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FRED V. CHESMAN,
Edison Dealer, St. John's.

The NEW EDISON "The Phonograph with a Soul"

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

A QUALITY WORTH HAVING.



RUTH CAMERON

Among the many qualities which together blend into that indescribable, intangible tribute called "breeding" is the quality of impersonality. What do I mean by impersonality? Well, suppose I explain, first, by giving an example of the opposite; secondly, by giving an example of the thing itself.

The man-who-thinks was telling about a distinctly ordinary young man who once paid a brief visit to him when he spends his summers.

My Friend and Made up in Public. They didn't get on well with each other," he said, "and they were the people who carry on their affair in public. They fought, reprimanded and made up, again, over the place. It was tremendously amusing at first, but after it got tiresome, and before they were heartily sick of them," he said the opposite of what I mean impersonality.

Here's what I do mean: Not long ago I was brought into close contact with a family during the illness of a child in the death of their little old mother. Though not acquainted friends, we were so closely connected by peculiar circumstances that an hour after she passed away, I had to meet the whole family, might have expected to see them all so tearful, and at any rate they were self-absorbed—as they gave them the right to be.

They Even Smiled.

It is the hallmark of the finest breeding to realize that one is always a right to all one's own. When they appeared, their emotions under perfect command; there were no traces of tears on their faces; they spoke in pleasant, controlled voices. They even smiled!

And, most marvelous of all, the one member on whom the loss fell heaviest, remembered to take her usual gracious interest in the things that she knew were interesting to us.

They Will Not Intrude.

It was one of the finest examples of that high impersonality which simply will not intrude its personal affairs on others, that I ever saw or hope to see.

It takes self-command to achieve this impersonality, and it takes that fine consciousness of others which is the man-who-thinks definition of tact.

Pat's Christmas Gift.

Mrs. Dolan always liked to give her husband a little present at Christmas, and as she had given him a watch, she wished to buy him a chain. But, being short of cash, she didn't know how to get it for him.

However, she thought of her hair and, calling on a hairdresser, offered to sell it to him. He paid her \$5, and with her head close cropped, she returned home with the chain.

When Pat came home he got a fright. She told him her experience, and handed him the chain, with the usual good wishes.

"Isn't that top bad, now?" exclaimed Pat. "Why, I've just pawned the watch to buy you a pair of side combs."

"Stunts" on a Church Spire.

Hundreds of people the other day watched Ager, a well-known steeplejack, climb by means of the lightning conductor on to the top of Godalming Church spire, (London) and remove the handkerchief which a pupil of his had tied to the weathercock in a midnight escapade. Holding on to the weathercock, Ager performed various "stunts" for the entertainment of a crowd of 170 feet below. While descending the spire, Ager slipped some yards but recovered himself at the edge of the spire tower. He was unhurt, and handed the handkerchief to the vicar as a souvenir.

And the Worst is Yet to Come



Lord Morris Lectures on Newfoundland.

