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**Men's Fleeced
Shirts and Drawers**
in the popular Jaeger color; all sizes,
Only
85c. Garment

**Women's
White Fleeced
Vests and Pants**
Only
69c. Garment.

The above represents lowest prices procurable. Our prices would be considerably higher if we had to buy on to-day's market.

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"Blair's for Values"
HENRY BLAIR

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North Sydney Screened ex "David C. Ritcey".
Due to arrive same quality.
Schr. "PELLEEN" 600 tons.
Schr. "CATHERINE SPINDLER" 250 tons
Also same quality in store. Prices upon application.
Also BIRCH JUNKS.

Nfld. Coal & Trading Company, Ltd.
At premises lately occupied by Alan Goodridge & Sons,
at St. John's.

Forty-Two Years in the Public
Service--The Evening Telegram

Christmas Dinners in Olden Days.

There was something magnificent about the appetites of our forefathers, and their hospitality was on a scale which would make a modern housewife shudder. The meal which opened their Christmas Day was ample enough to rob the modern gourmand of all zest for food for twenty-four hours. The sideboard groined under its leviathan round of beef, its cornucopia of pork-pie, Yorkshire ham, brown and chine, while on the table devilled turkeys' legs, home-made sausages, cutlets and kidneys sent up a grateful incense from an environment of piles of buttered toast, eggs, honey, and fruit.

But this substantial breaking of the fast was child's play compared with the dinner which followed a few hours later. This was heralded by the boar's head, which, preceded by a jubilant flourish of trumpets and accompanied by strains of minstrelsy, was carried into the banquet hall by the server, who, as he advanced at the head of a stately procession of guests, sang:—

The boar's head in hand bring I
Bedecked with hays and rosemary,
Good eat's in convivio
Reddens laudes Domino.

Then followed the peacock, "food for lovers and meat for lords," served more sumptuously even than the boar's head, with its garnishing of rosemary and bay, and its flaming tucks "graced by some large pippins." This is how the bird was prepared for the feast. After it was roasted and dressed with a stuffing of sweet herbs and spices, and basted with yolk of egg, it was sewn into its feathers, its back gilded, and was borne and escorted by noble ladies into the dining-hall to the strains of music. It was over this lordly dish that knights with upraised swords, swore their oaths of loyalty to their fair ladies.

Mince pies formed an important part of the oldtime Christmas dinner, and such pies! Here is a description of one which figured on the table of Sir Henry Grey, Bart, late in the eighteenth century: Two bushels of flour, 20 lbs. of butter, four geese, two turkeys, three rabbits, four wild ducks, three woodcocks, six snipe, four partridges, two nests' tongues, three curlews, seven blackbirds, six pigeons.

But whatever else the Christmas dinner in those distant days might lack, no one who could afford one, would omit fruitfully and plum-porridge. Plum-porridge was made from wheat "bready in a mortar and seethed till it burst. When it is cold take clear fresh broth and sweet milk of almonds, and temper it all; and take the yolk of eggs. Boil it a little and set it down, and mess it forth with fat venison or fresh mutton."

Plum-porridge, the pioneer of the plum-pudding of to-day, was made from "beef or mutton, boiled with broth and thickened with brown bread, to which were added raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger." And a very seductive mixture it seems to have been! "No man of the most rigid virtue," "The Tatler" of Addison's day said, "gives offence by his excess in plum-porridge, because it is the first part of the dinner."

Other features of ancient Christmas fare included turkeys, geese, capon, pheasants, sirloins of beef, haunches of venison, and so on, and gallons of ale and wine which were their liquid allies. Perhaps the most eloquent tribute to our forefathers' appetite is the fact that after surviving the Christmas breakfast and dinner it was quite a usual thing for a barrel of oysters with hot roast pheasants to be wheeled in to the drawing-room towards midnight to form a solid accompaniment to the bowls of steaming punch.

Prison for Gluttony.

BAVARIAN BILL AGAINST HIGH LIVING.

Bavaria is smiling, and the rest of Germany is laughing, at the extraordinary bill against high living which Count von Lerchenfeld, the Bavarian Prime Minister, intends to introduce into Parliament there.

The first clause of the bill is such a gem that it ought to find a prominent place in the chamber of legislative horrors. It solemnly says:—"He who out of predilection for high living abandons himself immoderately to gourmandizing to such an extent that having regard for the needs of the masses of the people, he creates a public scandal, will be punished by fines or imprisonment. Extenuating circumstances will only be taken into account in fixing the extent of the punishment when it consists of a fine."

The measure then goes on to detail the punishments. The fine may be as much as 100,000 marks (which even at the present rate of exchange is about £100), and the terms of imprisonment may be as much as five years. For a second offence the punishment is doubled, hard labour is added, the misdemeanant is disfranchised, and released on ticket of leave. If he is a foreigner he will be expelled from Bavaria when the fine is paid or the term of imprisonment is at an end.

