

REID NEWFOUNDLAND COMPANY.

BAY STEAMSHIP SERVICE

TRINITY BAY.

S. S. ETHIE will leave St. John's Saturday, 30th inst., at 8 a.m., weather and ice permitting, for Carbonear, to take up regular service in Trinity Bay. She will leave Carbonear after arrival of train leaving St. John's at 8.45 a.m. on Saturdays and Tuesdays, and will leave Carbonear Monday, May 2nd, and every Monday and Friday thereafter, on arrival of Express Trains.

BONAVISTA BAY.

S. S. DUNDEE leaves St. John's Friday, 29th inst., at 8 a.m., weather and ice permitting, calling at Bonavista and regular ports on South Side of Bay into Port Blandford. She will take up regular Bonavista Bay Service leaving Port Blandford Monday, May 2nd, for South Side Bay, and every Monday and Friday thereafter for South and North Side of Notre Dame Bay respectively, on arrival of Express Trains.

NOTRE DAME BAY.

S. S. CLYDE leaves St. John's Friday, 29th inst., at 6 a.m., weather and ice permitting, calling at Beaverton and regular ports on South Side of Bay into Lewisport. She will take up regular Notre Dame Bay Service leaving Lewisport Monday, May 2nd, for South Side Bay, and every Monday and Friday thereafter for South and North Side of Notre Dame Bay respectively, on arrival of Express Trains.

Bay of Islands to Battle Harbor.

S. S. HOME will leave Bay of Islands, weather and ice permitting, on Wednesday, May 4th, for the usual ports of call between Bay of Islands and Battle Harbor, and after the above date will leave Bay of Islands every Wednesday, on arrival of Express Trains.

Reid Newfoundland Company

COLLEGE HALL,

Monday Evening, April 25th, at 8.15

Piano Recital,

BY
MR. MARK HAMBURG,

The World's Greatest Pianist.

Under the distinguished patronage of the Governor of Newfoundland and Lady Williams.

PRICES: \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.00, and 75 cents.
Recital under Management of R. J. MACADAM.



MUSTAD'S NEVER MISS

THE BEST IS NOT TOO GOOD FOR A FISHERMAN.

MUSTAD'S Hooks Never Miss.

Ask for Mustad's.

We're Easy!

Five Dollar Greenbacks are Burning Holes in our Pockets.

Do You Want One?

Save the Alphabet Cards in all pound packets of Union Blend Tea, bring to us and get the money.

H. W. de FOREST TEA CO'Y.

ap21,1f

WE OFFER

1000 brls. BEEF,

COMPRISING:

Boneless Flanks, Foster Family, Foster Plate, Libby's Packet, Libby's Special Plate, Libby's Special Family, Beef Cuttings,

AT LOWEST QUOTATIONS.

HEARN & CO.

ap18,2v,fp

AN INJUSTICE.

HOW UNION PRINTERS LOSE WORK.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—Allow me space in the columns of your paper to make a few remarks with regard to the way things are done in some of the printing establishments in this city, and the way the proprietors of our dailies are imposed upon by some of our sporting and musical entertaining clubs, which came under my notice through having an interview with one of the St. John's Typographical Union members. It came as a surprise to me when he related certain incidents which are occurring day after day. For instance, he said a few of the jobbing shop proprietors bum around from place to place, with the soft salutation of "good day," etc., and talk a kind of nice about the different churches and societies connected therewith; the result is that all the small jobbing, such as admission cards, programmes, invitation cards and such like are given them for execution. Then the manager of these societies have gall enough the day before the event comes off, to drop in to see the proprietor or proprietors of the daily papers and deliberately ask them to give a nice local notice, calling the attention of the public to the grand performance, etc., which they are going to put on the boards for the amusement of the general public; and the publisher foolishly accedes to their request; consequently, the event of whatever kind it may be, is brought under the notice of at least 30,000 readers, young and old.

The next morning after the performance in trots a prominent member, requesting the worn-out reporter to give them a good "write-up," and to eulogize their show for all it is worth. The daily papers are instrumental in making the affair an immense success by cheap advertising, and get nothing in return—only some times abuse, because the reporters happen to strike out some frivolous thing which the manager wanted inserted.

