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## Fifty-One Years Ago.

Notes From a Pocket Diary---The Seal Fishery and Other Matters.

1st. 1871--The following were left port for the icebergs: Eagle, Capt. Jackman; Capt. Ryan; Osprey, Capt. Walrus, Capt. Mullowney; Capt. Cummings; Lion, Capt. Hecor, Capt. White, and others. The Hecor, Capt. White, had sailed, but was delayed by a death in the captain's family. A great temperance meeting was held over by His Lordship Bishop, took place in the Fishermen's hall last night. Prominent on the programme were the Rev. Father Lynch, William Jackman, William, Pierre Mullowney and Thomas. Those of our city liquor dealers who were present must have had unpleasant hour or more while the Bishop scored the drink business in general and the men connected with the retail end of it in particular. Nor did Father Lynch help to further them with his ecclesiastical cane.

2nd. Weather fine, with occasional showers in the forenoon; later in the day, and at night rain and other unmistakable signs of the approaching Spring. This said to be numerous in the city. Mr. Joseph Woods, editor of the Courier newspaper, died to-day, leaving a conspicuous figure in the city and social life of the community, and his passing is a source of deep regret. The publication of the paper will probably be continued in the interest of Mrs. Woods and family. The Morning Herald is also in difficulties, but of a different nature. Five of its contributors, Messrs. Oliver, Knight, Pike and Dillon--have severed their connection with the Chronicle and are going away on the s.s. City of Halifax, having secured employment at the Halifax Reporter, the agency of Mr. William, an old-time member of the news department here. As a result of this "strike," Mr. Francis, editor of the Chronicle, announces that for some time to come, he will have to "publish" only "trial" instead of daily.

3rd. It rained heavily all last night, and to-day very little snow remains. The s.s. Hecor, Capt. Edward, which sailed for the seal fishery, returned to port to-morrow, having secured a large haul of seals, and two of the crew, who had two of the seals accidentally broken while on the anchor. She left again to-morrow.

4th. A sailing vessel called the "Hecor," Capt. Patrick Ryan, left for the icebergs. This vessel was sent out by a joint stock company, and has 600 shares in the concern. This is the first speculation of the kind attempted here so far, and strong hopes are entertained of success.

5th. Much interest manifested itself at the Commercial Rooms on Duckworth Street to-day in connection with the sealing voyage. Mr. C. L. Jarvis, the Society's Secretary, who has charge of the rooms, is as busy as a bee arranging for the annual sweepstakes, which, it is said, will aggregate, on the present occasion, more than £1,000. All our prominent merchants are taking tickets this time. Two of them won £300 each last year. Snowing and drifting in the morning. Wind changed to S.W. towards evening with warm rain and free thaw everywhere. Trappers predict an early Spring. The funeral of the late Mr. Joseph Woods took place to-day and was largely attended.

6th. "Lovers of the 'roarin' game' are in a great state of excitement over the approaching 'bonspiel,' and some of them have been practicing night and day for the past week or fortnight. The newspapers are full of it, and posters, headed 'Curlians' decorate the walls of the city in every direction.

7th. News of a remarkable event reaches us to-day from Witless Bay. It is stated that Mrs. Brophy, of Charlie Cove, gave birth yesterday to three healthy children--all boys. Weather continues fine; winds high and cold, especially at night, but snow and ice apparently gone to stay.

8th. Preparations are already being made for the approaching cod fishery, and, to keep pace with the progressive age in which we live, and the requirements of our great staple industry, Mr. Ambrose Shea (not yet knighted) is arranging to have a steam bait-ship built. The work of construction is now going on at the Galway Wharf under the supervision of a son-in-law of our celebrated marine architect, Mr. Michael Kearney. The timbers and other materials have been brought on here from one of the neighboring outports, and the boat, when finished, will be racy of the soil as well as of the sea.

9th. A serious misunderstanding, which culminated in "assault and battery," occurred at the House of Assembly to-day, between Major Renouf and the Hon. John H. Warren. Various versions of the affair are given at the clubs and other places where men do congregate, but no particulars are available.

10th. Weather fine to-day; snow all gone. The House of Assembly goes into privilege this afternoon on the Renouf-Warren imbroglio. The result is awaited with much interest. The outfit for the seal fishery from St. John's this year amounts to 34 vessels, aggregating 4,254 tons and carrying 2,022 men. Nearly all of them sailed for the seas on the 1st inst. News received to-day of peace between France and Germany.

