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Exquisitely delicious in flavor, Shirriff's Non-alcoholic Extracts will add to the appetizing goodness of your most favored recipes. Made by the largest extract manufacturers in Canada. Shirriff's is the favorite wherever non-alcoholic extracts are in demand. Extra economical—only half the usual amount is needed.

Monte Cristo" Island Hoards in the South Seas.

WEST OF THE HORDES IS KNOWN AS "THE PERUVIANS' MILLIONS."

That very useful island, whose famous hero, Monte Cristo, had fabulous wealth had its position only in the celebrated author's imagination.

It would be hard to write had known that the real thing was in existence, and within easy reach of those who liked to look for

An Englishman, in the year of his death, filled his pockets from the many hoards there. In the seventy years, at least twenty known expeditions have visited the treasure-strewn locality, and more than one have returned with retrieved

The island is to be investigated by a party made up, not of treasure-seekers or diggers, but of ex-British United States naval officers, assisted by others with an intimate knowledge of mining. Hitherto operations have been on primitive lines, or the best with spades and explosives.

The new party, with a substantial bank backing, proposes to make use of up-to-date scientific and engineering appliances, and to make for a long stay.

Some of the "dumps" which have so often defied discovery may be brought to light. Treasure Island is no barren spot. Early last century it had a military garrison, and before that a settlement. What became of them neither history nor tradition hints, but it is not hard to guess that the island was a romantic island. Wild pigs and deer, doves, and other native fauna were abundant, and the shore waters were rich with fish and sharks.

For two centuries or so ago, the island was palisaded and brushwood walls, and made use of the island for obtaining fresh stores of food and fuel, were, like others who lived there, keen judges of a handy and comfortable rendezvous. Whether the East or the West Indies, the western Indian Ocean or the West Indies, the Black Flag pirates had a habit of choosing a pleasing base of operations and murder.

When these bold had men of the nineteenth century hid their valuables and specie, down to as late as

1835, many millions worth of treasure have been hidden for safety on Cocos Island. Among the principal hoards is that of pirate Bonita.

This Spaniard, traditions say, hid over \$5,000,000 of gold and silver in coinage, ingots, jewels, and plate, obtained from rifed merchantmen and looted towns. Yellow Jack claimed him suddenly at Panama, and he, with his dying breath, divulged to his chief officers the whereabouts of the "dump." Before the vessel set sail, both of them were killed in a drunken fray, and all knowledge of the treasure was lost.

Plans and documents indicated another great cache came late into the possession of two English women, two years before the war, and their treasure hunt on the Cocos lasted for seven weeks. The expedition discovered the well-defined rocks which are supposed to indicate the treasure hunt on the Cocos lasted crook, the waterfall, and several other marks of location; but unfortunately the face of the cliff had slid down over the mouth of the cavern.

There are thousands of tons of debris to be removed before the cache can be reached, but the proposed expedition of treasure-hunters has something to go on with, the previous party having left enough evidence of the site of their labors.

The wealthiest of all the Cocos' hoards is, undoubtedly, that of the Peruvians' millions hidden in 1855. In that year the Peruvians, hard pressed by Chile's troops, sent the contents of the national till on board the U.S.A. barque Mary Dyer, lying in Callao roads. Her hands, three nights later, while the mate was ashore, owing to the skipper's strange death, slipped anchor, and escaped to sea before the forts could hold up the vessel.

When she was captured a few weeks later by a Peruvian warship, the national riches had disappeared. Three of the crew escaped being hanged at the yard-arm—two seamen, who promised to reveal the cache, and another, Thomas, who had been seriously unwell at the time and in his bunk. Subsequently, the two seamen, on trying to prove that the treasure was hidden on one of the Galapagos, were shot as liars.

Thomas escaped at Panama, and at Colon found a kind Newfoundland, Keating, by name, who smuggled him on board his vessel, bound for Kingston, Jamaica. There Thomas disappeared for ever; but in 1863 and 1866 Keating visited the Cocos and lifted some of the treasure.

These treasures of the Cocos are not mere myths. An Englishman in the early forties of last century enriched himself from a hoard there; two separate American expeditions, a native of Lima, and Joseph Keating, have done likewise.

Migration of Despair.

APPALLING MISERIES OF RUSSIAN PEOPLE.

Conditions of indescribable suffering and misery are reported from Russia, where famine is mowing down a vast population. The drought, coupled with the disinclination of the peasantry to grow more food than sufficient for their own requirements, has brought about an appalling calamity. The people are fleeing from the desolation of their fields in search of food. The Kremlin, the citadel of Moscow, and the seat of the Soviet Government, is being provisioned to resist a siege. Many peasants, before flight, make an attempt to sell their holdings, but load what can be carried on the carts, and flee blindly into the unknown. At some crossing-places carts are accumulated waiting an opportunity to reach the other bank. The cattle in these fugitive assembles are dropping from exhaustion, and many are being slaughtered to anticipate their death from starvation. According to witnesses of this migration of despair, its scenes are a nightmare, baffling all description. Madame Katherine Breshkovskaya, the self-sacrificing woman who well earned the title of "Grandmother of the Revolution," has issued in Prague an eloquent appeal to humanity, in which she says: Agricultural Russia has been brought to the verge of inevitable death. The country is already covered with dead. Adults are dropping having lost the strength to utter a cry. Without a wall, without a groan, the Russian people are disappearing from the face of the earth, covering with its bodies the desolated soil. The harvest has burnt in the fields. The grass has withered in the meadows. The cattle have not the strength to stand. Gardens and forests are fruitless. There is not a crumb of bread or a drop of milk. In 14 once rich provinces death is mowing down unhindered 25,000,000 doomed men, women, and children, taking away even the hope that their race will be perpetuated in the deserted wastes. From the White Sea to the Black, from the Baltic to the Caspian, extermination is proceeding by sickness, epidemics, hunger, and the cold of the impending winter. The Soviet Government, desiring to augment its stocks of grain, has decided on

