



RULES FOR Making Cod Liver Oil For the Guidance of Manufacturers

- 1st. The manager in charge of factory must see that the livers are fresh; that all brown or poor livers are thrown out; that there is no gall bladder attached to any livers.
 - 2nd. The good livers must then be washed in a tub of clean fresh water.
 - 3rd. The pan in which the livers are boiled must be perfectly clean inside, before any livers are placed in it.
 - 4th. Before you start to boil any livers, you must have sufficient steam.
 - 5th. Turn on the steam, and use as much as you need to have for the quantity of livers you have in your pan. Boil until the white scum floats off (which will take about thirty minutes.) Don't forget to stir the livers, and see that those in the bottom and those around the sides are brought into direct contact with the steam all the time.
 - 6th. Turn the steam off, and allow all to settle, not exceeding five minutes, according to capacity of liver boiler.
 - 7th. Then you dip all the oil you can get, which is the finest white oil. Put this oil in a cooling tank made of galvanized iron, and let the oil remain there till next morning. Don't forget to put a straining cloth over the cooling tank before you put any oil in, so that it will catch any bits of blubber; allow to remain 12 or 14 hours or longer if possible, then dip from cooling tank and strain through double calico bag, inside bag to be one inch smaller all around; then strain into a tin shute under the bags, the tank to be at the end of the shute with a funnel, to lead oil into casks, which funnel to be covered with cheese cloth.
 - 8th. When you have dipped the finest oil from the top of the liver oiler pan, take all the blubber from the pan while it is warm. The oil from this blubber is not fit for medicinal purposes.
 - 9th. Then clean your liver pan with warm water and washing powder. Have it bright and clean for the next boiling.
 - 10th. Every bag, cloth, tank, funnel and pan, must be washed only with warm water, soap and water. Soda must not be used.
- The best results for medical oil can only be obtained by the use of tin barrels. Wooden packages generally make the oil dark, and destroy its fine flavor. Keep all oil in barrels in a cool place, and covered from the sun.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES
St. John's.

REGULATIONS For Salting Scotch Pack Herring

One barrel salt to five and a half barrels herring—Large Fulls.
One barrel salt to six barrels herring—Medium Fulls.
One barrel salt to six and a half barrels herring—Matt Fulls.
This amount of salt is for dredging and laying on rows only. It does not take into account that put on the herring before gibbing.

All salt falling off herring in rousing tubs is put on rows as you pack unless very dirty or sealy; in that case, you have to make good the same amount, or otherwise you could not have any fixed rule on salt.

Matt Fulls. 10½ inches long. Mill or roe
Medium Fulls. 11½ inches long. Mill or roe
Large Fulls. 12½ inches long and upwards. Mill or roe
Medium Filling. 11½ inches long and upwards
Large Filling. 12½ inches long and upwards
Filling Fish may be branded as Scotch Cure without the Crown Brand

No drowned, stale, or scaleless herring can be used as Scotch Pack, nor herring in half frozen state.

The root cause of light salting is to come as near as possible to the pleasing of the palate of the consumer; and if we bear in mind that over three-fourths of all Scotch-Pack Herring are consumed as a tonic before the mid-day meal, just as they come out of the barrel, without any fire cooking, we can see the reason at a glance for the right salting. The herring is dressed by the head and the tail being cut off, the main bone taken out. It is then cut into squares of about one inch, and is served with vinegar and other condiments. This gives power to the stomach to digest the following meal and keeps the consumer in the best of health.

People with bad stomachs please note that the art of cooking and eating right is just as essential as the art of curing; and based on the best medical directions, and with the chemical analysis of the constituent parts of herring as a food ever kept before the consumer, we need not be surprised that the people who eat most herring are the most healthy and efficient.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES
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Parcel of Land in Bay Roberts; also Dwelling House in Country Road, to be removed from land; Moving Picture Machine, Gas Light and Bells; Aerated Water Plant, suitable for an export; one Sleigh. For particulars apply at this office.

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Program of War Veteran's Concert

Musical Sketch, "Behind the Lines".
War Veterans.
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Ed. Keeffe.
W. J. Mercer.
Sam. Brown.
J. Ploughman.

