



RULES FOR Making Cod Liver Oil For the Guidance of Manu- facturers

- 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 shut 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 oiler 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 upwards	

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
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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

CHAPTER III.

The same August sun which had gone down behind the waste of waters glimmered redly upon the broad face of the old clock over that ivy-covered archway which leads into the gardens of Audley Court.

A fierce and crimson sunset. The mullioned windows and twinkling lattices are all ablaze with the red glory; the fading light flickers upon the leaves of the limes in the long avenue, and changes the still fishpond into a sheet of burnished copper; even into those dim recesses of brier and brushwood, amidst which the old well is hidden, the crimson brightness penetrates in fitful flashes till the dank weeds and the rusty iron wheel and broken woodwork seem as if they were flecked with blood.

The lowing of a cow in the quiet meadows, the splash of a trout in the fish-pond, the last notes of a tired bird, the creaking of wagon-wheels upon the distant road, every now and then breaking the evening silence, only mad the stillness of the place seem more intense. It was almost oppressive, this twilight stillness. The very repose of the place grew painful from its intensity, and you felt as if a corpse must be lying somewhere within that gray and ivy-colored pile of building—so deathlike was the tranquillity of all around.

As the clock over the archway struck eight, a door at the back of the house was softly opened, and a girl came out into the gardens.

But even the presence of a human being scarcely broke the silence; for the girl crept slowly over the thick grass, and gliding into the avenue by the side of the fish-pond, disappeared in the rich shelter of the limes.

She was not, perhaps, positively a pretty girl; but her appearance was of that order which is commonly called interesting. Interesting, it may be, because in the pale face and light gray eyes, the small features and compressed lips, there was something which hinted at a power of repression and self-control not common in a woman of nineteen or twenty. She might have been pretty, I think, but for the one fault in her small oval face. This fault was an absence of color. Not one tinge of crimson flushed in the waxen whiteness of her cheeks; not one shadow of brown redeemed the pale insipidity of her eyebrows and eyelashes; not on glimmer of gold or auburn relieved the dull flaxen of her hair. Even her dress was spoiled by this same deficiency. The pale lavender muslin faded into a sickly gray, and the ribbon knotted round her throat melted into the same neutral hue.

Her figure was slim and fragile, and in spite of her humble dress, she had something of the grace and carriage of a gentlewoman, but she was only a simple country girl, called Phoebe Marks, who had been nursemaid in Mr. Dawson's family, and whom Lady Audley had chosen for her maid after her marriage with Sir Michael.

Of course, this was a wonderful piece of good fortune for Phoebe, who found her wages trebled and her work lightened in the well-ordered household at the Court; and who was therefore quite as much the object of envy among her particular friends as my lady herself to higher circles.

A man, who was sitting on the broken wood-work of the well, started as the lady's maid came out of the dim shade of the limes and stood before him among the weeds and brushwood.

I have said before that this was a neglected spot; it lay in the midst of a low shrubbery, hidden away from the rest of the gardens, and only visible from the garret windows at the back of the west wing.

"Why, Phoebe," said the man, shutting a clasp-knife with which he had been stripping the bark from a blackthorn stake, "you came upon me so till and sudden, that I thought you was an evil spirit. I've come across through the fields, and come in here at the gate agen the moat, and I was taking a rest before I came up to the house to ask if you was come back."

"I can see well from my bedroom window, Luke," Phoebe answered pointing to an open lattice in one of the gables. "I saw you sitting here, and came down to have a chat; it's better talking out here than in the house, where there's always somebody listening."

The man was a big, broad-shouldered stupid-looking eld-hopper of about twenty-three years of age. His dark red hair grew low upon his forehead, and his bushy brows met over a pair of greenish gray eyes; his nose was large and well-shaped, but the mouth was coarse in form and animal

in expression. Rosy-checked, red-haired, and bull-necked, he was not unlike one of the stout oxen grazing in the meadows round about the Court.

The girl seated herself lightly upon the wood-work at his side, and put one of her hands which, had grown white in her new and easy service, about his thick neck.

"Are you glad to see me, Luke?" she asked.

"Of course I'm glad, lass," he answered, broosily, opening his knife again, and scraping away at the hedge-stake.

They were first cousins, and had been play-fellows in child-hood, and sweethearts in early youth.

"You don't seem much as if you were glad," said the girl; "you might look at me, Luke, and tell me if you think my journey has improved me."

"It ain't put any color in your cheeks girl," he said, glancing up at her from under his lowering eyebrows; "you're every bit as white as you was when you went away."

"But they say that traveling makes people genteel, Luke. I've been on the Continent with my lady, through all manner of curious places; and you know, when I was a child, Squire Horton's daughters taught me to speak a little French, and I found it so nice to be able to talk to the people abroad."