The activities of Lord Morris in England may be very well gauged by a report of the Lecture on Newfoundland given by him before the Ipswich Literary Society recently, at the opening of its twenty-third session. After addresses by Mr. A. F. Wootton (Chairman of the Committee) and Sir Rowland Miles, M.P., who introduced a tribute to Newfoundland's part in the Great War, Lord Morris, according to the London Herald, whose report we reprint, addressed the gathering, and at the outset spoke of how the war brought the various parts of the Empire into closer association, and said that, owing to the great Titanic struggle, they had got to know more about each other, and they were all interested in hearing something about the British Empire. That evening he was going to say something about Newfoundland and the beginning of their Empire. Four hundred years ago they had no Empire, except what these islands represented, with a population of about four millions. To-day they had an Empire representing a third of the portion of the whole globe, practically the greatest Empire the world had ever seen, and he was hoping that, by telling them something about the beginning of the Empire, and the first place at which the British flag was flown outside these islands, they would be interested, and when they went away would learn something of the rest of the Empire, and in that way become acquainted with their great inheritance. Fascinating as any romance was the story of the early settlement of Newfoundland, and its share in Empire-making. The lessons of Empire were learned on the shores of Newfoundland. This was the nursery of the colonial conception, the precursor of the American Republic, the Canadian Dominion, the Australian Commonwealth, the South African Confederacy, as well as the lesser colonies, where the civilizing genius of the Anglo-Saxon race, found an outlet for its energies. The discovery and development of Newfoundland was described in a clear and interesting way by Lord Morris, who said that, surprising as it might seem, the nursery of the American nation was the English fishery in Newfoundland. Fully a hundred years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, Newfoundland was the resort of the West Country fishermen. The English flag, hoisted 325 years ago, had never been lowered, for, despite all the vicissitudes of fortune since, the English never lost hold of the island, and its annexation was an impetus to the colonization over seas which had seen the same flag unfurled in every quarter of the globe. Lord Bacon proclaimed that the Newfoundland fisheries were more valuable than all the mines in Peru. Speaking of the rivalry in the old days between England and France for possession, Lord Morris said that by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, the French abandoned the whole of the island to England. Repeatedly afterwards the French arrived for its conquest, until Wolfe's victory at Quebec, which forced the French to abandon the whole of North America. The French rights on the island were extinguished 15 years ago. In 1820 the first resident Governor was appointed, and as recently as 1789 houses erected in St. John's without license were burnt down by order of the magistrate, and not until 1820 was the last of the penal enactments repealed. Lord Salisbury described the island as the sport of historic misfortune, and, so long as Newfoundland was regarded merely as a fishing station, her rights were habitually ignored. A full measure of responsible government was not granted until 1868. Figures and other facts, showing the great progress Newfoundland is now making in industries, were given by Lord Morris, who also stated that the idea that Newfoundland was somewhat near the North Pole, and that it was a place where ice, snow and fog abounded, was most erroneous. In reality, Newfoundland was much less cold than the neighboring provinces of Canada, and in parts of the country the thermometer rarely dropped below zero. The agricultural possibilities of the island were by no means limited. By degrees, the business of husbandry had been extended until now the agricultural products were of the value of a million pounds. Three hundred years ago the first permanent habitation was established. Two centuries ago the occupants did not exceed 4,000. To-day there were 250,000 people in 1,400 settlements. Newfoundland was the only colony in the British Empire occupied entirely by Britons. The advantages and attractions of living in Newfoundland were enumerated, and how the mineral resources of the country are being developed was also explained. As to the attractions for sportsmen and tourists, Lord Morris said these were very great. The natural beauty was of a very high order, and the salubrious summer climate made Newfoundland a delightful recreation ground for the health-seeker. The school system was entirely denominational. Newfoundland was not a province of the Canadian Federation, but an independent dominion, having

no political connection with Canada. Newfoundland was the only dominion of the Empire which maintained, at its own expense, a naval reserve, or branch of the Imperial Naval Establishment. "You cannot lie safely in your beds if Newfoundland is lost," said an impassioned orator in the House of Commons in 1776, and his listeners knew that he spoke the truth. Lord Morris said that though Newfoundland had often been a spot of historical significance, evidently a new era had been entered upon and the extraordinary expansion during the 10 years before the war would be continued in the future. The lecture, illustrated with a number of views, was listened to with keen interest, and Lord Morris was accorded an enthusiastic vote at the close.

Permanencia Makes Trial Trip.

CONCRETE STEAMER LOGGED 8 KNOTS EASILY.

Under adverse weather conditions which gave her critics every opportunity to test her seamanship, the concrete steamer Permanencia, built at North Sydney, and the only ocean-going concrete steamship to be built in this part of the continent, was yesterday given her official trial spin, and proved in every way up to the expectations of her builder and enterprising owners—all local and Sydney men.

The steamer, which was under the command of Capt. Jerry LeBlanc, a native of Margate, pulled out from McKinnon's wharf and sped down the harbor at an 8-knot clip. Calling at Farquhar's wharf, Messrs. Gillard and L. Wayne were taken on board, when the Permanencia headed out to sea. She behaved magnificently, the heavy choppy sea giving every opportunity for those on board to witness the fine sea qualities of the vessel. Mr. Westad, of New York, the guarantee man representing manufacturers of the Bollerup crude oil burning engines, was a constant eye witness in the engine room during the test and was heard to remark to engineer Parity that he never witnessed a more satisfactory test. Although nearly opened out to their full capacity there was scarcely a tremor from the vibration caused by the engines, and considering the fact that the steamer was devoid of any ballast in the afterpart, it seemed to be a little heavy forward, making it all the more pleasing.

