

ENGINEER SUFFERED FORTY LONG YEARS.

**Well Known Sydney Citizen
Could Barely Eat Enough To
Sustain Life, He Says—Tan-
lac Restores Health.**

"I not only was relieved after forty years' suffering but also gained twenty pounds in weight and am still gaining since taking 'Tanlac,'" said William D. Jackson, Cornish Town Road, Sydney, N.S. Mr. Jackson is an engineer and has been night locomotive foreman at the roundhouse of the Dominion Steel Co. for years.

"For many years I didn't enjoy a single meal, some days I didn't eat at all and never ate except as necessary to sustain life. Nine times out of ten what I ate nauseated me so I could not retain it on my stomach. I had awful pains across the small of my back and although my work was light, I found great difficulty in sticking to the job.

"Tanlac did the work for me. It took hold of me right from the start,

gave me an appetite, toned up my stomach and freed me of indigestion. I feel so fine, now, I tell the young fellows at the roundhouse I am as young as any of them and that is exactly the way I feel.

"Nearly everybody in Sydney knows me and every day some one tells me I look like a different man from what I was. 'Tanlac' is certainly a wonderful medicine and I like to spread the news about it. I know it helped me it will help others. It stands out far and away better than any other medicine I have ever known or heard of."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, in Paradise by Mrs. Martin F. Byrne, in Upper Gullies by Heber Andrews, in Portland by R. G. Haines, in St. Joseph, Salmonier, by Mrs. J. Gashue, in Millertown by E. J. Valley Royal Stores, Ltd., in Flat Island by William Samson, in Jamestown by Christopher Haines, and in Lewisporte by Uriah Freake, agent.

Our Future King David.

**THE PRINCE WON'T BE EDWARD
THE EIGHTH.**

If he lives to ascend the throne the present Prince of Wales will probably become King David the First!

To most people who know him simply as Prince Edward that may sound strange, but he has six other Christian names, amongst them being David. Amongst the Royal Family the young Prince is always known as David.

This fact has several times been published. Indeed some thirteen years ago a Welsh newspaper announced that he was officially known as Prince David, but the public taste has since been changed.

The selection of David is said to have been largely due to his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria. Edward was in her mind always associated with her son, and besides, she had a great liking for the name of David. She was wont to prophesy that some day a King David would reign over the British Empire who would be as great and powerful as was David, King of Israel.

That prophecy may well come true, for the Prince of Wales has already shown a keen, statesmanlike grasp of the duties of a monarch, and gives every promise of carrying on the great traditions of this country and even emphasizing our influence and prestige amongst the nations of the world.

The name David, too, is fitting for the Prince of Wales, since David is the patron saint of that principality, while another fact, not generally known, is that there are in England a few people who claim that our present Royal Family are direct descendants of King David of the Bible. The British Israelites claim that they can prove the direct succession.

Aged Mason Dies at Windsor Home.

Windsor.—David Archibald, of West Harbor, who passed away recently at the Home for Aged Masons, was one of the oldest Free Masons in Nova Scotia, having reached his ninety-third year. Mr. Archibald was the establishment of Eureka Lodge and was its first secretary for more than half a century ago. Prior to the establishment of Eureka Lodge he had held membership in a Lodge at Halifax. By trade Mr. Archibald was a lumber surveyor.

—And the Worst is Yet to Come



Brilliant Talkers.

It is said that, in the days of Jekyll, Mackintosh, and Sydney Smith, society had no member more popular than William Wilberforce. Madame de Staël pronounced him the most brilliant converser she had met with in England. Wit, it has been said, may either pervade a man's conversation, or be condensed in particular passages of it—as the electric current may either be diffused through the atmosphere, or flash across it. Wilberforce's wit was of the former kind; he had no terse and pregnant jests, yet whatever he said was amusing or interesting. Sometimes Sir Francis Bacon would supply the text, and sometimes Sir John Sinclair; but whether he fused the pure gold of the sage, or brayed, as it is a matter of the crochets of the simpleton, the comment was irresistibly charming, though no memory could retain the glowing, picturesque, or comic language in which it was delivered. Mackintosh, his contemporary, must have been, we think, a wearisome talker, in spite of—or, rather, on account of—his prodigious learning; though Sydney Smith pronounced him the most brilliant and instructive talker he ever knew, and Robert Hall is reported to have said: "I have been with Mackintosh this morning; but, oh! sir, it was like the Euphrates pouring itself into a teacup." Sir James had little verbal wit; brilliant repartees, pungent sayings, concentrated and epigrammatic remarks, were not his forte. He was "luminous, lettered, and long-remembered." The shrewd, masculine Joanna Baillie calls him a clever talker; "but he tried me very much, though my sister once repeated to me seventeen things he said worth remembering, one morning at breakfast." Another lady, in describing his soft Scotch voice, said: "Mackintosh played on your understanding with a flagolet, Macaulay with a trumpet."

