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Burns' Celebration at Grand Falls.

The Scotsmen of Grand Falls have, by their enthusiasm, overcome the difficulties, due to the smallness of their numbers, and have made January 25th a red letter day in the town, by the way in which they honoured the Burns Anniversary. The qualifications deemed necessary for attendance were: (1) Scots descent (parents or grandparents), or (2) marriage to a Scot. Many and ingenious were the claims put forward in order to secure a ticket, but the above were insisted on, and the committee were surprised to find that nearly one hundred proved their right to participate in the first celebration, in Grand Falls, of Bobbie's birthday.

A most pleasing feature of the competition for tickets was the wholehearted support of those Newfoundlanders, who might justly have been excused, and the writer was particularly delighted to find that Mrs. Josiah Goodyear—a mother of heroes—possessed the necessary admixture of Scots blood, and, in spite of the wildest blizzard for years, she took her place amid the throng of enthusiasts.

This meeting of admirers of the bard took place in the Parish Hall, and supper, concert, and dance sustained interest till 1.30 a.m. Practically all the banquet was donated, and the variety and quality of the dishes reflect great credit on the cooking ability of the Scots wives and daughters who provided them. Many present tasted "haggis" for the first, but we sincerely hope, not for the last time. The following is the concert programme.

Chairman's Remarks.
Toast—"The King."
Song—"There was a Lad," Geo. J. McPherson.
Song—"The Lass o' Ballochulrye," Sands.
Toast—"The Immortal Memory of Burns," Wm. Scott.
Reply—Song—"Caledonia," Mrs. Cyril Quick.
Dance—"The Highland Fling, Misses Bailley, A. Frew, and Rev. McPherson.
Song—"Duncan Gray"—Wm. Simpson.

Recitation—"Tam o'Shanter," J. H. Bailley.
Violin Duet—Scott Medley, F. Hopson and W. Simpson.
Toast—"Auld Scotland," Albert Hann.
Reply—Song—"Far, far Awa," P. C. Deckers.
Recitation—"A Man's a Man," A. J. Roe.
Song—"Scots Wha Hae," W. Simpson.

Toast—"The Ladies," A. S. Ogilvie.
Reply—Wm. Scott.
Duet—"Ye Banks and Braes," Miss E. Glendenning, Norman Simpson.
Song—"My Ain Folk," Mrs. Quick.
Reading—"Extracts from Burns," J. H. Bailley.
Song—"The Star o' Robbie Burns," P. C. Deckers.

Song—"Afton Water," Mrs. West.
Song—"Britter Scots," H. Baird.
The feature of the evening was the splendid address by Mr. Scott, Manager of the A.N.D. Co., in proposing the "Immortal Memory." Mr. Scott admitted that since being asked to propose the toast, he had re-read every word of Burns' poetry, and the result of this careful preparation, combined with the fervour of a true Scot, showed in the oration, of which the following is a summary:—

"From the lone shieling on the distant Mountains divide us, and the waste of years;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

In common with many thousands of our own Scots race, and with the countenance and assistance of many admirers of our poet, who have not had the privilege of being born north of Tweed, we are met to celebrate the birthday of Robert Burns, who was born this day 163 years ago. During all the years that have elapsed since, his fame has gone on increasing until to-day he is regarded as the chosen bard of Fraternity and Humanity. All over the globe to-day Scotsmen have, and are, declaiming speeches in his honor, his songs are being sung, and some of his ideas and sentiments, for a brief space of time at least, actuate in the breasts of those who listen. Many gatherings of the perfrid race to which he belonged, will take place right across the American continent to-night. Perhaps one hour later than

here, the celebration will begin in New York, to be followed, with the progress of the sun, by similar demonstrations in the larger towns and cities of Canada and the United States, right to the Pacific Coast, and then to the Oceanic Islands, where two or three North Britons foregather.

