

BEFORE "SAND-MAN" COMES

Prepare for a Clear, Bright Day Tomorrow By Taking "Cascarets" for Liver and Bowels

"Cascarets" to-night sure! Your system is filled with liver and bowel poison which keeps your skin sallow, your stomach upset, your head dull and aching and your system full of cold. Your meals are turning into poisons, gases and acids. You can

not feel right. Don't stay bilious or constipated. Feel splendid to-morrow by taking Cascarets before you go to bed. They act without griping or inconvenience. They never sicken you like Calomel, Salts, Oil or nasty, harsh Pills. They cost so little too—Cascarets work while you sleep.

THE PRINCE BIDS THE NEW WORLD FAREWELL.

Greatly Impressed With Canada -- Halifax Delivers the Valedictory.

Halifax, N.S., Nov. 24.—Almost absolute lack of official ceremony marked the Prince of Wales' stay in Halifax yesterday and therefore it was probably far pleasanter to the Royal Visitor than his previous trip with its lengthy and complicated itinerary. Certainly those who saw the Prince at the various social functions yesterday found the Prince much more charming and at ease than when unveiling one of the innumerable monuments which have fallen to his lot. The public took great interest in his passage through the streets, but at no time were the crowds ever dense or at all unruly.

The Renown reached Halifax shortly after eight. The Prince remained on board during the morning, receiving calls from the Governor General and the Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia. He lunched on the Renown and came ashore by way of the Dockyard at half-past two, going to Royal Artillery Park, where he played a game of "squash" one of his favorite sports. He returned to the ship to change and at quarter to six dropped in at the dais given in his honor by Mrs. Charles Archibald, thrilling a number of feminine hearts as he guided their feet through the mazes of fox-trot and waltz.

The Farewell Dinner.

At eight o'clock the Dominion Government dined at the Halifax Club. The gathering was a notable one, including men of prominence from nearly every section of the Dominion, headed by His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire, and Sir Robert Laird Borden, Premier of Canada. Here, too, ceremony was not stressed. There were only two speeches, one by Sir Robert, the other a reply by the Prince himself.

Between ten and ten thirty, the Prince arrived at the State Ball at Government House and remained until half past twelve. He seemed to enjoy himself hugely, dancing several times with Mrs. Kenneth Holloway, whom he had met in the afternoon at Mrs. Archibald's. The ball was perhaps the largest ever held at Government House. The ball room and all the ante-rooms were constantly thronged and it is probable that more than five hundred people were present. The scene was one of great brilliance.

After the ball, His Highness returned to the Renown. Nothing is scheduled for to-day except the luncheon on board ship at one o'clock, but it is expected that the Prince will slip ashore incognito in the morning and afternoon. At sunset the Renown sets sail for England and the period will be written for one of the most eventful and significant journeys ever undertaken, a journey that has done much to promote the closer union of Canada and the Motherland.

Crowd Waited in Yala.

No very great crowds waited upon the streets to see the Prince pass, but

at points which it was certain that he would visit people collected and police guards were necessary. There was a large leaving of secret service men in every gathering. The one unfortunate episode of the day was that hundreds of citizens lingered several hours at the foot of the Town Clock waiting for the unveiling of the statue of the Duke of Kent, which it was expected that the Prince of Wales would perform. However, it was a holiday for unveiling from His Highness, an opportunity for him to leave Canada with a memory of merriment rather than of ceremony and officialdom.

The Afternoon Dances.

The dances given yesterday afternoon for the Prince of Wales by Mrs. Charles Archibald, at her residence, 32 Inglis Street, will always rank with one of the most important social functions in the history of Halifax. Indeed, it is doubtful if any private house, since the days of the Duke of Kent, has roofed such a distinguished assemblage, including the heir-apparent to the British Throne, the Governor-General, and the Premier of Canada, and many others of high, though somewhat lesser degree. Those who were there will inscribe it in their diaries as one of the few never-to-be-forgotten parties. The Prince, too, derived a great amount of pleasure from the hour that he spent at Mrs. Archibald's. This was very evident from the fact that Admiral Halsey had to call him twice that it was time to return to the Renown, before he would tear himself away. Most interesting of all, and something which will provide fodder for tea table topics for many months to come, was the answer to the oft-repeated question: "Whom will the Prince dance with?" This answer was not quite as predicted, but it proved that His Highness has excellent taste in ladies fair.

The Sea Cucumber.

The sea cucumber is not a vegetable. Nevertheless it might be farmed profitably in the Philippines, inasmuch as it is very plentiful in the waters of that archipelago, and the demand for it as a table delicacy is great in all that part of the world, particularly in China and Japan.

The sea cucumber is an echinoderm, not distantly related to the every-day sea urchin. It is about six inches long when full grown, and when prepared for market, goes commonly by the name of "beche de mer." The method of preparation consists in boiling it, slitting it open, removing its inside works, drying it in the sun and smoking it for twenty-four hours.

