

CASCARETS 10¢

For Constipated Bowels, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Bilious Liver

will empty your bowels completely by morning, and you will feel splendid. "They work while you sleep." Cascarets never stir you up or grip like Salts, Pills, Calomel, or Oil and they cost only ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets too.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

SEVEN THINGS NEED A REST SOMETIMES.

What wonders a little change will do in making one see the familiar thing with a new eye! Here is a queer example of that familiar truth.

I have just started again to carry a small travelling bag which I had carried the bag then and it had reached that stage which seemed to me too shabby to be used to carry any longer. I bought me a new bag—a new one, but beautiful to me then it was new.

I have worn out that bag, and having a new one I looked over it and decided that it really didn't look any better. So I had it made up again. And I really feel it is a new one. And yet I remember when I put it away and the new one, it seemed to me it was a journey with that old thing.

Washington Conference.

IS DONE GREAT WORK.

One of the pitfalls and unending ones which France, disbelieving her attempt to reap undue credit from the Washington Conference, has drawn a strict line as to the limits of the French Republic. It is the United States Government disclaims all responsibility for the present economic situation in Europe. "Pull yourselves out by your own bootstraps, if you can," says Uncle Sam, in effect. In Europe to-day there are three and one-half million men under arms. This is exclusive of Russia. Poland alone has 400,000. France is an armed camp, with sabres rattling, and no disposition to alter her mood. And with it all not one of these countries is collecting sufficient revenue to pay operating expenses, not to speak of interest on debts.

However, something has been accomplished at Washington, and it is to be hoped that ere long Europe will awake sober and get back to work—Saturday Night.

The C.L.B.C. Old Comrades and friends will play UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT in the C. C. Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 1st. Don't forget, ladies and gentlemen, Card Party, Supper and Dance.—Jan 30, 31

New Zealand Butter

Very Highest Grade Pure Table Butter. Fresh supply ex S. S. Digby,

47c. lb.

HARTLEY'S MARMALADE, 1 lb. and 2 lb. jars
DEL MONTE' APRICOT JAM, 40c. 15 oz. jar
DEL MONTE' MARMALADE, 40c. 15 oz. jar
Ex Rosalind:
100 barrels BALDWIN APPLES.
FRESH NEW LAID CANADIAN EGGS.
CALIFORNIA NAVEL ORANGES.
PORTO RICO GRAPE FRUIT.
CALIFORNIA LEMONS, 25c. dozen.
FRESH CALIFORNIA PEARS.
CALIFORNIA GRAPES.
TABLE APPLES—Boxes of 125, 138, 150.
LATIVE, ROBIN HOOD & 5 ROSE FLOUR.

C. P. EAGAN,
Luckworth Street & Queen's Road

The Bitterness of France.

The action of France in refusing to consent to a reduction in submarine's puzzling everybody, writes Temple Bar in the Glasgow Weekly Herald. Whether it would be possible to keep a nation like Germany to any abolition or limitation of submarines is another matter, but what on earth France wants to keep up the quota for nobody can understand. It rather looks at present as if it were a case of amour-propre, and that France—having had to give up her mind to assert herself on this point, Germany—at any rate at sea—is down and out for a generation, and Britain is the only nation against whom France would be likely to find it useful to employ the giddy submarine. An acquaintance of mine, recently back from a tour in Germany and France, tells me that, whilst Germany goes out of her way to be polite and accommodating to this country, the French are now as bitter against us as they were at any pre-war period. Once again we are "perfidie Albion." Many in France are already discussing the next war, in which France expects to be fighting against an allied Britain and Germany. It is said that the end of the friendship has come so soon, but, all things considered, it is hardly to be wondered at. The French are horribly sensitive and touchy. They pain the indemnity Germany demanded in 1870, and it is only natural for them to think that Germany must now pay in her turn. I have always thought that our cardinal point in the Peace Treaty should have been the return of that indemnity before any other point was even contemplated.

MOTHER!

Move Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"



Hurry mother! Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful, to-day may prevent a sick child to-morrow. If constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good cleansing of the little bowels is often all that is necessary. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Largest Power Plant in World Started.

A crowd of men and women variously estimated at from three to five thousand at Queenston, Ont., witnessed the ceremony of turning on the power of the greatest electrical plant in the world, the Chippawa-Queenston Hydro-Power Canal development.

Premier E. C. Drury, of Ontario turned a brass hand controller, letting the water into one of the huge penstocks, and away went the machinery with a whirl as soft and rhythmic and scarcely more loud than that of a smooth sewing machine. Sir Adam Beck, head of Ontario's Hydro-Electric enterprise, and men of eminence in the electrical world from different parts of the continent stood by, as the Premier's little act completed an achievement which has taken the industry of thousands of men and some of the best brains in the electrical world to build in three years at an expenditure of eighty million dollars. Premier Drury spoke briefly in a congratulatory way to Sir Adam Beck and his engineers; and Sir Adam made a brief reply in which he referred to the difficulties connected with the completing of the great enterprise which will be a splendid asset to the province for all time.

