To My Customers & Friends

OF THE PAST, OF THE PRESENT, OF THE FUTURE, I EXTEND

Greetings for 1922,

AND WISH ALL

A Very Happy

AND

Prosperous New Year.

"Press on, and thou shalt surely reap a heavenly harvest for thy toil."—Benjamin.

Wm. Noseworthy, Ltd.

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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

WHY THE FIRST YEAR ISN'T THE HAPPIEST.

Once upon a time I made bold to tilt against a certain sentimental tradition that is very firmly entrenched in the human mind—namely that the first year of married life is the happiest.

I dared to say that I thought that in many cases it was the least happy because it was so full of the inevitable readjustments that come when people of different bringing up, different habits, different sexes, come to live together.

And much to my delight I was upheld in my daring by several Reader Friends who were willing to admit that their first year of married life had not been the "radiantly happy year" that sentimentalists claim it should be, and that the later years had been happier.

Don't Try to Judge Your Husband By Yourself.

The biggest factor in the inevitable readjustments is of course the factor of sex. Men and women feel differently about different things, and react differently to different conditions. The significance of their acts and words should be measured by different measures, and each tries to apply to the other his own standard of measurement with inevitable misunderstandings.

A woman who has been married 20 years and is unusually happy with her husband told me that she could never see a young couple in their first year of married life without wishing she could tell the wife, some of the big and little things she has learned about men and wherein they are different from women.

Wherein They Differ.

Here are some of the masculine individualities which she has discovered:

"Men are apt to feel at their best at night and grouchy in the morning, especially before they have gotten their coffee into them.

"Men concentrate more than women. That is why they hate to be spoken to when they are reading. Women's work is of such a nature that she is accustomed to thinking of half a dozen things at once ("as soon as the baby finishes his bottle I must call up and order the dinner"), and never gets the habit of concentration as most successful men have it.

"Men hate to ask directions of any sort. Don't know just what this has its root in, but it is true of nine men out of ten.

"Men hate things to be very hot. They cannot stand as hot a bath or as hot food as women.

"Men do not like supersensitiveness. Hurt feelings, especially if ostentatiously displayed, enrage them instead of appealing to them.

Men Hate Tears.

"Likewise men dislike tears. They seldom weep themselves, when they do they pass through a painful and devastating cataclysm instead of finding emotional relief. Consequently they do not understand women's crying and try to prevent it by a discouraging manner. Women often think this manner applies to the subject over which they are weeping rather to the tears themselves and further complications result."

Of course there are men who have feminine attributes and there are women who have masculine attributes. That fact modifies these findings somewhat. But these habits of mind which this woman has sketched are masculine, and the average male possesses some if not all of them.

TAKE NOTICE.

We publish simple straight testimonials from well known people, not press agents' interviews.

From all over America they testify to the merits of Minard's Liniment, the best of household remedies.

Minard's Liniment Co., Ltd.
Yarmouth, N.S.,
Branch Factory, St. John's, Nfld.

Knife-Blade Secrets.

Have you ever noticed the curious mark that appears on the blades of most table knives just between the maker's name and the shoulder? It looks as if someone had touched the blade with a greasy thumb.

This "thumb-mark" consists not of grease or dirt, but of iron!

The steel used for making knife blades is very expensive, for it must be of good quality, otherwise it will not take a fine edge. Though the blade itself must be of steel, there is no reason why that part which runs down inside the handle—the tang—should be of the same metal; as a matter of fact it is not, except in the case of expensive knives.

When the blade has been roughly forged a piece of iron is welded on to its lower end, and from this are made the shoulder and tang. The thumb-mark is the place where the two metals are joined. It shows up because iron and steel have different colors.

The size of the thumb-mark is a guide to the quality of a knife. If it is small the blade is all steel; but if it extends a good way up the blade, then you may be sure the knife will not cut well, for the lower half, or perhaps more, of the blade is made of iron, which will not keep a keen edge.

Labor and Gold.

An ounce of gold purchases 17.22 hours of labor in the United States; 50.16 hours in Britain; 95.50 hours in Japan; 117.31 hours in France and 201,66 hours in Germany, said C. J. Hannon, member of Parliament for the Moseley division of Birmingham quoting statistics in the course of an address to the members of the National Union of Manufacturers at Birmingham recently.

From An Unknown Canadian Soldier.

