

VITAL STATISTICS.

City of St. John's, Within the Limits.

Total number of Births for month of December	190
Total number of Deaths for month of December 1920	61
Deaths under one month	6
CAUSE.	
Bronchitis	1
Congestive Pneumonia	2
Congenital Debility	2
Diarrhoea	6
Deaths under one year	7
CAUSE.	
Convulsions	2
Acute Bronchitis	1
Broncho-Pneumonia	3
Congenital Debility	1
Deaths from one to five years	13
CAUSE.	
Croup	1
Tetany	1
Chronic Bronchitis	1
Broncho-Pneumonia	5
Pneumonia	2
Enteritis	1
Marasmus	1
Monthly Comparative Statement.	
Total number of Births for month of December	1919 1920
Total number of Deaths for month of December	106 100
Deaths under one month	61 61
Deaths under one year	5 7
Deaths from one to five years	4 13
Deaths from five years and over	2 38
Yearly Comparative Statement.	
Total number of Births	1918 1919 1920
Total number of Deaths	901 1236 1230
Deaths per 1000 population	836 631 697
Pulmonary Tuberculosis.	
Total Deaths	101 58 64
Deaths per 1000 population	2.96 1.67 1.81
Infantile Mortality.	
Total Deaths under one year	137 141 180
Deaths per 1000 Births	162.05 114.07 146.34
Total Deaths from one to five years	90 46 72
Deaths per 1000 Births	89.88 37.21 58.53

The Gentle Art of Snowshoeing.

I didn't want to do it, but Smithers was persistent. He told me that I did not know what "true blues" was until I had tried it, that it was the most exhilarating sport in existence, and that it was the easiest thing in the world to do anyway.

Against his pleading I could do nothing, and as he offered to lend me the accessories, I had no excuse left. When that of the expense incurred, and had to consent. And so it was arranged that the following afternoon I should go snowshoeing with Smithers. Punctually at three-thirty the following day I presented myself at Smithers' place. There, to my intense dismay, I also discovered that a dozen others, all arranged in the costume in which convention says that snowshoeing must be done. And amongst the crowd were several of the oppositely (I say supposedly with me) weaker sex and by the way I greeted my arrival I saw that I was to be the means of providing an evening's amusement for them. Smithers soon appeared and provided me with a pair of moccasins. I tied them on. I might say here that I had a modest seven and a half inches, whose feet, by the way, the biggest part of him, takes an inch. At least, so he says, but after the fact he gave me I came to the conclusion that he had certainly exaggerated. I then realized why there was so little in his head. In the fact that I put on two pairs of thick wool stockings, which were still about three inches the toe of the moccasins which my friend refused to fill. Smithers then

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said, "we had better start," so we all went outside, I flapping my toes, feeling rather foolish, and evidently giving a splendid representation of the Charlie Chaplin walk judging by the giggling and vainly suppressed laughter which I could hear about me. I fear that my face was by that time the color of a very red beet, and I began consulting Smithers under my breath, of course, to a place where he need never worry about the coal supply giving out. When they got outside the door everybody started to put on their snowshoes so I followed suit. After examining the peculiar "shoes" which Smithers had given me, I put them on, or rather, put my feet in them, in what I thought was the most natural way. Just as I was congratulating myself on having got over that unpleasant business, I heard a roar of laughter which made my face take on the appearance of a ripe tomato. "I say, you know, you've put them on upside down, old bean," said a voice. I only call it a "voice." It wasn't really, but then, it would be asking too much of my readers to go into a description of the thing Smithers possesses, instead of a voice. Amidst the laughter of the crowd, I at last managed to put my snowshoes on right, but in lacing them on, the strings broke. I said something. Three of the girls said "ouch!" One fainted on the spot. At last, however, I got the rotten things fastened on, and the whole party set out with Smithers in the van. I took a forward step, and next thing I knew I was supporting myself by means of my two arms, both of which were buried to the armpits in snow. I managed, however, to recover my balance and then stepped off, keeping my legs wide apart for fear that one snowshoe would collide with the other. "I say, y'know," (that's the way Smithers always begins to talk), "are you trying to understand the Colossus or is that your natural way of walking?" This time, fortunately, (although what it cost me in self-control can never be guessed) I remembered there were ladies present. "Just do as I do, lift your toes and let your heels go loose. It's really simple y'know." I tried to follow his advice. Thanks, however, to those cursed moccasins, my feet slipped from out the loop at the psychological moment. We were just going down a steep slope at the time. I felt the ground giving way before me. One arm shot around the neck of one of the young ladies, the other, or the elbow of it, took Smithers in the eye, (at least, I think it was Smithers, judging by the yell), and then I found myself going head first into a bank of soft snow. As soon as I recovered my breath and was able to speak again, the snow in my immediate vic-

inity began to melt. After all the spectators had recovered from the shock, a general rush was made to my rescue, and I was helped to my feet again, my snowshoes were replaced, and off we went once more. This time I lagged so much behind, that the others simply had to forge ahead of me. Uphill and down dale they led me until finally Smithers, who was in the van, made to cross a field, to enter which we had to get over a fence. There was a notice on the outside which was covered with snow and ice and unfortunately was not read what it said. The others, who were far in advance of me were crossing the fence on the other side when I had about reached the halfway line. Suddenly I heard a shout. I looked around, about thirty yards away from me I saw a huge bull and, evidently attracted by my brilliant crimson scarf, he was making straight in my direction. I waited to see no more, but made a terrific effort to reach the other side of the field. Unfortunately I had forgotten that I had snowshoes on. I soon remembered it! My feet shot up in the air and my head went down in the snow. Luckily the jerk had caused my snowshoes to come off. I picked them up and bolted for dear life. Just as I thought I was safe, however, I felt a crash—I was flying through mid air—then I went to sleep. When I came to, I discovered that one of the snowshoes was decorating my neck and the other surrounded my left arm. I sat up and blinked. Then I heard those dreadful accents, "I say, y'know, old chap, are you hurt?" As calmly as I could I removed the remains of the snowshoes from the portions of my anatomy which they engirdled and laid them at the feet of my tormentor. Then, staggering to my feet, I stalked off in as dignified a manner as my over large moccasins would permit. Needless to say, Smithers and I are not now on speaking terms. A friend of mine who was a witness of my attempt to snowshoe says I might get on to it in time. What a hope!

