

FLOUR.

Barrels.

5 Roses
Verbena
Windsor Patent
Royal Household
Purity
Sensation
Boss
A No. 1
14 lb. SACKS.

5 Roses
Verbena
Royal Household
Windsor Patent

FEEDS.

No. 1 Hay.

OATS.

Black, Mixed and White
Corn—whole
Corn—crushed
Corn Meal
(Bris. and Sacks.)
Table Meal
Hominy and Bran
Molasses
Bran.

T. J. Edens,
Luckworth Street and Military Road.

\$100 BONDS

The attention of investors of small amounts who wish only the safest kind of securities—bonds, is called to our offering of bonds at \$100 denominations.

Hewson Pure Wool Textile 6's with Common stock bonus.
Trinidad Consolidated Telephones 6's.
Stanfield's Limited 6's.
Nova Scotia Steel & Coal 5's.
Nova Scotia Steel & Coal 6 p.c. Debenture Stock.
Maritime Telegraph and Telephone 6's.

F. B. McCURDY & CO.,
Members Montreal Stock Exchange.
C. A. C. BRUCE, Manager,
St. John's.

The Canada Life.

In each of the past four years the Canada Life has earned a LARGER SURPLUS than ever before in its history.

Favorable mortality, and low expenses, the result of good management, have helped.

C. A. C. BRUCE, Manager,
St. John's.

In Winter Time**USE BEAVER BOARD!**

If your new home is ready for walls and ceilings, or if you have some remodelling to do, don't wait for spring to plaster, but use BEAVER BOARD right now. BEAVER BOARD takes the place of lath and plaster; it may be decorated at once with paint in oil or water color, and the house can be occupied at once.

BEAVER BOARD will not crack and never needs replacing. It is used for every class of building—home, store, office, &c., wherever you want durable, artistic, sanitary walls and ceilings.

We will show you how you can use BEAVER BOARD for your building or remodelling. Call, write or telephone.

COLIN CAMPBELL.

J. J. ST. JOHN.

10 cases BAKE APPLES.
Very Choice DUTCH CHEESE.
3 lb. tins BAKED BEANS, 12c.
BLANC MANGE POWDER.
LARGE KIPPERED HERRING.
FRESH EGGS, STUFFED OLIVES.
HEINZ'S INDIA RELISH. HEINZ'S MINCE MEAT.
BAKER'S COCOA.
ROYAL PALACE BAKING POWDER, 20c. lb.
FINEST IRISH BUTTER.

nov30,1f

J. J. ST. JOHN.**The Edge of Cultivation.**

By RUTH CAMERON.

"It's the edge of cultivation. Ain't no use in going farther."



"We—wise y's speaking t h e other day about a queer little railroad built and run in a very peculiar manner."

"When the road was started forty years ago," said a man of sixty, "everyone said it would n e v e r come to anything, because it defied all the established precedents of railroad building."

To-day that defiant little railroad is the best railroad proposition within a radius of several hundred miles.

There is no edge of cultivation. Every century has been taught that lesson. None has learned it. What would the men of the eighteenth century have said if some one had told them that it was possible to harness steam and make carriages go a hundred miles an hour? What would the men of the nineteenth century have said if someone had told them that men would learn to fly? What DID they say? Witness the humorous poem of Darius Greene. Or better still, ask Wilbur Wright.

And still the lesson is not learned. The men and women of the twentieth century have come to accept the wonders of steam and electricity and the flying machine as commonplaces, but if you should prophesy some new and startling possibility—say the medical miracle of limb grafting—there would be plenty of folks as certain as their predecessors that they also had reached the edge of cultivation.

There is a certain make of candy recently put on the market which is infinitely superior to all similar candies. If you had told the manufacturers of the old product that it was possible to make anything so much better than their product they would have said, "Nonsense. We know all there is to know about this subject and we are getting out the best thing possible." In other words, we've reached the edge of cultivation.

But they hadn't, for the other fellow went far beyond, and some day some one will probably go beyond him.

There is no edge of cultivation. Don't believe anyone who tells you there is. There's always a use in going farther for the man who has the grit to do it.

And who knows but that you are that man—or woman?

ed the edge of cultivation. There is no edge of cultivation in all the world. The world is round, not flat and therefore you cannot come to any edges. You may come back into familiar country if you travel far enough, but you cannot come to any edges because there aren't any.

