



DELICIOUS REFRESHING STIMULATING



Oh So Good!

Take up a Moir's chocolate and examine it. Notice the perfect satiny smooth coating.

Bite into that luscious shell. Honest, did you ever taste such captivating freshness or flavor?

Everything that goes into the making of Moir's chocolates is the purest and best that money can buy.

Mellow honey, full-matured nuts, pure cane sugar,

luscious fruit juices, and most important of all, a perfect chocolate coating made by a secret process which preserves the delicious centres and gives to Moir's that "just made" taste.

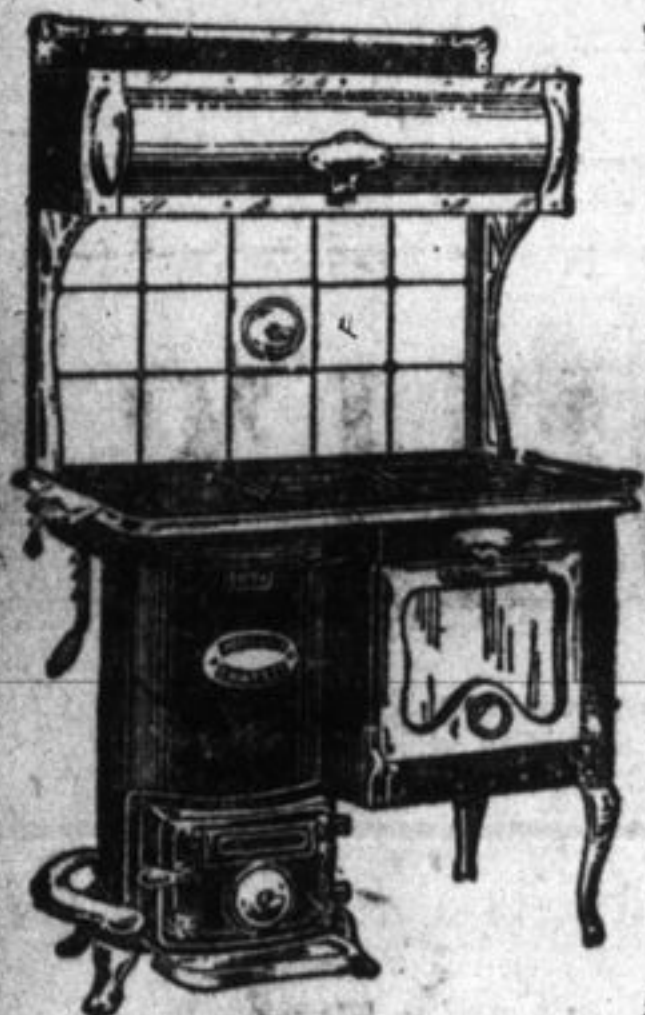
If you have never tried Moir's you have a new and satisfying pleasure in store. They look good and they taste better.

You'll eat them with relish and want more.

MOIRS LIMITED - HALIFAX

MESSRS. H. H. TOYE & CO. Distributors for Kingston

Moir's Chocolates



TORTOISE COOK

The Stove Women Are Buying!

Recent months have demonstrated that this new TORTOISE COOK STOVE possesses an attraction for women that they are almost powerless to resist.

Lemmon & Sons 187 PRINCESS STREET



Hey! You want any Codfish? We only got Mackerel today!

You may not care for Codfish or Mackerel - but you're doomed to succumb to this very latest fish-treat. It's different! It's full of melody and rhythm!

"His Master's Voice" Record No. 23628

Then listen to the Café de Paris Dance Orchestra play "March of the Minstrels" - on the reverse side. You'll say it's a happy combination.

Ask to hear these too!

