



A Visit to the Royal Mint.

A visit to the Royal Mint is interesting if only to see the Royal Minters, who are a fine set of men with a greater proportion of handsome heads among them than in any other assembly that I remember.

Not so long since I was led through the Royal Mint by the Deputy Master himself, who did what was possible, above the din of minting, to instruct me in its mysteries, but I recollect little save two crystal facts. One was that the men had not only fine heads, and for the most part fine hair and moustaches, but a fine frank bearing; and the others, that there are machines in this place which are practically human. The linotype had hitherto seemed to me, who have seen little in this way, the most drastically capable of all metal intelligences; but I don't know that it is really in advance of the gently reasonable creatures here that turn out hundreds of threepenny pieces a minute, and are equally willing to turn out shillings, half-crowns and sovereigns; while there is a strange sprawling monster also here whose life is spent in counting pennies into bags, and who can safely be left to do this with perfect accuracy all day long which is more than any accountant, however chartered, could be.

But how the Royal Mint managed to supply England with sufficient coins before machinery came in, I cannot imagine. There are astonishing contrasts in the machines, too! for while one of them will brutally and noisily bite thick strips of bronze as though they were biscuits, another in almost complete silence is weighing coins with the utmost delicacy, some score to the minute, and discarding into separate compartments any that are the faintest trifle too light or too heavy, and not a soul near it to interfere.

A visit to the Royal Mint is so like a dip into the Arabian Nights that anyone may be pardoned for bringing away only hazy impressions. You see the whole thing exactly as in the stories, not only the Eastern "Aladdin," but the European "Tinder Box," where the soldier passed from the room filled with coppers to the room filled with silver, and from the room filled with silver, to the room filled with gold. The only thing that you do not see at the Mint is the room filled with paper notes; but that is no loss. Who wants paper? Metal is the stuff.

So far as my memory serves me, we entered first a room packed with ingots. Have you ever seen an ingot? There is something in the very word that brings romance about you. Ingots and doubloons and pieces of eight. Well, here are ingots; great lumps of silver and bronze piled on trestles to be wheeled into the furnace room. And then the furnace room, with its glowing fires and its cauldrons of boiling metal and its handsome, brassy fire-worshippers. Here everything is hot and liable to splutter, and the men must protect not only their eyes but their hands, so that every one has vest gloves. To anybody thinking of taking up minting as a home pastime I would say that the first thing to do with metal from which coins are to be made is to turn it into bars. These

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bars begin at, say two feet six long and barely one inch thick, and a series of machines then take them into their maws and so deal with them that by the time they are finished with they are some yards long and of the thickness of whatever coin they propose to be. It is then that they are fed into the machine which stamps out the discs corresponding to the circumference of the desired coin; and then these discs are gently but firmly crushed between the two discs appertaining to those coins. Nothing could be simpler—now. Yet only by immense thought and engineering in the past has this simplicity come about. But I suppose that in a century's time minting will be simpler still.—From "London Revisited," by E. V. Lucas.

Permanent Pink Cheeks.

The latest craze of society is for pink cheeks that are permanent. These are now possible by means of an electric tattooing machine which pricks artistic pigments into the skin. The old form of tattooing was indeed a painful and dangerous operation. With the electric needle, however, it is almost painless, being just a prickly sensation akin to that felt when one's foot has gone to sleep.

The possibility of blood poisoning setting in is carefully guarded against by sterilisation and the use of non-poisonous pigments.

A pair of pink cheeks, or even rosy lips, can be tattooed with this electric needle, working at 5,000 pricks a minute, in about an hour. The result is a work of art defying any but an expert to detect it.

The new tattooer must be an artist to achieve the best effect. He must carefully blend his colors to tone with the natural coloring of the patient. After the operator has carefully mixed his pigments to the shade he requires, the area of skin over which the electric needle is to work is first thoroughly treated with a mild antiseptic. The operator then pencils the outline of the spot in which the pigments are to be punctured to obtain the required effect. The colors are next put on with little camel-hair brushes.

Everything is now ready for the electric needle which is first carefully sterilized and the current switched on. The needle is driven a uniform distance into the skin with lightning-like speed. Each puncture embeds a certain amount of the coloring beneath the surface of the skin, where it remains permanently unless a special operation is carried out afterwards to remove it.

Where Does Khaki Go?

Where do khaki uniforms go in peace time? Some people may keep them for proudly patriotic reasons, others from motives of sheer economy in these profligate days, but by far the greater proportion of left-overs go to other lands.

The semi-barbaric races of the African forests and the natives of Eastern deserts are no longer content with a minimum of adornment. They are adopting Western ideas, and are always prepared to pay for the privilege of being clothed in khaki, by sending us rubber and ivory, ostrich feathers and the like in exchange.

In pre-war days certain exporters of cast-off clothing were often able to send to dusky gentlemen tall hats, frock coats, fancy waistcoats of the brightest hues and patent leather, cloth-topped boots. The knuts of the desert would gladly murder anyone if by doing so they would become possessed of a gaudy vest or a pair of puce socks.

The Knuts of the Desert.
Some of the more fortunate ones would put a terrific "side" on by wearing half a dozen fancy waistcoats at one time. Others were looked upon as princes if they could adorn themselves with a red tunic and a Scotch bonnet.

But the War has altered all this. We no longer set the fashion in frock coats, and red coats are scarce. It is only the aristocrats of the tribes who can afford to "swank" with them. So the ordinary common or garden native contents himself with the less colorful but more serviceable khaki.

