

**FOR THE LENTEN SEASON.**

Norwegian Sardines, 6c., 10c. and 12c. tins.  
Skipper Sardines.  
French Sardines, in Tomato, in glass tins.  
Anchovies in Oil.  
Asst. Potted Fish.  
Finnan Haddies.  
Kippers.  
Salt Herring.  
Boneless Cod, 2 and 5 lb. boxes.  
Shredded Fish.  
Dicky Herring, 15c. box.  
Japanese Crabs.  
Tunny Fish, large tins.  
Lobster and Salmon.

**FRESH HALIBUT.**  
Cod Tongues and Coddish (on arrival western steamers.)  
Large shipment of **RABBITS** by first northern train. Due by City of Sydney to-morrow.  
20 Boxes of Purity Butter 2 lb. prints.  
50 Tubs Purity Butter 10 lbs. each.  
Fresh Eggs, local.  
Turkeys, Ducks and Chickens due by City of Sydney.

**T. J. EDENS,**

Duckworth Street and Military Road.

**Mandell The Jew**

(Continued from 8th page.)

stars and faintly lined with the souvenirs of thousands of kindly smiles. She was smiling now at the maid.  
"Tell Maggie this has been a delicious dinner, and we have enjoyed it very much. You have served it very daintily, too, Nora. How hard you try to please us! But I am afraid you are tired; you must go to bed early. If the bell rings after eight o'clock never mind, we will answer it. Now bring Mr. Mandell's smoking things and have your own dinner," she smiled again at the beaming Nora.  
"Always kind, Rhea," said Mandell adoringly.  
"Am I, Louis? Well, I should be, for you set me an example. I discovered to-day, quite by accident, that it was you who paid poor Casson's doctor's bill, and put him into that little business where he is so happy. Why didn't you tell me?" She came and sat on the arm of his chair.  
"Well, Miss, must you know everything? Isn't it enough that I confess my faults to you?" said Mandell, pinching her ear.  
"Faults? Though I know I am spoiling you, I must say it. I don't believe you have any."  
He puffed reflectively at his cigar. "Don't you, Rhea? Then listen to this." And he related his conversation with Murray.  
"Now," he concluded, "this Murray, son of an old family, supposedly rich, supposedly honorable, has borrowed the bank's money through me, and spent it in wasteful living. To-day he tried to trick me, then bribe me, and insulted me over and over, or tried to, which comes to the same thing, but he has done it once too often. He must be taught a few of the realities of life, a little truth, and I'm going to teach him."  
Rhea was silent, but her eyes questioned. "How?"  
"You see, he is saturated with prejudices against the Jews, and absurd, as it sounds, he believes in this 'society' of his; in his 'friends' in it. I am going to give him an excellent chance to put them to the test. Morrisshin hated him, and bought up all his debts, unknown to him, except the ones with our bank. When he decided to retire and go abroad he sold them all to me, personally. I bought them purely and simply as a good business investment. In less than a month, December 24th, to be exact, three payments aggregating ten thousand dollars fall due. He came to me to borrow that money, not knowing that it was to me he owed it; and I refused him. I meant to make him a proposition that was not unfair to him, until he made it impossible. He cannot raise another dollar unless his friends give it to him, outright and unsecured, and I can force him to the wall, ruin him utterly, before January 1st, if I am so minded. I have made it a point to investigate him thoroughly, and have found that some of his transactions are irregular, though I think mainly through ignorance. He has been despoiled by his own people, and put by them in case of need in the position of scape-goat, criminally liable, you understand. He and his wife and daughters are about as capable as butterflies, but that don't alter things. I can seize everything—land, houses, the very home—he lives in, and turn him and his, dishonored and penniless, into the streets!"  
"Louis! Don't talk so. It sounds dreadful. Why should Mrs. Murray and her children suffer for his foolishness? What would become of them?"  
"That's Murray's lookout, I'm not responsible."  
"Is that right or just? Wouldn't that be a stern revenge for a little bit of foolish talk? Who cares for it? Not we. If his prejudices and ignorance make him cruel, that is his misfortune, not ours. We, as Jews, must not do unworthy things just because one Christian does."  
"But, Rhea, even from a business view-point I am justified," said Mandell, with averted eyes.  
"Now, Mandell laughed happily.  
"Now, Louis, I know I owe you an apology for thinking even for a mo-

ment that you meant to be harsh. You are merely hair-splitting for the sake of getting me to argue. You have no idea nor intention of ruining Murray or any man. There come our children!"  
Mandell brought his fist down on the table with a bang. "Rhea! I mean to teach that fellow a lesson he will never forget!"  
She was silent an instant while she studied his scowling face, but she laughed as she opened the door. "I am not deceived, Louis."