11th. Weather still remarkably fine and an early Spring predicted.

12th. Not a particle of snow or ice visible and atmospheric conditions summerlike.

13th. Mr. Murphy, Magistrate at St. Mary's, died a day or two ago, and Messrs. R. Furlong and Adam McKen are candidates for the vacancy.

14th. Raining all day with mud and slush ankle deep almost everywhere.

15th. Still raining. A fine old citizen, to the person of Mr. P. Feehan, was buried to-day. Yesterday, or the day before, the leader of the Opposition, Mr. F. B. T. Carter, brought in a bill regarding the privileges of the

House of Assembly which were supposed to have been violated during the trouble between Messrs. Renouf and Warren. A heated debate ensued in the course of which Premier C. F. Bennett, and Receiver General Thos. Glen spoke strongly against the measure. The bill was rejected by a solid party vote.

16th. Wind N.W. to N.E. cold with snow showers. No particular news.

17th. St. Patrick's Day. The parade of Tasker Masonic Lodge takes place this forenoon. At the time of the Lodge's first meeting it was suggested by Mr. Gillipps, the W.M., that the annual parade be fixed for the 17th of March, in honor of Mr. Tasker, the latter's name being Patrick.

18th. Quite a lot of interest is manifested here to-day, consequent upon a rumor that the Orangemen of the city intend to have a grand parade. However, His Lordship Bishop Power, at last Mass yesterday, made reference to the matter, warned his people against any attempt to interfere, and told them just to imagine that the yellow was only light green, and govern themselves accordingly. Anyway, the parade did not take place. Bishop Power's great Conversation came off at the Palace last night, and pretty well all the elite of the city attended. I don't think His Lordship invited any of the grog-sellers. He seems to have no regard for those who retail intoxicating drink. Messrs. Hearn, Harvey and staff were there. Revenue to the amount of £30,000 (thirty thousand pounds) was collected on rum last year. The brigantine Lady Bird arrived to Harvey & Co., a day or two ago with a full cargo of rum from the West Indies. Rev. Father Walsh, of Placentia, died there on the 16th; his body is being brought here to-day overland. A curling match at the Rink last night between teams led by Irwin and Roche resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 9 to 8. Mr. Robert Alsop, Colonial Secretary, is very unwell and not expected to recover. Intelligence has just been received from London of the death of Mr. John Fox, formerly of this town and of the firm of Harvey & Fox.

19th. Delightfully fine day, but the walking still somewhat sloppy, owing to the light snow that fell last night having melted this forenoon.

20th. The steamer Walrus, Capt. P. Mullowney, arrived from the icebergs early this morning to J. & W. Stewart, with 11,000 seals, eight hundred of which are on deck. She commenced loading on the 15th. The captain says: "I really do not know exactly how many are on board, because we had no time to count them. The crew threw the pelts on board until every place was filled." The Walrus reports six steamers and three sailing vessels in the same ice. This is the first of the fleet to arrive. Capt. Mullowney brought a letter from Capt. Con. Callahan.

21st. A question has arisen in regard to the American steamer Monticello, whether, in the event of her getting a load of seals, she should be allowed into this colony free of duty. Mr. Harvey has an interest in the Monticello.

22nd. No special news in circulation to-day. People with money in the sealing venture expect handsome returns this season, and preparations are being made to handle a big voyage.

23rd. The following attended a card party at Jocelyn's last night: F. Goodridge, R. Goodridge, John Rowe, W. Canning, Capt. J. Winsor, Jeff Lash, John Gillard, S. Canning, John Kellgren and George Hutchings. They managed to get home at 4 a.m.

24th. The s.s. Lion, Capt. Graham, and the s.s. Eagle, Capt. Jackman, arrived this morning from the seal fishery, the former with 22,000, and the latter with 23,000 prime young harps. To-night, about 9 o'clock, the s.s. Hecor steamed into port with 23,000--4,000 on deck. She is commanded by the veteran seal-killer Captain White. He reports the Nimrod, Capt. Cumming, with 24,000.

25th. The Walrus, Capt. Mullowney, leaves this morning on a second trip to the icebergs. Mr. Robert Alsop died this afternoon. He was an upright and consistent business man and his death is regretted by the whole community.

# NICKEL

## RUTH CHASE

Soprano.

(A) NEAT THE AUTUMN MOON (Vanderpool).  
(B) MAGIC OF YOUR EYES (Penn).

