



**CONVINCING**  
It is impossible for any argument in favour of Sunlight Soap to be more convincing than a trial of the Soap itself.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

TRY THE  
SUNLIGHT  
WAY.

### My Word for The New Year.

(By R. P.—m.)  
Everyone an optimist—  
That is my word to-day;  
Enough I've fretted, frowned and  
fumed,  
And still the world goes round and  
round.  
And one goes up and one goes down,  
And life is forever about the same;  
There are always the poor, the lame  
and the lazy,  
The aged, decrepit, the witless and  
crazy;  
But there's a hand to help and a God  
to bless,  
And comfort his poor in their deepest  
distress.

Everyone an optimist—  
That is my song to-day;  
I've tried the pessimist's side of life  
And it's brought me no good anyway;  
If I could groan to rend the rocks  
And dry up the fathomless sea,  
Or make the mountains bow at my  
beck,  
'T would bring nought of good to me;  
There's enough of ill in a single hour  
To spread over the whole journey of  
life.

If we make up our minds to grumble  
and fret  
And think of nought else but strife,

Everyone an optimist—  
I've tried the pessimist's side of life  
And it's brought me no good anyway;  
If I could groan to rend the rocks  
And dry up the fathomless sea,  
Or make the mountains bow at my  
beck,  
'T would bring nought of good to me;  
There's enough of ill in a single hour  
To spread over the whole journey of  
life.

If we make up our minds to grumble  
and fret  
And think of nought else but strife,

Everyone an optimist—  
That is my song to-day;  
I've tried the pessimist's side of life  
And it's brought me no good anyway;  
If I could groan to rend the rocks  
And dry up the fathomless sea,  
Or make the mountains bow at my  
beck,  
'T would bring nought of good to me;  
There's enough of ill in a single hour  
To spread over the whole journey of  
life.

If we make up our minds to grumble  
and fret  
And think of nought else but strife,

Everyone an optimist—  
That is my song to-day;  
I've tried the pessimist's side of life  
And it's brought me no good anyway;  
If I could groan to rend the rocks  
And dry up the fathomless sea,  
Or make the mountains bow at my  
beck,  
'T would bring nought of good to me;  
There's enough of ill in a single hour  
To spread over the whole journey of  
life.

If we make up our minds to grumble  
and fret  
And think of nought else but strife,

Everyone an optimist—  
That is my song to-day;  
I've tried the pessimist's side of life  
And it's brought me no good anyway;  
If I could groan to rend the rocks  
And dry up the fathomless sea,  
Or make the mountains bow at my  
beck,  
'T would bring nought of good to me;  
There's enough of ill in a single hour  
To spread over the whole journey of  
life.

If we make up our minds to grumble  
and fret  
And think of nought else but strife,

Everyone an optimist—  
That is my song to-day;  
I've tried the pessimist's side of life  
And it's brought me no good anyway;  
If I could groan to rend the rocks  
And dry up the fathomless sea,  
Or make the mountains bow at my  
beck,  
'T would bring nought of good to me;  
There's enough of ill in a single hour  
To spread over the whole journey of  
life.

If we make up our minds to grumble  
and fret  
And think of nought else but strife,

Everyone an optimist—  
That is my song to-day;  
I've tried the pessimist's side of life  
And it's brought me no good anyway;  
If I could groan to rend the rocks  
And dry up the fathomless sea,  
Or make the mountains bow at my  
beck,  
'T would bring nought of good to me;  
There's enough of ill in a single hour  
To spread over the whole journey of  
life.

If we make up our minds to grumble  
and fret  
And think of nought else but strife,

Everyone an optimist—  
That is my song to-day;  
I've tried the pessimist's side of life  
And it's brought me no good anyway;  
If I could groan to rend the rocks  
And dry up the fathomless sea,  
Or make the mountains bow at my  
beck,  
'T would bring nought of good to me;  
There's enough of ill in a single hour  
To spread over the whole journey of  
life.