**III.**

On December 23rd, the office boy ushered into Louis Mandell's private office, a greatly altered Z. Murray.  
He was a wreck of his former self. Gone was his paunch, his face was aged and worn and pallid, dejection and defeat in every line. Gone was the overbearing manner, the diamond rings, the fob, the gold-headed cane, the pearl grey waistcoat and the vinous breath. In their places were gravity, a clear, though saddened eye, and strangely enough a certain dignity.  
"Sit down," said Mandell, evenly.  
"Thanks, you will pardon me if I stand. What I have to say I want to say standing."  
"As you like."  
"Mr. Mandell," the banker noticed that he used the prefix now for the first time, "I have two things to say

**HOW I MADE MY HAIR GROW**

How I Made My Hair Grow.  
**Woman With Marvelously Beautiful Hair Gives Simple Home Prescription Which She Used With Most Remarkable Results.**

I was greatly troubled with dandruff and falling hair. I tried many advertised hair preparations and various prescriptions, but they all signally failed; many of them made my hair greasy so it was impossible to comb it or do it up properly. I think that many of the things I tried were positively injurious and from my own experience I cannot too strongly caution you against using preparations containing wood alcohol and other poisonous substances. I believe they injure the roots of the hair. After my long list of failures I finally found a simple prescription which I can unhesitatingly state is beyond doubt the most wonderful thing for the hair I have ever seen. Many of my friends have also used it, and obtained wonderful effects therefrom. It not only is a powerful stimulant to the growth of the hair and for restoring gray hair to its natural color, but it is equally good for removing dandruff, giving the hair life and brilliancy, etc., and for the purpose of keeping the scalp in first-class condition. It also makes the hair easier to comb and arrange in nice form. I have a friend who used it two months and during that time it has not only stopped the falling of the hair and wonderfully increased its growth, but it practically restored the color of the hair to its natural color. You can obtain the ingredients for making this wonderful preparation from almost any druggist. The prescription is as follows:

Bay Rum, 6 oz.; Menthol Crystals, 1/2 drachm; Lavona de Composee, 2 oz. If you like it perfumed add a few drops of To-Kalon Perfume, which mixes perfectly with the other ingredients. This, however, is not necessary.  
Apply night and morning: rub thoroughly into the scalp.  
Go to your druggist and ask for an eight ounce bottle containing six ounces of Bay Rum; also one-half drachm of Menthol Crystals, and a two-ounce bottle of Lavona de Composee. Mix the ingredients yourself at your own home. Add the Menthol Crystals to the Bay Rum and then pour in the Lavona de Composee and add the To-Kalon Perfume. Let it stand one-half hour and it is ready for use.

to you, and because I know you can't have very much of an opinion of me, I'll say this first: I'm down and out. I can't raise the money I owe you. You will have to foreclose." He paused and then went on with trembling voice. "But Mandell, for God's sake put it off until after the holidays. My girls don't know yet. They are away, and will not be home until Christmas Eve. I—I can't tell them then. Let us keep the house a few days longer, for their sakes and my wife's. Will you?"  
"That is not usual," said Mandell, in a deliberate toneless voice, "but I will consider it."  
"Thanks. I hope you will. Now, I want to apologize for my offensive remarks, especially about your wife. For her sake I hope she will never give society a chance to treat her as it has treated me. It's heartless and bad, Mandell, and I never knew it until I needed my friends. I have not a single one—and I guess it's my own fault. I am ashamed of the things I said to you about the Jews, and I beg your pardon for them."  
He turned without waiting for an answer and started for the door.  
"Wait a moment!" cried Mandell, springing to his feet. He overtook Murray in the ante-room and grasped his hand.  
"You are a man! I admire you," he said warmly. "As for that money—the papers are my personal property, not the bank's so don't worry about it. Any time will do, six months, a year, whenever you are on your feet again."  
The office boy was ushering in a newcomer.  
Murray, utterly surprised, stared at Mandell half dazed.  
"Do—do you mean that?"  
"I surely do. You'll excuse me now. I must see this gentleman at once."

