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Talks by Tiberius.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

The Hon. Edward F. Waite, District Judge in charge of the Juvenile Court, Minneapolis, said the following in an address given before the North Dakota Purity Federation, June 1918, held at Grand Forks:—

"Last Thursday I paid a visit to one of my official charges, a rosy, blue-eyed girl who had spent all her life, but for a few days at Lymanhurst, the Children's Department of the Minneapolis City Hospital. Four years ago her young unmarried mother came out of darkness to seek timely help in the obstetrical ward of the Hospital; then she took her child, born without a welcome or a name, to the kindly refuge where she went for after-care. Soon she found that upon this innocent babe, there had been visited, the sins of the parents in the form of a loathsome and destructive disease. Then she returned the child to the hospital and sank away again into the shadows, whence she had emerged to desecrate the sanctity of motherhood.

False names and addresses given at the hospital and place of after-care, and lack of safe-guards which under our new Minnesota laws are now employed in every similar case, have made it impossible to find her or the partner of her guilt.

The little girl is the victim of congenital and probably incurable typhoid. For more than three years the disease has not disclosed itself in any active form. Quite possibly, the doctors say, it never will again. But the seeds still show it in the blood. Four years of expert and faithful effort have not driven it out.

Last fall the Children's Protective Society, the guardian angel of helpless childhood in Minneapolis, brought little Mary to my Court as a dependent child. She was dependent surely, and it became my official duty to provide for her future as best I might. I tried to send her to our State Public School for indigent children at Owatonna, but the school would not receive a syphilitic child. While the danger of contagion is remote, there may be some danger, and therefore it would be hopeless to try to place her in a privately conducted Children's Home; adoption is out of the question. The hospital is no longer a fit place for her; to all appearance she is a healthy child, and no treatment it can give avails against her secret taint. There is a chance that as she grows older, the poison in her blood, now discoverable only upon scientific tests, may show itself in some serious defect of mind or body. Even though it do not, and yet persists, she should not be permitted to live a woman's normal life, lest the virus resting quiescent in her veins, work havoc upon her children.

Poor little Mary. Even the Angel

of Death unkindly passes her by. What shall I do for her?"

A TRAGEDY.

The account given by Mr. Waite is the account of only one tragedy. In criminal lore it is not called a tragedy, it is just called social sin. But it is a tragedy, one of the worst blots on the fair face of our civilization. And it is a tragedy which is being duplicated, over and over again, in the lives of men and women in this world. Newfoundland is not without her tragedies of this kind. Innocent as she herself is, Mary stands vicariously for sex impurity and its ruinous results—for the unchaste woman, the incontinent man, the illegitimate child, the diseases of vice. Far from pleasant to look upon are these cancers on the body social. But not to study them, to leave them to their own cure, is to leave them helpless and hopeless of cure. It will be a step in advance if we venture to make an enquiry into the cause. The surest way to offset any disease is to find its cause. Here is an odious disease, a foul crime, a dreadful tragedy. Shall society ignore it. Not long ago the police saw a light in a field in the East End of St. John's, and nothing the light steadily burn went to see the cause. Lo, it was a tent in which men and women were carrying on a shameful and illicit business in human bodies. There are children born in St. John's and in the outports with the marks of the beast upon them. And there are children that are not born, that ought to be. The line of life cut off ere yet the slightest eyes had had a chance to see the light. Murder, of the first degree. An awful tragedy.

Oh the pity of it! Maidenhood robbed of the bloom that can never be restored; the rot of sensuality eating at the heart of character and corrupting the very sources of life; parenthood with none of the joys and pride that are its due; out of the shipwreck of human life, a wail cast upon a bleak and desolate shore. Not very long ago a woman opened the front door of the house in which she lived, early in the morning, and found on the doorstep a bundle. On opening the bundle she unwrapped a babe, a little waif, her mother, a sixteen-year-old girl, who left her burden there after being mercifully treated at the Rescue Home. We have heard girls say, as we have passed down New Gower Street at a time when they ought to have been in bed, at least at home: when the devil has been pulling at their hearts and some wretches (well dressed at that), have been luring them on; we have overheard girls say: "Never mind, come on, there is the Rescue Home for us, come on." Who is the father of the little waif? Some married man may be, whose wife living in ignorance of her husband's

real self, has tried and succeeded in making herself believe that all is well. Some man we have stated. Some apology for a man would be a better word. More, much more, could be written about it. What a tale could the doctors unfold. Why are not doctors given the right and duty to make known to authority the perpetrators of these dastardly crimes? Oh the crime of it! Oh the shame of it! Oh the tragedy of it! Newfoundland this is going on in thy gospel hardened bounds. Dozens of outports in "Ye Ancient Colony" being demoralized by professional harlots that dwell there. Sweet innocent maids that are brought up under the influence of prayer, go to the city, "to get a place," and to learn on New Gower Street and in Bannerman Park, and in Bowring Park, and elsewhere, the art that robs the soul of its purity, and makes them mothers, unwedded and unclaimed and ruined. The tragedy of it!

