

Seasonable Goods for the Lenten Season, etc.

NEW DIGBY HERRING by the lb. or box.40c.
BAKEAPPLES, 1 lb. tins15c.
LIBBY'S or ARMOUR'S EVAPORATED MILK.17c. can
LIBBY'S CONDENSED MILK15c. can
LIBBY'S ALASKA SALMON, 1 lb. tins15c.
STAPLE STRONG & Co.'s PICKLES & CHOW CHOW
CREAM OR WHEAT40c. pkg.
MALT BREAKFAST FOOD38c. pkg.
FINEST NEW ZEALAND BUTTER45c. lb.
ARMOUR'S or LIBBY'S BEANS18c. can
ALMERIA GRAPES45c. lb.
NESTLE'S THICK CREAM—Two sizes.

The Sale of Libby's Peaches & Apricots Continues.

SPECIAL—200 sacks P. E. I. BLACK OATS.

C. P. EAGAN,

2 Stores:

Duckworth Street & Queen's Road

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THE WOMAN WHO STICKS.

Some years ago the husband of a friend of mine conceived a violent infatuation for a young girl in his employ. He was a man of 35 and she of about 19. She was pretty, bright, amusing, empty-headed, vulgar and selfish.

The wife knew the girl well, had in fact procured her the position in her husband's office when she left high school. When she found out about the affair (as women generally do) her first feeling was one of outraged pride. She thought, she told me afterwards, that she would not have minded so much if the rival in her husband's affections had been someone of great charm and fascination. Though perhaps she added with the honesty that is part of her own charm, "perhaps I would have minded more; one often deceives herself about these things." And her first impulse was to free her husband and have nothing more to do with him, since this was the sort of man he was.

Ultimately Unhappy.

Had she acted on that impulse, had she made his infatuation and admiration for this girl, his craving for her society, his defiance of some of the minor conventions, (it never went beyond that), a basis for breaking with him, and insisting that he let her get a divorce, he might have finally been pushed into that false step. Then he would probably have married the other girl, her vulgarism and the utter lack of real attraction between them and have been thoroughly unhappy.

She Would Not Give Him Up.

But the wife did not follow her first

instinct. Instead she thought the whole thing over (how thoroughly and how painfully only those women who have had cause to spend watches of the night in such heart-searchings can know) and came to the conclusion that she would give her husband a chance. "I believed I meant more to him than any such infatuation," she said. "I believed it would be for his ultimate happiness as well as mine if we managed to pass through this phase. I knew I could never feel quite the same toward him, but I thought there would be enough happiness left to make it worth while. And more than all that, I knew that girl would ruin his life, and I could not give him up to her so easily, because I loved him and did not want his life ruined."

And so she fought the good fight and won. I can't tell you exactly how because it is too long a story. But patience and serenity, determination not to be jealous or catty, time, and the girl's own character gradually revealing itself, were factors in the fight.

The Finest Kind of Pride.

And the day came when her husband not only realized what a fool he had been, not only came to love his wife more than ever, but even reached the point where he thanked her for what she had done.

At the time I heard several women who knew something of the situation criticize her for putting up with it. "I should think she would have more pride," they said. "You can just bet I wouldn't stand for anything like that."

More pride! I think she had the finest kind of pride any woman could have. I doubt very much if I would have the strength of character to do it, but I honor her and any other woman who can see things in a big enough way and can love deeply enough to do a thing like that.

The Codfishery.

(By M. E. CONDON.)
ARTICLE II.

In my opening remarks on this great national industry of Newfoundland, the Codfishery, which is one of the principal products of food fishes, which we take annually from that inexhaustible mine of the sea, the greatest mine in the world, and why? Because it supplies codfish to the Continents of Europe, North and South America, codfish being one of the principal articles of food, and one of the common necessities of life to all classes, and superior to all the other common foodstuffs, being a more brainy and easier digestible food.

We have the famous Grand Bank, Labrador and Shore fishery. Of the latter shore codfish is a superior fish, being a better fed fish than the Grand Bank fish, as the latter is all caught with trawls, and which because of same goes through a process of strangulation, but our shore fish are principally caught with codtrap, jigger, handline and some with trawls. The fish caught with the jigger, which is a destructive method, is bled more or less, and is therefore superior to either the handline, codtrap or trawl, under our present crude system; but the fish caught with the jigger, handline and codtrap could be made a superior article of food to the consumer, if it were bled when taken from the water alive and standardized as such with a guarantee to the consumer, and scrap all the diseased or green livered fish, and then the consumer will have pure fish food, after same have been cleaned in pure brine water, salted in bulk—not pickled, and thoroughly cleaned before curing in brine water. We that are producers of the codfish will not eat a diseased livered fish, and why should we give it to the consumer? Why not, like the Jewish Rabbi as to diseased meat, which is scraped, and the producer of the bled fish will be well compensated financially with the extra price that he will get for the above article for his extra trouble. I will give positive proof of what I state.

PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION.

