

Keep Fit
Bowel regularity is the secret of good health. Without forcing or irritating, Nujol softens the food waste. The many tiny muscles in the intestines can then remove it regularly. Absolutely harmless—try it.



Nujol
For Constipation

Co-Operative Marketing vs. Nationalization.

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir:—In the verbose first of a promised series of articles on "Nationalization," the Advocate, on Monday, explained how to pronounce the word, though most people already pronounce it "nonsense," and then assured its readers that "railroads are railroads, and fish is fish; and publicly owning railroads is not much like publicly operating fish." Indeed there would be a similarity in this Colony, for a publicly owned railway is costing the Colony millions of dollars to operate, and publicly operating the sale of fish would have the same unhappy result. The Advocate says that "of course it would not be logical to describe what the plan of Nationalization proposed by President Coaker would be like," but (a) "fishermen would catch and cure as usual, (b) and the merchants would continue to supply as usual, (c) but the merchants would buy fish from the fishermen at a price named by a National Board of Marketing, and (d) all the selling abroad would be done by that Board. This National Board "would be appointed by a committee of exporters and the Government, and be removable only by two thirds vote of such committee."

COAKER'S BOARD.
It does not seem to me necessary that Mr. Coaker's latest harebrained scheme should be explained by him any more fully than above to secure its unqualified condemnation by every person outside the Lunatic Asylum or the Advocate's office. It is a proposal to hand over the fisheries of the Colony to a Board appointed by Coaker and a committee of Water Street exporters, a Board of the calibre of the recently deceased Codfish Exportation Board. The "Government" in relation to fishery boards means "Coaker," and a committee of exporters means the ring which bedevilled the country into the arrangement with Hawes, and the adoption of the Fishery Regulations. Just fancy the enormity of the proposal. Under the Fishery Regulations, had as they were, the fishermen could sell for such prices as he could get by open competition, and he often got more than the fish was worth, but here is a proposal that the fishermen shall be compelled to sell for the price his merchant masters shall dictate, for Coaker is a fish buyer, and a committee representing him and his partners in fish buying would be absolute masters of the poor fishermen if the latter could be forced to sell at a price fixed by the exporters. Under the Fishery Regulations, infamously wrong in principle and effect, buyers from outside the Colony did at least help to keep up local prices, and local competition helped also, but Coaker now wants to fix prices by law, and so

reduce all the fishermen of the Colony to a condition of slavery.
FISHERMEN WOULD HAVE NO SAY
The fish, taken from the fishermen at a fixed price they would have no part in fixing, would be purchased from the merchants by the Board at a price named by the latter but controlled by the merchants, for the Board would be their representative. Nominally, the profit the merchants could charge the Board for the fish would be named by the latter, but nominally only, for the Board, representing the merchants, not the fishermen, could make the "spread" as large as it wished between the price to fishermen and the price to merchants. The Advocate said, a few weeks ago, that the "spread" would be twenty-five cents per quintal, but it says it might be fifty cents, and ultimately it would certainly be large enough to make this one thing sure, that Coaker and other exporters would not lose one dollar on even their worst bargains, but that the loss would be saddled on the fishermen, by cut prices to them, or on the general taxpayers of the country, by levies to pay the losses of the Board on shipments.

WOULD CONTROL PRICES.
It is obvious that Coaker's proposed Marketing Board, as it would fix prices to be paid fishermen and merchants, would necessarily fix "cull" as well. If the Board said, "so much for Merchantable," for instance, it would have to define what Merchantable was, and so with every grade. To standardize grades and enforce cull, the Board would appoint cullers and inspectors all over the Colony. The salaries of these would have to be paid out of Board profits on fish, would, in fact, have to be paid by reduced prices paid to the fishermen, and thus this Nationalization scheme would result in a great flock of cullers and inspectors, appointed by an irresponsible Board, and feeding on the hardworking fishermen. The prices paid by the foreign consumer cannot appreciably be increased by the fixing of prices here, and so all the terrible cost of Nationalization would ultimately constitute a huge burden corruptly expended upon Coakerites. The more this "Nationalization" scheme is examined the more clearly it will be seen that it is a conspiracy for the purpose of prostituting the trade of the Colony to base political purposes. What a "snap" a National Board would have in foreign markets, with the aid of "friend" Araujo, or other agents in our markets. Every member of the Board could have secret partners in our foreign markets, to whom to sell our fish at prices fixed by the Board, and who could resell at a profit for the advantage of the partners, secret and otherwise. Has the public forgotten the violations of the Fishery Regulations, or the irregularities of shippers, that it should be asked to place implicit faith in a Marketing Board, appointed by politicians and gangsters, and given authority over life and death, almost, but certainly over the livelihood of the people.