Disturb me not, but let me rest in peace
Beneath the soil on which I shed my blood.
Here, with my comrades by my side,
I fain would sleep until the last great trump.
And we will answer to the great Roll Call.
"Here!" in the place where duty called
We wait, and, waiting, rest.
Ah! yes, we know
'Tis honor you would do us. But in truth
The nation's honor is already done.
For in the ancient Abbey's silent nave
'Mid Britain's noblest dust lies one of us.
Yes, we are honored with him; with his share
The glory.
Wherefore, we pray, let be.
Enshrine us in your memory. Take up
The tasks we left unfinished. So live
That we shall not have died in vain.
And we
Will wait and rest in sure and certain hope
That out of darkness yet shall come the light,
And Right and Truth and Justice shall prevail.

—Hyper, in the Toronto Globe.

Death of a Ferocious Queen.

On January 5, 1598, the famous Catherine de Medici, Queen of Henry II. of France, died at Blois. She was an Italian princess, being the daughter of Lorenzo de Medici, grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and nephew of Pope Leo X., and was born in 1519. In 1533 she married Henry, second son of Francis I. of France and became Queen when Henry ascended the throne in 1547. By her marriage she was the mother of five sons, three of whom—Francis II., Charles IX. and Henry III.—successively reigned. The former was king but for a few months, and on his death was succeeded by Charles, who was only in his eleventh year. His mother was made Regent, and for some years ruled both her son and the kingdom. Such was the influence she exerted over the mind of Charles, that he was unable to refuse anything sh advised. It was in his reign that the faithless treaties, most cruel and sanguinary massacres and murders were enacted in the contests with the Huguenots. The most terrible of these acts was the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572. After the death of Charles in 1574, Catherine retained her power during the reign of Henry III., a weak and corrupt prince—whose reign was troubled by the wars against the Huguenots, by the intrigues of the Queen Mother, and of the Guises, and war with Spain. Catherine sometimes sided with one party and sometimes with the other, and at last had recourse to assassination to get rid of the Duke of Guise and his brother the Cardinal.

Oil as a Fuel.

A ton of crude petroleum costs from three to four times as much as a ton of steam coal, and gives only about one-third more heat. This being the case, it looks as if coal must surely be the cheapest source of power.

That it is not proved by the fact that almost every week one reads of some monster liner being docked in order to be changed from coal to oil burning.

The first great advantage of oil is that you can use it all. You get complete combustion. There is no waste, and there is no soot, no smoke.

There is no dust, there are no ashes or clinker. In a coal-burning furnace the ashes and clinker need labour to remove them.

Oil gives a constant heat. With coal, every time you open the furnace door to stroke you let cold air in, and the steam gauge bobs up and down.

Coal deteriorates by keeping; oil does not. To fill a ship's bunkers with coal is a long, hard and very dirty job.

Oil, on the other hand, is got aboard by a pipe and takes up less space. with coal. An oil-fed furnace can be lighted and steam raised in one-tenth of the time as with coal, and with less than one-tenth of the labour.

ASK FOR

ALVINA

The Improved Tasteless Preparation of an Extract of Cod Liver Oil

Especially Recommended for

Persistent Coughs, Bronchitis, Anemia

A Splendid Tonic for Delicate Women and Children

Prepared by DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Manufacturing Chemists, Montreal

This Nova Scotia Woman Hardly Ate Enough to Keep Up

After Suffering For Two Years Mrs. Mulloy Soon Finds Entire Relief.

"What I like best about Tanlac is that it brings relief that lasts; it restored me to health over a year ago and I have been well and strong ever since," said Mrs. Hannah Mulloy, 161 Kaye St., Halifax, N.S.

"When I began taking Tanlac I had been going down hill for two years as a result of stomach trouble. I was eating hardly enough to keep alive and was almost a nervous wreck.

"My condition now is no more to be compared to what it was than a bright sunny day is like a dark rainy one. It is only fair and right that I give Tanlac credit for the wonderful health I enjoy. In my opinion, no other medicine has a right to be compared with it."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.

WINTER WANTS—We have a large assortment of Boots, Shoes and Clothing for your Winter requirements — Prices reasonable. Drop in and be convinced. DOMINION SECOND HAND STORE, 4 Chapel Street.

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THE BOOTLEGGERS.

On furtive feet along the street in darkness they are going; from stew and slum they bring the rum that keeps the boneyard growing. They make their rye of poisoned lye, of rough on rats their brandy, and he who drinks is wise, methinks, to keep a coffin handy. They fill their vats with old dead cats when they would make sour mashes; and one small drink will put a gink in line for dust and ashes. They make their gin of rusted tin and upas leaves and granite, and he who sips curls up and skips from this our well known planet. They make their booze from cast-off shoes brought in by vampires ghostly, and he who quaffs finds epitaphs the goods he's needing mostly. Ah, when you swig a bumper big of bootleg rye or bourbon, your works will split, you'll throw a fit no doc can put a curb on. You'll bite the chairs and fall down stairs and start a roughhouse gaudy, and when you're through the crowner true will sit upon your body. Few, few escape the shroud and crape who drink the bootleg mixture, and with a spade men's beds are made where headstones are a fixture. The bootleg knaves are peddling graves, they're selling bottled slaughter; oh, then, with me drink boneset tea, and pop, and milk, and water!