It is a rather sedentary animal, moving very slowly and for short distances. Thus its capture is easy. Shallows among coral reefs are its favorite feeding grounds. The young hatched from its eggs are white and transparent; they seek rocky crevices or attach themselves to roots of

marine plants. At two years of age they are mature.

The Philippines have hundreds of miles of reefs, with the best of opportunities for farming sea cucumbers. The latter makes wonderful soup, which, if put up in cans, would be likely to find a market.

Press Briefs.

The Socialist Lady's Inside.—In France there's a smile on the face of the Tiger.—Toronto Globe.

If Farmers Had a Short Day.—And if farmers worked only six hours a day and thirty hours a week, bread would sell for a dollar a loaf.—Dallas News.

'Tis Often Thus.—It may be laid down as a general rule that whenever anyone makes a ring-tailed simian of himself in public life he thinks the newspapers are subsided.—Ohio State Journal.

A Clumsy Liar.—Von Hindenburg testifies that "neither the German people, the Kaiser nor the Government desired war." He says Germany organized her military forces "for defense." Was Belgium, then, the aggressor?—Toronto Globe.

The 'Dry' Christmas.—A contemporary suggests that, while a green Christmas may make a full churchyard, a dry Christmas won't make anything full—whereas a dry Christmas will make the kiddies' stockings amazingly full.—Toronto Globe.

Time May Tell.—The new Ontario Government is going to abolish patronage, according to Attorney General Raney. This is a time-worn political slogan, but the public may find ground for hope in the fact that it is a post-election rather than a pre-election promise.—Toronto Financial Post.

Newspaper Wisdom.—The whole world is seething with the selfish desire to get as much as possible in return for the least amount of service. The world has yet to understand that the only satisfying recompense for toil is the joy of serving, with the financial profit an incident.—Kingston Whig.

Prince Waved Farewell.

From Fighting Top of Renown. A New York despatch in telling of the departure of the Prince of Wales from New York says:

Edward Albert waved his farewell from the fighting top to the great crowd gathered on the banks of the Hudson to bid him Godspeed. Airplanes dipped and circled overhead, and salutes boomed from the American warships in the river as the Renown got under way. The Prince remained at his post in the fighting top, waving his hat in answer to the cheers which reached him faintly across the water, until the shadows had finally hidden the shores. As the battle-cruiser and her consort, the cruiser Constance, entered the bay, seven American destroyers, and the American battleship Delaware closed in on her wake, each with the British naval ensign flying from the main peak. They will escort the royal ship to the vicinity of Halifax.

The last person to say good-bye to the Prince was Admiral Sims, who was the guest of honor at a farewell luncheon given by the royal visitor. The anchors were already being weighed when the Admiral left the ship.

Practically a New Ship.

Many Improvements to S.S. Rosalind. After undergoing extensive repairs in New York, the Red Cross liner Rosalind, Capt. H. C. MacNeill, arrived in port yesterday morning from Halifax. The steamer had on board 22 passengers from New York, and a number embarked at Halifax for this port. Many changes have been made in the layout of the Rosalind since her last trip here. In September she ran ashore while en route from Halifax to New York, and for two and a half months was under repairs in the American port. The work was done by the Standard Shipbuilding Company at Staten Island. It took but 19 days for them to repair the damage caused by going ashore, and over 60 new plates were put in her hull. It was changing the steamer into an oil burner that delayed her from resuming the service. The Rosalind is the first oil burner to run on the New York, Halifax and St. John's service. Capt. MacNeill states that the ship behaved splendidly on the way down from New York, despite the heavy gales encountered. While she was laid up many changes were made in her passenger accommodation, and the Rosalind can now carry a total of 230. The interior of the ship was repainted and a system of bells as well as telephones were installed. The galley was moved down a deck, as well as the pantry and bake room. With all these improvements the Rosalind has resumed the Red Cross Line service and will no doubt be a greater favorite than ever with the travelling public.

For all kinds of Coughs and Colds try Phorone, at STAFFORD'S, Theatrical Hill. Open every night till 9.30.—Oct. 11

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MAJESTIC THEATRE

The World's Resources.

SCIENTISTS SAY THAT THEY WILL BECOME EXHAUSTED.

Scientists sometimes give us unpleasant calculations as to the length of time it will take to render the earth uninhabitable if we continue to waste our resources at the present rate, says the New York Sun.

This generation need who no uneasiness about the cooling down of the sun or about the exhaustion of the coal supply. It is, however, quite time to consider the consequences, not so remote, that will flow from the increasing population of the earth and the much slower increase of agricultural production.

