

**Home-made, but Has No Equal for Coughs**

Makes a family supply of really dependable cough medicine. Easily prepared, and saves money.

If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with croup and you want quick help, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a 16-oz bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. This recipe makes 16 ounces of really remarkable cough remedy. It tastes good, and in spite of its low cost, it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief. You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops throat tickle and soothes and heals the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing. Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is probably the best known means of overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds. There are many worthless imitations of this mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for 2½ ounces of Pinex with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

**Centenaries of 1922.**

(From the Boston Transcript.) There is a certain increasing weariness with centenaries. Somehow we seem to have more and more of them with us. Yet verily life has always been one centenary after another. Something was always happening, somebody was always being born, a hundred years ago. Living in 1921 or 1922, why should we live back to 1821 or 1822? It may grow tiresome to do so. But the world somehow grows more conscious of its landmarks. Once it scarcely knew that it had any landmarks, and if it did know, it did not care. But ours is the age of consciousness of everything that has gone to make up what we are; and in the matters of great men and women, perhaps it is the guilty sort of consciousness that we are not now producing their like that leads us to think so much about the great ones that belonged to the last generation or the last but one.

At all events, we continue to observe the centenaries. We shall have occasion to observe several in 1922, beginning with one which is not a centenary but is another tercentenary. We refer to the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of one Jean Baptiste Poquelin, better known by the stage name of Moliere, who was born in Paris, January 15, 1622. Moliere, who was a strolling player like Shakespeare, and also, like him, a great dramatist, is prized by the French as we prize Shakespeare. They find him gayer and brighter than Shakespeare; he is their man; and truly he was great. The French stage will be almost completely devoted to Moliere in January, by way of the highest honor to his memory, but it is not apparent that the celebration will have more than an echo in America.

We shall have, moreover, our own centenaries to observe. On April 27, 1822, on a farm in Ohio, was born Hiram Ulysses Grant, whose name was afterwards listed at West Point and on the scroll of fame as Ulysses S.

Grant. At the outbreak of the Civil War an obscure civilian in a small Western town, Grant came out of that conflict the most famous American, for already the hero more famous than himself, Abraham Lincoln, had passed on. Grant's record justified his fame. He had earned all he got, and his name had richly deserved the centenary honors which, it is to be hoped, he will abundantly receive. With Lincoln's, his name stands for the most important thing we have next to liberty, which is Union. It stands also for America patient and indomitable endeavour. The hundred years that have passed since Grant's birth seem indeed to have been lived by the whole world that his great words may be spoken again and spoken now with authority. "Let us have peace!"

We have locally a centenary in which all Americans may heartily join, and that is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Edward Everett Hale on April 3. Hale was of the finest fruit of New England blood and culture. It was proper that he should have written "The Man Without a Country," for no man ever had a fiercer grip than he had on all that makes one a lover and a servant of his native land. So many things he was born to—to letters, to friends, to helpers, to piety and goodness—and to Boston! The world had lent him its best hand, and he passed it on to thousands. The love of his countrymen and his townsmen was always his because love was in him. He walks our streets as a persisting influence, and so palpably, it seems, that it is well-nigh impossible to realize that it was a hundred whole years ago that he was born. The centenary almost takes us by surprise. But it will not be forgotten.

Ahead, the centennial of that mighty chemist, Louis Pasteur (December 27) will surely be observed by the scientific world, and may well be remembered by all, so universal was the boon which he conferred upon mankind when he discovered that the cause of fermentation was the living organism operating in the fermenting substance. We live, so to speak, in a Pasteurized world. After all, Pasteur had but one real maxim, but that will be just as good three hundred years from now as it is to-day—"Il faut travailler." A literary centenary of great interest to the "saving-remnant," but perhaps not to others, will be that of Matthew Arnold (December 21). Arnold was the apostle of sweetness and light, though he did not originate the phrase. He was the great aristocrat of modern letters, in that he pursued the best and nothing else; he worshipped at the altar of the perfect, though he knew his lips could never touch it. As a poet, his words will be remembered longer than those of many greater poets. Incidentally his saving influence in education will be cherished forever. No man of the year is better worthy of centennial honor.

