

# Big Sacrificial Sale

ODD NUMBERS AND SIZES

## "W. B." Corsets.

Corsets offering at One Half, One Third to One Quarter of Original Price.

To make a complete Clearance of all Odds and Passing Styles. Now is your chance to get a pair of "The World's Best Corsets," and to get Very Superior Quality at a Very Small Price.

CORSETS originally priced from \$3.00 to \$4.00 pair now offering at..... **\$1.50 pr.**

CORSETS originally priced from \$2.50 to \$3.50 pair now offering at..... **\$1.00 pr.**

CORSETS originally priced from \$1.50 to \$3.00 pair now offering at..... **75cts. pr.**

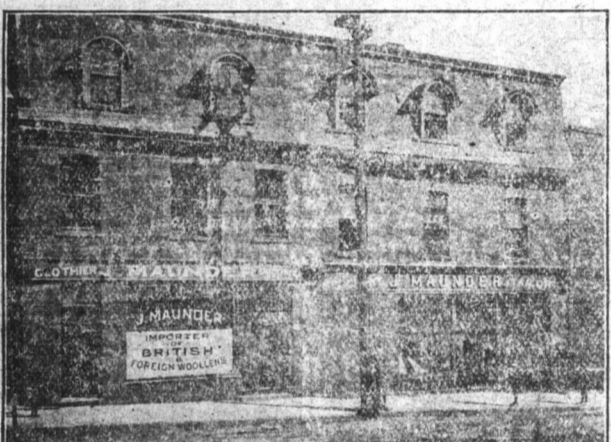
Also offering a few pair of the celebrated "La Vida Corsets," in which Steels are all of best Whalebone. Original Prices—\$6.00 to \$7.00 pr. at \$1.50 pr. to clear.

Any Lady taking advantage of this offer of ours, we are assured will be more pleased with her purchase than with any other bargain she has ever made. In the Cheapest "W. B. Corsets" the quality is superior, but as what we are now cleaning up are mostly Corsets in the better qualities, we can most strongly guarantee you something that will be an exceptionally good wearer, and in every way give the highest satisfaction.

CORSETS nowadays change more quickly in style than used to be the case, and as "W. B." manufacturers are always to the forefront as regards styles and are changing and improving all the time, in order to keep stocks at the highest pitch, a general cleaning up is necessary once in a while and this is what we are now doing. However this is no Ordinary Cleaning Up it is

**A Sale of Corsets of Extraordinary Interest.**  
Do not delay—Call early and get your pick of Sizes and Styles

### HENRY BLAIR.



**GENTLEMEN.**—Our shelves are now replete with the choicest goods that the West of England can produce. All parts of Old England are famed for the excellence of their goods, but more especially the West, and as regards that indescribable "thing" called style we know how, and can give full expression to that elusive quality. We please both young and old. You can have your choice of either English or American cut. Personal supervision given each order. Give us a trial and we have a customer. Thirty years experience in the tailoring line.

**JOHN MAUNDER, 'THE' TAILOR,**  
251-253 Duckworth St., St. John's

# PIANOS!

Various Sizes and Styles.



# ORGANS!

For Parlor, Church and School.

LARGE STOCKS TO CHOOSE FROM.

Terms arranged to suit customers.

The White Piano and Organ Store,

**CHESLEY WOODS.**

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## Telegram Ads. Pay

# Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XXIII.  
(Continued.)

BETTY laughed, and brought out her materials, and Cottie took her first lesson. It was not a particularly hard one, and before very long, and after a fair two had been spoilt, she managed fairly well; listening to Betty, who, with the gentle garrulity of her age, rambled on about Starborough and the people. She said a great deal about the castle and the strange discovery of Mr. Sidney Bassington, the heir; but she evidently loved to talk of the Rishleighs, who were the gods of her idolatry, and she dilated upon the beauty and virtues of Miss Eva and her brother by the hour together.

Cottie drank it all in with the interest and eagerness of one who had discovered a new continent, and asked innumerable questions.

'And this Mr. Bassington is a great friend of Sir Edward's?' she asked, thoughtfully. 'And yet he seems very different to him, somehow.'

Betsy shook her head and heaved a sigh.

'Different, indeed!' she assented.