On the other hand, the little job office, which prints the cards and programmes scoop in the dollars they charge for the work and give nothing in the way of publicity. Now, I contend if these people want publicity given, and want themselves brought to the notice of the public by newspapers, it is there they should have their job printing. If not don't have the consummate gall and cheek to go to the dailies to get cheap puff-ups.

Another matter he referred to which is worthy of consideration and the Unions of this city should consider and keep in mind, is this: a job is taken around to the four daily papers and tenders are asked for and prices obtained, which are charged according to the nine-hour day-time and the Union scale of wages, which being figured so closely gives the proprietor a small margin of profit; then the "hawker" calls round to see the small job-shops and gets their price which is very much cheaper, because the small shops employ men and boys at a low rate of wages. Some of those shops work every Saturday night when the city dry goods and other stores are open, and in the opening seasons of spring and fall until half-past nine at night, without compensating the three or four hands for it.

Now, sir, I would ask in all conscience is this mode of business fair to the Unions and those concerned in the matter; and is it not possible to remedy this crying injustice. Any way, at the next meeting of the Trade and Labour Council I shall endeavour to draw their attention to this state of affairs. I am obliged to the party for the information given, and will likely refer to this matter again.

Hoping I have not trespassed too much on your valuable space.

I remain, yours sincerely,

DELEGATE.

St. John's, April 21, 1901.

Shannon Chapter Installation.

Last night the officers of Shannon Chapter Royal Arch Masons were installed by M. E. Companton C. S. Pincet, R.G.H.P. Mr. Pincet was assisted by Companton J. McIntyre, P. H.P., and W. A. Ellis, P.H.P. The installation was as follows:—

Companton G. W. Ellis—M.E.H.P.

Companton P. F. LeMessurier—E.K.

Companton W. N. Bendell—E. S.

Companton E. M. LeMessurier—Treasurer.

Companton E. W. Lyon—Secretary.

Companton W. Noel—C.H.

Companton J. Valentine—P.S.

Companton R. G. Ash—R.A.C.

Companton J. Nunne—G.M. 3rd V.

Companton G. W. Gushue—G. M. 2nd V.

Companton R. W. S. Spry—G. M. 1st V.

Companton A. Johnstone—Tyler.

BOARD OF TRADE.

The regular weekly meeting of the Board of Trade took place at their rooms on Water Street last evening. Several important matters were discussed.

A Real Lung Tonic

There are many preparations that will relieve a cough—few that will cure it. The first class, containing such drugs as Opium and Morphine, simply deaden the irritation and stop the cough, but do little or no permanent good.

"Father Morrissey's No. 10"

does not contain a trace of these dangerous drugs, but is an absolutely safe and scientific preparation of Nature's own remedies—Herbs, Roots and Balsams.

It entirely removes the irritation that caused the cough, by cleaning out the mucus, stopping the inflammation and healing the delicate membrane of throat and lungs.

Moreover, it tones up and strengthens the whole system, particularly the lungs, and protects against future coughs and colds.

Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

At your dealer's.

Father Morrissey Medicine Co. Ltd. - Chatham, N.B.



Rev. Father Morrissey

Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XXVII.

(Continued.)

SHE grew so absorbed in her task that she lost all count of the rest of the world, and when Martha came to relieve her, withdrew from the sick man's side with a reluctance of which she was scarcely conscious. But if she had been, she would only have attributed it to a natural interest in her patient.

At frequent intervals Sir Edward would come into the room on tip toe—though he might have ridden in on an elephant for all Geoffrey would have noticed—and stood beside the bed, looking down at the flushed, drawn face of the man who had, in all probability, saved his life; and when Geoffrey's eyes would open sightlessly and unconsciously Edward would bend over and touch his hand and speak to him, muttering:

"How are you, old chap? Don't know me, I'm afraid! I'm the pal you fought for, don't you know? I wish you'd come to and give me a chance of telling you what I think of you. Think he's in any pain, Eva?"

"I can't tell. I think he is sometimes," she would answer, in her low voice—it had grown still gentler and softer in these days of nursing. "He tosses his head to and fro very often, and now and again he draws a long

breath and frowns as if he were uneasy. Oh, I wish we would recover consciousness, so that he might ask him where he felt the pain and help him."