Kosy Felt Slippers in many sizes, just opened up at SMALLWOOD'S.—dec16,tf

Visitors in a Persian Household.

The roads were open. Travellers came into our village, scarcely a night was the guest house in our courtyard unoccupied. I liked to sit with my father and his guests in this room, built after European style, with four large windows, over which in winter oiled paper was pasted to keep the cold out. The walls of the guest room were white and on them were hung the choicest rugs brought back from Kurdistan by my Grandfather Mirza. There were chairs in this room. I was very proud that we should own chairs but I found them most uncomfortable to sit on. After a few moments my legs began to ache and I slipped down on the cushions. In the alcove of the guest chambers were some old manuscripts bound in coarse leather. They were holy books, with illuminated margins. Among them was a Bible in Syriac. I carefully refrained from touching it. It was too holy. I might perhaps be struck dead for my temerity.

Among the travellers that came along the road was Hady, the singer. He was the ugliest man that I had ever seen, sore-eyed, pock-marked and dirty. But he was very vain. He walked through the village with a swagger. His ivory-handled dagger in its silver sheath was so long that it reached from his chest to his hips. My playmates and I would have laughed and jeered at him, perhaps, but we were afraid of him. He was very powerful. For his friends, especially those who paid him well, he would make songs, or songs of praise, which he would sing throughout the countryside. He would advertise the virtues of their marriageable sons and daughters. But about those who incurred his enmity through miserliness or other cause, he would spread unpleasant rumors.

Quite different from Hady was Ashag Mamet, the blind singer, who could sing for three consecutive days without repeating a single song. Suleiman, the carpenter, brought him to our village to help celebrate the wedding of his son. All the people from the Nae-roni, or Christian ward of the village, gathered in the house and courtyard. The boys were driven out to make room for the adults, and we climbed to the roof and put our heads through the skylights to hear the songs. He sang the song of the two stars that loved each other and, separated by fate, could meet only once a year. Then he sang about his love, a beautiful red apple on the tip of the tree, out of reach. Over and over, in a shrill, falsetto voice, he sang his melancholy, monotonous air to the accompaniment of his guitar, which was made of mulberry wood hollowed out and with seven cords from the heart of a buffalo stretched over the hollow. He himself was carried away by the pathos of his song, and the tears coursed down his cheeks. When he had finished the guests threw shahs (pennies) to him.

Personal.

Mr. Valentine Carey, of Wireless Bay, brother of Mrs. Joseph Pearcey, of New York, has passed his examination before the United States Local Inspectors for Chief Officer. During the late war Mr. Carey was a Lieutenant in the United States Navy. We congratulate him on his success.

Cheap Tumblers and Wine Glasses.

Half Dozen Plain Thin Tumblers,
job lot, for 50c.

Half Dozen Plain Heavy Tumblers,
job lot, for 50c.

Half Dozen PLAIN WINE GLASSES for 1.15.

Pony Tumblers, half dozen for \$1.00.

Plain Thin Tumblers, half dozen for 90c.

RUBIGOLD WINE SETS, 2.70.

Plain Tumblers, bell shape, half dozen for \$1.10.

Lemonade Sets \$2.70

Fruit Bowls 48c.

Cake Stands 65c., 75c.

Best Quality Wine Glasses in key and circle patterns, half dozen for \$1.55.

G. KNOWLING, Ltd.

Germans Capture Lion's Share of Russian Trade.

BERLIN. (Associated Press).—Five thousand German soldiers, many of them officers of high rank, crossed into Russia shortly after the war, and were either absorbed in attempts to carry on some sort of trade or were given employment in the Red Army. They are trade scouts who are being counted on to form a powerful factor in the parleys which must follow establishment of stable commercial relations. Scores of Germans are employed by the Russian government in technical capacities, and others are living with the Soviets against the day they can resume the big prospective commercial fight, which would follow a change of government or a recognition of the Soviet rule. "Big business men in Germany are turning to Russia in the hope that stabilization of the government and exploitation of the resources of that country will help save Central Europe from an economic chaos, which many profess to believe lies only a few months ahead."

Stinnes Expresses Himself.

Hugo Stinnes, the most powerful financial figure in Germany, whose pre-war interests in Russia were extensive, holds that German industrialists must deal with Russia to save themselves, and possibly the old world, from industrial stagnation. Felix Deutsch, director general of the German General Electric Company, which had vast investments in Russia, has endeavored recently to arrive at some agreement with the Russians for the operation of the company's properties there. Walter Rathenau, nominal head of the board of directors of the German General Electric Company, is reported to share the views of Stinnes and Deutsch that Germany cannot much longer neglect her Russian advantages. German manufacturers have had the lion's share of Russian trade since the conclusion of peace, and they have dealt on a cash basis. Thousands of tons of merchandise have been shipped into the Soviet country, but disorganization of Russian railroad traffic early in the winter hit the Germans a hard blow, and forced them to store many train loads of goods on the northwest frontiers.

