

"I Was Terribly Weak After Baby Was Born"



DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

ON GUEST BOOKS.

I want to tell you about a most interesting guest book which I saw the other day.

No, I don't wonder that you pass through a spasm of dis-
taste at the sight of that phrase, guest book. I know just how you feel.

If there is anything in the world I hate it's a guest book in which you are expected to write not only your name but some touching or amusing sentiment.

There ought to be a law against them.

Never would I willingly go to a house if I knew that such a deadly contraption was hidden in mine hostess's desk.

Write Something Original.

But that is the worst of it, you never do know because it always is hidden until the time for your departure draws near. Then your hostess suddenly appears with it and says brightly: "Oh, I want you to write in my guest book. Write your name and then write something original." You look around for something to crawl under, then seeing nothing that looks adequate you accept the pen she thrusts into your hand and look at the bright sayings the other guests have produced, while you make your useless protestations.

The bright sayings usually run something like this:

"Oh, you clams."

"I'll tell the world Ada can spend more time dressing than my chicken in this state."

"A fine view, cordial hosts, and a wonderful dinner."

Some Idiotic Sentiment.

You get your hostess to translate the bright allusions and think thereby to distract her attention and keep her

going until train time. But she has had that experience before, and you finally perpetrate some absolutely idiotic sentiment, the memory of which makes you turn cold when you wake up in the middle of the next night and remember that it is inscribed in that guest book under your name. I wonder if there have ever been cases where, what seemed over-
turous some robbery was merely some guest returning to try and tear out the page on which he had inscribed himself an idiot.

And I wonder that murder has never been committed when some hostess trapped a man in this way. In such a case could it not be called self-defense?

To return to the interesting guest book, and considering the fact that I've used up most of my space in ranting about it's abominable relative, it's high time I did so. It was kept by an original friend of mine and was used to make guests happy, not to torture them.

A Pleasant Guest Book.

In it this hostess kept a record of all her guests' special preferences in the way of food and other comforts. Consequently the guest who never ate eggs in the morning was delighted the next time he came by having his preference remembered, and the guest who adored flap jacks was served them the next time he came, and the guest who preferred mayonnaise to French dressing found it ready for him.

Not an awful lot of trouble and a very gracious custom, don't you think? Let's start an association to get a law passed that all the other kinds of guest books shall be thrown away and these substituted in their place.

In direct contrast to the sleeveless badice are the new long sleeves which reach the hand.

Four silhouettes seem good for the spring, the draped, the circular, the straight and the bouffant.

Remarkable Operation

The eminent Danish surgeon, Professor Thorkild Rosing, in a lecture to the Medical Society, has just disclosed details of a highly interesting and quite successful operation he performed in the early part of 1921. The patient was a woman, aged 34, and, owing to trouble in the gut, it was impossible for food to pass to the stomach in the natural way. Professor Rosing therefore made a double incision down the skin of the chest, and, raising the two edges of the skin lying between the two incisions, wrapped them around a temporary rubber tube in such a way that when the edges of the skin joined together they themselves formed a natural tube. The skin of the chest beyond the two incisions was then stretched over the "expanded" parts. Subsequently the upper and the natural skin tube was, by a further operation, attached to the gullet, and later the lower and was attached to the stomach, thus making a continuous channel for food chewed in the ordinary way in the mouth to pass inside, through the gullet, and thence outside, the body through the skin tube into the stomach. The complete operation took about six months, but it was the first of its kind, and future operations should not require so long a period. The patient left the hospital in August 1921, and is now able to look after herself, her home duties, and her five children.

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No-To-Bac has helped thousands to break the costly, nerve-racking tobacco habit. Whenever you have a longing for a smoke or chew, just place a harmless No-To-Bac tablet in your mouth instead. All desire stops. Shortly the habit is completely broken, and you are better off mentally, physically, financially. It's so easy, so simple. Get a box of No-To-Bac and if it doesn't release you from all craving for tobacco in any form, your druggist will refund your money without question.

Personal.

Mr. W. J. Higgins, M.H.A., who has been very ill during the past couple of days, showed some improvement yesterday, and his many friends are looking forward to seeing him about again shortly.

Capt. Bob Bartlett of Arctic fame is expected to arrive here by S.S. Rosalind. The gallant Captain will take a trip to the icefields with his father, Capt. W. Bartlett in S.S. Viking.

Inspector General Hutchings, who has been confined to his home during the past week suffering from a cold, was able to get about again yesterday.

Late reports of the peregrinations of the Prime Minister advise that he is at present in New York. Sir Richard is sure some hiker.

Mr. F. P. Pier of The Harris Abattoir Co., Ltd., has left St. John's on a business trip to Bermuda and the West Indies. The firm will be represented in Newfoundland by Mr. W. M. Stewart.

Nothing in Particular

By TRINCULO.

GUIDES AND GUIDED.

Angela met me in the hall. My face must have told her of the excitement under which I was labouring, for she immediately asked me to get it off my chest, or words to that effect.