If we make up our minds to grumble  
and fret  
And think of nought else but strife,

Everyone an optimist—  
That is my song to-day;  
I've tried the pessimist's side of life  
And it's brought me no good anyway;  
If I could groan to rend the rocks  
And dry up the fathomless sea,  
Or make the mountains bow at my  
beck,  
'T would bring nought of good to me;  
There's enough of ill in a single hour  
To spread over the whole journey of  
life.

If we make up our minds to grumble  
and fret  
And think of nought else but strife,

Everyone an optimist—  
That is my song to-day;  
I've tried the pessimist's side of life  
And it's brought me no good anyway;  
If I could groan to rend the rocks  
And dry up the fathomless sea,  
Or make the mountains bow at my  
beck,  
'T would bring nought of good to me;  
There's enough of ill in a single hour  
To spread over the whole journey of  
life.

If we make up our minds to grumble  
and fret  
And think of nought else but strife,

Everyone an optimist—  
That is my song to-day;  
I've tried the pessimist's side of life  
And it's brought me no good anyway;  
If I could groan to rend the rocks  
And dry up the fathomless sea,  
Or make the mountains bow at my  
beck,  
'T would bring nought of good to me;  
There's enough of ill in a single hour  
To spread over the whole journey of  
life.

If we make up our minds to grumble  
and fret  
And think of nought else but strife,

Everyone an optimist—  
That is my song to-day;  
I've tried the pessimist's side of life  
And it's brought me no good anyway;  
If I could groan to rend the rocks  
And dry up the fathomless sea,  
Or make the mountains bow at my  
beck,  
'T would bring nought of good to me;  
There's enough of ill in a single hour  
To spread over the whole journey of  
life.

### Hair Burned Off Head

By a celluloid comb ignited near kitchen stove.

Ashburnham, Dec. 25.—A celluloid comb in the hair of Miss Alice Bryant, a 15-year-old girl of this place, became ignited to-night as the girl sat beside the kitchen stove. Before the blaze was extinguished nearly all the hair was burned off the girl's head and her scalp badly injured.

Miss Bryant had returned from a drive after supper and sat down by the stove to get warm. She went to sleep and her head nodded down until the comb touched the hot stove, causing a blaze.

Her screams awakened her mother, who smothered the girl's head for a few seconds in a rug, extinguishing the flames. Though painful, the burns are not expected to be fatal.

### To H. FEDER,

OPTICIAN, St. John's.  
Dear Sir,—I am pleased to say that the Glasses you have fitted for us some time ago have proved satisfactory. I am glad we met you. Mrs. Brace's give every satisfaction. I am sure that your customers will find that you understand your work. Wishing you every success, I remain,  
Yours sincerely,  
E. BRACE,  
Adjutant S.A.  
Jan 5, 1913.

### Mistletoe Tragedy.

Wealthy Young Pittsburg Man Com-  
mits Suicide.

Pittsburg, Dec. 25.—Receiving a letter from his wife, Viola, from whom he had been estranged for some time, telling him that she was coming home to him and that they would spend Christmas under the mistletoe, Fred Brill, a wealthy young business man of Corapolis, a Pittsburg suburb, went to the depot to meet her.

Instead of coming, the wife sent word by a mutual friend that she had changed her mind. With his wife's letter still in his grasp, Brill was found one hour later in the library of his home dead from a gash in his throat, inflicted with a long, paper knife.

He had left a note requesting his mother to remove the mistletoe.

### A Night Cap is All Right

— If it's STAR TEA.

It means sound sleep and pleasant dreams. Drink it freely, you'll never have a headache in the morning.

STAR TEA, 40c. lb.

10 per cent. discount allowed for 5 lb. parcels.

Sole importer:

**C. P. EAGAN**

Duckworth St. and Queen's Road.

### Treat Your Friends Well

and give them

MAS DE LA VILLE CHAMPAGNE.

Made from the pure unfurmented juice of the grape in the premier champagne district of France, but without alcohol.

Quart dollar bottles reduced to 75c. each.

SYRUPS—"Reliable," Morton's,

etc.