"It's the edge of cultivation," is the natural proverb of age. Youth knows better. Age is always telling youth that this or that cannot be done and youth is always doing it. And then alas, youth itself passes on and says to another generation about other matters, "It's the edge of cultivation."

"It's the edge of cultivation," is the word of the mediocre man. The big man knows nothing so well as that there are no edges. He recognizes that there may be limits to his ability, but there are none to the world's possibilities.

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Black BEAVER HATS.

Just to hand ex s.s. Carthaginian from London

24 only
LADIES' BLK. BEAVER HATS.

Eight different styles to choose from.

3 only
MISSSES' MUSHROOM BLACK BEAVER HATS.

SPECIAL:
3 3/4 doz. Assorted Felt Hats,

in all leading shades. All to clear at one price,

30c. each.

SOPER & MOORE

—so young, so helpless, so betrayed, so torn, so worn, so burdened with the burden, find no peace, no helping hand—then all that seemed to make life worth the while was a mean lie. Believe! Hold fast to faith. Dawn pulses in the womb of night. Whatever sin was yours, is now atoned. Repentance washes all wounds clean.

I bear this greeting for your Christmas morn! Your story will inspire men to go where poverty has choked the chimneys—and fill the empty hearts and stockings in His Name.

There was a Christmas Day on which God gave His Son unto the poor, and if it be that you cannot find mercy, then His own sacrifice was vain.—Herbert Kaufman in Woman's World.

Ostrich Farming.

One of the most important branches of South African farming is the production of ostrich feathers. Indeed, an ostrich farm is one of the best of investments, provided, of course, that the investor has a sound knowledge of the business. There are many methods of farming ostriches, says The Field, but that adapted in the eastern province of Cape Colony is the most interesting and profitable. The birds themselves vary very much in price, a wild bird, with poor feathers, being practically unsaleable at \$5, whilst as much as \$5,000 has been paid for a cock-bird of a good strain and producing exceptionally fine feathers. This latter sum is most probably paid for the advertisement that the ownership of such a bird affords, and it is quite possible to get a first-class pair of birds for anything between \$500 and \$1,250.

As the ostrich has such a voracious appetite—a pair of birds requiring as much as fifty acres of veldt—it is unusual nowadays to grow lucerne for fodder where possible. This greatly lessens the amount of land required for an ostrich farm, for it is estimated that one acre of lucerne especially if the birds are not actually kept on it, will support at least three birds the whole year round. Therefore, if a man had 350 acres of ground under lucerne, he should be able to keep 1,000 ostriches, and derive an income varying from \$25,000 to \$150,000 per annum from them.

TO OUR CUSTOMERS!

We thank you very much for your patronage throughout the past year—1912, and extend our Good Wishes to you all for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

We have met with great success in our three preparations, namely, Stafford's Liniment, Prescription "A" and Phoradone Cough Cure.

All our customers having placed an order with us can firmly recommend them to everyone.

These preparations are sold in almost every prominent business establishment in Newfoundland; this alone proves them to be genuine. Testimonials are being received by us every mail as to their results and can be seen at any time by calling at our office.

Again thanking you one and all for your kindness and assure you that whatever business we receive from you will be greatly appreciated.

Yours truly,
DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
St. John's, Nfld.

Manufacturers of the three preparations—
Stafford's Liniment, Prescription "A" and Phoradone Cough Cure.

SELF CURE NO. FICTIO!
NO SUFFERER NEED NOW DESPAIR.
THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.
THERAPION NO. 1
in a remarkably short time, often a few days only, cures chronic rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc., when mercurial treatment fails.
THERAPION NO. 2
Cures blood poisons, bad legs, ulcers, sores, painful swollen joints, etc., when mercurial treatment fails.
THERAPION NO. 3
Cures chronic bronchitis, lost vigor and vital force. Either Number Therapion & all self treatment directions enclosed, or by post free 2/- from The Le Clercq Medical Co., 11, Avenue de l'Industrie, London, Eng. Try New Dr. J. J. Stafford's Form of Therapion easy to take, safe, lasting cure. Free Market and **THERAPION** is on British Govt. Stamp affixed to every genuine packet.
× THERAPION ×
CURES TO STAY CURED.

NATURE'S ESSENCE.—Extracted From Forest Plants.

