

Have you tried
whipping
JELL-O?
If not, try this.
Cherry Whip.

Dissolve a package of Cherry Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. When cold, but not yet congealing, whip to consistency of whipped cream. Pile into a glass dish or serve in individual glasses with whipped cream or custard sauce.

To whip Jell-O successfully, use a Ladd or Dover egg-beater and a dish rather deep but not large. When Jell-O has become cold and is still liquid set the dish in a pan of ice water or very cold water and whip until Jell-O is of consistency of whipped cream.

F. M. O'LEARY, Distributor
Muir Bldg., St. John's

dec29,31,jan2-(news)dec30,jan1,3

**IDEAL GIFT
for
XMAS**

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Penman
All Hair
Chesterfield**

A. M. Penman Co.

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**At This
Joyous Season**

our thoughts go out gratefully
to all those who, by the good-
will and patronage, have made
possible

Our Progress,
we extend our heartiest thanks,
and wish you all Happiness
and Prosperity throughout the
New Year.

BonMarché
WATER STREET ST. JOHN'S

dec30,31

Forty-Five Years in the Service of
the Public—The Evening Telegram.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THANK GOD FOR DEPENDABLE FOLKS.



Thank God for people we can depend upon absolutely and surely short of battle, murder and sudden death, to what they promise to do."

My neighbor hung up the telephone and turned to greet me with those words. "I've been calling up to get some cake for our cake table at the bazaar," she explained, "and I've just been talking with Eleanor Gale. She has promised me three dozen little cakes for the first day, and knowing Eleanor I know that's the end of it. See, I marked off her name."

"Don't you always cross off a name when you get a promise?" I drew her out.

Three Dozen Cakes Are Sure.

"Deed I don't," she asserted, "most of them I have to call up and remind two or three days before; and there are some I can't be sure of even then. But Eleanor! If Eleanor says she will deliver three dozen cakes on the first day of the sale, I know she will be there early on the first day with three dozen perfectly lovely cakes."

"Eleanor can't always do as much as some of the others. She hasn't either the money or the time, but what she promises to do she can be depended upon to do. Don't ask me how she manages it. She has three children and a lot to do, but I never knew her to fail or be late with anything yet. Her more I see of people the more I think it's temperament and not circumstances that makes the big difference in those things."

Satisfied With A Good Excuse.

"Now there's Mrs. Grant, she has

only one child and not half so much to do as Eleanor and sometimes she will come through with a tremendous lot of help."

"But then again you depend upon her, and at the last minute she comes through with a perfectly good excuse instead of the help. I think the trouble with Mrs. Grant is that she is just as satisfied with herself if she turns in a good excuse as she is if she turns in the help she promised."

"Last month Mrs. Grant promised to address 500 envelopes for me in regard to our big rally and like a fool I depended on her and didn't call her up to see if she was all right. And the day before they were to go out, she called up to say that that day was the day she had set aside to do those addresses and John had come home sick with a terrible cough and she was frightfully worried and knew I'd understand. Of course I understand. I knew how it would be if it was Jim; I'd be rushing around doing a thousand things, and the envelopes would have to go. But what I didn't understand was why she had to set aside the last day. Of course I didn't say that. One doesn't. But I am glad there are some people like Eleanor Gale on my committee."

Not Careless Promisers.

I fancy the Eleanor Gales are pretty popular on all committees. More people want them than can get them, for as a rule they are not careless promisers. They can't be. Careless promising and sure fire performance don't go together.

The Eleanor Gales don't promise more than they can do (a thing which of itself requires strength of character) and then they set themselves to do it, and do it, as my neighbor puts it, "short of battle, murder or sudden death."

Greenland "Calves"

The sea, like the land, has its cattle plague.

Winter days of clammy fog and nights of bad visibility bring an ever-recurring worry to the commanders of liners plying through the western waters of the northern Atlantic, on their way to New York and the Canadian ports. The monstrous Greenland calves are lying in wait for them.