A great barrier was stretched across the wall of the power house bearing the words, "Queenston-Chippawa Hydro-Electric plant largest in the world." Its ultimate capacity is six hundred and fifty thousand horsepower. Immediately the water was released into the penstocks, locomotive and shovel sirens outside set up a scream of triumph that must have been heard above the roar of the cataract miles away. It kept up for several minutes, mingling with the cheers of the thousands of spectators in the great power house, and the hum of the turbines.

The power house is among the largest in the world, being 600 by 300 feet in size and 135 feet high. Even then its roof is a long way from the top of the cliff. After the ceremony of turning on the power the guests were allowed to roam about the vast building inspecting the machinery.

Has Kept Her in Fine Condition Says Ont. Girl.

Miss McCuen Says Tanlac Restored Her Health And Brought Back Strength.

"I certainly am glad I found Tanlac, for it restored my health and keeps me feeling good all the time," said Miss Jennie McCuen, 149 Wentworth St., North, Hamilton, Ont.

"Four years ago I found myself in a run-down and weakened condition. I got so weak that I had to stop every few minutes to rest while doing some little light housework, and many days I couldn't even prepare the meals. My stomach was so out of order that I was afraid to eat because of the suffering I knew it would cause. I got to where I couldn't eat anything but bread and a little milk."

"Well, Tanlac certainly is an excellent medicine. Three bottles of it built me up to where I felt fine, and since then I've made it a habit to take a bottle occasionally to keep me feeling right. It keeps me eating and digesting most anything I want, and gives me plenty of strength to do my housework. I am glad to praise Tanlac for the wonderful good it has done me."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.

Young men employed by the Hydro acted as guides and gave information and later refreshments were served on perhaps, the most momentous event to top floor and thousands were fed. It was a long climb of slender stairs, ways to get there but it worked up an appetite. Each guest was given a souvenir booklet with Hydro photos and information regarding what is, perhaps, the most momentous event in the history of Ontario province.

Out of the Promotion Stage.

THE FINANCIAL POST ARGUES AGAINST PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

Water has been turned on at Chippawa and a small amount of power has been developed to impress the people with the fact that they are going to get something for the millions of their money which Sir Adam Beck and his commission have been spending. Immediately we are informed by the chorus of public ownership newspapers, led by the Toronto Globe, that the great scheme has been proven a triumph. For the first time it is admitted that there has been great financial anxiety mixed with engineering doubt, but, by mere turning of a valve, all these have been dissipated.

Anyone who knows anything whatever of big undertakings appreciates that it is one thing to bring a project to completion—and Chippawa is by no means complete—and entirely another thing to make it a success. With a blank cheque signed by the people of Ontario at his command, Sir Adam Beck has gone ahead spending with alarming recklessness. What was to involve a total of about \$10,000,000 or so has become a public white elephant which promises to cut up ten times that amount before its appetite is satisfied. Success can only come when the project is showing an income which will justify every dollar invested and Sir Adam is not yet through spending money, let alone getting into a position to show a satisfactory profit and loss account.

So long as Chippawa continues to finance itself out of capital account there can be no claim made for its success. Success can only be argued when sufficient power is sold on a satisfactory basis to cover all costs. Further this cannot be accomplished by the kind of bookkeeping jugglery such as is usually employed to cover up public ownership deficits. Already there has been talk of wiping part of the cost. This should never be considered. Chippawa should be made to carry every dollar of cost; Chippawa should pay to Ontario a reasonable rental for the use of water for the

THIN, FADED HAIR
NEEDS "DANDERINE"
TO THICKEN IT

35 cents buys a bottle of "Danderine." Within ten minutes after the first application you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them, helping your hair to grow long, thick and luxuriant. Girls! Girls! Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, thin, scraggy. A single application of delightful Danderine will double the beauty and radiance of your hair and make it look twice as abundant.

benefit of the power consumers: Chippawa should pay to the province taxes in addition to all interest charges with full allowance for sinking fund and other overhead costs—then and not until then can Sir Adam Beck and the other public ownership promoters claim that their works are a success.

The Financial Post, like the government, has good reason to fear that Chippawa can never justify its cost. It is a serious matter, this project which involves an estimated sum already approaching \$90,000,000. The Financial Post believes that there should be a thorough inquiry to find out how these many millions have been spent, to decide at what price power is to be expected and, in brief, to let the people know where they stand in regard to this great undertaking—an undertaking which to-day stands as an experiment, the success of which is a matter for very grave doubt.

RAVEN TRESSSES.