'I can't quite understand how Sir Edward can make so much of him, and I'm afraid no good can come of their being so thick. I hear from Mr. Ripley that Sir Edward owes him a sight of money already. But, there! it isn't proper for the likes of me to talk of the doings of my betters, especially

# HA! HA! He! He!

That's the way to feel—EVERY ONE does that takes a CASCARET night BEFORE when he looks at the fellow who didn't. For OVER-EATING and DRINKING nothing on Earth cleans you out as a CASCARET, naturally—easily, without that upset sick feeling, without that head time—9 P. M. or 4 A. M.—no difference—you'll need it.

CASCARETS, too, a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

when they're my master and mistress. What small hands you got; the scissors look ever so much too big for them!

Cottie shrugged her shoulders. 'That's more my misfortune than my fault,' she remarked.

'So it be,' assented Betty, encouragingly; 'and anyway you're mighty smart with 'em; shouldn't 'a' thought a boy would 'a' picked up the cuttin' out so quickly.'

When it grew near dinner-time, the old lady rose to see after the meal; and Cottie, left to herself, grew slack, and presently dropped her work and sauntered down the little garden into the lane. She was strolling along absently, when she heard the sound of a horse, and a moment or two after Eva rode up.

'Well, Ronnie?' she said, with her gentle smile. 'I was coming to hear how you were getting on. You look all right and happy.'

'Oh, I'm all right enough,' said Cottie, eying the horse critically. 'That's a beautiful horse you've got, and you sit it very well, though I suppose you wouldn't look so comfortable on an Australian buck-jumper.'

Eva coloured; but she was infinitely amused by the youngster's candour. 'I suppose not,' she said. 'You don't expect me to ride as well as the

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are made in the greatest medical laboratory of America, and are generally preferred. They are required in all weakened and run-down conditions of health. They enrich the blood and feed the nerve centres. For anemic girls and women, and weak men they are invaluable. They make rich red blood.

For sale by all Druggists or Dealers at 25 cents per box. If your dealer cannot supply, you order direct from us by mail. We prepay postage on all orders.

**BOVEL MFG. CO., St. John's, Nfld or Montreal, Can.**

# Bronchitis

exhausts the vitality more quickly than any ordinary food or medicine can restore it.

For over thirty-five years

## Scott's Emulsion

has relieved bronchitis in all stages; it is the tonic lung-remedy used the world over in this disease; nothing equals it in keeping up and restoring flesh and strength.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send the name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Book and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

**SCOTT & BOWNE**

126 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

Australians? Though my brother—

oh, here he comes! Here is this strange boy, Edward, walking about as if he had been living here for years!

Sir Edward rode up on the fidgety mare and nodded to Cottie and greeted her with a genial smile.

'Well, youngster, how goes it? Found your feet already?'

Cottie returned the nod.

'Oh, yes,' she said. 'That's a better horse than your sister's; but it's got an ugly temper, hasn't it?'

Sir Edward eyed the clearly cut, upturned face with a whimsical smile.

'A judge of horseflesh, eh?' he said. 'Of course you can ride?'

Jump up and let me see what sort of a horseman you are.'

'No, no, Edward!' said Eva. 'He is so small and light—'

'He's as tall as you are!' said Sir Edward, 'and can ride, I'll be bound. Jump up, young'un.'

Cottie shook her head, but her eyes were resting on the high-bred horse wistfully, and when Sir Edward, having shotened the stirrup, jerked his head at her invitingly, she came forward, as if she could not resist the temptation, and sprang lightly into the saddle.

The mare of course resented the change of riders, and rose on her haunches; but Cottie, to Eva's relief, kept her seat and seemed in no way alarmed or even discomposed. Nor was she in the least whit embarrassed by the fact that she was riding astride, for she had been accustomed to riding man-fashion since her childhood.

The horse got down after a moment or two of capering, and she rode it up and down the lane for a time or two; and then, with a suddenness that almost brought an exclamation to Eva's lips, she put it at the bank, which the mare took like a bird.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
Bay of Islands. J. M. CAMPBELL.  
I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
Springhill, N.S. WM. DANIELS.  
I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
Albert Co., N.B. GEO. TINGLEY.

'Bravo, youngster!' cried Sir Edward, as she brought the horse over again, and, pulling up beside him, slipped to the ground. 'You ride like a jockey; and, by Gad, you'd be useful up at the stables! What do you say to coming on there?'

But Cottie shook her head coolly.

'No, thanks; I'm very comfortable where I am,' she replied; and Eva, drawing near her brother, murmured:

'Edward, you forget. Don't you see that he's too good for that—that he is a gentleman?'

Sir Edward shrugged his shoulders.

'Eh? Oh, well; I beg his pardon. But, by George! it's a pity such riding should be wasted. Look here—'

'What's his name—I forget?'

