

## RULES FOR Making Cod Liver Oil For the Guidance of Manu- facturers

- 1st. The manager in charge of factory must see that the livers are fresh; that all brown or poor livers are thrown out; that there is no gall bladder attached to any livers.
  - 2nd. The good livers must then be washed in a tub of clean fresh water.
  - 3rd. The pan in which the livers are boiled must be perfectly clean inside, before any livers are placed in it.
  - 4th. Before you start to boil any livers, you must have sufficient steam.
  - 5th. Turn on the steam, and use as much as you need to have for the quantity of livers you have in your pan. Boil until the white scum floats off (which will take about thirty minutes.) Don't forget to stir the livers, and see that at those in the bottom and those around the sides are brought into direct contact with the steam all the time.
  - 6th. Turn the steam off, and allow all to settle, not exceeding five minutes, according to capacity of liver boiler.
  - 7th. Then you dip all the oil you can get, which is the finest white oil. Put this oil in a cooling tank made of galvanized iron, and let the oil remain there till next morning. Don't forget to put a straining cloth over the cooling tank before you put any oil in, so that it will catch any bits of blubber; allow to remain 12 or 14 hours, or longer if possible, then dip from cooling tank and strain through double calico bag, inside bag to be one inch smaller all around; then strain into a tin shute under the bags, the cask to be at the end of the shute with a funnel, to lead oil into casks, which funnel to be covered with cheese cloth.
  - 8th. When you have dipped the finest oil from the top of the liver boiler pan, take all the blubber from the pan while it is warm. The oil from this blubber is not fit for medicinal purposes.
  - 9th. Then clean four liver pan with warm water and washing powder. Have it bright and clean for the next boiling.
  - 10th. Every bag, cloth, tank, funnel and pan, must be washed only with warm water, soap and water. Soda must not be used.
- The best results for medical oil can only be obtained by the use of tin barrels. Wooden packages generally make the oil dark, and destroy its fine flavor. Keep all oil in barrels in a cool place, and covered from the sun.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES  
St. John's.

## REGULATIONS For Salting Scotch Pack Herring

One barrel salt to five and a half barrels herring—Large Fulls.  
One barrel salt to six barrels herring—Medium Fulls.  
One barrel salt to six and a half barrels herring—Matt Fulls.  
(This amount of salt is for dredging and laying on rows only. It does not take into account that put on the herring before gibbing.)  
All salt falling off herring in rousing tubs is put on rows as you pack unless very dirty or scaly; in that case, you have to make good the same amount, or otherwise you could not have any fixed rule on salt.

Matt Fulls. .... 10½ inches long ..... Milt or roe  
Medium Fulls. .... 11½ inches long ..... Milt or roe  
Large Fulls. .... 12½ inches long and upwards. Milt or roe  
Medium Filling. .... 11½ inches long and upward  
Large Filling. .... 12½ inches long and upwards

Filling Fish may be branded as Scotch Cure without the Crown Brand.

No drowned, stale, or scaleless herring can be used as Scotch Pack, nor herring in half frozen state.  
The root cause of light salting is to come as near as possible to the pleasing of the palate of the consumer; and if we bear in mind that over three-fourths of all Scotch-Pack Herring are consumed as a tonic before the mid-day meal, just as they come out of the barrel, without any fire cooking, we can see the reason at a glance for the right salting. The herring is dressed by the head and the tail being cut off, the main bone taken out. It is then cut into squares of about one inch, and is served with vinegar and other condiments. This gives power to the stomach to digest the following meal and keeps the consumer in the best of health.

People with bad stomachs please note that the art of cooking and eating right is just as essential as the art of curing; and based on the best medical directions, and with the chemical analysis of the constituent parts of herring as a food ever kept before the consumer, we need not be surprised that the people who eat most herring are the most healthy and efficient.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES

St. John's.

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## LUCY GRAHAM'S --- SECRET ---

(Continued.)