Murray began incoherent questions and thanks, but Mandell stopped him.  
"Good-bye now, you really must excuse me and, now that we understand each other better, I hope we shall be friends."

One would scarcely think it, but there are many kinds of eyeglass lenses. There are the old style double Convex and Concave, the Periscope, the improved Toric or Meniscus Lens; in these forms there are Spheres Cylinders and Sphero-Cylinders, any of which may be combined with prisms. Then there is the Lenticular Lens, an arrangement to lighten the weight of thick heavy lenses. In addition to the above there are the various forms of Bifocal Lenses, consisting of the Cement, Perfection, Split and Kryptok Bifocal. All the above can be had in various tints, smoked blue amber, etc., and ground in any forms—oval, full oval, round and other irregular forms. There is just one place in Newfoundland where you can have any of the above lenses made at an hour's notice, that is TRAPNELL, the Eyesight Specialist, fe83,tf

**Romantic Courtship.**  
Of a Canadian Surveyor Who Weds Indian Princess.  
Masset, Queen Charlotte Island, B. C., Jan. 25.—After a romantic courtship rivaling those of western fictions, Frederick Nash, a well known Vancouver surveyor, has been married to Josephine, an Indian Princess, eldest daughter of Chief Edenshaw, of one of the tribes of Haidin Indians. Princess Josephine was educated at a school for white girls at Metlakatlah, where for some time after her graduation she remained as a teacher. After her return home she was courted by many Indian chiefs, and not a few white men, but she spurned them all, until Nash came along and won the haughty beauty.

**Campbell's Milk Shakes**

are delicious—jan27,tf

**UNUSUAL REDUCTIONS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.**  
We are very pleased to state that, owing to the large amount of patronage we received at the hands of the public during the past year, we have been able to secure a good reduction on our 1913 year's stock. To make room for this splendid stock we have decided to share this profit with you as follows:  
**A BONUS**  
during the coming two weeks.  
Reg. Cabinets, usually 3 for \$1.50. Now 4 for \$1.50  
Large Cabinets, usually 3 for \$2.50. Now 4 for \$2.50  
Small Paris Panels, usually 3 for 75c. Now 3 for 50c.  
High Grade Post Cards, usually 1 doz. for \$2.00. Now 1 doz. for \$1.50  
Photo Stamps 15 for \$1.00. Photo Buttons, 6 for \$1.20  
A small lot of Photo Jewellery left over from the Christmas season at half price.  
We can fit your photo in that locket you received as a Christmas present.  
Come early to avoid the rush.  
**TOOTON PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIOS.**  
Houses of Superior Quality.

**Burn Caused Open Sore**

Zam-Buk Worked a Wonderful Cure.

Sometimes a bad burn, a deep cut, or some similar mishap, sets up a more permanent injury, in the form of an open, discharging sore. In such cases Zam-Buk will be found of unequalled value.  
Mr. J. Nixon, of 901 William Ave., Winnipeg, a blacksmith at the C.P.R. shops, had his foot badly burned by some molten metal falling upon it. He says: "The burn was a very bad one, and after the first few days it left an open sore, which showed marked signs of blood-poisoning. It discharged freely and caused me terrible agony. For three weeks I suffered acutely and could get no ease. At last I obtained a preparation from the doctor, which seemed to stop the discharging and made me quite hopeful but finally the wound became as bad as ever."  
"I was then advised to use Zam-Buk, and from the first application the balm gave me relief. The inflammation was thoroughly checked, and the poisonous matter cleared away in a very short time after beginning with Zam-Buk. Healing then began, and in less than two weeks the wound was thoroughly cured."

One of the main lessons of this case lies right here—try Zam-Buk first for any injury, sore, skin disease or wound. Don't spend money and waste time in experiments. Zam-Buk is equally good for piles, blood-poisoning, festering wounds, chaps, cold sores, children's eruptions, scalp sores, varicose ulcers, chilblains, etc. All druggists and stores at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., St. John's, Nfld., for price. You are warned against harmful preparations.