"Genteel!" cried Luke Marks, with a hoarse laugh; "who wants you to be genteel, I wonder? Not me, for one; when you're my wife you won't have overmuch time for gentility, my girl. French, too! Dang me, Phoebe, I suppose when we've saved money enough between us to buy a bit of a farm, you'll be parleyvoing to the cows?"

She bit her lip as her lover spoke, and looked away. He went on cutting and chopping at a rude handle he was fashioning to the stake, whistling softly to himself all the while, and not once looking at his cousin.

For some time they were silent, but by-and-by she said, with her face still turned away from her companion.

"What a fine thing it is for Miss Garham that was, to travel with her maid and her courier, and her chariot and four, and a husband that thinks there isn't one spot upon all the earth that's good enough for her to set her foot upon!"

"Ay, it is a fine thing, Phoebe, to have lots of money," answered Luke, "and I hope you'll be warned by that, my lass, to save up your wages agin we get married."

"Why, what was she in Mr. Dawson's house only three months ago?" continued the girl, as if she had not heard her cousin's speech. "What was she but a servant like me? Taking wages and working for them as hard, or harder than I did. You should have seen her shabby clothes, Luke—worn and patched, and darned and turned and twisted, yet always looking nice upon her somehow. She gives me more as ladies maid here than ever she got from Mr. Dawson then. Why, I've seen her come out of the parlor with a few sovereigns and a

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little silver in her hand, that master had just given her for her quarter's salary; and now look at her!"

"Never you mind her," said Luke; "take care of yourself, Phoebe; that's all you've got to do. What should you say to a public-house for you and me, by-and-by, my girl? There's a deal of money to be made out of a public-house."

The girl still sat with her face averted from her lover, her hands hanging listlessly in her lap, and her pale gray eyes fixed upon the last low streak of crimson dying out behind the trunks of the trees.

"You should have seen her while we were abroad, with a crowd of gentlemen hanging about her; Sir Michael not jealous of them, only proud to see her so much admired. You should have heard her laugh and talk with them; throwing all their compliments and fine speeches back at them, as it were, as if they had been pelting her with roses. She set everybody mad about her, wherever she went. Her singing, her playing, her painting, her dancing, her beautiful smile, and sunshiny ringlets! She was always the talk of the place, as long as we stayed in it."

"Is she at home to-night?"

"No; she has gone out with Sir Michael to a dinner party at the Beeches. They've seven or eight miles to drive, and they won't be back till after eleven."

"Then I'll tell you what, Phoebe if the inside of the house is so mighty fine, I should like to have a look at it."

"You shall, then. Mrs. Barton, the housekeeper, knows you by sight, and she can't object to my showing you some of the best rooms."

It was almost dark when the cousins left the shrubbery and walked slowly to the house. The door by which they entered led into the servants' hall, on one side of which was the house-keeper's room. Phoebe Marks stopped a moment to ask the housekeeper if she might take her cousin through some of the rooms, and having received permission to do so, lighted a candle at the lamp in the hall, and beckoned to Luke to follow her into the other part of the house.

The long, black oak corridors were dim in the ghostly twilight—the light carried by Phoebe looking only a poor speck in the broad passages through which the girl led her cousin. Luke looked suspiciously over his shoulder now and then, half-frightened by the creaking of his own hobnailed boots.

"It's a mortal dull place, Phoebe," he said as they emerged from a passage into the principle hall, which was not yet lighted; "I've heard tell of a murder that was done here in old times."

"There are murders enough in these times, as to that, Luke," answered the girl, ascending the staircase, followed by the young man.

She led the way through a great drawing-room rich in satin and ormolu, built and inlaid cabinets, bronzes, canoes, statuettes, and trinkets, that glistened in the dusky light; then through a morning room, hung with proof engravings of valuable pictures; through this into an ante-chamber, where she stopped, holding the light above her head.

The young man stared about him, open-mouthed and open-eyed.

"It's a rare fine place," he said, "and must have cost a heap of money."

"Look at the pictures on the walls," said Phoebe, glancing at the panels of the octagonal chamber, which were hung with Claudes and Poussins, Wouvermans and Cymps. "I've heard that those alone are worth a fortune. This is the entrance to my lady's apartments, Miss Graham that was."

She lifted a heavy green cloth curtain which hung across a doorway, and led the astonished countryman into a fairy like boudoir, and thence to a dressing room, in which the open doors of a wardrobe and a heap of dresses flung about a sofa showed that it still remained exactly as its occupants had left it.

"I've got all these things to put away before my lady comes home, Luke; you might sit down here while I do it, I shan't be long."

Her cousin looked around in gawky embarrassment, bewildered by the splendor of the room; and after some deliberation selected the most substantial of the chairs, on the extreme edge of which he carefully seated himself.

"I wish I could show you the Jewels, Luke," said the girl; "but I can't for she always keeps the keys herself; that's the case on the dressing table there."

"What, that?" cried Luke, staring at the massive walnut-wood and brass inlaid casket. "Why, that's big enough to hold every bit of clothes I've got!"

(To be continued.)

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