LEMON CRYSTALS—2 oz. bot.,

10c.

LEMON CRYSTALS, 40c. lb.

SHERBET makes a delicious ef-

fervescent drink, only 20c. lb.

SHERBET, 15c. bottle.

SHERBET—Rose Tinted, 20c. lb.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR—30c.

bottle, full pint.

SWEET GRAPES, 12c. lb.

VALENCIA ORANGES, 15c. and

20c. doz.

CALIFORNIA ORANGES, 40c. &

50c. doz.

FLORIDA ORANGES, 40c. doz.

JAMAICA ORANGES, 20c. doz.

### To-Day's Fatality

Watchman William Tilley Found Dead in Harvey's Bakery—Supposed to Have Been Asphyxiated.

Since the ushering in of the New Year two tragedies are reported to have occurred—one at Grand Bank and this morning's fatality makes the second. At 5.30 a.m. the body of an elderly man was found in the lower flat of the building of A. Harvey & Co's, bakery. It proved to be that of William Tilley, night watchman and fireman of the premises, and the assumption so far is that the victim was suffocated by gas. Tilley went on duty last evening at 6 o'clock. He had been suffering for the past few years from a serious attack of asthma, but last night did not complain to anyone of being unwell. However, at an early hour this morning, after having banked down the fires in the furnaces in order to have them ready for to-day's baking, he started to get the machinery in working order also. For the past few years the engine that drives the machinery has been run by producer gas, which used to be made by the watchman, and it is thought that Tilley was asphyxiated. At the hour mentioned above a workman named Penny, who stands the day watch, went on duty. On entering the place he found no sign of Tilley. He called out for him but got no reply. He then moved towards the engine, and was horrified to find Tilley's body in the pit under the engine. Life was then extinct and death was supposed to have occurred an hour previously. Immediately Penny gave the alarm. The authorities were notified, as well as Dr. Macpherson, and the remains were removed to the morgue to await the post mortem examination which takes place this afternoon. When this is finished the cause of the man's death will be made known. The deceased was 63 years of age and was a life-long and valued employee of A. Harvey & Co., having worked with the firm for 35 years. He leaves to mourn him a wife and four children—three sons and one daughter—whom together with relatives and friends general and sincere sympathy will go out, in which the Telegram joins.

### An Expert Makes Them.

The only man in Canada who has had invariable success in the manufacture of dry yeast is the man who makes White Swan Yeast Cakes. He has had 25 years experience. Can you afford to miss the advantage of this expert's knowledge. A sample of White Swan Yeast Cakes will be sent free on request. White Swan Spices & Cereals Limited, Toronto, Canada.

### Another Fire.

Last night, at 9.30, Mrs. O'Toole, a neighbor, discovered the residence of Mr. Walter Andrews, Brazil's Square, on fire. She called people passing and soon Const. J. Nugent was on the scene. He forced an entrance to the house and found the mattress in Mr. Andrews' room on fire and the wood-work near blazing up. The burning mattress was thrown out on the street and a few pails of water extinguished the blaze. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were out, and how the fire occurred is not known.

### Coastal Boats.

The Argyle arrived at Placentia at 11.30 a.m. yesterday from Red Island route.

The Bruce is due from Port-aux-Basques this a.m., no report on account of line trouble.

The Clyde left Three Arms at daylight Thursday morning.

The Dundee left Port Blandford at 11.45 p.m. yesterday.

The Ethie arrived at old Pedican at 5 a.m. yesterday and is due to Carbonear to-day.

The Glencoe left LaPoile at 5 p.m. yesterday.

The Home arrived at Port Saunders yesterday, too stormy to leave.

The Invermore left Port-aux-Basques 12.30 p.m. yesterday.

SEAMAN BREAKS LEG.—In the stormy weather of last week, while the Fogota was going north, a lot of cargo got loose and a cask of kerosene oil panned seaman Geo. Sparkes against the winch, breaking his left leg above the instep. He was treated on board and later landed at Greenspond, his home, where Dr. Roberts set the broken bone.