There are lesser figures in the record of the children of 1822—Adelaide Ristori, the greatest actress of her time (January 29); Edmond Goncourt, one of the greatest of French novelists (May 26) who, writing in collaboration with his brother Jules, blazed the path for Zola and the other realists, and whose influence in French literature, though very large, was not always beneficial, since the Goncourt work lacked unity and the sound Latin form; and Sir Henry Maine (August 15), eminent English jurist and historian.

To close the list, we have the nineteenth President of the United States, Rutherford Birchard Hayes (October 1) who, though not a great man, and though his fame is associated in history with the first and only disputed presidential election, and is in the minds of some Americans even to-day believed to be tainted with an electoral fraud, was nevertheless a good and worthy man, and a wise President.

**Lord Kitchener Avenged**

Everybody remembers the shock that went through the allied countries when news came that Kitchener had gone down to his death in the New Hampshire off the coast of Scotland. The dramatic suddenness of that ending on the night of June 5, 1916, was especially felt in Great Britain, where the minister of war had made conscription possible, increased an army of 160,000 to 5,000,000, and in other ways won for himself the title of "organizer of victory." How the enemy had contrived the blow long remained a matter of speculation. For a time it was unknown whether the explosion resulted from a mine or from a torpedo. Quite recently it has been alleged that Kitchener's proposed trip to Petrograd for conference with the Russian government was betrayed to the Germans by a woman spy, but the story had hardly more than got abroad before it was disproved. The London Times now traces the explosion to its real cause and tells how the perpetrators themselves met the fate which they meted out to Lord Kitchener.

It is thus at last definitely known that the German U-boat 75 laid 13 mines in the western passage from Scapa Flow, that 12 of these were removed by mine-sweepers, and that it was the 13th which sank the vessel on which the minister of war had embarked. What became of the U-boat 75? On May 4, 1917, the British steamer Palmbranch, zig-

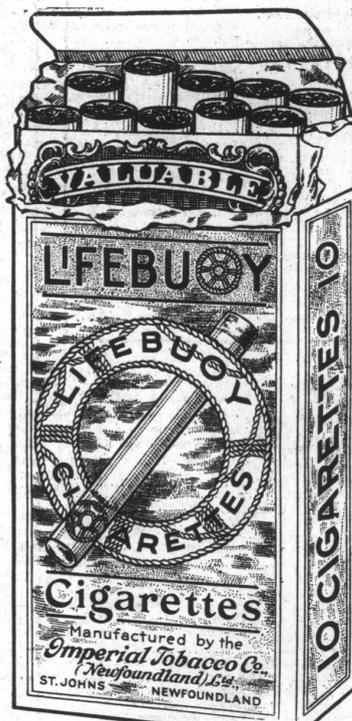
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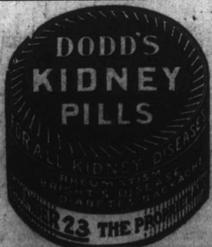
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zagging her way with a cargo of munitions toward an inlet on the Murman coast, high up toward the Arctic, sighted a periscope 60 yards distant on the port beam; an instant later surface bubbles told of a torpedo on the way. But the aim had been poor, and the projectile passed below its intended victim. It was now the turn of the Palmbranch to turn a gun on the foe, and as it did so the submarine rose into full view barely 40 yards away. "A flash, a roar," says the eye-witness, "and the

Palmbrecht's first shell struck the U-boat at the base of the conning tower just where it joined the deck, and tore great gaps and rents. Two rounds of a small gun sufficed. The submarine rolled slightly; then, taking a heavy list, and tilting on end with stern high out of the water, she sank vertically out of sight. That incident might have been of no more importance than belonged to many other fights with submarines during the war, but this particular U-boat left behind it the means of identification. The lookers-on noticed that as it sank a conical object floated up and remained on the surface. It was assumed to be a telephone buoy, containing a water-tight telephone, such as most of the German submarines carried in order to allow of a submerged crew communicating with the world above. Four weeks after the encounter Lapp fishermen picked up the buoy in a bay to which it had drifted, and within the apparatus was found a large brass plate inscribed with the words in German: "Do not open. Leave telephone buoy lying. Telegraph position immediately to U-boat base, Kiel. Submarine 75 sunk here." The dis-

covery showed that the U-boat men were well prepared in advance for anything that might happen. It also showed that the crew of the Palmbrecht had avenged the tragedy of Kitchener's death.—Ex.