NATIONALIZATION A MENACE TO LIBERTY.
Co-operation is democracy; Nationalization is autocracy. Under a co-operative, profit-sharing marketing system such as I advocate, such as Sapiro and Powell have been quoted in favor of, the producers would govern their own affairs, free from politics, and equitably share in the net profits of trade. Under Nationalization as a system, the affairs of producers would be governed by an autocratic board, having endless opportunities for corruption and graft, and the profits would go into the pockets of everybody connected with the business other than the producers. The very liberties of the people are menaced by the proposal of this thing called

MOTHER!
Clean Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"



Even a sick child loves the "Fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little tongue is coated, or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, give a teaspoonful to cleanse the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

"Nationalization," and I write warmly about it because I feel that the people should be aroused against subtle arguments in its favor.
Your truly,
ALFRED B. MORINE.
Feb. 7, 1922.

The only Eyesight Specialist named Trappnell doing business in Newfoundland to-day is KARL S. TRAPNELL, 307 Water Street (upstairs), next door to Kodak Store.—Jan.16.12

"Carded" Fortunes.

(By BRUD.)
The future true full well I know is wisely hid away, and those who could not tell me so are scraps of yesterday; yet out of curiosity I visit some old dame who shuffles cards and reads to me one hundred kinds of cram. Her looks are not what gypsies wear but make as can be fetched; she bids me "cut the cards and hear the story on them sketched. "You are the only son," she reads,—and I have brothers five—"your uncle has what cash he needs"—perhaps; he's not alive—"The girl who holds my heart and hand she pictures fairest blonde, but if I'm right I understand she's brunette as she's fond. "She tells me this," I tell myself, "in hope the truth to guess, to save what's left upon the shelf from getting in a mess." And now along the string of time she pulls me forth a man, away upon the heights sublime with power to command. And every other earthly thing a man could hope to get comes out before me that string she calls my silhouette—my silhouette against the sky the painted cards reveals,—and this is what I have to buy. Imagine how I feel. I plead with curiosity, albeit poor excuse to reason with philosophy, though not so near the goose as they who seek the cardboard paint believing to the man they are not objects of a faint, a rattle in a can.

Coffee cake: Cream ½ cup of butter, add 2 cups sugar, then 1 cup liquid coffee, 3 cups flour, 2 eggs, 3 teaspoonfuls pastry spice, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar and ½ teaspoonful baking soda.

G. W. V. A. Explains.

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir:—Mr. Oke, Mortician, has drawn our attention to an item headed "A Hurried Funeral" which appeared in your daily on Monday, and has asked us to give the necessary explanation. Owing to an unforeseen emergency it was found necessary to start the funeral at 10.40 a.m. instead of 11 a.m. as advertised. The Newfoundland Express Company advised Mr. Oke that it would be necessary to have the body at the Railway Station at 11 a.m. sharp. This was necessitated by the large amount of expressage awaiting shipment and as St. George's was the destination of the body it would be necessary to place same in the end of the Baggage car. Mr. Oke then got in touch with us by phone and under the circumstances we thought it best to follow out the instructions given by the Express Company. Experience has shown that with our climatic conditions it is always advisable to take advantage of the first express leaving and so obviate any such delay as occurred during the previous month when we had the body of a deceased Comrade awaiting transportation for 10 days. We had notices posted as soon as possible in our Club Rooms and at Mr. Oke's to the effect that the funeral would leave at 10.30 a.m., but owing to the fact that we did not receive notice from the Express Company until Saturday afternoon at 5 p.m., it was impossible to amend the advertisement sent to the Press. It is not critically correct that the body was not placed on the Baggage car until 11.30 a.m. as the funeral which was about 11 a.m., the body was transferred to the Baggage Car. We give this explanation in the hope that it will clear up any misunderstanding which might have been felt. Thanking you for the courtesy of publishing this.
Yours very truly,
G. J. WHITTY,
Dominion Secretary.
Feb. 7, 1922.

(The Telegram did not state that the coffin was not placed in the Baggage Car until 11.30 a.m. Our statement was to the effect that notwithstanding the hurried funeral, there was plenty of room in the van at that hour.)