Amongst those on board were Mrs. W. N. Macdonald and a number of other ladies, T. S. McArthur, of New York, Lloyd's representative; D. J. Murray, government inspector of boilers, A. G. Ellis, of Ellis & Co., who had the contract for the electrical work; Wm. G. Gillard, designer and builder of the Permanencia; W. K. Macdonald, president of the company owning the craft; H. C. Bailem, secretary; Louis Wayne, a shareholder in the vessel, a North Sydney Herald representative and several other invited guests.

When the Permanencia reached a point well near the entrance of the harbor, where a heavy swell prevailed, the vessel ran into a snowstorm and a very choppy sea, but throughout it all she behaved magnificently. Both owners and officials of the government and Lloyd's were extremely well pleased with the test, which was made under the most adverse weather conditions, and afforded every opportunity of trying the seamanship of the first ocean-going concrete steamer built in this part of the continent.

A feature in connection with the steamer is her crude oil burning engines, which give her more carrying capacity and eliminates the costly day three men were all that was required in the engine room, stokers, etc., being an unknown quantity.

Although it is not definitely decided, the Company expect to send the Permanencia to Newfoundland with a cargo of coal and take a shipment of fish from the latter place to either Boston or Gloucester—North Sydney Herald, Dec. 31.

Cold meat is more appetizing if spiced crabapples or currants accompany.

Will Dearer Coal Mean More Coughs?

With coal so dear, no one wants to light the furnace early in the season, in spite of cold, bleak days. The result is, hundreds have caught cold, and now have bronchial coughs.

If you would just realize it, no man, woman or child needs to endure the misery a day longer. Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture is the one remedy which never fails. It works like magic. Actually one dose brings relief, even in the most obstinate cases, and starts you immediately on the road to health. It has succeeded in cases where every other remedy known to medical science has failed.

Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture is not a syrup, but a scientific mixture with twenty times the healing qualities of other remedies. You don't have to take one more dose. Every bottle is sold under a cash-refund money-back guarantee if it does not stop your cough. Price 75c a bottle.

Sold in St. John's by any of the following druggists, T. McMurdo & Co. Ltd., M. Conors, A. J. Deane, Dr. C. E. Samson, Peter O'Mara, Kavanagh's Drug Store.

Cox Declares He Wants Public to Know the Facts

Relates Experience With Tanlac For the Benefit of Others.

"I want to give a little history of my case just to let the public know what a fine thing Tanlac has been for me," said Arthur Cox, of 185 Oxford St., Halifax, formerly proprietor of the firm known as Arthur Cox & Co., Bootmakers and Shipworkers.

"This fall I was threatened with typhoid fever, and while I managed to ward off the actual disease, still I got in a badly rundown condition. For three weeks I wasn't able to eat a bit of solid food, and just to get live on milk, I had no appetite at all, was weak and worn out, and simply felt miserable.

"My wife suggested that I try Tanlac, and the very first bottle gave my appetite a start, and I was soon eating just anything I wanted without it causing me a bit of distress. I'm on my fourth bottle of the medicine now, have already gained ten pounds in weight, and even feel better than I did before I was ever threatened with fever.

"For years I have been subject to spells with my liver, would have awful pains in my side, and would have to eat dry bread until they left me. However I haven't felt a sign of them since I started on Tanlac, and it looks as if they are gone for good. Yes, Tanlac is certainly a great medicine, and I don't hesitate to give it my highest endorsement."

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

A Disrespectful Dog.

The dog is the friend of man; yet man has had an odd trick, centuries old, of naming his friend for his enemy. Turk and Sultan, Nap (for Napoleon), and Emperor at one time or another have been popular names for dogs, and they are still used. In France, during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, Bismarck became a favorite name for dogs—by no means out of compliment to the founder of modern Germany. The custom had its inconveniences, even its dangers after the invasion began.

It is related in the chronicle of Bismarck's war-time career that at one time, stopping at the cottage of some French peasants he saw an attractive dog and wished to make friends with it. He snapped his fingers and whistled, but the puppy retreated. Bismarck whistled again vaguely, and there was no further consequence.

"That is a promising puppy. What is its name?" There was a terrible silence; then the boy, pale and stammering, said the dog's name was Fido.

