

MRS. ROOP HARDILY ABLE TO WALK ACROSS ROOM.

St. John Woman Dreadfully
Weak And Rundown After
Fifteen Years' Trouble—
Tanlac Restores Health.

"Some wonderful things happen in this world, and what Tanlac has done for me is one of them," declared Mrs. F. E. Roop, of 151 King St. East, St. John, N.B., in relating her experience with the medicine, recently.

"Before I got Tanlac I suffered for years with indigestion, and everything I ate distressed me terribly. I couldn't eat hot bread and many other things, and gas formed in such quantities that it pressed around my heart until I could hardly get my breath. I also suffered dreadfully from heartburn, and was so weak I could scarcely walk across the room. I had such awful pains in my right side that it kept me in bed for four or five weeks at a time, and I was told that an operation was the only thing that would relieve me.

Anecdotes of Edison.

Pulpits were one of his Vienna fancies—he was continually building pulpits. Perhaps this was because he had a little playfellow there whose especial delight it was to preach. At any rate, it was always little T. A. who built the pulpits with the understanding that the other boy would preach. And invariably, by some artful contrivance of the small inventor, the pulpit would fall to pieces at a critical point in the fine sermon. In a twinkling the devout preacher would be in a passion, the eloquence would drop to language of a dreadful nature, little Edison would take to his heels and there would follow two or three days of strained feeling. Then would come reconciliation, fresh pulpits, fresh contrivances for collapse, more contradictions of preaching and malediction, and more hurried retreats.

Although the great wizard of electricity, both as a small boy and a growing youth, is always described as having few companions and wandering about much by himself, pondering out some problem, there seems no evidence that he was ever lacking in any of a normal boy's enjoyment of fun.

A story is told among his relatives of a practical joke young Edison was fond of playing at a later date in Fort Gratiot, Mich. One of his relatives kept a store there which like many other stores, had its habitues who came daily and spun yarns by the hour. One of these was an old man who specialized in ghost stories. By some artifice, young Edison succeeded in turning a charge of electricity on the chair occupied by the aged entertainer when his story approached the exciting and thrilling point. The trick worked like a charm. The old man, alarmed, declared something was at work with his chair. It had to be examined, sat in by the others, the inventor gravely assisting in the investigation, which, of course, developed nothing. This joke was too fruitful of fun not to be repeated, and the poor old story-teller came in time to fully believe his chair was haunted.

Many are the stories of young Edison's jokes, the most of them, however, with an "electric" twist somewhere in their course. So marked was this bent that his father said concerning him, "T. A. E. never had any boyhood days; his early amusements were steam engines and mechanical forces."

But fun, as we have seen, may be made even from these. Later still, when young Edison was working at telegraphy in Boston, cockroaches became the plague of the office. He rigged up some small strips of tin-foil on the office wall, connected them with a powerful battery, and covered them with appetizing bait. And the office had the sport of watching the insect pests move from one tin-foil to

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"I heard so much good about Tanlac I began taking it myself, and it wasn't long until my appetite had increased to where I could hardly get enough to eat, and my stomach did not cause me a bit of distress. That awful pain completely disappeared from my side, and although it was two years ago, I haven't been troubled with it since. I'm feeling better than I have in fifteen years, and if I ever feel a little tired or rundown, it doesn't take Tanlac long to set me right again. I'm very grateful to Tanlac, and have already told numbers of others what it has done for me."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors; in Paradise by Mrs. Martin F. Byrne; in Upper Gullies by Heber Andrews; in Portland by H. C. Haines; in St. Joseph, Salmonier, by Mrs. J. Gushue; in Milltown by Exploits Valley Royal Stores, Ltd.; in Flat Island, by William Samson; in Jamestown by Christopher Haines, and in Lewisporte by, Uriah Freake. —adv.

the other and by completing the connection cremate themselves in a flash. Edison's first telegraph was installed at Port Huron, where he and a chum connected their homes by a telegraph line of stove pipe wire, and having improvised all other arrangements in accordance with the theory they had studied in their books, a piece of brass spring for a key and magnets of wire wound with rags for insulation attempted to generate their first current by rubbing sparks from two huge cats "rubbed vigorously at each end of the line at an appointed time." The poor cats objected just as vigorously, squalling and scratching, and finally extricating themselves from the circuit, vanished instantly, and were never again heard tell of.

Let no one who has the soul of honest work, and the desire for progress in him be discouraged, however he is misunderstood at school or by his employers. Let him remember the story of the great Edison, who never got along very well at school and rarely attended, and got into trouble with many an employer afterward.