Try our Fresh Sausages—Tomato-Pork-Beef—Made daily at ELLIS'—dec8,tf

"Seek and You Shall Find"

By now almost everyone knows where

THE UNION SHOE STORE

is and the wonderful bargains it offers.

The prices of our present stock are so ASTONISHINGLY LOW, that in the past few days, we have actually had great difficulty in making some of our customers believe it.

Every Shoe is of This Seasons Model.

Come soon and secure your share.

THEY WON'T LAST LONG.

THE UNION SHOE STORE

Noah Building, 320 Water Street, St. John's

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"Defender" Closed 1921 Marine Disaster List.

Another of the Newfoundland fleet was added last night to the long toll exacted by Old Ocean during the season of 1921, when the fine schooner Defender, once crack of the Gloucester fleet, but now sailing out of Port aux Basques, where she is owned by her commander, Capt. Theodore Keeping, went to her doom at the entrance of the harbor about midnight last night.

The Defender sailed from Halifax this week with a full and valuable cargo of molasses, pork and general cargo for the Newfoundland terminus. On the voyage Capt. Keeping experienced heavy weather, and on Wednesday night the cargo shifted, the vessel's seams opening up at the same time. Every member of the crew of six worked unceasingly at the pumps in order to keep their craft from going down.

Yesterday morning the wind increased in fury, and piece by piece the ship's canvas began to go. However, Capt. Keeping kept at the wheel and steered his course for North Sydney. He was making for the harbor, but in trying to avoid the dreaded Petrie's Ledges, where so many good ships' bones have laid before, the Defender misstayed, and before any on board could do anything the schooner crashed on the jagged ledge. The crew finally took to the boats, and not a moment too soon, as the wind suddenly veered around to the northeast.

In the blinding darkness, with only the flicker of the revolving light at Low Point to guide the tired out storm-tossed mariners, the boats put og and made a successful landing at Low Point, when the captain and crew wended their way to the hospitable home of pilot Frank McGillivary, where they were made comfortable for the night and partook of food, etc. As one of the men told the Herald reporter who went out to the scene of the wreck, "the kindness of the good people in the McGillivary home was such as could not be improved upon; nothing was too good for us and everything possible was done for us that was humanly possible."

The men left at an early hour this morning in their boats for the scene of the wreck, which is only a very short distance from the Low Point shore. They endeavored to get on board in order to try and save something, but the tremendous seas that swept completely over the stranded ship, accompanied by the blizzard which raged was too much for human endurance to overcome, and they had to abandon their egorts.

Capt. Keeping purchased the Defender a short time ago for $12,000, a very low price for such a fine vessel, and he only carried about $7,000 insurance, so that his loss is a very heavy one. The cargo, it is understood, is insured for pretty near its value.—North Sydney Herald, Dec. 30.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE DIABETES

R 23 THE PROPRIETORS

Going Home at Night.

"What the dickens is the matter with you?" furiously demanded the warder of William Sykes. "Kicking up a row like that at this time of night!"

"I only want to go home," said Bill.

"Don't be a fool, man!" said the warder, coming nearer to see if his charge was quite well.

"Fool, indeed!" shouted Bill from the other side of the grating. "I'm in my rights."

"Now, look here," broke in the warder meaningly, "you've got seven days' hard. Seven days you've got to do, so you'd better do them quietly."

"You're quite right," smiled Bill. "The old boy gave me seven days; but he didn't say anything about nights; and you can surely trust me to come back in the morning!"

NEW CROP

RAISINS!

Now ready for delivery, full assortment California New Crop Raisins, comprising:

Thompson's Seedless, packed 45's.
Thompson's Seedless Bulk, 25 lb. boxes.
3 Crown Muscatel Bulk, 25 lb. boxes.
Seeded Muscatels, packed 36's.

To arrive:

200 boxes 4 Crown Spanish Layer Raisins, packed 28 lb. boxes.

On spot:

New Crop Packet Currants, 50's.
New Crop Bulk Currants, 56 lb. boxes.

Soper & Moore.

Phone 480-902. P. O. B. 1345.

A gown of gold lace over gold tissue is embroidered in tiny coral beads.

The collar of many a frock is made of the same material and is edged in matching grosgrain ribbon.

MUTT AND JEFF.— MUTT GETS THIS WAY EVERY CHRISTMAS. —By Bud Fisher