"Fido!" Bismarck called sharply, but Fido did not come; moreover, he did not seem to know that he was addressed. The peasants looked more terrified than ever; and the little boy burst into tears. Their fearsome visitor was struck with a sudden suspicion.

"Here, Bismarck!" he cried—and Bismarck came wriggling to his feet. Fortunately, the "man of blood and iron" was in good humor; he burst out laughing and petted the dog, and there were no further consequences.

There are other ways than by the bestowal of an enemy name—ways fairer, too, to a loyal dog—by which it is possible to express national resentment through canine means. The official text of the decision of a German court in Belgium was recently published and translated, in a case concerning a patriotic Belgian and his dog. The document is dated July 4, 1917.

"Henry Smetz, a Belgian citizen, a hotel keeper, was fined two hundred and sixty marks, according to the Imperial decree on measure to be taken against foreigners in case of war, under the date of December 28, 1899, Art. 18, section 2.

"The dog, which was confiscated, is to be set free.

"In case the fine is not paid the accused shall serve one day in prison for each ten marks not paid.

"The accused owns a fox terrier which is trained as follows: 'The accused says to the dog, "What will the Germans have to do when the war is over?"—supplicating motions with his front paws.

"Again, if the accused throws a bit of bread to the dog and says, "That comes from the Germans," the dog looks at it with disfavor, makes no move to take it, doesn't attempt to eat it." As soon, however, as the accused says, "Now you may take the bread," the dog eats it. And, finally, the accused says, "Go to the Reichstag," the dog runs off rapidly.

On Sunday, May 13, twenty persons were present at the house of the accused; they were all seated on the terrace; the accused was in the company of three customers. The accused had the dog go through the tricks described above for the benefit of the three customers, and when the Belgians saw what the dog was doing they began to laugh.

"The fine must be paid within ten days to the official cashier.

"(Signed) Kurt, Governor.

"Dr. Bohm, chairman of inquiry," Excellent Henri Smetz and his

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and
What's Put in the Soap Comes Out in the Clothes.

The use of impure soap is ruinous to clothes and hands, therefore insist on having

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HARBOR GRACE.

Jan 3/21

clever fox terrier! It is but one instance more of that gallant and ingenious Belgian gaiety that has captivated the world's admiration.

Ring Finger Fashion.

A new fashion in regard to the wedding ring is the latest novelty in London.

It seems that the ring is in danger of losing its exclusive right to the fourth finger of the left hand. According to sentimentalists, this finger was chosen because of its more direct connection with the heart, but many of the young wives to-day are showing little respect for this ring lore.

As regards the wedding ceremony itself, nothing can influence the place of the fourth finger for the ring, but it seems that some women, as soon as the ceremony is over, are not at all particular as to the hand which carries the ring. Lady Diana Cooper is one who wears her wedding ring where she likes, and it is to be found on her right hand as often as on the left.

Why this departure? As a well-known rector says: "Everybody has to be a little different from everybody else, and tradition and custom have come to mean something to be broken to the modern young person."

Another departure from custom, and one which may have some influence on the finger change, is the popularity of the jewelled ring.

According to a member of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, brides are choosing diamonds and platinum hoops and other variations from the orthodox plain gold band. A jewelled ring does not look so out of place on the wrong finger as a plain gold band would.

How far the change will become popular remains to be seen.

Flat Head Incapable of Love.

"Any person whose head is flat at the back is incapable of love," says Orlando Miller, president of the International Society of Applied Psychology, in his lectures on "How to Grow Brains." According to Dr. Miller, if a person's head is so constructed that a coin placed at the crown of the head would slide down the neck, such person can't know the meaning of love.

A necessary section of the brain is wanting, Dr. Miller holds out hope for the unfortunate individual. He says that through scientific exercise it is possible to grow the missing section of the brain containing the cells of love. "The man who specializes in one direction to the exclusion of others he is not drawing enough blood to his brain to nourish it," Dr. Miller said. "By the same token, it requires more mental acumen to become a prizefighter than to become a preacher, for the work of the athlete uses more sections of the brain than are used by the scholar. Continually give your mind the suggestion of opulence and you will draw toward you the things which make for prosperity. The same is true of health, happiness and peace."

High goblets are being used for coffee. When preparing oysters, dry them on cheesecloth.

Ladies Let Cuticura Keep Your Skin Fresh and Young

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