**Channel Church News.**

The annual meeting of St. James' Congregation was held in the school-room on Wednesday evening last, Rev. H. J. Read, Incumbent, presiding. The accounts of the mission as submitted by the Chairman and Wardens were very satisfactory, showing substantial increases over those of last year on the credit side. This mission having for three years past raised over its assessment, a movement has been set on foot to have it erected into a parish, which will be finalized at a subsequent meeting. The following church officers were elected for 1913: People's Warden, Mr. Emanuel Pike; Clergyman's Warden (appointed), Capt. Solomon Gillam; Select Vestry, Messrs. Alex. Chaisson, Eli Manuel, James Evans, George Evans, Wm. Billard and William Stevens; Lay Delegates, Joseph Outerbridge, Esq. (St. John's), Mr. C. T. James; Secretary to the Congregation, Mr. C. T. James; Chairman New School Building Committee, Mr. H. H. Mackay; Superintendent Sunday School, Mr. Wm. Harnett.  
Channel Lodge, No. 25, Society United Fishermen, have commenced 1913 with a brand new programme, which promises to result in much benefit to both Lodge and members. At the regular monthly meeting in February, Rev. H. J. Read, Honorary Chaplain, will lecture on "Symbolism," and an instructive address is anticipated. The officers of this Lodge for the year ensuing are as follows: W.M., Bro. Alex. Chaisson; J.P.M., Bro. Geo. T. Bragg; Chief Officer, Bro. Philip Blackmore; Second Officer, Bro. Geo. Batiste; Quarter Master, Bro. Welson Chaisson; Purser, Bro. Emanuel Bragg, P.M.; Secretary, Bro. C. T. James, P.M.; Hon. Chaplain, Rev. Bro. H. J. Read; Asst. Chaplain, Bro. Geo. E. Pike, P.M.; Asst. Secretary, Bro. Wm. Blackmore; Look-out, Bro. Abram Coffin; Committee—Bros. Charles Bennett, Emanuel Batiste, John Sheave, Wm. T. Osman, James Puttle, Jonas Cousins.  
Royal William Scarlet Chapter, No. 24, Loyal Orange Association, held its annual session on Thursday, 21st inst. Owing to the severe weather prevailing there was but an average attendance of companions. With Past Commander Reuben Bennett in the chair the ceremonies of election and installation of officers for the coming year were conducted. The officers are:—W.C. in C. Comp. William Bragg; E. C. in C. Comp. John Farrell; Chaplain, Comp. James Stevens; Scribe, Comp. C. T. James; Treasurer, Comp. Wm. Stevens; Sir H. K. at A. Comp. James M. Currie; Lecturers' Comps. Jas. Evans and James Currie; Conductors, Comps. C. Buffett and G. T. Richards; Inward Herald, Comp. Jos. Huelin; Outward Herald, Comp. Geo. Musgrave.  
The members of the Thimble Club (Juveniles) are putting on a jumble sale for Shrove Tuesday, the proceeds going towards furnishing and equipping the new school (St. James). May the little ones meet with the financial results such a venture deserves.  
The remains of the late Joseph Seelye, master mariner, were brought from Sydney by the s.s. Invermore and interred in the Anglican Cemetery yesterday. Capt. Seelye's death came quite unexpectedly as previous

to it he had been enjoying excellent health. To the sorrowing relatives sincere sympathy is extended.  
CORRESPONDENT.  
Channel, Jan. 30th, 1913.