Nature's laws are perfect, but disease follows if these laws are not obeyed. Go straight to nature for the cure, for there are mysteries here that we can fathom for you. Take the bark of the wild-cherry tree, the root of mandrake, stone, Oregon grape root, queen's root, bloodroot and golden seal, make a scientific, non-alcoholic extract of them with just the right proportions and you have

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It took Dr. Pierce, with the assistance of two learned chemists, eight years of hard work experimenting to make this pure glyceric extract and alternative of the greatest efficiency and without the use of a particle of alcohol.

Just the sort of remedy you need to make rich, red blood, and cure that lassitude and feeling of nerve exhaustion.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery bears the stamp of PUBLIC APPROVAL and has sold more largely in the past forty years than any other blood purifier and stomach tonic.

"Some time ago I got out of health—my stomach seemed to be the seat of the trouble," writes Mrs. Wm. Williams of Belleville, Kans. "I commenced to doctor with all the doctors at home as well as with other specialists at St. Louis, Mo., and digestive organs. None seemed to do me any good—in fact, most of the medicines did me harm. Finally I wrote to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., who replied, stating that I had liver complaints with indigestion and constipation, and advised Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets."

"The Discovery" cured my liver, and my bowels have been regular ever since. It seemed to be just what I needed. I could not have recovered without it."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are for liver ills.



E. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

Her Letter.

There are a few immortal letters. Horace and Virgil wrote upon waxen tablets that will buty the pillars of the Pantheon. The quills of Minc de Maintenon and Talleyrand will keep ajar the doors of royal France for generations to be. So long as this shall mark the pathways to yesterday, the gracious sentences of Chesterfield will guide us into England's brilliant pump rooms and lead us back to Mayfair in its stately prime.

In such illustrious company the humble lines that lie upon my desk have little place. And yet they seem to me, in their simple piteousness, the saddest words that grief and heart-break ever wrote.

It was in May that the letter came. I often picture her laboriously shaping the childish script. Here and there a patiently-shaded capital is blurred. For the lined paper is a leaf from a cheap pencil-tablet.

She asked nothing—signed no name. The postmark held forth a doubtful promise. I sent to the town, but my guarded inquiry developed no clue. I dared not search far, lest I should betray the confidence so plainly beseged by her anonymity, and until now her secret has remained inviolate. Where and what she is to-night, God knows, and I pray for the best.

I have met Life in many a hideous mask. I have heard souls go sobbing out to sea and strong men cry in their despair. I have looked upon the naked hearts of women marked for Hell. And once I cursed beside a cot on which a baby tossed—a handsome boy, moulded as nobly as ever mother wrought in love, my fingers aching for a strange hold upon the brute whose drunken fist had beat the little face to pulp; but nothing I have ever seen or heard or read, has hurt me quite so much as this.

That morning I had watched a May Queen with her trailing court pass through the streets.

The sky was hung with azure tapestries, and the faint scent of eager grasses, blent with the sweeter strain of spring-decked orchards, crept into the room.

The world was never in a gentler mood. Spring surged in the air—Spring, all-promising!

On every twig the young leaves groped. A flock of sparrows frolicked in the yard, whirling and wheeling and chattering in sheer delight of the day.

Then I read her letter, and all the joy that had been in me, all the vital, happy forces died, and to my last hour every piteous word of it will be burnt into my memory.

And this is what she wrote:

"Dear Sir,—I enjoy reading your sermons. I am still a young woman, who was betrayed at the age of thirteen, and having a child to support, did not live as well as I might. But I thoroughly hate wrong living. Society don't want me; and the sporting class of people don't want me (unless I do their way). My relatives don't want me. I can't get honorable work to save my life. If I go to a strange place, 'What's your name and reference?' Society forbids taking your life. Besides, I think that is so cowardly. If I didn't want to live a truly decent, honest life, I wouldn't care so much. The baby is playing with my tablet, and I am trying to write. She is the sweetest little doll on earth. 'A Discouraged One.'"

A Christmas story is upon my desk—the work of days, a thing of polished, hard-won phrases, tinkling with the tinkling of sleigh bells, telling of cracking, rule logs and pearly stockings; bright perhaps with tinsel sentences, but tinsel and empty, I fear, as the deckings of a rich man's Christmas tree.

Then I thought of this page to be read in two million homes and in the light of that reflection it seemed a trap, and I wrote this instead, to be a Christmas message—a message in God's own name.

And if it reaches but you alone, little Sister of Sorrow, I shall be content.

Fight on. The world is still a House of Dreams, and Justice always hears. The Star shines ever over Bethlehem to guide the Wise Men to the Manger.

If the day comes when such as you

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