I expect the fact that he was generally misunderstood by school teachers, was second reason beside his delicate health for his not attending school in Vienna. All geniuses seem to have trouble in being misunderstood at school. But not many are as fortunate perhaps in their parents as was little Alva, whose father always paid him a fixed price for every book of good reading he would complete. His mother taught him in person. She had been Miss Nancy Elliott, of Vienna, a well educated and cultured lady, a school teacher, who once taught, we have heard, in Vienna. There was a very close sympathy between the boy and his mother and through it the latter imparted to him her great love for learning as well as the impulse to go out into the universe and search for new learning wherewith to serve his age. Not many boys start life from such a fine vantage point.

From his home, his mother's sympathy followed him into the great world where the peculiarities of nature brought him fresh ups and downs. He was never a careless workman and never did he lack capacity. Yet he had trouble with many employers. He was always experimenting and inventing, and he had accidents like other experiments. Very successful as a train newspaper, he began editing a little railroad journal in an old freight car attachment to his train. But he was experimenting even then, and the day the water dried off his phosphorous bottle it upset, things, caught fire and he was ejected from the car forever. His next venture at printing, in his father's house at Port Huron, was checked by a man getting offended at some statement and tossed the boy editor into the St. Clair. Later, although an expert telegraph operator, he sometimes got into trouble disobeying rules in order to experiment. Once he upset a whole carboy of sulphuric acid which trickled through a floor onto elegant bank furnishings below, and so on. The truth was, science was calling him and come what might, he had to follow. When he had won his spurs, had sufficiently studied, qualified, invented, perfected, then came friend, recognition, success, capital and the great laboratories and workshops in New Jersey—The "Times-Journal," St. Thomas, Ont.

Express Passengers.

The S.S. Kyle arrived at Port aux Basques at 9 a.m. yesterday with the following passengers who joined the incoming express:—R. B. Murrell, S. and Mrs. French, W. Kelly, C. Curtin, Mrs. E. Swyers, L. Gosse, R. and Mrs. Tilley, R. Purcell, G. C. Holban, G. N. Robinson, F. J. and Mrs. Kellar, Miss E. Duggan, N. Kennedy, Mrs. J. Oates, Mrs. R. Martin, Miss M. McKinnon, E. W. Roberts, S. Hiscock, L. Parrett, T. R. Murphy, Miss S. Stone, M. Walsh, Mrs. Lynch, W. J. Matthews, Mrs. Avery, Mrs. G. Cole.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR PAIN. RUFF

Old Country View of the Big Fight.

London.—The Manchester Guardian says:

Now that the fight is (according to the cablegrams) practically fixed up, we can look forward with interest to the training reports of the great men. These are sure to be at least more readable than the surd, and not quite believable, accounts of mammoth purses which were running into millions (of dollars) before the bottom fell out of the ignoble business.

Is Dempsey the super-man Americans think he is? From his fighting record it would appear that he is. He whipped the gigantic Jess Willard—Jack Johnson's conqueror—easily for the world's championship, reducing his 17st. 12lb. opponent to impotence in three rounds. Carl Morris, another Titan of over seventeen stone, was just as easily beaten, and Dempsey has to his credit—or otherwise, according to one's point of view—victories over such renowned fighting men as Fred Fulton—he knocked out this really first-class boxer in less than fifteen rounds—Bill Brennan, a capable two handed fighter, Gunboat Smith (who lost his fight with Carpenter on a foul) and Battling Levinsky, whom the French champion recently defeated, as has been said already.

The experts can find no weak spots in Dempsey. He is twenty-five, six feet one and a half, and weight about 200 pounds—"big enough and heavy enough for anything on two legs." His fists are granite, his forearms are tremendously strong, he does not dislocate, and (adds a writer somewhat gratuitously), "he has plenty of punch-resistance."

Dempsey's full neck gives one the idea of immense strength; he has elasticity and swing. His frame, we are told, is "of the texture of whalebone," and he "has the eye of a rat," which sounds not quite complimentary. Then again—and this must be important—"his fighting brain measures 22 inches," which is three-quarters of an inch larger than that of Carpenter. It would be interesting to know how the fighting brains of Dempsey and Carpenter were measured. Probably by algebraical equations, or possibly trigonometry.

