

RULES FOR Making Cod Liver Oil For the Guidance of Manufacturers

- 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 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 your 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 | 10 1/2 inches long | Milt or roe |
| Medium Fulls | 11 1/2 inches long | Milt or roe |
| Large Fulls | 12 1/2 inches long and upwards | Milt or roe |
| Medium Filling | 11 1/2 inches long and upward | |
| Large Filling | 12 1/2 inches long and upward | |
- 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.)

"George," said Robert Audley laying his hand gently upon the young man's arm, "you must remember that the person whose name you saw in the paper may not be your wife. There may have been some other Helen Talboys."

"No, no!" "the age corresponds with hers, and Talboys is such an uncommon name."

"It may be misprint for Talbot."

"No, no, no, my wife is dead!"

He shook off Robert's restraining hand, and rising from the bed, walked straight to the door.

"Where are you going?" exclaimed his friend.

"To Ventnor, to see her grave."

"Not to-night, George, not to-night. I will go with you myself by the first train to-morrow."

Robert led him back to the bed, and gently forced him to lie down again. He then gave him an opiate which had been left for him by the medical man whom he had called in at the coffee-house in Bridge street, when George fainted.

So George Talboys fell into a heavy slumber, and dreamed that he went to Ventnor, to find his wife alive and happy, but old, wrinkled and gray, and to find his son grown into a young man.

Early the next morning he was seated opposite to Robert Audley in the first-class carriage of an express, whirling through the pretty open country toward Portsmouth.

They landed at Ventnor under the burning heat of a midday sun. As the two young men came from the steamer, the people on the pier stared at George's white face and untrimmed beard.

"What are we to do, George?" Robert Audley asked. "We have no clue to finding the people you want to see."

The young man looked at him with a pitiful, bewildered expression. The big dragoon was as helpless as a baby; and Robert Audley, the most vacillating and unenergetic of men, found himself called upon to act for another. He rose superior to himself, and equal to the occasion.

"Had we not better ask at one of the hotels about a Mrs. Talboys, George?" he asked.

"Her father's name was Maldon," George muttered; "he could never have sent her here to die alone."

They said nothing more; but Robert walked straight to a hotel where he inquired for a Mr. Maldon.

Yes, they told him, there was a gentleman of that name stopping at Ventnor, a Captain Maldon; his daughter was lately dead. The waiter would go and inquire for the address.

The hotel was a busy place at this season; people hurrying in and out and a great bustle of grooms and waiters about the halls.

George Talboys leaned against the doorpost, with much the same look in his face, as that which had frightened his friend in the Westminster coffee-house.

The worst was confirmed now. His wife, Captain Maldon's daughter was dead.

The waiter returned in about five minutes to say that Captain Maldon was lodging at Lansdowne Cottage, No. 4.

They easily found the house, a shabby, low-windowed cottage, looking toward the water.

Was Captain Maldon at home? No the landlady said; he had gone out on the beach with his little grandson. Would the gentlemen walk in and sit down a bit?

George mechanically followed his friend into the little front parlour, dusty, shabbily furnished, and disorderly, with a child's broken toys scattered on the floor, and the scent of stale tobacco hanging about the muslin window-curtains.

"Look!" said George, pointing to a picture over the mantelpiece.

It was his own portrait, painted in the old dragoon days. A pretty good likeness, representing him in uniform, with his charger in the background.

Perhaps the most animated of men

would have been scarcely so wise a comforter as Robert Audley. He did not utter a word to the stricken widower, but quietly seated himself with his back to George, looking out to the open window.

For some time the young man wandered restlessly about the room, looking at and sometimes touching the nick-nacks lying here and there.

Her workbox, with an unfinished piece of work; her album full of extracts from Byron and Moore, written in his own scrawling hand; some books books which he had given her and a bunch of withered flowers in a vase they had bought in Italy.

"Her portrait used to hang by the side of mine," he muttered; "I wonder what they have done with it."

By-and-by he said, after about an hour's silence:

"I should like to see the woman of the house; I should like to ask her about—"

He broke down, and buried his face in his hands.

Robert summoned the landlady. She was a good-natured garrulous creature, accustomed to sickness and death, for many of her lodgers came to her to die.

She told all the particulars of Mrs. Talboys' last hours; how she had come to Ventnor only ten days before her death, in the last stage of decline; and how, day by day, she had gradually but surely sunk under the fatal malady. Was the gentleman any relative? she asked of Robert Audley, as George sobbed aloud.

"Yes, he is the lady's husband."