In July of last season I myself bled and supervised the bleeding of fish taken from a codtrap, washing from the knife in brine, salting in bulk and cleansing in brine, before curing, which is only a crude method, but not my modernized ideas, with which I will revolutionize the fishery in the very near future. For example, and in proof of what I say, the writer was paid \$10.00 per quintal, for some that I had left over and above what I needed to send to Cuba as samples, last month. When the best shore codfish was worth only about \$6.00; and I am safe in claiming that I was the only one in Newfoundland that was paid locally such a figure for any shore caught fish of the 1921 catch. Have we been really identified with the fisheries? Have fishermen, planters, merchants, fish handlers and Governments of the past, and up to the present, made an honest effort as to the curing, handling, etc., as an article of food of the best codfish in the world? I mean our shore codfish to the consumer. From my own personal experience from what I have seen in many places, we are going backward, not forward. Some of the pickled fish that I have seen, slack salted in bulk, lack of cleanliness in curing (some of the pickled fish I have seen would turn a horse from his oats), and it is beautiful to see the laborer or fish packers walking from the wharf with dirty boots, the soles of which are after coming in contact with what he has been putting up for food. And then as to packing fish, no wonder our local consumers in many cases have to open the doors and windows, and often jetison the fish they are cooking. I do not blame the fishermen, only to a limited extent, as we Newfoundlanders, descendants of English, Irish and Scotch, are a superior race of raw material and so is our codfish, than the Norwegian or

GIRLS! GROW THICK LONG, HEAVY HAIR WITH "DANDERINE"

Buy a 50-cent bottle of "Danderine." One application ends all dandruff, stops itching and falling hair, and, in a few moments, you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will appear a mass, so soft, lustrous, and easy to do up. But what will please you most will be after a few weeks when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. "Danderine" is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. This delightful, stimulating tonic helps thin, lifeless, faded hair to grow long, thick, heavy and luxuriant.

Our competitors of other countries in the fisheries. But we collectively lack education in many cases, which is the cause of a lot of ignorance. Lack of education means want of cleanliness and the fishermen are not to blame. As a general rule they did not get the opportunity of an education that others had, and the merchants often gave as much for the inferior fish as they did for the good, in buying by the talqual system. But our principal competitors, the Norwegian fishermen, merchants, Governments, etc., on account of their superior education enables them to study cleanliness as to handling codfish as an article of food to the consumer; so let the merchants, exporters and Government get out of the old rut, and make an honest effort to help the fishermen to put up an article of food for the consumer, and standardize it same as flour, and then we will not worry about the future of our codfishery. Our country, and you countrymen of mine, identified with the fisheries, need not worry as to the future price of our codfish; only handle it well, as an article of food, and you will get a good price for it. Why do I maintain that? Do you not all see it as well as I do? Is not the producing fisherman decreasing in this Newfoundland of ours, and the

consumer in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Brazil, United States, West Indies, etc., increasing in population, and yet the supply will not equal the demand. The codfish, that we are producing is the food which the consumer must have to sustain life, and what gold, iron, coal or copper mine in the world can equal the Mine of the Sea, which we have had for hundreds of years and will to the end of time.

STANDARDIZATION.

We must standardize under our own registered brands, and make an effort to get new markets, with modern ideas as to same. Cuba, the pearl of the Antilles or the richest island in the world, I am informed, in the year 1920, purchased 130,000 boxes of codfish of 100 lbs. each, and I have reason to believe that not one hundred boxes of this came from Newfoundland. I may tell you that I will be in Havana in May next and will get a good percentage of that market with a superior article of codfish to the consumer in Cuba, standardized and put up under my own registered brands and guaranteed to the consumer there. I want no Government inspection, as I will stand or fall on my own brands, and I will take my country out of the rut as to its fisheries. If the experience of 33 years count. My next article will be in connection with our herring fisheries.

How Queen Alexandra Came to England.

AND LONDON LOST ITS HEAD.

Only the aged among us have any memory of the coming to England of the Princess Alexandra and the extraordinary impression that event and her marriage to England's future King created in this country. No Royal romance of modern times has so entirely captivated the mass of the people.

Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge, in "Queen Alexandra" (T. Fisher Unwin), gives a description of the scenes that took place in London and the country on the arrival of this remarkably beautiful Princess.

THE GIRL IN WHITE.

When the Royal yacht arrived at Gravesend on March 7th, 1863, the crowd saw a girl, barely nineteen, dressed entirely in white, with a white shawl draped loosely around her shoulders and a little white bonnet on her head. A mighty shout rent the air. The scenes that followed on this and subsequent days seem incredible in these days of well-regulated crowds. As a spectacle the reception was a

sorry affair—the decorations were tawdry and devoid of taste. The Home office, supposed to be responsible for all the details, was in conflict with the municipalities through which the procession was to pass, and they in their turn with one another. There were no troops to line the route, and the police were insufficient. The Lord Mayor and Corporation lingered too long over their lunch at the Guildhall, and so the Royal couple had to wait half an hour at London Bridge in snow and rain, and then only the Lord Mayor managed to reach them.

A BATTLEGROUND.