**Imagination.**

This is the song of Imagination: Mine are the wings on which souls soar into the unborn years. Mine are the sails that speed the ships of fancy across the seas of time. I am the crucible that transmutes impossibilities into achievement. I am the loom that weaves the tapestries for history. I am the giant crane of the brain. I am the lens that magnifies the farthest star and the hand that reaches to its height. Mine is the eye that pierces mountain-sides and sees the treasures of the rock. I am the herald of things to be—guide to civilization—architect of evolution—I strike the soul-spark that warms clay to kinship with immortals. I am the dream of man-awake. All that is mighty on earth and all that is noble in might—all that is finest and farthest and fairest my pencil sketched. I stand upon the desert sands and summon fruitful waters from the hills to slake the parching wastes. I survey highways in the wilderness and beckon courage to the new-found roads. I tear the boots from out of the hands of Jove and harness them to wheel and lamp. I spin a wonder-web of wires o'er the miles, and gift the strands with speech. I drive my iron horses over mountain peaks. I blend the pigments for the painter's brush and orchestrate musician's hands. I am Revelation—Horizon, Vision Hope, Faith—the Light Eternal. I AM THE VOICE OF GOD. I whisper, and walls rise into the clouds, and surgeons' knives find foulness in sick flesh, and wings of canvas breast the winds, and unseen ships hear cries of help scream from a leaping spark. I sow to-morrow with good seed. Without me man is meat. Swords have won nothing for the world—great fights are fought with thought. 'Twas I who thought the wheel-maker and tool-shaper and the rail-layer and the boat-builder. I am the Master in Man. I am opportunity. I stalk in the sun-rise. At dusk, Time the Sweep brushes away my track, but To-morrow I come to walk anew.—Herbert Kaufman in Woman's World for February.

**During the raw days of February and March, remember this:**

Lowney's Cocoa generates more heat for your body than beef, peas, milk or eggs.

There's no better drink than Lowney's to carry you through the cold days.

Lowney's Cocoa is a blend of the choicest varieties of choice cocoa beans.

In our Montreal factory, after roasting and blending, these beans are ground to powder. To insure extreme fineness, the cocoa is sifted through silk before it is put into tins.

Lowney's, prepared according to the recipe makes an even, creamy cocoa that is simply delicious.

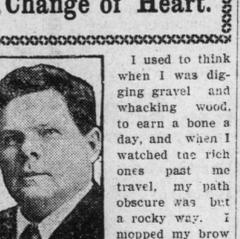
Sold by grocers. In tins—10c to 50c sizes.

**LOWNEY'S COCOA**

*Lowney's shows you how Cocoa ought to taste*

The Walter M. Lowney Co., of Canada, Limited, Montreal

**Change of Heart.**



I used to think when I was digging gravel and whacking wood, to earn a bone a day, and when I watched the rich ones past me travel, my path obscure was but a rocky way. I mopped my brow with my old bandanna and longed to bask on downy beds of ease, and live on birds and terrapin and manna, and oysters fried, and rich imported cheese. My wounded heart with anger used to quiver, when noontime came, and I sat down to eat, and filled myself with onions, bread and liver and moldy kraut and pickled porkers' feet. But now, alas, that I am rich as Croesus, and live on quails, and scrambled peacock's tongue, I fold my hands in front (where all my grease is) and

sign and yearn for days when I was young. Where nabobs meet I sit and wield the gavel, my face each day the Beard of Trade expects; but O, the days when I was digging gravel, when I could eat in forty dialects! The dear dead days when meal time found me starving! When all was good, and nothing tasted stale; no finger bowls, no dainty stunts in carving, but just a raid upon my dinner pail! My wealth can buy me yachts and speedy horses, and motor cars and summers by the sea, and it will bring me annual divorces, but it can't bring my hunger back to me!

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**SPEAKERS LONG-LIVED.**  
Although the Speaker's office is an exhausting one, all its holders of recent years have lived to a hale old age. Lord Selby, Lord Ossington, and Lord Hampden were well over seventy when they died, and Lord Peel lived to be eighty-three. Lord Eversley, who filled the Chair for thirteen years, attained the age of ninety-four, and was so keen on outdoor pursuits to the last that he bought a new pair of guns when he was ninety-one.

We specially recommend this favorite \$1.00 Brand Scotch Whisky, **"ENCORE"**

During 1912 we have doubled our output of this ideal Whisky.

TRY A BOTTLE.

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WATER STREET.

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**MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.**

**Perhaps We May Want to Remain**

in St. John's and we are building for the future, consequently we must be extra careful in the selection of our stock of teas.

**8 YEARS OF GOOD TEA.**

Could you ask for any stronger proof of the sterling quality of STAR tea than its outstanding position with housekeepers today?

This success has been due to the confidence and friendliness its quality has inspired.

STAR TEA, 40c. lb.

Selected large stock. Just received.

**Green Bay SALT HERRING**

Round AND Split.

Selected large stock. Just received.

**C. P. EAGAN.**  
Duckworth St. and Queen's Road.