Apaches of Paris.

HUMAN TIGERS THAT PROWL THE STREETS AFTER DARK.
The French Apaches have for years played their part in fact and fiction; and the so-called "Apache dance" has familiarised the name, at all events, to millions of theatre-goers and music-hall frequenters in this country. In plain English they are just hoodlums, but they received the name of Apaches because their cunning and cruel methods were supposed to resemble those practised by the Red Indian tribe of that name. In his newly-published book, "The Underworld of Paris," Mr. H. J. Greenwell goes very fully into the history and exploits of these savages of civilisation. Apaches, he tells us, are of both sexes, and are organised into gangs, each with its own allotted territory, and its own "King" or "Queen," as the case may be. Apaches never do any honest work. They are human tigers, for ever on the prowl. And, like the wild beasts of the jungle, they prefer to stalk their victims under cover of the darkness. They hotly resent the charge of cowardice, which is so often levelled at them, and it is a fact that many male Apaches fought bravely in the War. **Story of a Brave Crook.**
There is one story of a notorious Apache, who, when he was mobilised, went to the police station, and asked to see the commissaire. "I am going to the War," he said, with an insolent smile on his face: "will you shake hands with me before I go?" The commissaire refused. No doubt he was worried and had no time to shake hands with Apaches. Two years passed by. Then the Apache reappeared at the police station, this time in uniform. One sleeve of his tunic was dangling loose. "Before I went away," he said to the commissaire, "I had two hands, and I asked you to shake one of them but you refused. Now I have only one hand: will you shake it now?" The commissaire shook. Nine-tenths of the street robberies and "hold ups" in Paris are the work of Apaches. They prowl everywhere, and woe betide the belated stranger who falls into their clutches. To be robbed of all he possesses in the least he can expect; while if he attempts to resist, or "squalls," he is more likely than not to be sand-bagged or knifed. The Apache has no family, no wife, no home. He has a language of his own which is very picturesque. The Black Maria is a "salad basket," and the prison is a "violin." When one Apache invites another to take a drink with him, he will ask if he will "strangle a parrot." Hardly anything is ever called by its real name in Apache-land.



PIRATE DAYS.

We're reading tales of Captain Kidd And Old Swashbuckling Captain Brand; We're deep in all the deeds they did Upon the seas and on the land, And Bud and I set out each night To sail the rolling Spanish main. Two youngsters with the old delight, Back in the pirate days again. We fight with Borgan's buccaners, The black flag flying at the mast; The clash of steel is in our ears, The pistol fire in harsh and fast. Rough and adventurous and bold, We take our stand with honest men, Battling the cruel lust for gold, And I a wide-eyed boy again. Last night we found a man marooned, And saw another walk the plank. We helped the lady who had swooned, And watched a vessel as it sank. Bud's learned the pirates all by name, While I through him have come to know. The old delight I used to claim When I was young long ago. I haven't read for thirty years The pirate tales that thrilled of old, But now another lad appears Who wants to have these stories told. And here we are—two eager boys Wadding the decks that swim with gore, Claiming adventure's many joys, Back in the pirate days once more.

Stomach Misery, Gas, Indigestion, Take "Diaspepsin."

"Pape's Diaspepsin" is the quickest, surest relief for indigestion, Gases, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sourness, Fermentation or Stomach Distress caused by acidity. A few tablets give almost immediate stomach relief and shortly the stomach is corrected so you can eat favorite foods without fear. Large case costs only few cents at drug store. Millions helped annually.

When Palms Grew in Alaska.

Millions of years ago ferns and palms such as now thrive in lands far to the south, flourished in Alaska. Deep down in the coal beds have been found fossils of plants, which indicate that Alaska was ages ago a land of luxuriant loveliness. Dusky savages of a remote past, or perhaps members of that enlightened race of cliff dwellers, once looked across the waters of a huge lake in what is now northwestern Nevada. Geologists have given the great body of water, which was present in "comparatively recent geologic time" the name of Lake Lahontan, in honor of Baron La Hontan, one of the early explorers of the head waters of the Mississippi River. The deepest part of Lake Lahontan 880 feet, was the site of the present Pyramid Lake, a small remnant, so that its surface stood about 500 feet above the surface of Pyramid Lake. A field of sand dunes, formed since the inland sea disappeared, now cover a large area, a few miles north of Winnemucca, Nevada. The dunes are gradually moving eastward, and their steady march has necessitated a number of changes in the roads in recent years. In some places telegraph poles have been buried so deep that they had to be replaced in order to keep the wires above the crests of the sand dunes.