A Positively Sulekalm measure. Orders have been sent out to the agents requisitioning grain in provinces where the crops have been relatively satisfactory to take all they can put their hands upon, including seeds set aside for the next sowing. The military detachments placed at the disposal of the agents have been considerably strengthened, and heavy penalties have been prescribed for all cases where foodstuffs are discovered to have been hidden by the peasants. There are places in Russia where the harvest is quite promising, but even if the grain is obtained in sufficient quantities for export, the question remains of how it is to be transported. Railways have broken down, rivers and canals are empty of traffic and horse transport is impossible, because of the appalling distances, and of the death of animals. Terrible scenes have occurred on the line of march of the peasants. Towns and villages they have traversed have been swept clean of all food. Detachments sent out to stop the food have been submerged in it. In Tambov the famished peasants seized the horses of the cavalry and of the fire brigade. The animals were immediately slaughtered, roasted on large bonfires, and the meat was devoured half raw. The Soviet authorities are very anxious not to allow the refugees to penetrate to Moscow. Special detachments of guards have been placed across all railroads and highways to intercept the moving mass. Moscow is transformed into a

military camp. The Kremlin is guarded by international battalions, and an important stock of provisions of all sorts has been laid in in case of a siege by the population. The chief commissars drive out in closed cars, escorted by armoured cars and mounted life guards. There have been numerous executions of workmen, especially in Petrograd, where malcontents are being rounded up nightly. The massacre of January 9, 1904, has been duplicated by the Bashkar guards, dispersing with great bloodshed a peaceful demonstration of workpeople who had come together on the great plain in front of the Winter Palace to ask for food.—News of the World.

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A liquid that renders flesh invisible or transparent has been invented.

If a hand or arm is immersed in this liquid its flesh will disappear almost entirely from view; the bones, however, will be visible, as under X-rays.

The mixture makes the flesh of your hand transparent, because it has the same index of light refraction as the flesh. The light rays passing through the liquid are not bent, or refracted, when they pass through the flesh, though they are bent by the bones, which have a different index of refraction.

Different parts of the body have different indices of refraction; any part can be made to disappear by submerging in the proper liquid. But not all parts at once, so the magic cloak of invisibility is still to be discovered!



USE YOUR HEAD.

A woodpecker pecks out a great many specks of sawdust. When building a hut.

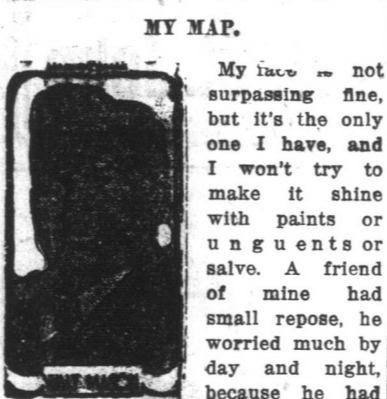
He works like a nigger to make the hole bigger—He's sore if His cutter won't cut.

He don't bother with plans of cheap artisans. But there's one thing Can rightly be said:

The whole excavation Has this explanation He builds it. By using his head.

So use your head when you require a good tonic and nerve builder by taking Brice's Tasteless Cod Liver Oil. Price \$1.20 bottle; Postage 20c. extra.

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MY MAP.

My nose is not surpassing fine, but it's the only one I have, and I won't try to make it shine with paints or unguents or salve. A friend of mine had small repose, he worried much by day and night, because he had a crooked nose that tapered gently to the right. He spent about a hundred bones with beauty doctors and their ilk, who told him, in coaxing tones, they'd make his beak as fine as silk. And now his lonely watch he keeps, a soul of peace and joy bereft, and when he sees his nose he weeps, for now it tapers to the left. My aunt once had a lovely hide, her face like lilies kissed by dew; but paint and powder she applied, to be in line with all the crew. She doped her face with liquid wax and kalsomine and Magic Spray, and now she is a battle-axe who makes the horses run away. My nose and chin are all askew, my countenance is harsh and plain, but I just leave it where it grew—it doesn't cause me any pain. My whiskers form a bristled hedge and oftentimes obstruct the view, my moles and freckles stand on edge, one eye is green, the other blue. But when the beauty doctors come, and ask to reconstruct my map (for

which they'd charge a princely sum), I tell them I'm not such a sap.

Cook oatmeal over night and in the morning add a cupful of well-washed raisins.

Save and dry your sunflower seeds. The chickens or parrot will delight in them.



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—By Bud Fish

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