I had all kinds of glossy ringlets, until five years ago; they might have been admired by kinglets, so richly did they grow. Think not it vain if one confesses to glories passed away! And I was proud of those dark tresses without a thread of gray. Oh, others had patrician faces, and some had princely frames, and some had all the airs and graces that captivate the dames. But I had hair so dark and waving, had such a splendid stand, it used to set the painters raving, and bards declared it grand. But now such hair no more I harbor, it shriveled and it shrank, it wilted when the village barber applied his tonic punk. He said to me, "Your hair is falling, it's losing gloss and shine; your scalp's diseased and it is calling for my restorer fine. It's made of barks and buds and grasses, and glue and donkey's milk; when it is used your ailment passes, and hair grows fine as silk." When he applied the hair restorer the hair all left my dome; and on my scalp the elm tree borer now digs its winter home. My sorrow is beyond abating, my cheeks are wet with tears, and like a rink for roller skating my old bald dome appears. I sit beneath my vine and cedar, and cry, devoid of hope, "Beware the astronomer, gentle reader, beware the unknown dope!"

WALT MATSON

Jan 27, 1922

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GOLD PRIZES!

WHO WILL BE THE LUCKY ONES?

Beginning this week we are offering GOLD PRIZES to the consumers of our Bread.

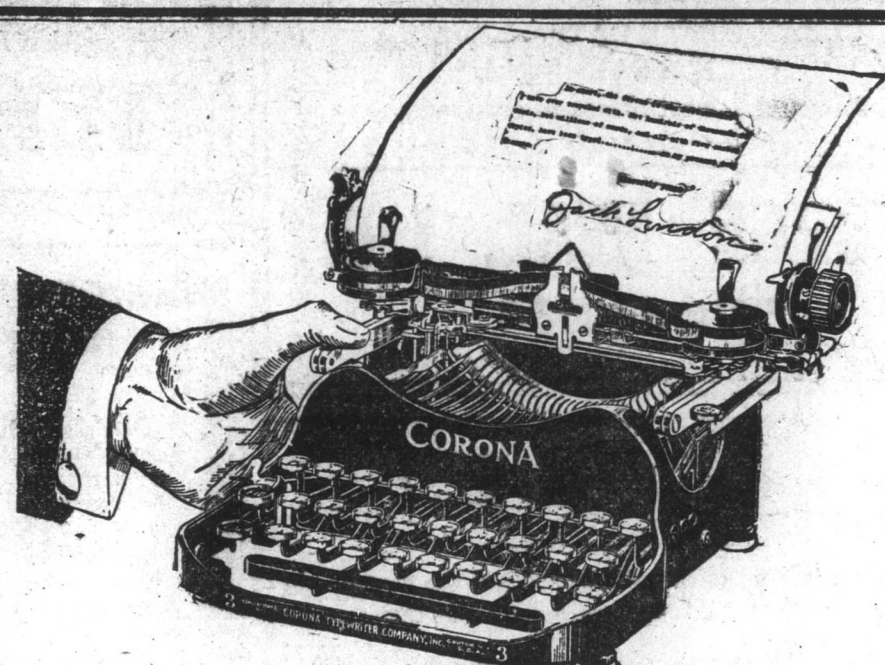
The lucky ones will find a small tag (in sanitary wrapper) in a loaf of our bread. The Tag will be redeemable at our office, Bond Street, for a

FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

ASK FOR MCGUIRE'S BREAD AND WIN A PRIZE.

MCGUIRE'S BAKERY, Bond St.

Jan 10, 1922



DICKS & CO., Ltd., Agents for Nfld.

Jan 27, 1922

MEN'S MODERATELY PRICED BOOTS

Brown Calf, Blucher Cut, and particularly attractive.

Only

6.00 per pair

GOOD SHOES

AT GOOD PRICES

can always be had.

We call special attention to our Women's Brown High-Cut Boots at

5.75 per pair

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.

Jan 30, 1922

New Low Prices

—ON—

Pipe and Fittings

All Sizes up to and including 6 inch.

JOB'S STORES, Ltd.

m.w.th.f

Along the route were erected ten triumphal arches, each symbolizing the welcome of different classes in that polyglot capital. Chinamen and Armenians and Jews joined with the public bodies in setting up these gay symbols, many of which served also as stands for children, or soldiers' families, or students, or Buddhist disciples and novices. Everywhere the same delightful curiosity marked the groups of brightly decked sightseers, and in Burma color is everything. The real riot of silk is found not there, but Mandalay, so large is the Hindoo population in Rangoon with its sadder vestments and its sadder mien, but the gaiety of Burmans who are only one-quarter of the Rangoon population, affected every soul on the day of the Prince's arrival, and it was "roses all the way" for the Prince, whose greatest expectations must surely have been exceeded by this whole-hearted and joyous welcome.