"Tandem Aliquando," I quoted, in the best Ciceronian manner of declamation.

"Oh, dear, what a cold you have," exclaimed Angela. Unfortunately she is not a Latin scholar.

"Nothing of the sort," I retorted.

"That was mere a preliminary to telling you some good news. I have at last realized an ambition. I am no longer one of the common herd, but a distinguished member of the community."

"Reginald, this is so sudden," exclaimed my very much better half. "Have they made you a Chief Imperial Wizard of the United Order of Independent Bricklayers, or have you become the heir to a decayed dukedom?"

"This humour, woman, is misplaced," I assured her. "I have become a Vice-President of the Girl Guides Association of Newfoundland."

Angela was astonished. I could see that. But I was annoyed when she failed to go into the transports of joy which should have been the natural sequence to my announcement. Instead, she asked:

"What on earth did they make you a Vice-President of the Guides for?"

"For five dollars," I replied proudly.

Angela smiled brightly. She has a lovely set of teeth, her own, and they show to great advantage when she smiles.

"How lovely," she said. "I am so glad you are interested in the Guides. You see, I have undertaken to organize a company, and now you can help me to do it."

"To be or (k)not to be," I quoted, trying to look pleasant.

Angela apparently forgave my feeble attempt at a pun, for she continued to smile. Ah, who could resist Angela's smile. At her request, I hurried in search of some twine. After a few minutes, I succeeded in finding some, and returned with it to my wife.

She took it and began to twist it into funny shapes, informing me that this was a reef knot. As she proceeded with her task she mumbled "Right over left, left over right."

"Now you do an about turn, form fours, and stand gracefully on your head," I said, trying to be helpful.

"You do nothing of the sort," she replied, indignantly. I apologized. For several minutes I watched her in silence. She had apparently been successful with the reef knot, for she was now studying a different diagram in the book, which lay open before her.

"This one is a bowline," she informed me.

"Indeed," I said. "And what do you do with a bowline?"

"Why, you save people from drowning."

"Well, I should hate to fall overboard and trust to a bowline to save me if you had to tie it," I said.

"Oh, don't be silly," said my wife. "You know very well that you would have to tie the knot around yourself."

"But, I'm not a Girl Guide," I retorted. "In any case, even if I could tie a bowline, how am I to know if there's a rope around when I happen to get out of my depths?"

"Girl Guides," said Angela. "Always carry a rope."

"Oh, I see. They tie a bowline around their necks and throw the other end ashore."

"Ass," came the unwelcome retort. I asked her if that was one of the expressions she had learned in the Guides. Ignoring me, she proceeded to tie a sheep head or a half shank, or something like that.

Again, I watched her silently. Then, "Do you remember how the Prime Minister referred to the Girl Guides at the public meeting last month?" I asked.

"He called them Girls Guide," was the unsuspecting answer.

I edged cautiously towards the door.

"I know what he meant," I said. "He did not make any mistake. He merely implied that every girl who went in for Guide work had been GUIDED."

I dodged an unthinkingly thrown cushion, and as I closed the door behind me, I heard a crash which told me that it had missed me it had found some other target.

I poked my head inside the room. "Before I go to the Club," I told Angela. "I think I ought to remind you that accuracy is one of the aims of Girl Guide work."

I think it was the Guide Book which hit the door as I closed it behind me for the second time.

The ostrich fan is again conspicuous. Favorite shades are red, green and white.

A smart costume suit of black velvet includes a jacket trimmed with bands of ermine.

With a silver cloth turban cuffed in moleskin is worn a large square veil of silver lace.

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STAFFORD'S

Duckworth Street and Theatre Hill

Just Like Life.

"Stop! Look! Listen!"
The reflective man stopped to read the railway company's warning.
Those three words illustrate the whole scheme of my life," said he.
"How?" asked his friend.
"You see a pretty girl; you stop; you look; after you marry her you listen."

A GREAT SUCCESS.

"Was your church bazaar a success dear?"
"Yes, indeed—a great success."
"What were the profits?"
"Oh, there weren't any. But six of us girls got engaged."

Fads and Fashions.

Striped cotton and flat crope are combined in a charming frock for spring.

Renee braiding is used on the popular blouse of Paisley plaid crepe de chine.

With a sleeveless evening costume was worn a wristband of hollowy tulle.

A marked feature in spring dress models are the front aprons and front draperies.

The Juliette hat in fine bead work straps, is a charming evening head-dress.

A great deal of silk and wool materials are used for the popular jacket blouses.

Yellow seems at present to be the favorite color of the hostess for dress and decoration.

Many different shades of wool are used to embroider a flaring coat of black satin.

Velvet flowers and fruits combined with fur are featured as millinery trimming.

EXTRA FANCY

New Zealand Butter,

Fresh New Stock ex. S.S. Sachem.

Finest Khaddrawi Bussorah Dates—New.

in nominal 1-lb. Cartons—20c.