**Amundsen on Way to New York.** Seattle, Jan. 7.—Roald Amundsen, explorer, is en route to New York, where he will confer with directors of the Carnegie Institute with regard to his scientific work in the polar regions. With him are Cakonita, Little Siberian Eskimo girl, and Camilla Carpenter, daughter of a Siberian trader, whom he will send to Norway to school. The trip is Capt. Amundsen's first away from Seattle since his arrival last July from the Arctic. His ship, the Maud, is lying in Lake Union here, provisioning for a resumption of the voyage in which Capt. Amundsen expects to drift past the north pole in the Arctic ice.

**A Filipino Boss.** The average Filipino's conception of independence is well illustrated by a story which was told me in Manila. A provincial political boss, who had been a candidate, but had been overwhelmingly defeated at the polls, burst into his party headquarters, shortly after the results of the election had been announced, livid with rage. "I'm for independence at once! If only these cursed Americans were out of here, 24 come into town with a thou-



**Convicts' Queer Forger**

Most Daring Counterfeiting Record. To students of crime it is remarkable that while forgery as an advanced considerably during the few years, the biggest counterfeiting coup on record is by no means a recent date. The story of this conspiracy, one of the most amazing in the history of crime, is another illustration of truth is stranger than fiction. Twenty-two years ago the Treasury Department of the United States threw into a state bordering on the discovery of a number of spurious currency notes, which were so cleverly that experts were pleased deceived by them. Many notes had in fact been returned to the Treasury Department, and it decided to call in the entire issue, which more than 24,000,000 was circulation.

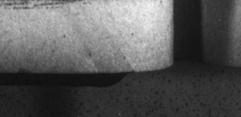
**Baiting the Police.** The problem which confronted Secret Service authorities was the finding, among America's 190,000 population, the two or three, possibly half-a-dozen, men responsible for the forgeries. Secret Service agents started a rumour that the Government was about to establish another espionage department, and skilled experts were invited to apply for the posts. Out of the scores of applicants received those of two Philadelphia men, Wright and Jackson—their names are withheld for the sake of that, having paid the penalty of offence, they are now leading lives—were selected among others being likely to lead to a possible solution of the problem; and the movements of the two men were watched carefully.

They were shadowed to a house, which the detectives suspected they had no proof that Wright and Jackson were the men they sought. The only way to get in was to obtain the lock being of the type known as "individual" and workable on one particular kind of key. It was there would not be more than two in existence. Precisely how this difficulty was overcome is an interesting story. A case that bristled with difficulties, Wright and Jackson were office-boy who was quite unscrupulous in the illegal activities of his manager was his custom to steal rides on steam-wagons and other vehicles, even he found himself one of these trips by a rough-looking man who explained that he was a scene-shifter in a hurry to the theatre.

"Wish I was on the stage!" said the office-boy. "Well, why not see the manager?" suggested the scene-shifter. "He might be able to fix you up." Half an hour later the office-boy was being interviewed by an extremely snappy "manager," who told him to do one of a number of gaudy costumes that littered the floor. A few moments the office-boy had changed his own clothes for the "super" in a flashy ruff, and the warehouse had found its way to the "manager's" pocket. Late that night detectives were in the warehouse, where they found complete engraving outfit, with several bundles of counterfeiting notes. Wright and Jackson were arrested and sent to prison. But the story does not end here. Months after their arrest the counterfeiting notes began to reappear in Philadelphia, and investigations revealed an astounding fact that they were made by the prisoners in the cells of their cells.

The necessary apparatus was covered, had been smuggled into the prison by relatives. Jackson had signed, and an accomplice had small press, and with this outfit these two counterfeiters in prison enough twenty-dollar bills to cause almost as great a panic that into which they were free to Treasury when they were free to Tit-Bits.

**WHEN HAIR THINS, FADES OR FALLS, USE "DANDERINE"**



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