"What!" the woman cried; "him as deserted her, so cruel, and left her pretty boy upon her poor old father's hands, which Captain Maldon has told me often, with the tears in his poor eyes?"

"I did not desert her," George cried out, and then he told her the history of his three years' struggle.

(To be continued.)

EMPLOYMENT STEADY AT BELL ISLAND, MINES

There is great activity on Bell Island at present, and lots of employment is being given. Every week regularly steamers are leaving with ore for Sydney and other foreign ports. Bell Island is busier now than for some considerable time.

A BRILLIANT STUDENT

The results of the Medical Examination at Dalhousie University, published in the Halifax Evening Echo of May 30, chronicle a remarkable series of successes by Miss Roberta Bond, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bond and niece of Sir Robert Bond. Miss Bond has completed the third year of the five-year course, and has won distinction in Practical Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, and Medicine. In these subjects only 22 were awarded, of which Miss Bond is the winner of four. In addition she passed in Bacteriology, Materia Medica, Surgery, Clinical Microscopy and Clinical Chemistry—a record of scholarship rarely equalled.

JOURNAL OF REV. HENRY GORDON

CARTWRIGHT, LABRADOR

Friday, Nov. 15th.

Wind S.E., fresh. Snowing hard. Up before daylight, getting ready for the relief expedition to Muddy Bay. Made a start about 9.30, with Fred Groves and Bob Pardy, and all the requisites for a coffin. We were wet through by the time we got there. There was not much doubt about the welcome we received. Poor folk, they were in a sad state. By 2.30, the coffin was made and with our burden on board we ran back to Cartwright towards dusk.

Saturday, Nov. 16th.

Blowing very hard from the S.E. Put in a busy morning sawing up wood, and doing several other household duties which soon accumulate when neglected. After dinner I buried Lizzie Hamel, then paid a round of visits. Most of the people seem to be weathering through fairly well, but a few will find it pretty hard. Just before dark I dismembered 'St. Helen's' engine and got her all ready

for hauling up at the first opportunity.
Sunday, Nov. 17th.

Another "serviceless" Sunday, people being too sick to turn out. The whole of the exterior of life seems to have altered, and one lives with a strange feeling of newness. I suppose everything will get stereotyped once again. About noon, word came up that Lizzie Pardy was dying. I got down in time to see her. This makes the fourth death in the one house (the tilt). I fear that there will be at least two more in the same house. Most certainly, the eldest girl, Mary, will die, and either the new-born baby or its mother. There is no mistaking the symptoms of pneumonia, and no one has got better from that yet.

Monday, Nov. 18th.

Still very blusterous weather. Helped dig a grave for Lizzie Pardy, getting wet to the skin in the process. After the funeral, we started in on the hauling up of the boats. There is some very heavy work ahead of us, for we are such a small and weak crew. News came in from Goose Cove that they were going to make coffins for the Tomashies, and that they would bring them in as soon as the ice was fit to bear. The bodies had been put out on a high scaffold. There is still no news from the other places. We simply dread the day when we shall hear, for there can be only one story. A rumor has come in that things are in an awful state up at Paradise, but it is utterly impossible to get there until the ice gets solid.

Tuesday, Nov. 19th.

Devoted the whole day to hauling up boats. First of all we tackled the St. Helen, who taxed our utmost strength. When halfway up the bank her ropes snapped and she slid back onto the mud, breaking off her keel-projection (locally termed the 'skid'). It was a long and hard pull before we got her on the boats in order. Some were easy. The "Fox," Mr. Clark's boat, gave a great deal of trouble, on account of her chain smashing in several places.

(To be continued.)

THE LURE OF LABRADOR

As soon as the coast north of Bat Harbor is free of ice the three ships at Halifax, one at Sydney and three at New York, will start on their quest of gold reported to have been found in Stag Bay, Labrador. This week another new company consisting of four multi-millionaires was organized in Chicago to take part in the gold quest. They too will charter a steamer in New York which will, they expect, be ready to sail by the 20th of June. It is estimated that there will be five thousand gold seekers on the Labrador coast by the middle of July. A Montreal steamship company intend to have two boats employed in taking down freight and passengers via Sydney and St. John's during the months of July and August. If the gold is found there in quantity, as the enthusiasts believe, it will be a good thing for Newfoundland, but if on the contrary it turns out to be a fake, as some people predict, a serious setback will be given to the development of minerals in Newfoundland and Labrador for many years to come.—Sydney Post.

Mrs. W. T. Bellamy and Mother, Mrs. Flynn left by Tuesday morning's train for Grand Falls. We learn that Mrs. Bellamy will spend the summer months in the "paper town."

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