Let us glance for a moment at the life story of the poet, so that we may be able to determine whether there is anything in his surroundings which will help us to understand and account for the wonderful appeal which Burns has had for the majority of his countrymen and, in particular for the high regard in which his genius and character have been held by the highest (in intellect) of his fellow countrymen. I refer particularly to such diverse Scotsmen as Scott, Carlyle and Dr. Chalmers. Carlyle says "You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his; and yet, I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so." This passage was written in 1840, and is part of a most generous appreciation of Burns—by the man—pened by one, who, except as regards origin and genius, was as the poles asunder from Burns. The face of the saintly Dr. Chalmers is said to have glowed with delight as he pronounced one of Burns' soulstirring lines. Scott wrote in his journal "Long life to thy fame, and peace to thy soul, Rob Burns! When I want to express sentiment which I feel deeply, I find the phrases in Shakespeare—or thee." It is a noticeable fact that all the men of genius who have lived since the days of the peasant-poet have regarded his memory with deeper sympathy and found deeper meaning in his writings than ordinary men, who, in general, saw but the specks and blemishes. The whole output of Burns must be considered before a judgment can be passed. Along with his convivial songs and somewhat freer passages must be considered many serious and higher passages to understand the widespread popularity which is expressed by Wordsworth in

"Through busiest street and loneliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen!
He rules mid winter snows, and when
Sees all their hives:
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives."

The speaker then proceeded to give a short account of the parentage and upbringing of Burns, showing that he was not the ignorant peasant that he has sometimes been represented, but that, on the contrary, he was well educated. Frequent quotations pointed out the remarks, and showed the speaker's preference for certain aspects of Burns' works. After tracing the chequered career of the poet to his last hours, Mr. Scott concluded by saying "My belief is that he gathered up in himself all the floating ideas of humanity, liberty and independence which existed around him, and formed the atmosphere in which he moved. No doubt, like all of us, he was the child of his environment. Admitting this as a reason for his popularity, I am, however, forced to the conclusion that the chief reason for his immense popularity is due to the fact that he felt strongly and wrote with great depth of feeling—exemplified in many a single line and stanza of Burns."

The various items of the programme, united to the quotations—the toast to the "Immortal Memory" gave a very good selection of the finest passages in the works of our poet, and many present will no doubt be stirred to a deeper interest in "Burnsiana." In the dance which followed, the more modern dances gave place to the Reel, Highland Schottische, Polka, and similar typical national dances. The committee in charge are highly gratified by the success of the evening, and trust that it may be but the foundation stone of a vigorous St. Andrew's Society for the perpetuation of everything Scottish.

J.H.B.
Jan. 25, 1922.

Preparedness.

(By BRUD)

Winter has come. The once kind sun is squinting at the season, but I'm not left to make a shift to keep myself from freezing; for when the days of pleasant rays were filling guys with pleasure I set my teeth and made a wreath for over much of leisure. And oft I wet with honest sweat my overalls and tatter when these same guys were swatting flies that didn't really matter. Like me they knew that winters do make earning somewhat harder, like me they thought that winters ought to find a flowing larder; but unlike me they couldn't see the providential spasms, and now they seek some way to trek the gloomy winter chasms. And now they shake the frozen cake from off their frozen mittens, while I content to pay the rent stay home and feed my kittens. The winter wind to me is kind the winter shelter cosy, while they lament the days mispent. I'm cracking jokes with Rosie. I'd rather let a summer sweat course freely down my person than stand to freeze on knocking knees and retrospect with cursing.

Competitors for the Indoor Ice Sports Meet will be enabled to practice at the Prince's Rink to-morrow evening from 6 to 7.30 o'clock, ice permitting.
Jan 27, 21

United Fishermen Form a New Lodge.

(Sydney Record.)

North Sydney—Gardiner No. 78 is the latest addition to the chain of branches of the Society of United Fishermen and was organized at North Sydney a few nights ago. Incidentally it is the second to be organized outside of Newfoundland, the home of the order, the first having been organized at Whitney Pier last autumn.

A short time ago a warrant was received from the Grand Lodge through Grand Master Curlew and Master Kingsbury. Bros. Miffen and Breen, of Maple Lodge, Whitney Pier, accompanied by thirty officers and members of that organization, came over, and the work of organizing the local lodge, electing and installing officers was proceeded with as follows:—

Master, George F. Bragg; Chief Officer, Charles F. Gardiner; Second Officer, A. B. Kelland; Purser, Thomas Major; Chaplain, J. H. Bustache; Secretary, William LeRossignol; Quartermaster, Fred Bartlett.