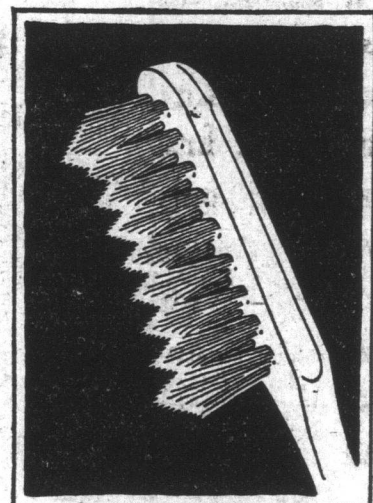
Practically all the icebergs that come drifting down into the northern liner lanes are broken-off chunks of the great glacier that overlies West Greenland. Slowly but steadily, the ice-sheet "grows" downward toward the coast, a few feet a year, until it stretches over the edge of the cliff and thrusts a sagging edge downward into the sea. Water is yielding, but it has the iron hand in the velvet glove. The tension increases. The sea cannot bend a sheet of ice two or three hundred feet thick; but eventually the immense buoyant upthrust of the water breaks it. With a rending crack and a dull roar, like a lightning strike and its crash of thunder, a quarter of a mile of "coast" breaks away. And up in the Eskimo and Danish settlements, ten miles inland, men glance up from their toil and say, with a smile: "Another calf!" Greenland calves the men of the sea call them along through the Davis Strait and out into the Atlantic, past Newfoundland.

Only a few of the calves survive the slow and hazard-fraught journey down to the liner lanes. On a good day when they have a stiff wind behind them they may make 30 miles, borne along by the Labrador current. They generally make nearer ten. Contrary winds and erratic currents sometimes push them all the way back to Greenland when they have had plain sailing all the way down to Cape Race. If luck favours a calf he can get down to the lanes in three months. But the trip may take him years. He may ground on a reef or shoal for a year or two. The iron crags of the cliffs of Labrador lie in wait for him; a gale from the north-east drives in all the calves from hundreds of square miles of sea pasture—and smashes them to bits there. And all the time they are slowly dissolving. Gulleys of sun-melted water, through long weeks of hot summer weather, are steadily eating their way into the mass of the berg, cutting crevasses and ravines that will split it asunder under the strain of the next gale. Then there will probably be a capsize, as the centre of gravity alters; and, if you are steaming near-by, you may see the birth of a blue calf. Up, out of the ocean depths, with pondful and reservoirs of foaming waters cascading off its hills and valleys, heaves a mass of beautiful blue bottom ice, hard and transparent as glass, for it had underlain the fretted, sullied white surface on which the affairs of Greenlanders had taken their course.

The landlubber rarely guesses correctly the size of an iceberg. It is not at all easy, for there is nothing else where, on the horizon to use as a measuring-stick. It is much bigger than you think. It may well be an island a quarter of a mile long and a couple of hundred yards broad, with cliffs sheer for 100ft., and spires and pinnacles as high again, based on

hills that rise high above the brink of the cliff. Some are much bigger and the height of some floating monsters in the Arctic has been ascertained, with accurate surveying instruments, to be nearly 1,500 feet!

A very prevalent error, even among seamen, when estimating the size of a berg, is to consider that its depth under water must be many times its height above water. The "one-eighth



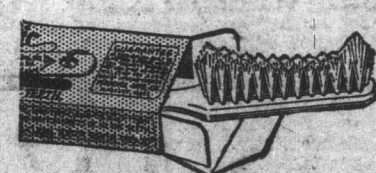
**A small size
for those whose
need is great**

Diphtheria, scarlet fever—the so-called diseases of childhood—are not diseases of childhood alone. Growing children are more subject to disease than their elders because they are more susceptible to germs. The same is true of their teeth. Children's teeth need attention early and often.

The Small Size Prophy-lactic Tooth Brush is especially suitable for boys and girls. It has all the famous Prophy-lactic features—saw-tooth bristles, large end tuft, curved shape, and others. It reaches all teeth, and clears the germs of decay out of every crevice. Contagious diseases are not wholly preventable. Toothache is, when you teach your child the Prophy-lactic habit early.