QUOTH THE RAVEN.

ried May Golet, daughter of Ogdon Golet.

It's going to be a mild winter, according to Peter Zellus, of Staten Island, N.Y. "The bull frogs in the pond near my home make the night melodious with their croakings and their dulcet notes," Zellus says. "If the winter were to be severe, they would be embedded in the mud at the latter part of September, and would not croak again until Spring."

The actions of a pointer dog resulted in the rescue of his master, Jacob Molinski from probable drowning in a swamp near his home at Worcester, Mass. Policeman Thomas J. Monroe, who is ambulance attendant in the Police Department, was answering a call near the swamp. The dog ran up to Policeman Monroe, then ran toward the swamp and pointed, repeating this a second time when the policeman paid no attention. Policeman Monroe followed the dog and found Molinski lying on his back and the oar and water gradually covering him as he slowly settled into it. He had been taken ill on his way home and had fallen unconscious. Policeman Monroe revived him and took him home.

More than sixty-two million Dutch florins have been paid to former Emperor William of Germany as King of Prussia by the Prussian government since he fled to Holland, according to an official statement made to the legal committee of the Prussian Assembly, recently, says a London Times despatch from Berlin. The former Emperor also received money for the building of his house at Doorn, while various sums were paid to Count Beninck, owner of Beninck Castle, where the one-time monarch first made his residence in Holland. The despatch adds that full allowances also have been made to the former Royal Princess. The Dutch florin in normal times was valued at about 40% cents Canadian money.

Beetles With Nine Lives.

A car owner had trouble with the oil gauge of his car. After tinkering with it for a month, he got a mechanic to work and the latter, blowing through the oil pipe, forced out what at first looked like a blob of oil, but which proved to be a beetle. The beetle was still alive, and after being placed in the sun recovered.

Flies have been drowned in wine and kept in the wine for days. Yet when rescued, and dried in the sun, they have come to life, again and flown away.

Queer creatures, insects. Most people imagine that they live for a few weeks only, or at best for a summer, but not a bit of it. A pet flea has lived for six years, while the big red and green insect known as the seventeen year locust resides underground in the grub-stage for seventeen years before changing to the perfect insect.

An earwig after being beheaded will go on moving for as much as eleven days, and a cricket for no less than thirteen days. An ant, kept under water for fifty hours has been resurrected by warmth, although when taken out of the water it was apparently dead.

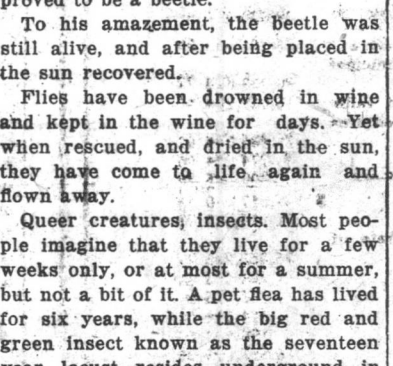
Here is a story perfectly true, yet on the face of it sounding like a fairy tale. In January, 1908, workmen were cutting up a block of Bath stone at Exeter. In the centre of the stone was a cavity. In this cavity were a couple of dozen bees. To the amazement of the men these bees showed signs of life, and gradually revived, and within a few hours several were able to fly.

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Jan 4, 5, Feb 8, 9, 10, Mar 7, 8

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Items of Interest.

J. W. Patterson, reputed to be the tallest man in the United States, died of Bright's Disease last Sunday night, at his home in Bloomsburg, Texas. He was seven feet, five inches tall.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Jose Collins, the musical comedy actress, and Lord Alastair Robert Innes-Ker. The ceremony took place privately in London several days ago. The groom is the brother of the Duke of Roxburgh, who in 1908 mar-

—And the Worst is Yet to Come



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Editor Evening Telegram

Dear Sir,—On behalf of the relatives and friends of the crew of the steamer "Euphrates," and personally, we cannot let this opportunity pass without thanking Sir John Crosbie and Mr. W. H. Cave, Minister of Shipping, for the assistance given during the time the steamer was missing.

Sir John Crosbie on being informed of the plight of the "Euphrates" generously despatched, free of charge, the tug "D. P. Ingraham" to do whatever was possible in locating her, and offered to do all in his power to help those in distress aboard the ship.

Likewise Mr. W. H. Cave was very attentive to every call made upon him in connection with the "Euphrates" and the prompt arrangements made by him to notify the families of the crew that they had been rescued, no doubt, been appreciated by all concerned. Thanking you for space.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE NEAL, Limited,
WM. R. NEAL, Director.
Agents St. John's, Bell Island, S.S. Co., Ltd., Jan. 3rd, 1921.

LEWELLYN CLUB.—There will be a smoker and concert by the Club on Thursday night in Canon Wood Hall, commencing at 8 o'clock. Refreshments will be served after the concert. The usual good time awaits you. Come and bring a friend.

A SNAP

IN

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EMPIRE HALL (formerly Blue Puffin Hall), at Gower Street and King's Road, may be hired for small dances or meetings. Rates: Evenings \$13 up. Afternoons \$8. Apply W. F. POWER, Manager. Jan 2, 1921

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