This is now being shipped abroad in enormous quantities. In White-chapel High Street you will find the largest exporter of Army uniforms. It may be said of Mr. Landau that he has clothed hundreds of thousands of people and created more fashions in the tropics—than the most world-renowned dressmakers.

Letters—some of them in quaintly expressed pidgin English—received by Mr. Landau give an interesting insight into human psychology, which seems to be the same the world over. The young natives are "all out" to impress their lady friends. Scottish ladies will be interested to know that what these natives covet, above all things sartorial, is the coloured kilt. The possession of, say, a Stewart tartan entitles the natives to all the privileges of a prince among his people, and he can choose where and whom he likes from among his lady friends.

Where the Kilt is King.
The kilt is king in the clothes department in West, South and East Africa. Nothing could be more

Mrs. John Dale Says She Could Hardly Climb the Stairs

Says Tanlac Overcame Her Rheumatism And Other Troubles.

"If others hadn't allowed their statements published in the papers I wouldn't have known about Tanlac and would still be suffering, so now I want to tell what the medicine has done for me, for the benefit of others," said Mrs. John Dale, of 65 Catherine St., South, Hamilton, Ontario, a few days ago.

"About three years ago I began to suffer from rheumatism, which kept getting worse until something over a year ago, when I found myself in almost constant pain. At times my arms up to my elbows became so swollen and painful I couldn't raise my hands above my head, and my fingers were so stiff I could scarcely hold the coffee pot to pour out the coffee.

"I could hardly go up a flight of stairs, on account of the stiffness in my muscles. I became so nervous the noises made by my children play about almost made me frantic. No medicine did me any good, and I just seemed to be constantly growing worse.

"Seeing so many fine statements in the papers about Tanlac I decided to get a bottle and see if it would do me any good. Well, I declare, my rheumatism got better with the first few doses, and now that I have finished the second bottle, the last trace of it is gone. My nervousness is gone too, and I am so happy over being free from pain I can't fully express it, and I am only too glad to tell what Tanlac has done for me."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, in Paradise by Mrs. Martin F. Byrne, in Upper Gullies by Heber Andrews, in Portland by H. C. Haines, in St. Joseph, Salmonier, by Mrs. J. Gush, in Miramichi by Exploits Valley Royal Stores, Ltd., in Flat Island by William Samsen, in Jamestown by C. Christopher Haines, and in Lewisporte by Uriah Freake—adv.

"showy" than a multi-coloured kilt, worn by a swarthy native in a bar-batic dance—and as colour is everything to the native eye, the kilt is a veritable "lady-killer."

One savage warrior appeared in part of the costume of a burly Beef-eater. Whether he ever realized the analogy, history saith not. The various Royal Air Force uniforms, particularly the light blue, are in favour with the tribesmen. The Air Force authorities will be pleased to know that their taste is appreciated in some quarters at least.

Many uniforms have been remade and are being sent to the distressed districts of Europe, but this is only temporary and will not deprive for long the natives in Africa and India. Another useful purpose is served in reducing old uniforms to rags from which cloth and blankets are manufactured.—Pearson's Weekly.

Don't Whistle at Sea.

Nearly all ships carry a horseshoe. Usually it is nailed somewhere in the stern. The horseshoe has been a fetish with sailors ever since Nelson nailed one to the mast of the Victory.

Sailors have many superstitions. A sailor who wears a baby's caul feels himself immune from death by drowning. And after a long trip the sailor who first sights land will have a good voyage home.

Jack becomes decidedly uneasy if he hears "landlubber lingo" on the ocean. Therefore, if ever you are a passenger, don't let him hear you refer to the deck of a cabin as the "stair," or the alleyway as the "lobby or passage." It is bad form, and unlucky.

Whistling at sea stirs up evil winds. A catfish swimming on top of the waves also betokens a storm. A hatless sailor on the deck, or when a seagull flies between the foremast and the mainmast. But if the seagull flies between the mainmast and the mizenmast fair winds will prevail.

Cats are considered unlucky to have on board ship. Up to the last twenty years most sailors wore earrings for luck.

No sailor will shoot at birds for fear of destruction to his ship. It is unlucky to kill a petrel. These birds, called by the sailors "Mother Carey's chickens"—a corruption of "Mater Cara" (Blessed Virgin)—are the sailors' friends. They give warning of an approaching storm.

Legend has it that each of these birds bears the soul of a dead seaman.

Dad claims "Bread is the staff of life" -but I know its POST TOASTIES -says Bobby

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Household Notes.
Fried apple rings and steamed prunes, slightly spiced, are appetizing decorations for veal or pork.
Spread fruit jelly between two flavorings of ice cream and sprinkle with chopped candied fruit.
Apricot sauce is delicious on plum pudding and makes a change from the usual lemon sauce.
With slices of lemon and capers for "balls" one can make excellent horseshoes for garnishing fish.
Chrysanthemum salad is made with oranges, pears, celery leaves and served with lime juice dressing.

If the silver-plated lid of a glass mustard pot turns green on the inside coat it with a thin layer of paraffin.
A clever way to garnish mashed potatoes is to make a hollow in the mound of potatoes and fill with peas.
Spread tidbits of pie-crust paste with jelly and nuts or grated chocolate.
Every one should drink at least a pint of milk a day, taken either in cooked dishes or instead of coffee or tea.
Alternate layers of frozen custard and fruit packed in a mold lined with lady fingers make an attractive dessert.
Two tablespoons honey mixed with two tablespoons lemon juice makes a delicious dressing for grapefruit.
Sage stuffing is made by adding one teaspoon of sage and a half teaspoon each of summer savory and thyme.
Cookies may be made ever so in-

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