A number of names had been proposed for the new lodge, among them Missah and Caribou, but the name which met with most favor was that of Gardiner.

The name appealed from the fact that the society was originally founded by Rev. George Gardiner, and his grandson, Charles F. Gardiner, was very active in the initial work in connection with having a lodge organized in North Sydney.

The three degrees were conferred upon a number of candidates, and excellent speeches were made by a number of the brethren. A very interesting circumstance in connection with the ceremonies was the use of a Bible eighty-five years old used by the grandfather of C. E. Gardiner, of this town, and probably also the founder of the order. Meetings of the society will be held in St. John's parish hall weekly.

The society of which the local branch forms a part was organized in 1873 at Hearts Content, Newfoundland, by the Rev. George Gardiner, an English clergyman and doctor, who observed that there was no provision made for co-operative work in cases of sickness and accident among the fishermen. In the ritual were put three degrees, red, white and blue, and the service contained much that was useful and instructive, with some amusing features. The organization was primarily designed for fishermen, but its scope was not restricted, so that it now embraces some of the richest and most influential men in the Ancient Colony. It is a fraternal and mutual benefit society designed to give aid in sickness and accident, mortuary benefits and assistance to widows and orphans, and also to help in the education of the latter. It was the intention of the founder that the field of operations of the society should be confined to Newfoundland, and this was done till the past autumn. It had been felt for some time that Newfoundland people residing outside of the island should receive the benefits of the order, which could not only extend the usual benefits but also be organized to extend hearty welcome and fellowship to sons of the Ancient Colony who left their homes and were, to some extent, among strangers. The branch in Sydney now numbers over sixty members, and this number will, it is expected, be increased to at least a hundred before the end of the year. All this is a tribute to the good work of the organization, which is non-sectarian, and to the appreciation felt of its

work by sons of the Ancient Colony who are residing in Cape Breton.

Salvage Notes.

For more than a week now, the harbor of Salvage has been covered with a beautiful sheet of ice—the skater's delight—and in consequence day and night behold numerous admirers curvetting around on the practically rippleless surface. The skating rink is an undoubted attraction to the skater, but for sheer invigorating exercise nothing can rival the lengthening spins on the boardless (as compared with indoors) ice, the clang of the steel ringing welcome music, the pale lustre of the moon lighting the wintry scene.

Mr. John Hapgood who had been up to Newman's Sound cutting pie-progs, had to return home on Monday, having sustained a severe injury to one of his eyes from a knot striking him. It is unknown yet whether he will lose the sight of his eye or not.

