

# T. J. EDENS.

By S. S. "ROSALIND."  
New York Turkeys,  
New York Corned Beef,  
California Oranges,  
Green Grapes,  
Lemons,  
Cauliflowers,  
New York Chickens,  
Halifax Sausages,  
Wine Sap Apples,  
Ripe Bananas,  
Celery,  
Fresh Oysters.

**PURITY BUTTER,**  
2 lb. Prints. 10 lb. Tubs.

5 Cases FRESH COUNTRY EGGS,  
2000 Lbs. FRESH HALIBUT, FRESH RABBITS.

# T. J. EDENS.



**FUSSELL'S GOLDEN BUTTERFLY BRAND**  
PURE RICH CREAM  
Is not a makeshift for a substitute but PURE MOUNTAIN PASTURE CREAM. Put up in Sterilized Tins. Guaranteed quite Pure. Contains no Preservative. Keeps good anywhere.

NINE GOLD MEDALS.

## GOSSAGE'S SOAPS

Are the Best Soaps for sale in Newfoundland. Do not take other brands, and see that the name Gossage's is on every tablet. Prices and Samples from

**GEO. M. BARR,**  
AGENT.

## THE Perfect Dress Foundation

Carefully dressed women demand first of all good Corsets of perfect fit and modish design. W. B. NUFORM CORSETS fulfill these demands and offer numerous additional advantages to the wearer.

The quality of their fabrics and trimmings is unequalled in popular-priced Corsets.

## W. B. Nuform CORSETS

are made of fine durable batiste and coutil, artistically trimmed with lace and ribbon. Their lines harmonize with your lines. There are no awkward breaks or angles, for they follow the natural lines of the perfect figure. They beautify and perfect, at the same time offering the greatest comfort. The large variety of shapings and styles enables every figure to be faultlessly fitted.

Try a W. B. CORSET and see how scientific corset making has produced a garment combining perfect comfort with the correct features of the latest mode.

Prices \$1.50 upwards.

**HENRY BLAIR.**

Sole Agent in Newfoundland for W. B. Corsets.

## The Public Demand

is for prompt settlements in times of distress—when every dollar is in value as big as a cart-wheel. Ask any of my policy holders how long it has taken me to square up their losses. I am willing to stand or fall by what they say.

**PERCIE JOHNSON,**  
Insurance Agent.

Job Printing Executed!

## The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON



The fire which the wants-to-be-cynic had just laid.

"Indeed," said the wants-to-be-cynic. "How remarkable. Was it the first time that ever happened?"

"Go on, Molly. Don't mind him," said the author-man. "He's just jealous because you're making the fire burn better than he did. He can't make a fire."

"There is a continual rivalry in the family as to who can make the best fire. We all agree that making a good fire is a fine art, but that is all we do agree on. Each of us has his own particular style, and each new arrival considers it his privilege to take the tongue and re-adjust the logs according to his school of fire building."

"It was the queerest, most interesting dream," went on Molly, laying down the tongue after having set the top log crosswise—she is of the crosswise school—"that I ever had. I dreamed I was dead."

"More chalk," murmured the wants-to-be-cynic, with simulated horror. "I know its going to be that dream about going back for more chalk."

"I dreamed I was dead," repeated Molly serenely, ignoring him, "and I went somewhere. I don't know just where."

The cynic showed signs of breaking out, but was silenced by the author-man. "At first I was all alone in a big room, and then a man in white clothes, like we read about, came up to me. He had a woman with him and said he wanted me to meet her. And who do you suppose it was?"

"Nobody guessed." "It was me—I mean I," said Molly, "only different. She looked like me, but she was so much prettier. She was plumper, had red cheeks like the doc-

tor said I would if I'd do my exercises, and was taller, or I guess she just looked taller because she stood so fine and straight. I asked the man who she was and he shook his head and kind of melted away, and left us together, so I began to talk to her. She had the sweetest voice and she knew everything. She'd read all the books that I've always meant to read, and she could play the piano wonderfully, like I might if I only hadn't stopped practicing, when I went to work. And somehow I felt she never loved her temper like I do and that everybody that knew her must love her."

"I don't know how I knew all these things, for I'm sure she didn't tell me. I just sort of felt them the way you do in dreams."

"Still, I didn't know who she was and she wouldn't tell me, so when I saw the man who brought her to me I ran up to him and asked him again, and this time he said, 'Why, haven't you found out yet? She's the girl you might have been. She's going to be your companion everywhere you go. He said, 'there she is now.' And I looked around and there she was behind me. We were in a room where there was a big mirror, and when I looked around I saw us both in it, and she looked so much sweeter and nicer that I just hated myself and wanted to go away and hide, but when I tried to, she followed right after like a shadow."

Molly fell silent.

"And then what?" prompted the author-man.

"And then I woke up and was glad I was awake," finished Molly.

"And made good resolutions?" suggested the wants-to-be-cynic a bit mockingly.