Eventually a squad of cavalry had to make a way with drawn sabres. From King William Street to the Mansion House was a battle-ground, strewn with hats, caps, bonnets, shoes, crinolines, and the fragments of almost every variety of human attire, male and female, torn from their wearers in the fearful crush. . . . Many were injured, and some past recovery. . . . For a time it seemed as if the spectacle, from which all semblance of order had vanished, would end in some terrible catastrophe. "Above the cheering the shrieks of women were painfully audible, and boys in a pitiable state of terror were seeing a struggle for life." The Princess herself, with her own hands, was seen to rescue the head of a youth which had got entangled in the wheels.

PIERRE LOTI AT THE PALACE.

Mr. Trowbridge quotes from the remarkable account written by Pierre Loti of a visit to Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace. In conversation with the Queen he made embarrassed excuses for attacks he had made on England:—

"Oh," interrupted the Queen, with a trustfulness which touched me more than if she had reproached me, "that belongs to the past. I am sure."

"Yes, madam," I replied, "that belongs to the past." Then I recalled unobtrusively a certain article on Rongoon, about to appear, in which I had bitterly criticized the British occupation of Burma. Mon Dieu! shall I have time to suppress it—at least to tone it down? Oh, the gentleness, the goodness, the rectitude, apparent from the very first moment in this Queen! . . .

After a time which appeared to me very short, but which was almost long for an audience, Her Majesty deigned to ask me if I would like to see the palace. To see it in such company never should I have dared to hope! She rose, and I followed her for a never-to-be-forgotten promenade in

Did you ever try Grape-Nuts? with stewed prunes or peaches?

THERE isn't anything better for breakfast or lunch than a dish of Grape-Nuts, with cream or milk, and stewed prunes or peaches.

This delicious combination gives you the elements of a well-balanced food. For it contains not only the material needed to build tissue and furnish energy, but it also supplies fruit acids, that help keep the system in good order.

Go to your grocer today and order a package of delicious Grape-Nuts. You will find that it will digest more readily than most other cereals, and it will "stay by" you longer—because it's so richly nourishing.

Grape-Nuts for Health "There's a Reason"



Petrol "Divining."

"The experiments which Dr. R. Moineau and M. Regis have long been conducting seem to suggest that day will come when a delicate apparatus, the areas where petrol exists, is a simple matter of laboratory work," says the Times Paris Correspondent. "Already," says a writer in L'Espresso, "the apparatus of M. Regis is functioning at the Puy du Dome, in Clermont-Ferrand region, and been able to detect and delimit petrol areas in Alsace 200 miles from the front."

Next, oil sources were detected in Saxony, Hanover, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Sardinia, Corsica, and Sicily. "The writer gives no particulars of the apparatus beyond an explanation that it is by harnessing the waves that the oil, coal, methane, water, and, indeed, the whole of the terrestrial solid liquid and gaseous composition of any stratum is indicated. X-ray photography plays an important part in the investigations of M. Regis in determining the exact subterranean structure of an area, and suggested that when an oil well has been discovered in some part of the globe all that will be necessary to determine the best place to begin soundings will be to have a series of photographs taken by an aeroplane circling over the area."

Tudor Music Unearthed

This is a great day for English music," said Sir Henry Hadow, Chancellor of Sheffield University, recently. Musicians and scholars must to have a first selection of long buried church music of the 16th century English composers, publication of which, after 300 years, has just been begun by the University Press, subsidized by the Carnegie Trustees.

"The most important musical discovery ever made," Sir H. Hadow says of this Elizabethan music, which all but about 1 per cent. were forgotten from Cromwell's time to the recent revival with which the name of Dr. R. R. Terry and Dr. E. H. Rieu are associated. "If you imagine that the Elizabethan had been lost and now re-discovered it would not be an extraordinary parallel."

Eight pieces were sung at the opening by the sextet of "English voices" (Miss Flora Mann and her friends) from Taverner, who flourished under Henry VIII, to Tomkins, a giant of Worcester Cathedral, who closed the "Golden Age" of Tudor music. These were chosen from the first published batch of 11, which are now on sale at cost price (2nd ed. each).

These separate pieces, in a pocket edition, are forerunners of great quarto volumes which are to appear next year, containing with Byrd (Anglican services and them, from scattered MSS. and books hitherto unknown save to archaeologists) and Taverner.

MOTHER!

Your Child's Bowels Need "California Fig Syrup"



Hurry mother! Even a sick child loves the "fruit" taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful to-day may prevent a sick child to-morrow. It constipates, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good cleansing of the little bowels is often all that is necessary. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

—By Bud Fisher.

Scotland a Vatican.

The election of a new Pope and the many details regarding the Vatican recall the fact, not generally known, that St. Peter's contains the mortal remains of Prince Charlie, his father, James, and his brother Henry, Car-

dinal York, who was the last Prince of the Royal House of Stuart. A monument was erected to them by Pope Pius VII. a century ago. The inscription refers to the old Chevalier as "James III." while the urn containing the remains of Cardinal York bears the title of "Henry IX."

MUTT AND JEFF.

WONDER WHAT MUTT'S WRITING ABOUT TO HIS WIFE?