AT ALL DEALERS

Charles S. Doyle
Distributor



"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

**Prophy-lactic
Tooth Brush**
Always Sold in the Yellow Box

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above water" formula concerns bulk, not mere height. A slender spire 300 feet high may be based on a broad submerged mass merely 50 feet thick. The little calves, which seem call growlers, are really far more dangerous than the big fellows, for, like derelict water-logged schooners, they lie almost flush with the surface. It is really miraculous that there are not frequent disasters, when you think of these egg-shell cities of sleeping men phlegmatically driving ahead night after night through misty waters in which lurk these lumps of ice as big as houses. They have been spotted further south than Philadelphia.

On clear nights a sort of faint radiance that we call "ice blink" betrays the position of a big berg before it is actually seen. This is a halo of reflected starlight thrown off by the white ice. If it is a "dark berg," however—that is to say, a berg on which what faint light reaches it comes from a rift in the clouds on its opposite side to us—we get no "blink." In fog it looms dark, when first seen, like any frowning cliff of black basalt. The rebounding echo of the siren gives a clue to the trained ear, as does the presence of a large number of birds to the trained eye. Warning generally comes by wireless, however. No sooner is a berg spotted in the well-frequented North Atlantic liner lanes than the air is full of electrical clamour. In half-an-hour every vessel for a thousand miles knows all about it.

The American Navy maintains a more or less regular iceberg patrol, as an auxiliary precaution. But no longer, I think, are laudable efforts made to destroy Greenland's dangerous calves by gunfire. After the Titanic disaster cruisers were sent out to test the efficacy of this form of reprisal. The officers of the Chester told me, on their return to Philadelphia, that it had been great fun, and provided a lot of good clean ready-made chips for cooling the ward-room cocktails, but that you might as well send against Jack Johnson a kid with a 10 cent fly-swatter as attempt to knock out icebergs with big naval guns.

By night the Greenland calf is a dangerous menace. By day it can be one of the most beautiful sights in the world, a spectacle reminding one of the brilliant white loveliness of the Taj Mahal.

Best I like to see it looming up between leaden heavens and a leaden sea, with a clean cut shaft of sunshine slanting down on its glittering whiteness from a gap in the driving clouds. It looks as unreal as any pin-nacled castle in a fairy tale. But what stability for a fairy vision—what enviable stability! Here is our 20,000-ton liner, pitching heavily—now bows down, now bows up—in the beginnings of a patch of dirty weather that is blowing down from the north-east, but yonder dreaming fairy castle holds itself utterly aloof from such distracting annoyances. Solid, massive, heavy, its foundations go down, down into the depths for hundreds of feet. Firm it stands among this fuss of disturbed surface waters as any island really rooted to Mother Earth.

Delectable Calf of Greenland! How we envy your sublime equilibrium as we stagger down below to the shared kennel that they humorously designate our state room!—BASSETT DIGBY in The Empire Review.

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WALT MASON

I walked with James B. Graves beside the solemn sea; I said to him: "These waves seem wonderful to me. When I behold the deep I feel a humble skate; emotions through me sweep too gorgeous to relate. The mystery, the might, the glory of the sea! Who would not feel delight on viewing it, James B.? Here where we stand it roars, it murmurs and it sighs; and on far distant shores it croons to other guys; it triumphs in its caves, in loud triumphant tone; I tell you, Mr. Graves, it's in a class alone." "Those mighty billows bold," said James, "in vulgar taste, 'a million tons of gold, which riches go to waste. Fair Science yet will lend her aid, I have no doubt, to stand the sea on end and get the gold dust out. Whoever pulls that trick will corner the doubloons; our plutes will all look sick, and feel like musty prunes. The sea I sadly scan. I view it while it raves, and wonder how I can commercialize its waves. It breaks my heart to know that in its footfall haste it's loaded down with dough, all doomed to go to waste." "Am glad that I can view the ocean and rejoice, survey its league of blue, and hear its noble voice, and feel no yearnings weird to pump the old pond dry and comb from Neptune's beard the coins that in it lie."

WIND'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

**Happy New Year
to our Many Friends**



It is always our aim to develop the closest possible contact between our firm and its customers and to merit always your confidence and goodwill, and we would like you to feel free to communicate with us at any time that you may feel that it will serve our mutual interests.

At this season of the year, when people put aside business cares and think mostly of friendships old and new, home ties and other things in life that really matter, we send you this greeting of cheer and goodwill, and wish you all happiness and prosperity for the coming year.



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dec30,31

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