coming!" And come he did. He had disrobed while standing or the rear platform.

The true art of being agreeable is to appear well-pleased with the company and rather to seen well entertained with them, than to bring entertainment to them. To give is easier than to love,

to be praised more sweet than prais-



The Jew Overdid it. Abraham Goldstein was almost reduced to tears when he met his old friend, Patrick O'Brien, on the coard-walk at Atlantic City.

these swell hotels, and I can't find

there'll be no difficulty.'

worse troubled than before. "Oh, yoy vot a terrible business. look on me."

did ve sign?"

"Archbishop Flannigan and wife.

Timely.

"That certainly was a very fine jesty. To Poland." sermon," said an enthusiastic church member who was an ardent admirer of the minister. "A fine sermon, and well-timed, too." "Yes," answered his unadmiring

neighbor, "It certainly was welltimed. Fully half of the congre- worse matter in his composition. gation had their watches out."

The end must justify the means.

Paderowski and Russia. Paderewski's return to the Paris concert stage was a jour de fete. Thousands thronged his way to the theatre, thousands besieged him as "They won't let me ir at any of he concluded his first performance. a benefit affair. Nearly a hundred any plaze to stay. Of, what can I friends of the great Pole were his guests this opening day, says the "Sure, and ye aren't using your magazine, Time. He bought there head at all. When ye go to register | tickets to the box office, asking the sign the name of some Catholic and | theatre management only for a dressing room where he might soak his A few hours later Paurick came hands in hot water for half an hour across his again. Abraham looked before playing. That is his recipe for suppleness. The French press took occasion to retell the story of how I regisered as you said and now the world's most noted planist was expelled from Russia after playing "I don't undestand. What name for Tzar Alexander III. The gist of this tale:

Alexander III: - "You are a great artist and an honor to Russia." Paderewski:-- "Pardon, Your Ma-

Next day came the order to cross the border. Paderewski has never entered Russia since.

He who has not a dram of folly in his mixture, has pounds of much The couptenance is the portrait of

the mind-the eyes are its inform-YAVAVAVAVAVAVAVAVAVAVAVAVAVAVAVAVAVAVA