THE CURE.

Thank God the day is gone when those who call themselves Christians, can with easy conscience and self righteous scorn gather up their robes as though to escape pollution, and pass Mary's mother coldly by. We used to speak, (and we do yet), of "fallen girls." Have we not all fallen? Is there any man or woman who has retained the innocence of childhood? "No not one." Let us not call them "fallen girls," but "erring girls," girls who have gone astray. We think of them as having missed the way, and wandered from right paths, rather than as sunk below the level of community life. The phrase: "The Underworld," does not help to reduce the strain upon the possible redemption of those who have strayed. We must uphold the needful conventions of society and safeguard its interests. While the condition of the erring raises an awful barrier against them being given a free access to society, yet we find no warrant in scripture, reason or experience for extreme condemnation of the erring girl. The hardest things which the Son of Man had to say, were said against the Scribes and Pharisees, the spiritually blind leaders of the blind, and not those who had fallen or erred through sins of the flesh. If we must save the so called "fallen woman," we must not ill treat her, we must not make redemption impossible by driving her where those who enter, must abandon hope. We would not make excuses for the erring, nor condone their acts in any way, shape or form; look at the causes which led to their undoing. Live and fight to remove the causes, then hope to bring the erring back to right and truth, and good living. Our first cure is hopeful consideration of the case at issue. Our next is

SOCIETY SHARING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

We who are trained in christian homes and may be, have not had the temptation to sin and stray as poor Mary's mother did; we whose reputation is of the best, who belong to the churches; are not we our sisters' keepers, our brothers' keepers? Can we sit back with calm complacency and say that we have nothing to do with these conditions. Not by any means. We are units in the society in which we live and for the wrongdoing of that society we must take our share of the blame. For every girl who goes astray, there is at least one boy or man who shares her sin, who leads and lures her on, sometimes with devilish persistence and ingenuity. We must for ever abandon our miserable double standard of morals. Every time a girl strays, two persons are involved and sometimes more and the law should be as severe on one as on the other. We too often wink at the complicity of the male offender. A little while ago, in one of our outports, a "half-saved" girl of 15 years of age, fifteen years of age only, had to seek the protection of law. A certain young man was named. The sad tragedy took place at such a time that the said young man was not held responsible for the child, the poor girl then admitted that she did not know which of the three young men who was responsible. The child was born, suffered a few weeks, died and was buried. A happy release. That girl is a menace to that community. The girl had no protection. The young men continued to hold up their heads as if nothing had happened. The Magistrate is helpless, for there is no law on the Statute Book which would permit punishment being inflicted on those young men. In St. John's today there are bad houses, many of them; here, there, everywhere. Husbands and fathers and brothers from city to outport, shamelessly carrying on lives of shame. The police pass the houses, know them, but cannot take action. Why? Things are loose. Why? Girls go astray. Why? Because there is no public sentiment. Society has not yet begun to share the responsibility. Just one more thing to mention:—

TEAM WORK.

Obedience to a superior; giving up of one's will, yielding to the will and judgment of another. A regiment; a gang; a company.

"It ain't the individuals, Nor the army as a whole; But the everlasting team work, Of every blooming soul."

There is a part for fathers and mothers; a big part; perhaps the big

Wilson Can Eat Anything Now and Feels Fine

Ten Years' Trouble Are At End Since He Took Tanlac.

"Do you know, sometimes I can hardly believe I am the same person I was before I started taking Tanlac. I was the first time in ten years I can eat a hearty meal without being in misery afterward," said Harry Wilson, Sunny Brae, a suburb of Moncton, N.B., recently. Continuing, Mr. Wilson said:

"All these years I think I suffered about as bad as anybody ever did from indigestion, and if I ever ate a single thing and didn't suffer from it afterward I don't know when it was. I had no appetite to speak of, and times the very sight of anything to eat would make me sick. After every meal I had a heavy feeling in my stomach, just as though there was a lump of lead inside of me. I bloated up terribly with gas sometimes, and could get but little sleep, as I would just lie awake for hour after hour hard able to get my breath.