FUNERAL TO-DAY.—The funeral of the late Sister Ryan, of the Mercy Convent, Military Road, took place to-day and the deceased was interred in the community's burial plot at Belvedere Cemetery. At the Mortuary Chapel a Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Roche.

PARIS, FRANCE, Dec. 23.—An investigation into the illicit sale of morphine in Paris will be made as a result of the death here yesterday from the use of the drug of Rene Bichet, a young man who recently was appointed professor of French in the Royal College at Buda Pest. The authorities are convinced that an aggressive campaign must be waged in order to combat the growing craving for morphine in Paris.

The vice is said to be at its worst among the young women frequenting the night cafes and dance halls in the Mont-Marte district and in collegiate circles in the Latin quarter. The police are in possession of astounding statistics relating to the spread of the morphine habit. The newspapers claim that the craze for the drug has reached terrible proportions in the higher normal colleges.

An Iowa man has written in to ask if the people rule. They do not. The women rule.

Why Who's Who?

BY H. L. RANN.

The question of whether whiskers are an asset or a liability has long played an important part in the political life of the nation. The late Chester A. Arthur tried to set the style by blossoming forth in campaign posters with a pair of side whiskers which looked like a reverse view of a hedge fence, but few men in public life have had the temerity to follow his example. One of the conspicuous few is Chief Justice Hughes, former Governor of New York.

Justice Hughes has a prolific crop of dark blue whiskers which have never come in contact with a curling iron, yet they toss their tall branches to and fro in a natural wave. If it were not for his whiskers, Mr. Hughes would be considered a plain dress, but as it is his neatly parted foliage is viewed with suspicion by those of his colleagues who haven't anything on the door knob. If Justice Hughes were to suddenly shave the front exposure of his face, there would be no way to prove his identity except by his receipt for lodge dues.

As governor of New York Mr. Hughes overcame the handicap of his whiskers and became popular with everybody except the members of the Barbers' Protective Union. He was a diligent governor, and on account of not being obliged to wait around in a barber shop on Wednesday and Saturday nights for a close shave he accomplished a great deal of work. Numerous admirers have presented him with safety razors, mugs, strops, massage cream, shaving soap and witch hazel, as a delicate intimation of the trend of popular sentiment, but he remained unshaken and unshorn. When he went to Washington he took his whiskers with him, and uses them every day in construing the constitution.

During the recent campaign there was a loud demand for Justice Hughes to run for President on a platform calling for the full dinner pail and the full beard. But he knew what the cartoonists would do to him and his whiskers, and refrained. Besides, \$17,500 a year in the hand is worth more than leading a forlorn hope with the bush.

A Portrait!

A Portrait to be properly finished and give satisfaction demands the utmost skill of the photographer. Many photographers delight in exaggerating the image, which, when finished, is not a true portrait.

A Portrait must show the person as he or she truly is, without any artificial means of beauty, free from skin blemishes with the exception of birth marks or scars.

We photograph the person truly and retouch in the most approved and up-to-date way. No order too small or too large for our every attention.

Call in and we will be only too glad to show you everything—show you photos of people of whom you know.

We are specialists in child photography. Send the children along.

Photos from Stamps and Buttons up to 12 by 14 inches; all sizes, styles and finishes.

Watch our show cases from time to time.

TOOTON STUDIOS,  
310 Water St. Central.  
406 Water St. West.  
Houses of superior quality.

Morphine Habit Appals Paris.

Paris, France, Dec. 23.—An investigation into the illicit sale of morphine in Paris will be made as a result of the death here yesterday from the use of the drug of Rene Bichet, a young man who recently was appointed professor of French in the Royal College at Buda Pest. The authorities are convinced that an aggressive campaign must be waged in order to combat the growing craving for morphine in Paris.

The vice is said to be at its worst among the young women frequenting the night cafes and dance halls in the Mont-Marte district and in collegiate circles in the Latin quarter. The police are in possession of astounding statistics relating to the spread of the morphine habit. The newspapers claim that the craze for the drug has reached terrible proportions in the higher normal colleges.