"And made good resolutions," said Molly defiantly.

"I guess it wasn't half so bad a dream for you as it would have been for most of us if we had dreamed it," said the author-man thoughtfully.

"I should say not," agreed the wants-to-be-cynic emphatically and not at all mockingly this time.

"And he snapped out loudly and suddenly as if it also agreed."

*Ruth Cameron*

**Women's Secrets**

There is one man in the United States who has perhaps heard more women's secrets than any other man or woman in the country. These secrets are not secrets of dirt or shame, but the secrets of suffering, and they have been confided to Dr. R. V. Pierce in the hope and expectation of advice and help. That few of these women have been disappointed in their expectations is proved by the fact that ninety-eight per cent. of all women treated by Dr. Pierce have been absolutely and altogether cured. Such a record would be remarkable if the cases treated were numbered by hundreds only. But when that record applies to the treatment of more than half a million women, in a practice of over 40 years, it is phenomenal, and entitles Dr. Pierce to the gratitude accorded him by women, as the first of specialists in the treatment of women's diseases.

Every sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, absolutely without charge. All replies are mailed, sealed in perfectly plain envelopes, without any printing or advertising whatever, upon them. Write without fear as without fee, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

**DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION**  
Makes Weak Women Strong,  
Sick Women Well.

The London apprentices were an important and sometimes troublesome body, and, having formed an organization among themselves, often came into contact with the authorities. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries a continuous succession of riots and tumults, fostered and caused by the apprentices, are recorded.

On September 24, 1390, the London apprentices were ordered by proclamation to be within their masters' houses by nine o'clock each night. At that time it was usual for every tradesman to employ one or more apprentices, and from all shires and counties of England and Wales boys were sent to be apprenticed in London. They were not all recruited from the lower classes. The sons of gentlemen and ministers, as well as yeomen and tradesmen, did not disdain to serve their apprenticeship to trade; indeed, it was necessary that

they should do so, for in many trades no man was allowed to set up in business for himself until he had served for seven years as an apprentice.

The particular act by which the apprentices incurred this restriction designed to curtail their liberty, was a serious one. A number of the apprentices, who had broken into some rooms in Lincoln's Inn, were imprisoned, whereupon their fellows assembled in force, attacked the prison and released their friends. Those who were taken prisoners for this riot were publicly whipped—a circumstance which caused tremendous tumult among them, and several hundreds, assembling on Tower Hill, marched off in military array, with the avowed intention of taking the Lord Mayor into custody, and serving him as their friends had been by his order. The soldiers were called out to quell the riot, and several of the ringleaders were arrested. They were tried and convicted of high treason.

By the time of Charles II. the Apprentices' Union seems to have died after his reign there is no record of their acting as a body.

**Highest Food-Value**  
Epps's Cocoa is a treat to children, a sustenance to the worker, a boon to the thrifty housewife.

In strength, delicacy of flavour, nutritiousness, and economy in use, "Epps's" is unsurpassed.

**EPPS'S COCOA**  
Children thrive on "Epps's."

## Partridge Berries.

On retail & limited quantity of choice ripe Partridge Berries—on retail only.

### HERRING.

85 brls prime "Labrador" Herring, in brls, just right for retailing.

### POTATOES.

As prices are likely to advance buy now.

### APPLES.

Only 20 brls left of this lot, \$2.00 and \$2.50 a brl. Good to cook, good to eat. Also, a few brls Ribston's.

### FRESH HALIBUT.

Just in by "Portia."

## Soper & Moore

'Phone 450.

## Belfast Speech Was Costly.

4,500 Words Cost \$22,500—Nationalist Demonstration and Winston Churchill's Speech Was Responsible for Big Amount.

London, England, Feb. 19.—The Nationalist demonstration which Mr. Churchill addressed in Belfast recently was a very costly one for the nation. It is estimated that the First Lord of the Admiralty spoke for one hour, and in that time he used 4,500 words, which will cost \$22,500.

The amount is principally accounted for in the removal of the soldiers to Belfast.

## A Noted Scottish Murder Trial.

A trial which created universal attention throughout Britain concluded at Glasgow on September 19, 1862. A young woman, Jessie McLachlan, was charged with the murder of an acquaintance, a domestic servant named Jessie Macpherson, in a house at Sandyford Place in the Scottish city.

When the tragedy was discovered, an old man, Mr. James Fleming, who was then the only occupant of the house, was placed under arrest; but as robbery was the motive of the murder, and a quantity of silver plate had disappeared, which was recovered in a pawn shop, where it had been pledged by McLachlan, Mr. Fleming was liberated. When the body was discovered the surgeons testified that the death had taken place about three days previous, and had been accomplished by means of some heavy instrument. Curiously, the absence of the servant did not seem to have alarmed Mr. Fleming, and it was not until some friends made inquiries that the body was found in a room in the house.