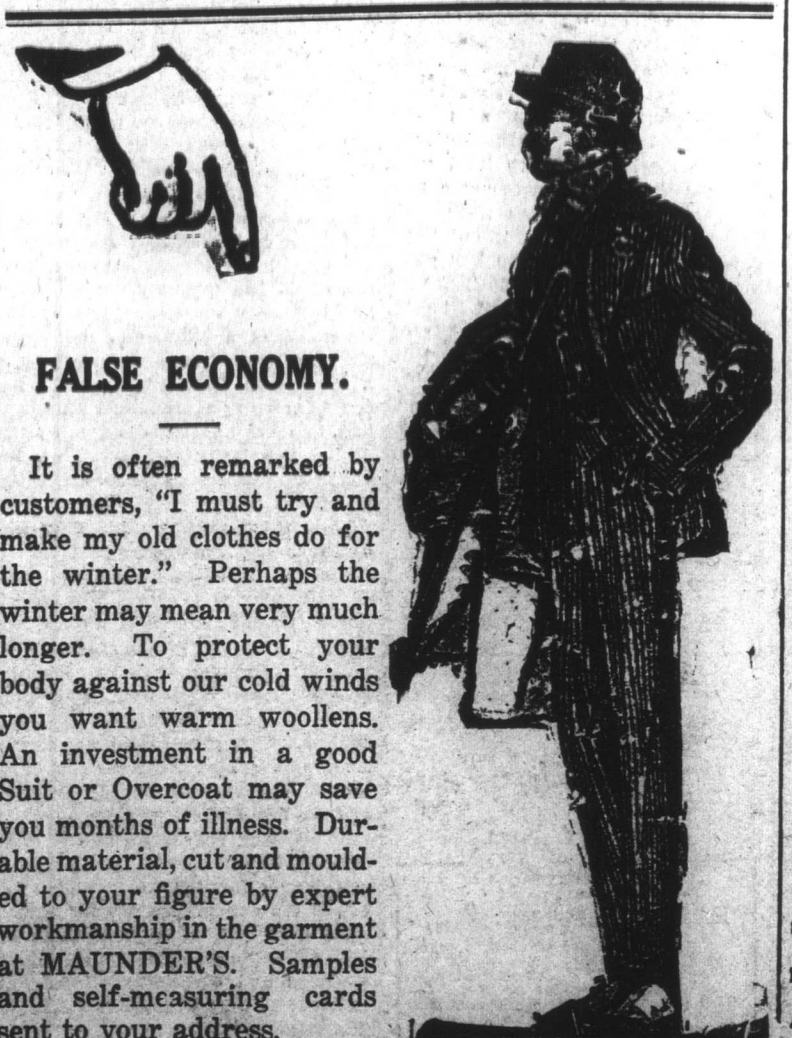
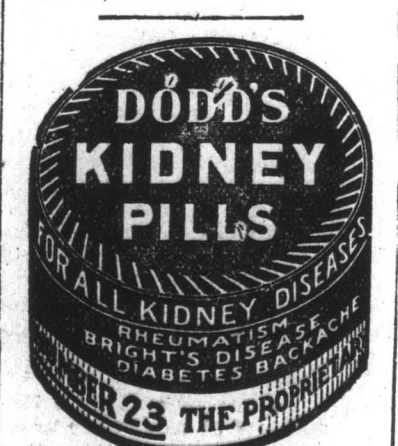
We regret to say that Mr. W. Dyke, Salvage, is still ill. We wish him a speedy recovery.

The S.S. Prospero passed by a few days ago on her way to Alexander Bay with, according to report, machinery for the Terra Nova Sulphite Plant. If rumour is correct it is possible operations will begin early this spring. Such an opening up of work will be of universal benefit, particularly to this vicinity, and we hope the Company may resume work speedily and on as big a scale as possible.

The residents of Salvage and vicinity, including Squid Tickers and Salvage Bay, have drawn up a petition to present to the Government, in order to have the S.S. Prospero make Salvage a port of call monthly, as in former years. We understand that her removal there was due to the "home-ly advantages" the two hours saved, would give to some of the ship's officers. Be the reason what it may, it is exceedingly important, that the Government should accede to the request of the petitioners, considering how many of our fishermen spend the months of summer fishing off the French Shore.

If I mistake not, last year saw only one small "rodney" built in Salvage and Bishop's Harbour. This year makes quite a contrast. The havoc of October's storms combined with the general wear and tear necessitated much repairing, and so the few men who are not in the woods are busily employed in punt and motor boat building.

We regret to see by the Telegram that Mr. Alfred Moore of the linotype staff was ill at the hospital. We trust ere this goes to print he will be back on the old job.—COR.
Jan. 22, 1922.



John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street

Wedding Bells.

MORASH-DICKS.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in St. Paul's Church, Harbor Street, Jan. 28th, at 7.30 p.m., the contracting parties were Miss Pearl Morash, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Obadiah Morash and Mr. Richard Dicks, son of Rachel and the late Henry Dicks, both of this place. The Rev. A. Shorter performed the ceremony while Miss G. Shorter presided at the organ and rendered music suitable for the occasion. The bride was tastefully attired in a navy blue costume and hat of blue plush trimmed with beads and gold leaves, and was assisted by her sister Miss Ada Morash, who wore navy blue and hat to match, while Mr. Arthur Collett acted as best man. After the ceremony the wedding party went to the bride's home where a delightful tea was served. That Mr. and Mrs. Dicks will have many years of wedded life is the sincere wish of all—A FRIEND.

Big Auction, C. C. C. Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 1st; 45's and Bridge. Come and do your bidding. I'm on it.—Jan 30, 31

Fashion Plates.

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3810. Very charming and withal up-to-date is this attractive design. The simple lines will appeal to all home dressmakers. The sleeve may be finished with the puff. This style is good for jersey, tricot, serge, satin, velvet, duvetyne, changeable taffeta, gabardine and broad cloth.

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