Moir's Fresh Pilot Biscuits—1-lb. Pkgs.

Ex. S.S. Silvia:

50 Boxes WINE SAP APPLES.

FLORIDA GRAPE FRUIT.

CALIFORNIA LEMONS AND ORANGES.

CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP—16c. Can.

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FRESH NEW LAID EGGS.

C. P. EAGAN,

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Duckworth Street & Queen's Road



NOTICE TO FISHERMEN

On the 13th June, 1922, the Government reduced the Export Tax on fish, viz.: Cod, Haddock, Hake, Ling Pollack and Halibut, dried or otherwise preserved.

On the 17th November, 1922, the Government moved the export tax altogether from the above named fish, and the amount paid as export tax was to be paid the Exporters and they to repay the fishermen.

This was found impossible because the Exporters could not be sure of whose fish was exported and whose was not, so on the 22nd January, 1923, the Government decided to pay 10 cents per quintal to all fishermen who actually caught any of the above named fish provided he produced a receipt or certificate when it could be proven that the fish was sold between the 13th day of June, 1922, and the 17th day of November, 1922, both days inclusive, and thereby was entitled to the 10 cents per quintal that the Government had decided to give.

The following Committee:—

H. V. HUTCHINGS, Esq.,
Asst. Deputy Minister of Customs;
W. H. CAVE, Minister of Shipping;
HON. W. W. HALEYARD,
Minister of Posts & Telegraphs;
HON. ELI DAWE,
A. W. PICCOTT, Esq.,
ROBERT PIKE, Esq.,

under the direction of H. W. LeMessurier, Esq., Deputy Minister of Customs, has been appointed to go into the payment of this refund. As this work represents the payment of 10 cents per quintal on somewhere near one million quintals of fish to about twenty or twenty-five thousand fishermen, it must be understood that the payment of such a sum to such a number will take time. Therefore for the guidance of the fishermen, and to facilitate the work and quick payment, the following is requested of those who are entitled to receive payment:

1st.—Have you sold any fish either for cash, barter or credit of your account to anyone between the 13th day of June, 1922, and the 17th day of November, 1922, both days inclusive?

2nd.—If you have the original receipt from the person to whom you sold fish, with the purchaser's address, forward it to the Secretary.

3rd.—If you have no receipt, get a sworn statement from the person to whom you sold the fish, stating the date of sale and quantity sold, with the name and address of the purchaser.

4th.—A Shareman applying for repayment must get an account of the total catch as landed and sold in each case a record of the vessel, and the name and address of each man composing the crew, so that he may get the payment direct for himself.

Owing to the large number of fishermen involved the first payment will not be made until March 1923 and it will be for receipts received up to February 23rd.

Second payment will be made April 10th, and will be for receipts received up to March 25th.

Third payment will be made May 10th, and will be for receipts received up to April 25th.

Fourth payment will be made June 10th, and will be for receipts received up to May 25th.

Fifth payment will be made July 10th, and will be for receipts received up to June 25th.

Sixth payment will be made August 10th, and will be for receipts received up to July 25th.

Last payment will be made September 10th, after which date the accounts will be closed and no further applicants will be considered.

Positively no payments will be made other than on dates named, and it is useless for anyone to bring receipts to the office and expect payment.

Save time and expense by NOT coming but address all communications to

H. V. HUTCHINGS,
Asst. Deputy Minister of Customs,
St. John's.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
DEPUTY MINISTER OF CUSTOMS.

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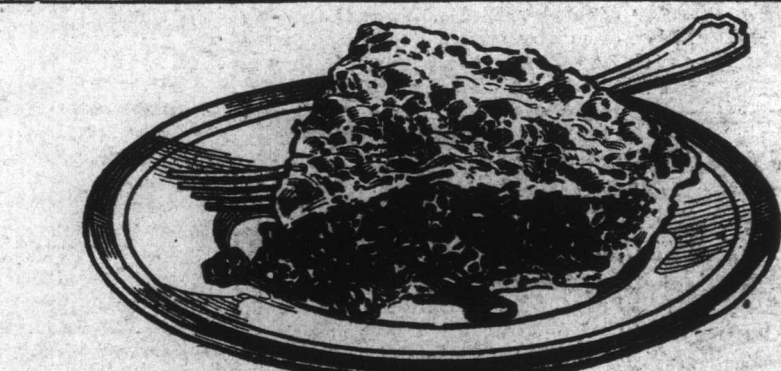
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Winter passenger rates now effective.
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SAVE the trouble and the time of baking pies at home, yet give your men folks pies that are exactly to their taste. Master bakers and neighborhood bake shops in your city are making luscious raisin pie fresh every day. Your grocer or these bake shops can supply them.

Taste them and you'll know why there's no longer need to bake at home.

Crust that's light and flaky—tender, thin-skinned, juicy fruit, the juice forming a delicious sauce! There's nothing left to be desired in a pie.



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