An Iowa man has written in to ask if the people rule. They do not. The women rule.

Why Who's Who?

BY H. L. RANN.

The question of whether whiskers are an asset or a liability has long played an important part in the political life of the nation. The late Chester A. Arthur tried to set the style by blossoming forth in campaign posters with a pair of side whiskers which looked like a reverse view of a hedge fence, but few men in public life have had the temerity to follow his example. One of the conspicuous few is Chief Justice Hughes, former Governor of New York.

Justice Hughes has a prolific crop of dark blue whiskers which have never come in contact with a curling iron, yet they toss their tall branches to and fro in a natural wave. If it were not for his whiskers, Mr. Hughes would be considered a plain dress, but as it is his neatly parted foliage is viewed with suspicion by those of his colleagues who haven't anything on the door knob. If Justice Hughes were to suddenly shave the front exposure of his face, there would be no way to prove his identity except by his receipt for lodge dues.

As governor of New York Mr. Hughes overcame the handicap of his whiskers and became popular with everybody except the members of the Barbers' Protective Union. He was a diligent governor, and on account of not being obliged to wait around in a barber shop on Wednesday and Saturday nights for a close shave he accomplished a great deal of work. Numerous admirers have presented him with safety razors, mugs, strops, massage cream, shaving soap and witch hazel, as a delicate intimation of the trend of popular sentiment, but he remained unshaken and unshorn. When he went to Washington he took his whiskers with him, and uses them every day in construing the constitution.

During the recent campaign there was a loud demand for Justice Hughes to run for President on a platform calling for the full dinner pail and the full beard. But he knew what the cartoonists would do to him and his whiskers, and refrained. Besides, \$17,500 a year in the hand is worth more than leading a forlorn hope with the bush.

A Portrait!

A Portrait to be properly finished and give satisfaction demands the utmost skill of the photographer. Many photographers delight in exaggerating the image, which, when finished, is not a true portrait.

A Portrait must show the person as he or she truly is, without any artificial means of beauty, free from skin blemishes with the exception of birth marks or scars.

We photograph the person truly and retouch in the most approved and up-to-date way. No order too small or too large for our every attention.

Call in and we will be only too glad to show you everything—show you photos of people of whom you know.

We are specialists in child photography. Send the children along.

Photos from Stamps and Buttons up to 12 by 14 inches; all sizes, styles and finishes.

Watch our show cases from time to time.

TOOTON STUDIOS,  
310 Water St. Central.  
406 Water St. West.  
Houses of superior quality.

Morphine Habit Appals Paris.

Paris, France, Dec. 23.—An investigation into the illicit sale of morphine in Paris will be made as a result of the death here yesterday from the use of the drug of Rene Bichet, a young man who recently was appointed professor of French in the Royal College at Buda Pest. The authorities are convinced that an aggressive campaign must be waged in order to combat the growing craving for morphine in Paris.

The vice is said to be at its worst among the young women frequenting the night cafes and dance halls in the Mont-Marte district and in collegiate circles in the Latin quarter. The police are in possession of astounding statistics relating to the spread of the morphine habit. The newspapers claim that the craze for the drug has reached terrible proportions in the higher normal colleges.

An Iowa man has written in to ask if the people rule. They do not. The women rule.

Why Who's Who?

BY H. L. RANN.

The question of whether whiskers are an asset or a liability has long played an important part in the political life of the nation. The late Chester A. Arthur tried to set the style by blossoming forth in campaign posters with a pair of side whiskers which looked like a reverse view of a hedge fence, but few men in public life have had the temerity to follow his example. One of the conspicuous few is Chief Justice Hughes, former Governor of New York.

Justice Hughes has a prolific crop of dark blue whiskers which have never come in contact with a curling iron, yet they toss their tall branches to and fro in a natural wave. If it were not for his whiskers, Mr. Hughes would be considered a plain dress, but as it is his neatly parted foliage is viewed with suspicion by those of his colleagues who haven't anything on the door knob. If Justice Hughes were to suddenly shave the front exposure of his face, there would be no way to prove his identity except by his receipt for lodge dues.