SAMUEL GOLDWYN and REX PEACH present

## Rex Beach's

famous story

## The North Wind's Malice

Directed by CARL HARBAUGH and PAUL BERN.

PROFESSOR MCCARTHY at the Piano.

## GEORGE DALE

Tenor.

(A) LOVE'S GARDEN OF ROSES  
(Hayden Wood).

(B) MOTHER MACHREE (Ball).

# NICKEL

## Wore a Fountain Pen.

James Norman Hall tells the following amusing South Sea story:

Hualal, the native constable of a lonely South Sea atoll, was the only one who made any heavy social demands upon me.

He had once made a journey from Papeete to San Francisco as a stoker on one of the mail boats, and was immensely proud of the few English phrases which he had picked up during the voyage.

He didn't know the meaning of them, but he made no difference. He could put on side before the others, make them believe that he was carrying on an intelligent conversation.

"What's the matter?" "Oh, yes." "Never mind," were among his favorite expressions--unusually mild ones, it seemed to be, for one who had been associated with a gang of cockney stokers--and he brought them out apropos of nothing.

He was an exasperating old hypocrite, but a genial one and I couldn't help replying to some of his felts at conversation. "Once, out of curiosity, wondering what his reply would be, I said 'Hualal, you're the worst old four-flusher in the seventy-two islands, aren't you?'"

He smiled and nodded, and came back with the most telling of all his phrases, "You go to hell, me!" On that occasion it was delivered with what seemed something more than mere parrot-like mimicry of reply.

Clipped to his undershirt he wore a fountain pen, which was as much a part of his costume on these dress occasions as his dungaree trousers and pandanus hat. It had a broken point, was always dry, and Hualal could hardly write his own name.

No matter. He would no more have forgotten his pen than a French soldier his *croix de guerre*.

To secure a smooth pie crust, without blisters, make dough, and after rolling it, fit it over bottoms of pie pan and bake there. This leaves a smooth inside to the crust. Put it inside pan and fill as usual.

## NURSE THINKS NOTHING BETTER

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THERAPION NO. 2  
THERAPION NO. 3

## Chinese Royalty Not Changed.

The recent death of Princess Chin of China, a "suicide" which followed a quarrel with the Empress Dowager, recalls the legend of poisoning that took form in Peking thirteen years ago, when the great Dowager Empress Tsi An died within a few hours of the death of Emperor Kuang-han, who had been a puppet in her hands.

One of the sinister rumors that was spread at the time was that Tsi An had been the first to die, and that the emperor had "not been allowed to survive her."

Strange things have happened in China since then, the strangest being a Chinese republic, a growing custom of cutting off pig-tails and another of sending girls to college. But the imperial palace at Peking does not change. It clings to its old customs.

No matter that the royal family is not just now a ruling one, China being a republic, at least in name. The imperial palace continues just the same to be a hotbed of Chinese politics of the ancient pattern, and it is in full harmony with that ancient pattern that a convenient overdose of opium is blamed for the untimely death of the indiscreet Princess Chin, mother of the deceased boy emperor.

Witness the scene when little Puyi, the baby emperor, to be known royally as Hsuan Tung, was ceremoniously enthroned, soon after the death of Tsi An and Kuang-han.

moniously enthroned, soon after the death of Tsi An and Kuang-han.

It took place in the throne hall of the Forbidden City. All Peking was in ferment over the latest rumor that the departed emperor had not even died in the Pavilion of Peaceful Longevity, where all Chinese emperors are obliged by tradition to die. But the enthronement was marked by perfect composure.

Court mourning for the dead emperor dowager and the emperor was suspended for the occasion. The robes of the high officials would have eclipsed any garden of dahlias. Before reverent eyes the baby emperor was divested of his mourning robe and dressed in a tiny robe embroidered with imperial dragons. Then his nurse started with him to the throne.

His imperial majesty was only 2 years and ten months old, but he insisted on toddling all alone, dragging his grand draperies with him, and the spectacle is said to have been a moving one. Reaching the throne, the little mite kowtowed to his mother, Princess Chin. Then he clambered to his imperial seat and received with dignity the kowtows of his venerable nobles and courtiers.

After the ceremony his coronation robes were taken off and he went back into the care of his nurses. And now he is a wistful boy of almost 16, a pawn of conflicting ambition, a puppet of petticoat government, a lonely lad who has just lost his mother.

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By Gene Byrnes

## "REG'AR FELLERS"

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