Sir Edward was very dull and dispirited during this time of suspense; and the precarious condition of the unknown man was not the only cause. It will be remembered that Mr. Oldham had asked Eva to tell her brother that the old lawyer wished to see him. Eva had delivered the message, and Sir Edward—who hated lawyers, or, at any rate, all business with them, had carefully avoided Mr. Oldham, but one day the latter had caught the reckless, careless young man out riding, and had reminded him that cer-

OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lindsay, Ont.—"I think it is no more than right for me to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. When I wrote to her some time ago I was a very sick woman, suffering from female troubles. I had inflammation of the female organs, and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend this medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and think they are fine."—Mrs. FRANK EMBLEY, Lindsay, Ontario.

We cannot understand why women will take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, without first trying Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with an operation or as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodical pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

tain interest on mortgages was overdue and must be paid.

Now Sir Edward had received the rents, but had lost them to Sidney Bassington—and a large sum in addition. And he had also borrowed money off that gentleman, who lent it promptly enough, and had expressed his willingness to lend some more.

Sir Edward had intended availing himself of Sidney's offer and borrowing enough for this interest, but Sidney had gone away from the castle—had been away for some weeks, and Sir Edward did not know where to find him. Nor could Mr. Oldham enlighten him as to his whereabouts.

"Mr. Sidney Bassington is on the continent, I believe, but it is only conjecture on my part. He drew his allowance before he left," he added, with a smile, "so that he may not be back before it is spent—not even then, for I have the earl's instructions to supply him with any money he may require."

"Rather rum, his going away all in a minute, and without leaving word" had been Sir Edward's glum comment, but Mr. Oldham had only shrugged his shoulders and taken a pinch of snuff, saying, as he rode on:

"And you won't forget this interest, Sir Edward? We can't have them for-closing."

So Sir Edward was rather down in the dumps, for he missed his fellow-gambler and companion—and banker.

Eva, in her absorption, had almost, if not entirely forgotten the boy whom she had befriended; but one day Martha, with an old servant's despotism, insisted upon her mistress going for a walk, and Eva put on her hat and jacket, and wandered, for the first time since Geoffrey's arrival, beyond the gates and down the lane.

She sauntered along aimlessly and

dreamily, scarcely noticing the change the weeks had made in the landscape. It was autumn now, and the leaves were beginning to take on their yellow and crimson tints, and some of them were falling like ghosts from the tall poplars and the vast elms.

She was thinking of the sick man, wondering who he was, and why he had come to Starborough; wondering, too, whether, when he was well, he would go away—never to come back, perhaps—when the sight of Betty's cottage reminded her of Ronnie; and with a half-guilty feeling—for had she not in the absorption of her nursing, in her intense interest in the injured man, neglected the boy she had befriended? She opened the gate and entered the little front garden.

Cottie was sitting under the porch bending over her gloves, and as she looked up and transfixed Eva with her glorious eyes, Eva started, not only at the beauty of the boy's face but at a certain change in it.

"Hello!" said Cottie, with a brusqueness which was more than half assumed; "is that you? I thought you were—dead."

"I'm very sorry," said Eva, regretfully. "I ought to have come to see after you before this; but I've been busy, yes, very busy. I have not been beyond the gates for weeks, or else I should have called to ask how you were getting on, Ronnie."

"Oh, I'm getting on very well," said Cottie, nodding at the gloves lying on her knee. "But what have you been doing?"

"I've been nursing a wounded man," said Eva. "He was injured, dreadfully injured, while saving my brother from thieves."

"There seem to be plenty of thieves in this neighbourhood," said Cottie. "You haven't heard anything of my bank-notes? But I'm sorry they hurt this man, and glad it wasn't your brother. Who is he?"

"We don't know," replied Eva; "but we shall know when he is become conscious and well enough to answer questions. How well you are looking!"

"That's more than I can say for you," retorted Cottie, eyeing Eva's pale face with a woman's sharpness. "You look thin and pale."

Eva laughed softly. "Oh, I'm all right. It's the long hours nursing. I shall be quite well directly my patient recovers. And I hope you're happy, Ronnie, and you don't find it dull?"

Cottie shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I'm happy enough," she said. "No—I'm not. I want some money."

"Want some money," echoed Eva, seating herself on the bench in the porch. "What for? You can't spend any here."

"I want it to take me back to Australia," said Cottie, with a certain energy, a swift rush of blood to the face and an almost fierce light in her beautiful eyes. "I want to get back."