'Ronnie,' said Cottie.

'Well, Ronnie, you come up to the Hall whenever you care for a ride, and we'll find a mount for you; and perhaps, if I've nothing better to do, I'll go with you.'

Cottie forgot for a moment that she was a boy, and looking up at him with a mischievous sparkle in her deep, violet eyes.

'Thank you, you're very kind!' she said, with a curl of her cupid lips.

Sir Edward, surprised at her tone and her glance, stared at her with a puzzled smile.

'You're a cool hand, Master Ronnie,' he remarked; and he bent down from the horse which he had mount-

ed and caught her playfully by the shoulder.

She shrank back and wriggled; but his grasp, though not rough, was like one of steel, and her face was beginning to flush resentfully, when Eva cried:

'Oh, do leave the boy alone, Edward! I'm going on to Betty's; you'd better come with me, Ronnie.'

Cottie laid her hand on the horse's neck and walked beside Eva, looking before her very thoughtfully. She had never resented Geoffrey's hand upon her, and yet the touch of any other man's made the blood rush to her head with indignation and rage. Why was it?

'Oh, Betty,' said Eva, as the old lady came down to the gate to them, 'I am sending you one or two dresses and things that want mending. I wish you'd do it for me, will you?'

'Of course I will, Miss Eva!' responded Betty with her placidly affectionate smile. 'I'll do them at once. When will they be coming?'

'Oh, I told them to send them to-day,' said Eva, 'but you can take your own time about them; there is not the least hurry. You haven't heard anything of your lost property, Ronnie?'

Cottie shook her head.

'Not likely to,' she replied, with a shrug of her shoulders.

'Poor boy! Never mind; we'll still hope that it may be found; and meanwhile you must be as contented and happy as you can.'

'Oh, I'm happy enough,' retorted Cottie; but she checked a sigh.

She could not be happy away from Geoffrey. She gave vent to a sigh as she watched Eva ride away; for the sight of her in her graceful habit made Cottie wish vaguely that she was dressed like a woman. But wishes were vain things, and she went into the cottage to the dinner which Betty had prepared and ate a hearty meal.

They fell to work again afterwards; but Cottie soon grew tired of sitting still and heading over the skins, which delicate and soft as they were, seemed contemptible things; and, when Betty's back was turned, she got up, yawned, and stretched her long arms, and escaped.

(To be Continued.)

# The Bores in General.

(One in Particular.)

II.

The "Bore in General" is the second division of P. J. K.'s essay, and he describes the individual in very pleasant language. It is too verbose to give "verbatim strong," and I will but attempt a brief correction. To begin: I would like, in all truth, to give him full credit for the origin of this article; but it appears too facile to ascribe him the authorship when I note the character of his past attempts. Yet, believe me, I would not dare say it was plagiarized.

Of the many Bores described, I will give my undivided attention to the "egotistical" breed, one that our savant should have described more fully as, undoubtedly, he is the one with whom he is best acquainted, in fact his Fidos Achatas. I ween. The other bores, poor fellows, have my deepest sympathy. Their endeavours in the bore business are of a laudatory nature when advertising and insurance are their stock in trade, and the only resources from which they draw their daily sustenance. Did it ever occur to you, "p. j. k.," there are hungry mouths to feed—wives and children solely dependent on those bores?

The "egotistical bore" is in our learned friend's estimation "the most hateful and disgusting" of your bores. This is one of the very few points on

TO HAVE BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

About one sixth of all the waste matter discharged from the human body passes cut through the pores of the skin. If the skin is to be kept beautiful the pores must be kept in healthy condition by bathing and by use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, which overcomes all chaffing and irritation of the skin and cures pimples, eruptions and the many forms of eczema.

St. Joseph's Institute.

Rev. Dr. Kitchen presided at the second annual meeting of St. Joseph's Institute held at the rooms, Hoylestown, yesterday morning. There was a large attendance. Five new members joined the ranks. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer submitted showed the Institute to be in a flourishing condition, financially and otherwise. The election of officers was then taken up by Mr. Thos. Kent and Mr. T. O'Brien. The following were chosen: J. Fitzpatrick, President; J. Cloney, Vice-President; J. Hayes, Sec. Treas. The officers were then installed. Votes of thanks were tendered His Grace the Archbishop, Rev. Dr. Kitchen, the retiring officers, and Messrs. Thomas Kent and Thomas O'Brien, who so ably conducted the election. After a few other matters of minor importance were disposed of the meeting adjourned.