The jury found the prisoner guilty, but before sentence was passed a document was read, at her request, implicating the old man, whose age was nearly ninety, with the deed. She was sharply rebuked for this by the judge, Lord Deas.

Much controversy ensued in the Press as to whether the evidence warranted a conviction. Yielding to popular clamour, the Crown took the unusual course of ordering a supplementary investigation. This resulted in the death sentence being commuted to penal servitude for life. McLachlan was liberated in 1877.

Only the Best for Him.

Notwithstanding all the educational advantages of to-day, the rustic mind moves very slowly. The following is a very fair sample of the average.

The yellow and red poster which adorned a big board fence in a country village announced that the circus was soon to pitch tents in that place. A group of rustics were gazing open-mouthed at this announcement in letters of green, beneath the counterfeit presentation of a man on a bicycle turning somersaults in the air.

"Wait! Wait! Wait! The greatest show on earth, Sept. 1."

"Ah ain't goin' to that show," remarked one of the youths to his buxom companion.

"What for you ain't goin'?" she replied, in a disappointed tone.

"Ah's goin' to wait for the other show, what's better," he said.

"There ain't no better show," said she.

"Yes, there is," was his rejoinder. "It says so on that bill. Can't you read? Greatest show on earth 'cept one."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

## Sidewalk Sketches.

By H. L. RANN.

### THE SEWING CIRCLE.



The sewing circle is a form of uninitiated dissipation, which is featured by a rich flow of Oolong tea and undiluted conversation about people who do not care to start any fireworks in the community. The organization is an ancient one, having originated with the Pilgrim Mothers, during the hard winter of 1621, when nobody could get out to the moving picture show. It was the Plymouth Rock sewing circle which discovered the New England witch, and burned several of her in linseed oil, which was a very cheap and penetrating fuel, and gave the victim a lively sense of personal discomfort. As a result of this precedent, a great many people have been raked over the coals by sewing circles ever since. Human life is depicted in a very engaging and minute manner, at a sewing circle, the conversation having to do mainly, with the bondage of woman, and the best method of picking eggs, so that they will retain the bloom of early youth. Let a popular and protuberant citizen walk two blocks with somebody else's wife, and the sewing circle will dissect his past life until he looks like a composite photograph of Don Juan, Brigham Young, and Nat C. Goodwin. It is getting so, that a man can hardly exercise his lordly prerogative of beating up his wife without being landed on by the sewing circle and branded in the minutes as a fiend in human form, who ought to be turning out pin oak furniture under the watchful eye of the state. There is very little sewing done at the average circle, except in the form of tying comforters for people who are short on bedding and castle soap. Most women join sewing circles purely as a defensive proposition, while others never join at all, and are not obliged to divulge whether their clothes came from a catalogue house or were fitted on by the hired girl.

## Cascarets Cleanse Liver and Bowels

No Biliousness, Headache, Sick, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Coated Tongue or Constipation.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret tonight will give you a thorough cleansing inside and straighten you out by morning. They work white you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then to keep their stomach, liver and bowels regulated, and never know a miserable moment. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good, gentle cleansing, too.

## Novel Discovery.

The sea-serpent, the giant gooseberry, and other old friends of the "silly season" can take a back seat in face of the following yarn: A Mrs. Rice, living near the village of Odington, on the borders of Oxon and Gloucestershire, keeps two cows, and it was discovered that the animals, although in perfect condition, were not giving the proper supply of milk that might be expected. The cowman was at first at a loss to find a reason, but one day he visited the cows in the meadow and found one of the animals lying down quite com-

## CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Why suffer with Sick Headaches, Sour Stomach, Belching of Wind and all the inconveniences arising from a Bad Stomach, when a few doses of HILL'S PILLS will cure you. The greatest Liver, Kidney and Stomach PILL is HILL'S. Sold by McMURDO & CO., for 25c. a box, or five of \$1.00

Blinks: "Is your wife of a sunny disposition?"  
Jinks: "Yes, she makes it pretty warm for me sometimes."  
Miss Girton: "I wonder to what the poet alluded when he spoke of the embers of a dying year?"  
Quizby: "November and December, I suppose."  
Frank: "Spoodle has married a girl who knows half a dozen languages."  
Wedder: "Poor fellow, I pity him! My wife only knows one language, and I find that one too many."  
"You never sit and talk to me as you did before we were married," sighed the young wife.

"No," replied the husband, who was a draper's assistant. "The 'gunvor told me to stop praising the goods as soon as the bargain was struck."  
"To a gentleman who had married the daughter of a rich biscuit-baker a friend said: 'So you have taken, not the cake, but the biscuit, this time?'"  
"Yes, and the tin with it," was the witty, if ungallant, reply.

## Thin, Feeble and Under-Fed

people need more coal, clothes and doctors than the strong, robust and hearty.

## Scott's Emulsion

saves coal bills, tailors' bills and doctors' bills.