To Sydney Smith's colloquial powers we can but barely advert; who could do justice to them in a touch-and-go notice? We can think of no great converser whom we would have walked more miles to hear. He talked, not for display, but as a bird sings, because he could not help it. . . . He had no elaborate impromptus, no cut-and-dry repartees; he never lay perdu, seeking to draw the conversation into an ambush, that he might give play to his sharpshooters, when he had tricked men within his reach. His practice was, as he said, to fire right across the table, and to talk upon any subject that was started, rarely saying anything of his own. Though the prince of wit, he was no mere joker; or provoker of barren laughter. There was always plenty of bread to his sack. Having as much wit as a man without a grain of his sense, he had as much sense as a man without a spark of his wit. His jests always contained a thought worth treasuring for its own sake, independently of the brilliant vehicle—the value of a hundred pounds sterling of sense, condensed into a cut and polished diamond.—William Matthews.

The Prince of Wales on Immigration.

In years the Prince of Wales is young, and the zest with which he enters upon his tasks and the joyous manner in which he carries them all off, he they great or little, pleasant or irksome, suggests the buoyancy of early life, as well as the optimism that years has not dulled. But his head is older than his years would denote, and on national subjects he speaks with a seriousness and soundness of judgment that give proof of ability and deep thought. And thinking, as he is, there is a charming modesty and sincerity of purpose, inspired by fervent loyalty to the Empire and love of the British people the world over. To serve the Empire as best he can, in the station of life to which he has been called, seems to be the dominating purpose of his life. He has already accomplished much, and in the years to come his achievements will be of great worth to every Britisher and add lustre to the crown that some day he will wear.

Speaking at an important function held in London recently he discussed emigration or as we call them immigration problems.

What is wanted, he said, is to plan human co-operation. People will emigrate from the Motherland but their going should not be a loss to the Empire, but only a readjustment of population, removing from one part of the Empire to another part.

"Success," said the Prince, "depends upon the way and spirit in which both sides tackle the subject. British population is a very valuable thing, and we must see to it that it remains all British. The closer and more human the understanding, the easier becomes the movement of men and, I may add, of capital, which the Empire requires. We want to make that understanding wider and deeper, so that it is never swamped with jealousy, either local or other. I hope the longer I live, the more I may see the ties that unite them and us, steadily strengthened and multiplied until the bond of fellowship which unites us is unbreakable."

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR DIPHTHERIA.

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Tasteless Preparation of an Extract
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Specially Recommended for
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Bronchitis,
Anemia
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Women and Children
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Haig is Head of Famous Golf Club.

Field Marshal Earl Haig is captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, the most coveted position in the realm of golf, and has issued a special appeal to all golf clubs the coming season throughout the Empire to help in raising funds in aid of the Great War Officers Association. The first Canadian golf club to respond to the appeal is the Vancouver Golf and Country Club, Vancouver, B. C., which has already appointed an energetic committee to prepare a programme to help raise money for this most worthy object. It is to be hoped other leading Canadian Clubs will also interest themselves in the project in 1921.

Earl Haig in his letter, points out that there are now on the roll 35,000 disabled officers, 10,000 officers widows, 8,000 orphans of officers, 15,000 children of disabled officers and 25,000 unemployed officers. Of a surety, a sad toll. The appeal of the Field Marshal is hereby passed on to the golfers of the Dominion with every assurance that the coming season they will do their "bit" to help swell the total of the much needed contributions towards this most praiseworthy fund, in which the Captain of the Royal and Ancient is so personally interested.

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Wasting Their Money.

(From the Los Angeles Times.)

If the Kaiser is getting a salary of \$25,000,000 a year from Prussia, as has been widely charged, he is being paid much more than he is worth and Prussia is being double-crossed. At Kaiserling he is no longer worth more than forty marks a month. He has developed into a passable wood sawyer, but even at \$8 a cord he could not make more than \$90 a week. He is said to be writing "his memoirs" on the side. He would probably make more in that way than any other, but certainly Prussia shouldn't pay him a salary for doing it. He might develop into a movie director, but it isn't necessary for Prussia to pay a fancy figure for his keep in the meantime. Leave him alone and make him hustle for himself. We don't blame the Allies for remonstrating against this diversion of the Prussian assets. Germany owes a lot of money in the reparations columns and cannot be permitted to waste a big bunch of it on a moth-eaten and flea-bitten Kaiser.