Song—Miss M. Fitzpatrick.
Recitation—Miss Catherine Fraser.
Song—Miss Sadie Parsons.
Song—Mrs. Watts.
Monologue—Mr. W. F. Brennan.
Song—Miss Casey.
Duet—Mrs. Bellamy and Mrs. Jones.
Song—Mrs. Small.

Mrs. Robt. Dawe was in charge of the troupe who visited the Veterans "Behind the Lines".
Mr. M. D. McDonald was accompanist and director.

DON'T BE A KNOCKER.

If your neighbor is prosperous, is him prosper.
Don't growl or grudge.
Say a good word for him and let it go at that.

Do not be a knocker.
If you see that the city is moving along nicely, feel good about it. Help things along.
Shove a little.
Push. Try and secure some of the benefit yourself.

Do not stand around like a cadaver.
Do not waste time feeling sorry because some fellow has a little more sand and sense than you have.

Do a little hustling yourself.
If you can say a good word say it like a prince. If you are full of bile and disposed to say something mean, keep your mouth closed.

Do not be a knocker.
No man ever became rich and happy minding anybody's business save his own.

No man ever helped himself up permanently by knocking his neighbors down.
Give a kind word. Give it liberally. It will not cost a cent, and you may want one yourself some day.

You cannot afford it. It will not pay. There is nothing in it. If you want to throw something at somebody—throw cologne. Or roses. Do not throw bricks. Or mud. If you must kick—go behind the barn and kick yourself. For if you feel that way, you are the man that needs kicking.

But whatever you do, do not be a knocker.

WHERE HAPPINESS IS FOUND
Happiness is never found by search in, but finds its own resting-place where it abides. How much of your time and mine has been wasted in searching for happiness. We have sought it in books, in society, in the efforts to make money, and in a thousand avenues, and yet though we could almost have it in sight—our hands stretched out to grasp it—it had eluded us like the will-o'-the-wisp of the friend and companion. Let no question of this arise in your heart, but recall to your own mind the happiness people you have known, and you will find, without exception, they are those who have contributed the most to the happiness of others. It is true in the family, in society and the world at large, that the happiest people are those who contribute most to the happiness of others, and it is contributed very slightly by wealth or any of our environments.

AN ENCOURAGING THOUGHT
We need not complain of the dark days that come now and then. To be sure, they are not so agreeable as the brighter ones, when the sunshine gilds everything with glory and the air is full of healthful tonic and inspiration.

The hill over there is dimmed by a heavy mist, which deepens into a fog that gathers about its top; and spread all over the landscape there is a sobriety that, if the spirits are not very buoyant, becomes a gloom and melancholy.

The trees standing motionless, look sad and hopeless, even the evergreens wearing a sombre air, and the sounds—be they the lowing of cows, the twitter of birds, the rumble of machinery, or the song of falling waters—seem to be set to a minor key, and so stir up feelings of half sorrow in those who hear them.

But the experience is a good one after all. It is giving the other side of the soul a little exercise, after which the true side will be the more steadily assert itself. The consciousness also remains that the fogs will all clear away, and in beautiful light the old joy of the hills and fields will come back again.

CHOOSING THE HIGHEST

We must give up the lower for the higher. An artist's pupil was sketching a landscape bathed in the glow of the setting sun. A large barn stood in the foreground. The artist watched his pupil in silence for a time, and then said to him impressively, "If you spend so much time painting the shingles on that barn, you will never have time to paint the sunset." In all our work we must choose between staples and sunsets, and the noblest pearl. If we will win the higher things we must give up the lower.

G. ADVICE.

Is anything unkind you hear about some one you know, my dear Do not, I pray you, it repeat. When you chance some one to meet; For such news has a leaden way Of clouding over a sunny day. But if you something pleasant hear About someone you know, my dear, Make haste—to make great haste—'twere well—To her or him the same to tell; For such news has a golden way Of lighting up a cloudy day.

COURTESY

Courtesy is the unostentatious giving of due deference and due attention to others. He would seem truly courteous—and no one can be truly courteous without seeming to be so—must show by his words and acts, in all his intercourse with others, that he is thinking of the one whom he addresses rather than of himself; that he has more pleasure in hearing what that person says to him, or in expressing his recognition of that person's worth, than in telling what he has done, or of speaking of what concerns himself alone. Courtesy may be instinctive; but again, it may be the result of effort. In either case it is an honor to him who exhibits it, and a glory to him who is its recipient.