Dempsey, who can boast of Irish, Scotch and American-Indian blood, is said to be a "natural" rather than a scientific fighter. Some of his critics aver that Dempsey is not particularly hard to hit, but "he uses his head in a bobbing up and down sort of way, so that it is not easy to land." The question which is now intriguing two hemispheres is: Will Carpenter be able to land, and having landed, will he land hard enough to impair the whalebone of the Salt Lake fighter's frame, close his ratty eyes, and overcome his punch-resistance.

Once upon a time certain Jim Flynn got in an early punch in a fight with Dempsey, who was counted out. But the story goes, Dempsey was expecting a handshake and left himself vulnerable. In a second encounter it was Dempsey who landed, and the subsequent proceedings interested Mr. Flynn no more.

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String Quartets

BEST WORK FOR YOUNG COMPOSER.

The young composer, says W. J. Henderson in the New York Sunday Herald should be urged to eschew the employment of all the opulent apparatus of the modern orchestra until he has ascertained whether he really has anything to say. If a man has something worth communicating to the world he will manage to publish his message. It makes a great difference whether a man has a picture to paint or has to paint a picture. If he has a picture to paint it will paint itself in one way or another in spite of all obstacles, even the want of paint. But when it merely is a case of having to paint a picture the result is often just paint.

Youthful composers ought to be compelled to get down to bed rock in some corresponding way. The best thing that could happen to them all would be a compulsory course of string quartet writing. Let them write string quartets till they find out that they have nothing to say. Each one of them would then be in the position of a painter who was made to draw till he found out he had not a single picture in his equipment. He might perhaps then be brought to see that the use of paint would be superfluous.

One point more—If young composers were compelled to practise the gentle art of quartet writing they would not find so many other com-



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posers to imitate. They would have finally to utter their platitudes in their own way, and this would be extremely good for their immortal souls. If the young musician, writes string quartets a la Hayden or Brahms (watch them and you will see that they do one or the other), symphonies a la Beethoven or Dvorak, or all sorts and conditions of archaical turmoils and disruptions a la Stravinsky, Strauss or the French acquerelle school, he is not doing that something different which is required of him. If he will stick to the string quartets and let the orchestra fireworks alone, he will soon find out—at any rate, every one else will—that he has nothing whatever to say, and, perhaps, he will then content himself with decorating folk tunes.

The Simple Life.

To study the simple life in perfection one ought to go to Persia, where no furniture is used in the houses. The inside walls are covered with fine white plaster decorated with lovely mouldings, and little arches of white plaster spring up in every direction, and serve as tables and dressers.

In the andaram, or women's part, all the windows are of stained glass, through which the sunlight enters and casts charming colored reflections on the snowy interior. No chairs are required, because Orientals sit on the floor, while everywhere the Persian lady goes she takes with her, as part of her luggage a thin mattress stuffed with cotton, on which she can repose either by night or day.

As there is no furniture, sweeping and dusting are unknown in the Persian home. Also the laundry question is not serious, for women wear the same clothes to sleep in as they do when up. These are changed once a month, when the lady attends the public bath, the Hamam, accompanied by a maid, who carries her clean garments on a tray. Here she is scrubbed from head to foot with pumice stone (soap being unknown), her eyes are blackened indigo, and her hair, and also the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet, are dyed red with henna.

The hair of the Persian woman is her great beauty, and is usually long enough to sit upon. From early childhood it is closely plaited with

white cotton, which is supposed to give it a downward tendency and to make it grow.

When a Persian lady goes abroad she wears wide trousers of bright grass-green silk over her scanty indoor clothes, and is closely veiled. No man may look on her, and she might be a jewel in a casket too precious to be worn in public. No wonder some of the better educated women are beginning to rebel against the restrictions which have imprisoned them for centuries in indolence and inertia.—London Mail.

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Published by Authority.

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint Mr. James M. Andrews, (Point Leamington), to be a Justice of the Peace for the Colony.

His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint Rev. F. H. Phillipson and Mr. Elias Brooking to be members of the Methodist Board of Education for the District of Old Perlican, in place of Rev. E. Moore, left the District, and Mr. William Barnes, retired; Rev. F. H. Phillipson, to be a member of the Methodist Board of Education for the District of Grate's Cove, in place of Rev. E. Moore, left the District; Mr. William Henry Collins, to be a member of the Methodist Board of Education for the District of Rocky Bay, in place of Mr. Elias Chalk, retired; Rev. W. S. Mercer, to be a member of the Methodist Board of Education for the District of King's Point, in place of Rev. Sidney Farrell, left the District.

Dept. of the Colonial Secretary, Nov. 23, 1920.

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