Afternoon frocks appear as lace-oversatin creations.

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A Harmonious Naval Programme.

(From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

We ought to be leading the world toward peace, not prodding it toward war. That we can do with irresistible effect by ourselves proposing a naval holiday. We have already agreed on the military side of the problem by refusing to maintain an army that anybody need fear. We cannot, of course, scrap our navy while other nations retain theirs. But we can agree with the only two other serious naval Powers, to "mark time" till there is less pathetic need for every dollar we can spare in the breadlines of mid-Europe—yes, and in such charities at home as the "sixty neediest cases" we have presented to the good people of Philadelphia. We must, of course, keep a stiff upper lip and "take our own part," where it is threatened. Colonel House instances a case in point in urging that we insist upon fair play in the distribution of cables. Cables are still the trunk-nerve of trade; and we are in the competition for the world's trade as we never have been before. It is entirely beside the question that the nations who were in the war before we were naturally availed themselves of their naval supremacy to seize all the German cables. We did come into the war eventually; and helped them to keep these spoils of victory. We cannot now be told that they are to be allotted without regard to our interests. But Great Britain as well as Italy is with us on this question. There is nothing even here—the most vexed issue of the moment—to postpone the initial millennium of a naval holiday. In fact, it may easily come about that when Britain and America arrive at their mutual self-denying agreement, which is to save both peoples from the insanity of building against each other, they will be compelled to add a clause in sheer self-protection which will empower their combined navies to see to it very sternly that no other ill-advised people be permitted to precipitate a new rivalry.

At the Balsam.

The following guests are registered at the Balsam: H. G. Warr, Pillory Island; Wm. Bugdell, Pillory Island; A. Maddock, J. Maddock, Geo. Howell, Carbonara; Wm. Howell, New York; J. M. Hearn, Colliers; A. Vacher, Carbonara; Miss E. Henry, Parsons' Pond; J. B. Ryan, Bonne Bay; Mrs. Hodder, Hearn's Delight; Capt. J. Parsons, Hr. Grace; W. J. Parsons, Hr. Grace; John Bishop, Bay Roberts.

Paris looks with favor upon hand-work of every kind.

Say fellers, there's two things I like with my
POST TOASTIES
—lots of room and no competition!
—says Bobby
Superior
Corn Flakes



"Pussyfoot" Johnson.

Almost everyone has heard of William Eugene Johnson, better known as "Pussyfoot" Johnson, the great advocate of prohibition, most especially in connection with his fight against the liquor traffic in England and Scotland, but few persons have heard of the somewhat dramatic incident that started him on his life-work. The story is told in F. A. McKenzie's new life of "Pussyfoot" Johnson: Crusader—Reformer—a Man Among Men—and is, briefly, as follows: While a student at college at Lincoln, Neb., Johnson, accompanied by about a dozen other students entered a hall where a temperance meeting was being held. An appeal was made for men to come up and sign the pledge. Johnson turned to his companions, "What is the matter with you fellows?" he demanded. "Come up and sign." "We will if you do," someone declared. "Come right along," Johnson responded. He led the way to the front, ten or twelve following him. They had not gone half way before the orchestra struck up the Sankey hymn:

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on."
There came a quick burst of laughter from the audience, and the advance paused for a moment, but only for a moment; and from that time Johnson was openly committed to the fight. He was under thirty years old at the time, full of energy and great

physical strength. He had newspaper experience, which had taught him ingenuity and agility of thought. As Dr. Wilfrid T. Grenfell says, in "A Word of Appreciation," he "is a sportsman in the very best English sense of the term, and that appeals to all good Englishmen."

Happy Thought.

(From the Boston Transcript.)
Brown had taken only a few lessons in driving his recently purchased car, and it was with considerable reluctance that his family accepted his invitation to take a ride with him. All went well, however, until another motorist coming up behind suddenly sounded his horn. Brown, startled, jerked his wheel to the left, running down a steep bank, then to the right, just grazing a fence, but luckily bringing up again on the road.

"For mercy sake, what are you trying to do?" demanded his terrified wife.
"Why, Mary," replied Brown, calmly, "it was just practicing for emergencies."

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