The young man was a great favorite with his uncle, and by no means despised by his pretty, gipsy-faced, light-hearted, hoydenish cousin, Miss Alice Audley. It might have seemed to other men, that the partiality of a young lady who was sole heiress to a very fine estate, was rather well worth cultivating, but it did not so occur to Robert Audley. Alicia was a very nice girl, he said, a jolly girl, with no nonsense about her—a girl of a thousand; but this was the highest point to which enthusiasm could carry him. The idea of turning his cousin's girlish liking for him to some good account never entered his idle brain. I doubt if he even had any correct notion of the amount of his uncle's fortune, and I am certain that he never for one moment calculated upon the chances of any part of that fortune ultimately coming to himself. So that when, one fine spring morning, about three months before the time of which I am writing, the postman brought me the wedding cards of Sir Michael and Lady Audley, together with a very indignant letter from his cousin, setting forth how her father had just married a wax-dollish young person, no older than Alicia herself, with flaxen ringlets and a perpetual giggle, for I am sorry to say that Miss Audley's animus roused her thus to describe that pretty musical laugh which had been so much admired in the late Miss Lucy Graham—when, I say, these documents reached Robert Audley—they elicited neither vexation or astonishment in the lymphatic nature of that gentleman. He read Alicia's angry crossed and recrossed letter without as much as removing the amber mouth-piece of his German pipe from his mismatched lips. When he had finished the perusal of the epistle, which he read with his dark eyebrows elevated to the center of his forehead (his only manner of expressing surprise, by the way) he deliberately threw that and the wedding cards into the waste-paper basket, and putting down his pipe prepared himself for the exertion of thinking out the subject.

"I always said the old buffer would marry," he muttered, after about half an hour's reverie. Alicia and my lady, his step-mother, will go at it hammer and tongs. I hope they won't quarrel in the hunting season, or say unpleasant things to each other at the dinner-table; rows always upset a man's digestion."

At about twelve o'clock on the morning following that night upon which the events recorded in my last chapter had taken place, the baronet's nephew strolled out of the Temple, Blackfriarsward, on his way to the city. He had in an evil hour obliged some necessitous friend by putting the ancient name of Audley across a bill of accommodation, which bill not having been provided for by the drawer, Robert was called upon to pay. For this purpose he sauntered up Ludgate Hill, with his blue necktie fluttering in the hot August air, and

thence to a refreshingly cool banking house in a shabby court out of St. Paul's churchyard, where he made arrangements for selling out a couple of hundred pounds' worth of consols. He had transacted this business, and was loitering at the corner of the court, waiting for a chance hansom to convey him back to the Temple, when he was almost knocked down by a man of about his own age, who dashed headlong into the narrow opening.

"Be so good as to look where you are going, my friend!" Robert remonstrated, mildly, to the impetuous passenger, "you might give a man warning before you throw him down and trample upon him."

The stranger stopped suddenly, looked very hard at the speaker, and then gasped for breath.

"Bob!" he cried, in a tone expressive of the most intense astonishment. "I only touched British ground after dark last night, and to think that I should meet you this morning."

"I've seen you somewhere before, my bearded friend," said Mr. Audley, calmly scrutinizing the animated face of the other, "but I'll be hanged if I can remember when or where."

"What!" exclaimed the stranger reproachfully. "You don't mean to say that you've forgotten George Talboys?"

"No I have not!" said Robert, with emphasis by no means usual to him; and then hooking his arm into that of his friend, he led him into the shady court, saying, with his old indifference, "and now, George, tell us all about it."

George Talboys did tell him all about it. He told that very story which he had related ten days before to the pale governess on board the Argus; and then, hot and breathless, he said that he had twenty thousand pounds or so in his pocket, and that he wanted to bank it at Messrs., who had been his bankers many years before.

"If you'll believe me, I've only just left their counting house," said Robert. "I'll go back with you, and we'll settle that matter in five minutes."

They did contrive to settle it in about a quarter of an hour; and then Robert Audley was for starting off immediately for the Crown and Scepter, at Greenwich, or the Castle, at Richmond, where they could have a bit of dinner, and talk over those good old times when they were together at Eton. But George told his friend that before he shaved or broke his fast, or in any way refreshed himself after a night journey from Liverpool by express train, he must call at a certain coffee-house in Bridge street, Westminster, where he expected to find a letter from his wife.

As they dashed through Ludgate Hill, Fleet street, and the Strand, in a fast hansom, George Talboys poured into his friend's ear all those wild hopes and dreams which had usurped such a dominion over his sanguine nature.

"I shall take a villa on the banks of the Thames, Bob," he said, "for the little wife and myself; and we'll have a yacht, Bob, old boy, and you shall lie on the deck and smoke, while my pretty one plays her guitar and sings songs to us. She's for all the world like one of those what's-its-names, who got poor old Ulysses into trouble," added the young man, whose classic lore was not very great.