Annabelle - Fox Trot Broads John and His Orchestra Blue Rhythmic Blues - Fox Trot The Great White Way Orchestra "His Master's Voice" - Victor Record 19188

Cut Yourself A Piece of Cake - Fox Trot Melody Kings Dance Orchestra Jennie - Fox Trot Melody Kings Dance Orchestra "His Master's Voice" - Victor Record 21428

10-inch double-sided 75c. at any "His Master's Voice" dealers

His Master's Voice Victor

Liberty when it begins to take root is a plant of rapid growth.

WHEN A MAN IS HALF IN LOVE

The 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 Pictorial (London, England):

I have a friend who is half in love and who is wondering very urgently what to do with the other half. He is a bachelor, approaching close to the watershed of forty and has ample means.

Somewhere among the seven millions of London there is a certain young person for whom she has a 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!

So 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 disaster 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 what lies ahead, he is confident that he will not altogether fail.

My friend, however, has seen so many battledred failures come staggers of a heart yearning to be warm he has contracted cold feet.

The subject of happiness or otherwise in marriage is one in which, apparently, the collective experience of humanity teaches nothing. What father and grandfather learned is of little use to the son when his turn comes to try the great experiment.

Our conversation on the subject to which my friend is just now giving such intense thought took place in his flat, a comfortable and attractive place with the usual evidences of the successful man of good tastes—choice water-colours, etchings and the rest.

He spoke of marriages which were apparently happy, until suddenly something precipitated a breach and a story came out which showed 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 go wrong?

How could he count on being lucky where so many others failed.

Not only did he know, he said, how much marriage was a failure as an institution, but he knew why. The fault lay overwhelming with women! Hence his fears.

"I am not speaking of those failures which are caused by marital infidelity," he said, "they are of things that may or may not end in the Divorce Court. We can put those in a class apart. It is 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 it—intolerance, 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 ferocious 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 intellect. 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 lightly-headedly, joyously into the greatest adventure of life.

At present his fears and his affections hold the balances about even, and he is trembling on the brink.

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

No statistician could compile an exact statement of the proportion of happy and unhappy marriages. My friend has done so in his own mind, and he knows his own figures, but it is certain that they are not too sweeping.

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

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

I also pointed out that his position in life was secured with an income which 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 life or any other kind.

After all, awkward temperament usually reveals themselves under stress. If things run smoothly it is easy to keep smooth. Financial anxiety does as much to render marriages unhappy as any other 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 ill-tempered because of the strain of meeting bills which are always just too much for him; where the wife is worn to shreds in body and mind by living in an atmosphere where financial straits kills laughter and joy. A man who at 40 can begin married life shorn of some of his illusions, aware of the mistakes of others, and with the certainty of always being able to give his wife all that is necessary, and a good deal over, is surely beginning under the happiest auspices.

I think I know how his affair will end. A man who is half in love, even though he is letting "I dare not wait upon I will," may be counted as being already lost to his bachelorhood. The young lady has to be reckoned with in the case.

There will come a moment, it may be in a taxi cab going home after a dance, or any other moment, when a little something—a look in her eyes he has never seen before, or the slightest thing—will dissolve all his fears. In a flash he will forget all the terrifying experiences he has heard in the musty lawyer's office. He will forget the unhappy fates of A. B. and C., pity them for the failures they are, and gladly clasp his missing half of him.

Women Learning Business. The entrance of women into business and the business training which women are acquiring in the administration of the modern home are making "pickings" among the fair 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. The one who is alive to what is going on, conversant with the fundamental principles of incomes, expenditures, and the investment of savings, will not turn her little heard over to the first smooth talker who comes to her with "glit-edged" promises.

Fortunately for the women themselves, as for others who would be affected unhappily by their losses.

Rideau Hall Coffee advertisement with image of coffee tin.

Borden's St. Charles Milk advertisement with image of milk can.

Borden's St. Charles Milk advertisement with image of milk can.

LUX advertisement featuring a woman and a letter from Monarch Knitting Co. about washing sweaters.

FLY-TOX advertisement with image of a fly and text about insecticide.

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

GILLETT'S PURE FLAKE LYE advertisement with image of product can and text about household uses.