



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 skute under the bags, the skute 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 medicinal 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 ..... 10 1/2 inches long..... Milt or roe Medium Fulls. .... 11 1/2 inches long..... Milt or roe Large Fulls..... 12 1/2 inches long and upwards. Milt or roe Medium Filling..... 11 1/2 inches long and upward Large Filling..... 12 1/2 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 at 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 St. John's.

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Beautiful Earth

"Though he own countless gold, who has no sight For all the bloom and loveliness of Spring. Nor hears the lyrics that the breezes bring, Nor marks the wonder of the wood-bird's flight, Is poorer far than he who se toil-worn night Must earn each portion of his daily bread, Since he with sense and sound is comforted, And his the kingdom of the starry night."

Perhaps if we stopped a little while in contemplation of the common things around us, we would be so grandly repaid that life would be forever after happier and brighter. It is worth a trial anyway. Lincoln said at one time: "God must have loved the common people because he made so many of them"—whether this is or not. He certainly loves the common things of life because he has given us so much of them to enjoy. One has said "familiarity breeds contempt." Can it be that because we are so familiar with the common things of Earth that we fail to appreciate their charm? Yes, it is so—"Seeing we see, but do not understand."

There is no greater university in all the world than the University of Creation, all around us, from the blue sky above to the surface of Earth below. Many a lad, who perhaps longed for a University education but was denied it, need not despair, for all around him are vast books of knowledge ever opening to him and for him according as he will use his eyes to see and his mind to understand.

What are some of the common things of Earth? The Sun with its brilliant sunshine; the air; the water; the beautiful blue sky, more especially when it has its millions of lamps hung forth; the beautiful rainbow; the vast and mighty ocean—these and many other things are some of the common natural things of life. Surely no person can ever fully contemplate what it means to enjoy these things from day to day and feel poor or miserable.

"Not what we have, but what we use, Not what we see, but what we choose— These are the things that mar or bless The sun of human happiness."

"The things near by, not things afar, Not what we seem, but what we are— These are the things that make or break, That give the heart its joy or ache," and if we reckoned up the beautiful flowers, trees, singing birds, and love ly view of river and pond which is ours, most surely we would say: "What is man to be given such riches to enjoy?" Do you love beautiful pictures? Then watch the sun as it sinks into the west or one of those glorious spring or summer evenings. This picture will be surpassingly beautiful in that it is very suggestive to us of higher things.

We can never know the blessing of fresh air as it comes to us from the open country, or ocean unless we have lived in the sweltering heat of some large city with its smoke and dirt of various forms, or unless we have been shut up working in some dingy office for a year or so and are suddenly sent to some beautiful little country or seaside town, where we can breathe air without breaking the conventionalities of society. Someone asks, What is beautiful about air? Is it not its purity? What can be more beautiful than purity?

Let us now pass on to the numerous flowers with their beauty? Yes, beauty in "more ways than one! Beautiful to cheer and perfume the sick room—a simple office, but ah, often so sadly forgotten. Only a few days ago a friend said: "How beautiful to come out on the door in the morning when the dew is still on the grass, flowers and trees and drink in the fragrance of the air!" And so it is. It is said of Lord Tennyson, the great poet, that one day as he walked in his flower garden with a friend that he was asked this question: "What is your opinion of Christ?" Whereupon Tennyson stooped and plucked a beautiful rose, and pointing to the sun, he said: "What the sun is to this beautiful rose, Christ is to me." Do we learn the great truth underlying this action?

What was it made that day fishing in the country so enjoyable?—that picnic which you attended so delightful?—that cup of tea which tasted so appetizing? (The writer thinks there is no one but who enjoys a cup of tea or a meal cooked in the open

air.) What gave it all its charm and attraction? In great part the enjoyment of the simple things in God's great out-of-doors.

And so we might go on to tell of other beautiful things, but more is not necessary, I think, to convince us of the riches we enjoy. Let us, then, as we from day to day enjoy the beauties and blessings of Earth, enjoy them to the full—if we do this then a deeper realization of our kinship to the great whole will be the result.

H. R. B. June 16th, 1924.

LINCOLN, THE FAILURE.

A Kansas paper prints this: When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the legislature in Illinois, and was badly swamped. He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he was engaged—then she died. Later he married a woman who was a constant burden to him. Entering politics again, he ran for Congress and was badly defeated. He then tried to get an appointment to the United States land office but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate and was badly defeated. In 1856 he became a candidate for vice-presidency and was again defeated. In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas.