The available but unused area for the growing of grain to feed human beings and the animals that are to be slaughtered for meat is constantly diminishing, whereas the use of wheat is growing at a more rapid rate than the population of the earth. Nothing short of increasing the fertility of the soil can be suggested to meet such conditions. But the store of natural fertilizers is already within a measurable distance of being exhausted. The only great deposit known, the nitrate of soda in Northern Chile, is estimated to be 250,000,000 tons, and at the rate at which it is coming into the market that supply will last much less than a hundred years.

Fortunately, a commercially feasible process, capable of unlimited expansion, has been found for fixing the nitrogen of the air and thereby furnishing an artificial fertilizer equal to that provided in nature. The only materials necessary are coal, limestone and air, but in order to make the process commercially successful it is necessary to have cheap power, and because Norway has it in almost unlimited amount the business has become established there. The works at Odde utilize nearly 100,000 horsepower and impound four-fifths as much water as is stored by the Asosuan dam on the Nile. At last accounts they were producing only 80,000 tons of fertilizer, but Norway can increase its power for manufacturing purposes to 200,000,000 horsepower.

The process is interesting. Coal from other countries and limestone from Norway are fused in electric furnaces in order to make calcium carbide, the chief use of which in this country is to produce acetylene gas. The calcium carbide pulverized and mixed with nitrogen in retorts heated to a high temperature, forms cyanamide, or nitrolin, which is equal in fertilizing value to Chilean nitrate.

The magnitude of the Odde works may be inferred from the fact that they require 100 tons of air a day. In fact, it was only when the cheap process of making liquid air was discovered that the free nitrogen necessary for making cyanamide could

be had. The boiling point of oxygen is lower than that of nitrogen, therefore when liquid air boils the oxygen passes off first and leaves the nitrogen for use in the cyanamide retorts.

London Gun-Robbing Riots.

On Monday, December 2, 1916, a remarkable riot took place, commencing at Spa Fields, Finsbury, in the south-east of London. On November 16, 30,000 persons had assembled there to vote an address to the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, from distressed manufacturers and mechanics. On both occasions they were addressed by Henry Hunt, a Wiltshire agriculturist, who vainly contested Bristol Westminster and Somerset for a seat in Parliament, but afterwards sat for Preston, Lancashire, from 1830 till 1833 after three imprisonments for challenging to a duel, assaults, and inciting mobs to riot. While the crowd were waiting for Hunt on December 2, three or four men ascended a wagon. One of them, James Watson, a medical man in poverty, spoke in favor of Communism, or sharing all alike, and was arrested, but was afterwards acquitted of high treason. He then fled to America. The crowd proceeded to Clerkenwell and Smithfield, and attacked gunsmiths' shops to obtain arms, especially that of a Mr. Beckwith, on Snow Hill, where one of them, demanding such weapons, shot a Mr. Platt. With the stolen fire-arms they passed through Cheapside, loading and discharging them, till entering the Royal Exchange, they were met by the Lord Mayor, Matthew Wood, and a strong party of police; and though they moved on and continued such robbery, the arrival of soldiers compelled them to disperse. Of the rioters several had been sailors, and one of these, named Cashman, was hanged on March 12, 1817. On April 14, 1812, there had been a riot in connection with guns, at Sheffield. On that occasion eight hundred muskets belonging to the militia were destroyed by the rioters. The rioters of Yorkshire, as also of Derby and Nottingham, were named Ludites, from Ned Lud, an idiot who broke some frames in a passion. Besides the guns which they destroyed, they used others for attacking places of business and private houses extorting money and victuals, and several of them were tried and executed, as many on both sides lost their lives in the disturbances.

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Side T
by Ruth C

THE TOO FACILE

A facile, eloquent tongue is a wonderful thing to have. And also a dangerous thing. Last summer I listened to a young woman who has dabbled in half-baked, a quarter-digested Bolshevistic theories such as she used to enjoy dabbling in mud pies when

was little and in amateur dramas when she was at college. She was talking about these theories to a group of people at a Church social. One of the group knew her well and had enough sense to realize how little it all meant. But she was two or three women who were listening with the most serious attention. One could see it meant deal to them. Much more it did to the young person with the facile tongue; perhaps because she didn't have facile tongues and therefore couldn't get rid of their thoughts by continually talking about them.

Whenever I read in the newspapers about some foolish or wicked person which a group of people have gathered together, I think—behind that man someone with a facile tongue.

For instance take the attacks on American opera. Somewhere behind them there must have been a tongue or, more likely, several tongues were used to lash up the emotions of the people who caused the disturbances at the theatres. Those persons would never have risen of themselves; the cause wasn't big enough or personal enough.

Again I read of a strike which has ended in the bitter class hatred going back to work while the foremen elements are still out. And then I can visualize the foreigner, who has a gift for the power to reach these people in their own language, keeping them of hate and resentment; or appeals to class feeling by misrepresentation of all sorts.

MY WORD.