The waiters at the Westminster coffee-house stared at the hollow-eyed, unshaven stranger, with his clothes of colonial cut, and his boisterous, excited manner; but he had been an old frequenter of the place in his military days, and when they heard who he was they flew to do his bidding.

He did not want much—only a bottle of soda-water and to know if there was a letter at the bar directed to George Talboys.

The waiter brought the soda-water before the young man had seated himself in a shady box near the disused fire-place. No; there was no letter for that name.

The waiter said dit with consummate indifference, while he mechanically dusted the little mahogany table.

George's face blanched to a deadly whiteness. "Talboys," he said, "perhaps you didn't hear the name distinctly—T, A, L, B, O, Y, S. Go and look again, there must be a letter."

The waiter shrugged his shoulders as he left the room, and returned in three minutes to say that there was no name at all resembling Talboys in the letter rack. There was Brown, and Sandersan, and Pinchbeck; only three letters altogether.

The young man drank his soda-water in silence, and then, leaning his elbows on the table, covered his face with his hands. There was something in his manner which told Robert Audley that his disappointment, trifling as it may appear, was in reality a very bitter one. He seated himself opposite to his friend, but did not attempt to address him.

By and by George looked up, and mechanically taking a greasy Times newspaper of the day before from a heap of journals on the table, stared vacantly at the first page.

I cannot tell how long he sat blankly staring at one paragraph among the list of deaths, before his dead brain took on its full meaning; but after considerable pause he pushed the newspaper over to Robert Audley, and with a face that had changed from its dark bronze to a sickly chalky greyish white, and with an awful calmness in his manner, he pointed with his finger to a line which ran thus:

"On the 24th inst., at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Helen Talboys, aged 22."

### CHAPTER V.

Yes, there it was in black and white—"Helen Talboys, aged 22."

When George told the governess on board the Argus that if he heard any evil tidings of his wife he should drop down dead, he spoke in perfect good faith; and yet, here were the worst tidings that could come to him and he sat rigid, white and helpless, staring stupidly at the shocked face of his friend.

(To be continued.)

## Journal of Rev. Henry Gordon

SATURDAY, NOV. 9th.

Another day at the freight, carrying it away and stowing it inside the stores. The barrels of salt were the heaviest handling. The weather was now very frosty. Another death took place today, little Billy Martin. Also, late at night, news came in that John Hamel had died at Muddy Bay, about five miles further up the bay. One was only now getting seriously alarmed about the disease. We had rather imagined that it had been confined to Cartwright. The possibility of its having spread all over the bay and on to the outside coast was too serious to ponder over. Little homesteads of one family, separated from the nearest neighbour by ten, fifteen or twenty miles, could only share one fate—extermination for share want of help.

SUNDAY, NOV. 10th

Sundays and weekdays are both alike now. We have no service in the church. I have organized the few sound men into two parties. Mr. Clark, Mr. Doan, Mr. Fequet and myself have taken on the task of grave-digging, two working to the shift. It takes a whole day to dig, or rather to haul a grave in our cemetery. The other party, consisting of Mr. Parsons, Fred Groves the cooper, and Robert Pardy, are responsible for the making of the coffins. We hope that we shall not have to bury anyone without a coffin. To-day, we got a grave ready for little Billy Martin, and I buried him before night. Mr. Fequet and I still feel the effects of the sickness, and do our work rather slowly at present. Mr. Clark and Mr. Doan, two strapping men, perform wonders with pick and spade. The ground is frozen so hard, that sparks will even fly from the soil. A tour of the houses to-day reveals the unpleasant fact that several more of the people are growing worse. Mrs. Payne still lingers on. Her sister, Rebecca, was taken sick two days ago, and to-day began to take a turn for the worse. I have noticed that a sort of pneumonia seems to attend the sickness, and when the patient develops this it becomes only a matter of a few days before the end comes. I offered to share the night watch with Johnny Payne.

(To be continued.)

### Notice

One month after date hereof application will be made to His Excellency the Governor in Council for the right to cut timber over the following area at Glenwood, bounded North by land of Newfoundland Telegraph Company, South by land of Edward Sinnott, East by the Gander River and West by land of Horwood Lumber Company and Newfoundland Timber Estates and containing twenty one square miles, more or less.

JOS. M. CURRAN,  
Gambo.

April 20, 1923.

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