"I had been reading so much in the newspapers about the good Tanlac was doing others who said they had been suffering just like I was, I decided to try it myself. Well, sir, to my surprise, for I had taken so many medicines without getting any benefit, I had just about lost faith in all of them, I began to get better almost at once after I started taking Tanlac. My appetite commenced to improve and to-day I can eat anything I want without a sign of indigestion. I am never troubled with gas, bloating or shortness of breath or any other bad after effects. I am a great deal stronger and have gained several pounds in weight; in fact, I am in the best of health in every way, thanks to Tanlac. I hope this statement will encourage some one else who is suffering from indigestion to take Tanlac, for after ten years of suffering with it I know how bad it is, and I also know that Tanlac will stop it."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, under the personal direction of a special Tanlac representative; in Harbor Buffett, by Thomas Wakely & Sons; in Placentia, by James Murphy & Son, and in Topsail by J. K. Bursell.—adv.

part. Parents contribute to the nation's wealth and happiness by placing their children in possession of these virtues without which an honorable and worthy life cannot be lived. Children will not rise much higher, morally, than the level of their parents. When parents are obedient to law, whether it be of the land, or of physical life, or of any life, children inherit and by imitation, develop the same traits. And law abiding means self respecting. No self-respecting girl will quietly allow the approach of a man of lust.

What is the cure? Team Work; society, sharing the responsibility; consideration hopefully and kindly, of the case; the single standard of morals. Yes and more. We must return to this subject again some day, for there are many Mary's and Mary's mothers, and we must try to save them, and save society.

WEATHER STRIPPING — We have received a fresh supply of Stormproof Weather Stripping. G. KNOWLING, Ltd. an28,31,ead

The Rise of California.

In February, 1848, gold was discovered in California by men who were digging to make a backwoods mill-race. People were sceptical at first as to the importance of the discovery, but in May several gold diggers arrived in San Francisco, bringing bottles, tin cans, and buckskin bags filled with the precious metal. One of them passed along the street swinging his hat and shouting, "Gold! Gold! Gold from the American River!" Then San Francisco believed, and was thrown into a fever of excitement. Men hastened to sell their possessions that they might obtain means to journey to the gold-diggings. Row-boats, worth fifty dollars, were sold for five hundred to those wishing to sail up the bay into Sacramento. The price of shovels jumped from one dollar to ten dollars. Stores were rummaged for pick-axes and hoes to dig out gold, and for bottles, vials and brass tubes to hold it. By June, San Francisco was as if it had been swept by an epidemic; three-fourths of the male

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Only about 10 dozen left of this extra special value. For present wear you cannot find anything more suitable. Good value, heavy make. Regular price 75c. pair. Sale Price, per pair,

69c

Men's Sweater Coats.

The right weight to keep you warm during working hours on these cold frosty days. Grey in colour, heavy weight; sizes 42 to 46. Regular price \$2.50 each. Sale Price, each,

\$1.90

Ladies & Misses' Coats.

We are jobbing out at less than cost about 20 Ladies' and Misses' Tweed Coats. These are not lined but the material is good and are worth from \$10.00 to \$18.00 each. Don't fail to see these. Sale Price, each,

\$6.50

Ladies' Fleece Under Skirts.

A few dozen of Ladies' Fleece Underskirts at a cut price. These are of regular size, are warm and serviceable for winter wear. Sale Price, each,

\$2.25

Ladies' Fleece Over-Knickers.

These are heavily fleeced, made of first quality goods. No woman should be without a pair of these during the present winter. Come and see this line. Regular price \$2.50 each. Sale Price, each,

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Medium ... \$3.39
Large \$4.19

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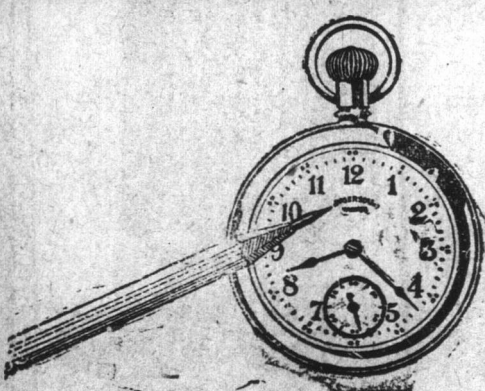
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population had gone to the mines. House property dropped one-half in value, as did all merchandise not used in the mines. On the doors of scores of houses was posted the notice, "Gone to the Diggings." Labor rose ten-fold in price; negro waiters received ten dollars a day and cooks fifteen dollars, and even such prices as these did not induce eager gold seekers to remain in the city. The

jailer of San Jose, had ten Indian prisoners under his charge in the lock-up. He took them with him to the mines, where they worked for him, until other miners, jealous of the jailer's success, incited them to revolt. The force of United States troops was so thinned by desertion, that Colonel Mason, the commander and governor of California, and Lieutenant Lanman, commander of a

man-of-war, and the Rev. Walter Colton, the chaplain, formed a mess to cook their own meals.

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