Only One "BROWN QUININE," that is Laxative BROWN Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days on every 6 Tablets box 25c

"You find it dull," said Eva, passionately. "Dull," retorted Cottie. "No I don't. It's not that. I'm used to that. Why, I've lived in a hut—but that doesn't matter, and you wouldn't understand. And, besides, I can go to the castle when I like."

Nerves at High Tension

Slight extra strain means collapse—Restoration obtained by using DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

The successful men and women are often of the high-strung nervous type—keen and active—but with too little reserve force. A little extra worry and anxiety and snap goes the nervous system. Weeks and months are often required before energy and vigor are regained. Rest helps, so does fresh air and exercise, but the blood must also be made rich and red by use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mr. Wm. Branton, Victoria St., Stratford, Ont., writes:—My nervous system seemed all unstrung. I could not sleep, had no appetite, my digestion was poor and I had jerking of the limbs. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food helped me and I continued until I had taken twenty-four boxes. This treatment has made a radical change in my condition, building up the system and strengthening the nerves. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Buffalo, N. Y., April 16.—Last night Yusif Mahmout, the Turkish champion wrestler, won his finish match from Fred Beell, the Wisconsin bader, with two straight falls. The time was 6.09 and 26.35. Beell made a spectacular fight in the early part of the match, but the Turk, after allowing Beell to work himself out, also showed flashes of speed that brought applause from the crowded house. Mahmout had 20 pounds advantage in weight.

'PALE AND DEPRESSED'

Anaemia, Bad Blood, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Dizziness.

Success of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

For her life and health Mrs. E. K. Wilkinson, is indebted to the marvelous curative properties of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Her brightness, activity and present good looks are due to nothing else but the enormous benefit she derived from using this grand medicine.

From her home in Newton where she resides with her large family, Mrs. Wilkinson writes: "For years I was pale, anemic and lacking in vitality. I was a constant sufferer from indigestion, and the distress and pain it caused me, coupled with ever-increasing anaemia made me weaker day by day. Constant headaches, specks before the eyes and attacks of dizziness made me feel as if life were not worth living. My constitution was completely undermined and the constant pallor and dullness in my eyes showed what a sick woman I was. I began to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills and the improvement although slow was sure. I gradually got back my strength and my appetite grew much stronger and I enjoyed my meals thoroughly. I felt happier and more contented and the sickly pallor on my face was replaced by a bright rosy color which proved that a strong medicine was at work. In a few months Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought me from a condition of deathly despair to robust health."

You can obtain the same results by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills—beware of the substitute that offers you anything except Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers or The Cattaraugus Company, Kingston, Ont.

"The castle!" said Eva, with mild surprise. Cottie nodded. "Yes; I know the Earl—the old gentleman who owns it. I often go there; and I can walk about the gardens and pick the flowers; and he lets me go over the house."

"How strange! I mean, I am very glad you have found some amusement recreation. And that must help you to be patient. We must see about the money you want, Ronnie; perhaps my brother can help us. Of course you must go back if you are not happy, if you're pining for your brother—it was your brother, wasn't it?"

Cottie nodded. "Yes," she said, shortly. "I want to go back; I hate this place."

"Will MAKE HAIR GROW" BEARINE Prepared from the grease of the Canadian Bear. Delicately perfumed. The Standard Pomade for 40 Years. All Dealers 50c. per Jar. Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

"I am sorry," said Eva, gently. "Now I look at you, Ronnie, I can see you are not happy. And you have changed in some peculiar way. Why?"—she put out her hand and touched the small, shapely head—"why, you have let your hair grow! That is what it must be. It is lying on your collar."

Cottie reddened and shook her head free from Eva's caressing hand. "Oh, bother!" she said, pettishly. "I've let it grow because there's no one here to cut it, and I can't just old Betty; she'd cut my ear off, perhaps. But talking of being changed you've changed," she said, sharply.

Eva opened her placid eyes in surprise. "—changed?" she said. "Yes," responded Cottie, eyeing her shrewdly. "You're different—somehow. I don't mean that you are thinner and paler. It's not only that. You look—oh, it's in your eyes and about your mouth, and I can't explain."

Eva rose, with a laugh. "You are a strange boy, Ronnie, and full of fancies!" she said. "I'm not changed in the least! At any rate, I don't feel I am. I must go now; for my time must be nearly up. We take it by turns—Martha and I."

(To be Continued.)

Mahmout Won Match.