As governor of New York Mr. Hughes overcame the handicap of his whiskers and became popular with everybody except the members of the Barbers' Protective Union. He was a diligent governor, and on account of not being obliged to wait around in a barber shop on Wednesday and Saturday nights for a close shave he accomplished a great deal of work. Numerous admirers have presented him with safety razors, mugs, strops, massage cream, shaving soap and witch hazel, as a delicate intimation of the trend of popular sentiment, but he remained unshaken and unshorn. When he went to Washington he took his whiskers with him, and uses them every day in construing the constitution.

During the recent campaign there was a loud demand for Justice Hughes to run for President on a platform calling for the full dinner pail and the full beard. But he knew what the cartoonists would do to him and his whiskers, and refrained. Besides, \$17,500 a year in the hand is worth more than leading a forlorn hope with the bush.

A Portrait!

A Portrait to be properly finished and give satisfaction demands the utmost skill of the photographer. Many photographers delight in exaggerating the image, which, when finished, is not a true portrait.

A Portrait must show the person as he or she truly is, without any artificial means of beauty, free from skin blemishes with the exception of birth marks or scars.

We photograph the person truly and retouch in the most approved and up-to-date way. No order too small or too large for our every attention.

Call in and we will be only too glad to show you everything—show you photos of people of whom you know.

We are specialists in child photography. Send the children along.

Photos from Stamps and Buttons up to 12 by 14 inches; all sizes, styles and finishes.

Watch our show cases from time to time.

TOOTON STUDIOS,  
310 Water St. Central.  
406 Water St. West.  
Houses of superior quality.

Morphine Habit Appals Paris.

Paris, France, Dec. 23.—An investigation into the illicit sale of morphine in Paris will be made as a result of the death here yesterday from the use of the drug of Rene Bichet, a young man who recently was appointed professor of French in the Royal College at Buda Pest. The authorities are convinced that an aggressive campaign must be waged in order to combat the growing craving for morphine in Paris.

The vice is said to be at its worst among the young women frequenting the night cafes and dance halls in the Mont-Marte district and in collegiate circles in the Latin quarter. The police are in possession of astounding statistics relating to the spread of the morphine habit. The newspapers claim that the craze for the drug has reached terrible proportions in the higher normal colleges.

An Iowa man has written in to ask if the people rule. They do not. The women rule.

Why Who's Who?

BY H. L. RANN.

The question of whether whiskers are an asset or a liability has long played an important part in the political life of the nation. The late Chester A. Arthur tried to set the style by blossoming forth in campaign posters with a pair of side whiskers which looked like a reverse view of a hedge fence, but few men in public life have had the temerity to follow his example. One of the conspicuous few is Chief Justice Hughes, former Governor of New York.

Justice Hughes has a prolific crop of dark blue whiskers which have never come in contact with a curling iron, yet they toss their tall branches to and fro in a natural wave. If it were not for his whiskers, Mr. Hughes would be considered a plain dress, but as it is his neatly parted foliage is viewed with suspicion by those of his colleagues who haven't anything on the door knob. If Justice Hughes were to suddenly shave the front exposure of his face, there would be no way to prove his identity except by his receipt for lodge dues.

As governor of New York Mr. Hughes overcame the handicap of his whiskers and became popular with everybody except the members of the Barbers' Protective Union. He was a diligent governor, and on account of not being obliged to wait around in a barber shop on Wednesday and Saturday nights for a close shave he accomplished a great deal of work. Numerous admirers have presented him with safety razors, mugs, strops, massage cream, shaving soap and witch hazel, as a delicate intimation of the trend of popular sentiment, but he remained unshaken and unshorn. When he went to Washington he took his whiskers with him, and uses them every day in construing the constitution.

During the recent campaign there was a loud demand for Justice Hughes to run for President on a platform calling for the full dinner pail and the full beard. But he knew what the cartoonists would do to him and his whiskers, and refrained. Besides, \$17,500 a