One failure after another—bad failures—great setbacks. In the face of all this he eventually became one of the country's greatest men, if not the greatest.

When you think of a series of setbacks like this, doesn't it make you feel small to become discouraged, just because you think you are having a hard time in life?

The best theology—a pure and beneficent life. The best philosophy—a contented mind. The best law—the Golden Rule. The best education—self-knowledge. The best statesmanship—self-government. The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance. The best science—extracting sunshine from a cloudy day. The best war—to war against one's weakness. The best music—the laughter of an innocent child. The best engineering—building a bridge of faith over the river of death.

MY SELF-RESPECT. It little matters that I win or lose, Or whether distant strangers think me great; Two ways to go there are, and one to choose— God help me never to desert the straight! Fame may entice me and success allure, But what shall follow when the wrong is done? Is there for guilty knowledge any cure? Can one be proud of glory falsely won? What if I hear men cheer, and take the prize? Shall I rejoice if I have played the cheat? Shall not that symbol stand before my eyes, A shining token of my own deceit? God help me, when the choice is mine to make, Beyond the glamor of the lure to see; Let me not stain my crest for victory's sake, Nor sell my self-respect for any fee.

I know no failure, save failure in cleaving to the purposes which I know to be the best.—George Eliot. Nothing can work me damage except myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.—St. Bernard.

There are some men and women in whose company we are always at our best. All the best stops in our nature are drawn out by their intercourse, and we find a music in our souls never there before.—Professor Henry Drummond.

He that defers his charity until he is dead is, if a man weighs it rightly, rather liberal of another man's than of his own.—Bacon.

BOYS THAT SUCCEEDED

"A new boy came into our office today," said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table.

"He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that the boy will be out of the office in less than a week."

"What makes you think so?" inquired his wife. "Because the very first thing that he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

"Perhaps you will yet change your mind about him." "Perhaps I shall," replied the merchant, "but I do not think so."

Three days later the business man said to his wife: "About that boy you remember I mentioned two or three days ago. Well he is the best boy who ever entered the store."

"How did you find that out?" "In the easiest way in the world. The first morning after the boy began work he performed very faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned him, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished he came to me and said: 'Mr.—, I have finished all the work. Now, what can I do?'"

"I was a little surprised but I gave him a little job of work and forgot all about him until he came into my room with the question, 'What next?' That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man."

King's Busy Life The behind-the-scenes work of the Monarch of the British Empire never ceases, but when parliament is sitting and the work of government is in full swing, then, apart from the work which he carries out for himself the King's diary is the diary of one of the busiest men in the country.

Made Too Much Work. "Why don't you advertise?" asked the editor of the home paper. "Don't you believe in advertising?" "I'm agin advertising," replied the proprietor of the Hayville Racket store.

"But why are you against it?" asked the editor. "It keeps a feller too durn busy," replied the proprietor. "I advertised in a newspaper one time about ten years ago and I never even got time to go fishing."

An Oversight. Sandy McIntosh started to build a small outhouse. He worked from the inside, and as he had the material close beside him, the walls here rising fast when noon arrived, and dith it his son John, who brought his father's dinner.

With honest pride in his eye, Sandy looked at John over the wall on which he was engaged, and asked: "How do ye think I'm gettin' on?" "Fine, father; but how dae ye get out, You've forgot the door!"

One glance around him showed Sandy that his son was right; but, looking at him kindly, he said: "Oh, but ye've got a grand heid on ye, John! Ye'll be an architect yet, as shure's yer feyther's a builder!"

The Two Prices. A Clydesdale stevedore, who was "fou," tumbled into a dock and was with difficulty saved from drowning. He thanked his rescuer warmly, and presented him with a "braw new half-crown." The "long arm of coincidence" got to work, and the very same thing occurred again two months later. The same man pulled him out, and he received the same heartfelt compliments. Then the sobered-up stevedore said: "There will be nae siller coming t'ye this time, laddie. I paid ye retail price last time, and it should ha been wholesale."

A NEW "INVENTION." A self-acting sofa, just large enough for two, has been invented. If properly wound up, it will begin to ring a warning bell just before 10 o'clock. At one minute past ten, it splits apart, and while one half carries the daughter up stairs, the other half kicks the young man out the door. They will come high, but nevertheless, several parents in this town feel that one of these sofas will be a household necessity in the near future.

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