# You Blame the Stomach

Had a Good Time.

Had a Good Time. The musicale and dance held in St. Joseph's Hall, Bell Island, on Wednesday evening last in connection with the R. C. annual bazaar, coming as it did so soon after the Easter ball, was a great success. The hall was neatly decorated for the occasion, and at 9.30 the first dance began. For two hours all were engaged in the enjoyment of dancing when the interval took place, during which the musicale was rendered. This part of the entertainment was much appreciated by all present. The performers certainly acquitted themselves well, especially those comprising the orchestra, who played several familiar airs while refreshments were being partaken of. When the appetites of all had been satisfied dancing was again indulged in and continued till long past morning. The success of the evening is in a measure due to Mr. Thomas Hughes who ably fulfilled the position of floor manager, while Mrs. Murphy and the Misses Donnelly as chaperons contributed their share and are to be congratulated on having arranged such an enjoyable affair.—Com.

# ACHING IN THE STOMACH.

Indigestion and Stomach Disorders.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cured.

'From using a cheap remedy recommended by an unscrupulous druggist my condition was made much worse,' writes Miss Minerva E. Michie, daughter of a well known citizen of Portland. 'I had suffered so terribly with indigestion and biliousness that the very sight of food made me shudder. It was two years ago my health began to fail. At first I had constipation, liver sluggishness and occasional headaches. My appetite was variable—I wanted too many sweets—then I lost all desire to eat and had constant aching in the stomach, attacks of dizziness, pains between the shoulders, stifling feeling after meals and felt I wasn't going to recover.

'The moment I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills I felt better. After I had taken a few pills my chest and back were relieved of pain, and my head felt clear and no longer was full of blood and rushing noises. I kept on using Dr. Hamilton's Pills and slowly but surely my appetite returned and I gradually regained strength, color and spirits. To-day I am as well as ever and attribute my present splendid condition entirely to Dr. Hamilton's Pills.'

If you are troubled like Miss Michie was (and most people occasionally are) no medicine will do you so much lasting good as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Beware of the druggist that asks you to take anything in place of Dr. Hamilton's Pills which alone can help and cure you, 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00 at all dealers or The Catarthozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

which he and I agree. The bore who in his ill-flavored (or favored) egotism would vaunt the unprofitable labors of an unsound and distorted reason to a rational and unsophisticated people is certainly the veriest type of bore. He is a type of the species you "cannot keep at a distance"—the bore from whom you cannot escape. He is forever with us, poverty and he; and like the proverbial bad penny is persistently showing up. He is our "evil genius," forever dogging our heels. He has nothing to commend your interest, no engaging proposition to arrest your attention. Nothing, absolutely nothing but an immoderate vanity which craves commendation can alone satisfy.

He has an idea—it were better he had the measles or the chickenpox when the fever set in—and forsooth! in his delirium he raves of the rocket's flight, but dreams not of its sorry descent. He would scale the inaccessible Parnassus when morning lights his path, but when the lengthening shadows fall at evening he finds he has missed the way for the roads that lead to Auega and Parnassus are as divergent as the poles.

"BY-STANDER."

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# New Goods

Just arrived per "Ulunda," Our first shipment of

## Spring Goods,

HATS and MOTOR CAPS, DRESS GOODS & MUSLINS, LACES and EMBROIDERIES, FRILLINGS and COLLARS, etc.

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Worth Reading 10 cts. each.

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- The Star Dreamer, by Agnes E. Castle.
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- The Image in the Sand, by E. F. Benson.
- Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son, by Horace Lorimer.
- The Call of the Blood, by Robt. Hitchens.
- Phone in Fetters, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.
- The Seats of the Mighty, by Gilbert Parker.
- Stargaze, by E. W. Hornung.
- My Sword Lafayette, by Max Pemberton.
- The Eternal City, by Hall Caine.
- The Stark Munro Letters, by A. Conan Doyle.
- Fort Amity, by A. T. Quiller Couch.
- The Professor's Legacy, by Mrs. A. Sidgwick.
- The Captain of the Polestar, by A. Conan Doyle.
- The Courtship of Morrice Buealer, by A. E. W. Mason.
- The Wings of Destiny, by Christopher Wilson.
- The Hollow Needle, by Maurice Le Blanc.
- Castle Omeragh, by F. F. Moore.
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- Mrs. Falchion, by Gilbert Parker.
- The Man of the Craig, by Guy Boothby.

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