Bennett's Band will play at the Prince's Rink every night.

Real Irish!

Lord Denbigh told a couple of good sporting yarns recently.

A friend of his was shooting in the hills of Killarney. A pheasant killed above fell into the valley beneath. One of the beaters remarked, "Your honor might have saved yourself the powder and ball for the fall alone would have killed him."

An Englishman took a shoot in the West of Ireland. The first day resulted in a bag of one snipe, and on his way home he reckoned out what his expenses had been. They totalled roughly to about £100.

He turned to the Irishman who accompanied him, and said, "Pat, do you know that bird has cost me £100?"

Pat: "Well, your honor, I am thinking it is lucky you did not kill any more of them!"

MINARD'S REMEDY FOR COLDS, Etc.

Marvels of the Magnet.

How many people, who as children took delight in the antics of a pin on the end of a magnet, realized that one day this toy would become one of the greatest factors in industrial progress?

The origin of the electric magnet is a romantic story, and one which is a tribute to British brains and endeavor. It was at Sheffield, in 1820, that the first really successful lifting-magnet was produced. To-day they are in all the great workshops of the world. The trouble occasioned in stacking steel rails, girders, and similar articles led a Sheffield firm to start experiments. They sought primarily a means of saving time and labour, and various prominent engineers set to work to solve the difficulty. Someone thought of the magnet, then a toy. It had been tried before without success, but that was no reason why another attempt should not be made with it. Energies were thereupon turned in this direction.

Undaunted by Failure.

Each attempt at harnessing the magnet, however, proved unsuccessful. There was always some flaw, which eluded the inventors up till the last moment.

Time and time again failure had to be admitted. Then at last an appliance was devised which, under the name of the "pot" magnet, was brought into use. Here, again, success was only partial, but in this case the fault lay not so much in the idea—indeed, this idea was the basis of the later successful models—but rather in the design.

Soon afterwards another model was produced which had the desired results, and after considerable experimenting was brought still nearer to perfection. And as the years passed, more and more improvements were brought to bear until, finally, the up-to-date and efficient electric magnet of to-day was produced.

The electric magnet, of course, is different from the magnet as we know it. The latest type comprises a circular plate known as the button-plate, formed of non-magnetic and extremely strong and durable metal. Manganese steel is the best medium for this face plate, and it takes all the bumps, jars, and shocks caused by the magnet coming into violent contact with the load to be handled. Electric energy is induced by means of coils.

More Powerful Than Explosives.

The feats performed by some of these magnets are wonderful, and very great weights may be lifted with ease. An instrument weighing only 150wt. itself is capable of lifting a load of eight tons, while at a recent demonstration a steel plate on which were twelve workmen was quite comfortably raised. As for quickness, one magnet recently was found to do in seven minutes work which had occupied the time of four men for five hours.

But perhaps the greatest wonder associated with the magnet is its power of reducing bulk to scrap, a process which in the past entailed much time and labour.

What the magnet does is this: It lifts up a great ball of solid iron or steel, and when this has been raised over the material which is to be scrapped, the electric current is switched off and the ball descends with crushing force upon the objects beneath it.

In this sphere the magnet's disintegrating force is writer Mr. F. A. Talbot in "Electrical Wonders of the World" (Cassell and Co.), even greater than that of explosives.

Children's Tan Long Rubbers, at SMALLWOOD'S.—dec16,tf

The Last Chance For this Season! Only 10 Pairs of Men's Invictus Hockey Boots

Remaining over from 1921 Stock.

Have you secured your's yet—if not call to-day--to-morrow may be too late.
The Best Hockey Boot in the Market.

Marshall Bros.

Marking Time!

The usual market softness, due to the holidays, is in evidence. During the past few days the Stock Market is practically neglected, but this only spells further opportunity for the keen investor who is watching the market for all recessions.

Watch your favorite issue and buy on all drops, because inevitably prices will stiffen. We suggest General Motors, Studebaker, Boston-Montana, Nirissing, Middle States and Pacific.

J. J. LACEY & COMPANY, LIMITED,
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("The Phonograph with a Soul")

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3. Overtones.—The Supreme Realism of the Re-Creation is due to the fact that it gives the overtones as well as the fundamentals. These overtones give to a musical note its character. Mr. Edison is the only one who has discovered how to reproduce all these overtones.

ARTHUR R. STANSFIELD,
Edison Dealer.

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