SUCCESS

If you think success—success has a gun! If you think you can win, you are already won! Whatever you need you can have you'll find; It's all in the way you set your mind. If you feel that your part in the world is small, You may never achieve your work at all; But feel that your life, of God's life is a part— Then you'll work in the way you have set your heart.

If you know you are great, you will do great things; Sour thoughts will soar on eagle's wings; Your life will reach its destined goal, If you know the way to set your soul.

TWO-FACED

Not long since a young man of splendid muscular development was seen in our town with two heads on his shoulders. Both were fully developed heads, with rather handsome features, one with blond hair, the other with black. The young man is not a museum freak as might be supposed. The other head was the property of his sweetheart, and would not have appeared in such a deformed position had it not been for the young lady's neglect to "drop the curtain."

Presence of Mind.

Hubby comes home late. He opens the door silently, but wifely wakens. "What time is it?" she asks. "One o'clock," replies hubby. Just at that moment the clock strikes three. "Ah," says hubby reproachfully, "how long has this clock started to stutter?"

SUPPOSE—

If all we may say in a single day, With never a word left out, Were printed each night in clean black and white, 'Twould prove queer reading, no doubt. And then just suppose ere one's eyes could close He must read the day's record through; Then wouldn't one sigh And wouldn't he try A great deal less talking to do? And I more than half thing that many a kink Would be smoothed in life's tangled thread. If one-half that we say In a single day Were left forever unsaid.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

I will tell you. It is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse. When you are with him you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You can say what you think, express what you feel. He is shocked at nothing, offended at nothing, so long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions in your nature that lead other to misjudge you. With him you breathe free. You can take off your coat and loosen your collar. You can avow your little vanities and envies and hates and vicious sparks, your meanness and absurdities, and in opening them up to him they are lost, dissolved in the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands.

The man who can see no good in his fellow-man ought to fall off the earth and go to his place. There is no guess about where he ought to be and where he will go when he leaves here. The milk of human kindness has soured in him, his better nature has become perverted, his eyes inverted and his whole moral being turned awry. He has lost confidence in men, has no real respect for women, looks on God as a tyrant and death as an escape from thralldom. He is too cowardly to destroy himself, too abject to be honourable, too contemptible to be noticed and too apt to live out all his days. Such men may be classed the "gad flies of life, calculated to annoy their betters foment strife, run discord, and bring misery on mankind.

Recently one of our most fastidious young men bought a pair of overalls and found in the name of the sewing girl who had made them. He very promptly wrote her a letter with all the effusiveness necessary in such a case and in due time received a reply, which, however, was void of the romance usual in such cases. Here it is: "I am a working girl, it is true, but I make a good living and I do not care to support a husband, as I would probably have to do, if I married some silly noodle who gets mashed on a girl he never saw. Permit me to further say that I do not know how my card got in that pair of overalls, and that when I do marry, if ever, it will be some fellow who can afford something better than a forty-seven cent pair of breeches."

"BOOST."

"Boost and the world boosts with you; Knock, and you're on the shelf; For the world gets sick of the one who kicks And wishes he'd kick himself. Boost for the town's advancement; Boost for the things sublime; For the chap that's found on the topmost round Is the booster every time."

GIVE LOVE A CHANCE!

Have you ever stopped to think how many things this old world has used and admired and worshipped which have proved to be absolutely worthless when a great crisis arose to test their value? The world believed in the power of Commerce and Money. They could not stop the war.

The world believed in Culture. It did not stop the war.

The world thought a great deal of Art. It was powerless to stop the passions of men.

The world worshipped Science and boasted of its greatness. Science used its skill to invent new ways of killing more people.

The world counted on Music to soothe the savage breast. And Music fled in fear before the war's trumpet.

The world was proud of its Eclecticism and covered Europe over with Cathedrals. And all the so-called Religion and Architecture of Ritual went down like a child's sand-castle when the tidal wave of Hate came rushing in over the shores of Man's selfishness.

Money, Culture, Art, Science, Music and Ecclesiasticism all failed to stop the Flood of Hate and Race. Feeling and Greed in men's hearts. And they always will fail. Why not give Love a chance? Everything else fails to conquer passion. Love never faileth. Give Love a Chance!

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