Stafford's Phoratorine, best for Coughs and Colds, 35c. per btl. Jan.4.12

"An Ever Growing Patronage Tells Our Story."

New Georgette Blouses.
You will be pleased with these new models...\$4.95

New House Dresses.
In fresh looking Gingham and Percales, only \$1.85 each

Wee Romper Suits.
These neat little Romper Suits will make him comfortable and happy, only 95c.

Smart Gingham Frocks.
Moderate prices make it an economy to buy Gingham Dresses ready made, sizes 6 to 14, only...\$1.65

English Black Silk Blouses.
Sizes 36 in. to 46 in., only \$10.00

Checked Gingham Aprons.
Apron styles may come and go, but the Checked Gingham Apron remains a favorite...\$.45c.

Separate Skirts
Find Many New Ways to Make Themselves Wholly Charming. The "something different", which is the foundation of individual style is found in these Skirts. Materials are the soft plain weaves in popular colorings and newer stripe and plaid effects...\$6.50, \$9.50

Lovely Suits.
Smartly cut collars, well set shoulders and snug sleeves. Materials are the finer Black and Blue Wool Serges. For suits of this superior quality the prices are very moderate, only \$18.00, \$25.00, \$29.00

Don't Forget,
After you have made your purchase, you can get 5 lbs. of good Granulated Sugar for 39 cts.

Kindly Remember:
W. R. GOOBIE is just opp. Post Office

Origin of Postage Stamps.
In the old days, long before stamps were thought of, it was always the custom for the recipient of a letter to pay the postage. The way in which this came to be altered is curious. A young man in London fell violently in love with a girl who lived a short distance from the metropolis. But the attentions of the ardent lover were not desired, and the maiden had no wish to receive letters from him, much less to pay for them. After a few had been accepted, and, of course, paid for, the girl informed the postman that she would not receive any more. This thing set the postman thinking, and, as a result, he made a suggestion to the authorities. This was that it would save a lot of trouble if the sender and not the receiver of a letter was made to pay the postage. So the idea was adopted, and as a result today everyone who sends a letter takes it for granted that he must pay for its delivery in advance.

FALSE ECONOMY.
It is often remarked by customers, "I must try and make my old clothes do for the winter." Perhaps the winter may mean very much longer. To protect your body against our cold winds you want warm woollens. An investment in a good Suit or Overcoat may save you months of illness. Durable material, cut and moulded to your figure by expert workmanship in the garment at MAUNDER'S. Samples and self-measuring cards sent to your address.

John Maunder
Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street

On the present reduced prices an extra count of
10 per cent.
will be given on all orders for the next weeks.

The American Tailor
Phone 477. W. P. SHORTALL. P. O. B.

Save the bird in hand—
The others may be hard to catch

With enough money, enough time and enough luck, a man may get back the health he has lost—or part of it. It takes patience, too. And then there may be no success, or only a little. It's better to save what you have than hunt for what you've lost—as the most successful health-restorers will tell you. Much of the loss of health is due to faulty, careless diet. Wrong meals at all times and right meals at wrong times load the long-suffering digestive organs with elements of destruction, or starve the tissues and glands of needed elements. Grape-Nuts is a delicious cereal food which has the qualities of scientific nutrition. It supplies the full richness of those splendid food grains, wheat and malted barley, together with the vital mineral elements, so often lacking from foods. Served with cream or good milk, Grape-Nuts gives full nourishment without over-loading the stomach. A splendid thought for breakfast or lunch, for those who would keep health—

Grape Nuts—the Body Builder
"There's a Reason"
Made by Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

W. R. GOOBIE
Our containing Premos e inspection TOOT Phone 13

Girls Mustn't
of the Am forbidden to nges, or lipal nges, what's more wearing ear- and, against acts, and many th in "Ameri Raymond B. us, for inst ttes it is an ommer even v house. While at the street forbidden, and tends to tra step out of are journey a station. all this, crim valent in the European co rders are co cago than in Isles. New York had sides—murde as London h to my feelin be multiple

STAFFORD'S PHORATORINE
No. 3 for Chronic Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Asthma, Hay Fever, Eczema, Skin Diseases, etc. Price 35c. per bottle. Jan. 4. 12

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