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Nova Scotia vs. St. John's, PRINCES RINK, THURSDAY, FRIDAY and MONDAY.

Doors open 7.30 p.m. Game starts 9 p.m. Reserved Seat Tickets on sale at Atlantic Bookstore. General Admission, 20c.

TIM SHANNAN

**Tells How Mrs. Tucker Got
A Berth For "Jim."**

This is the toughest proposition ever we struck, said Mrs. Tucker, this getting a berth for "Jim."

Mrs. Tucker sat at the head of the old square table, her hands joined and resting upon it. She was toggled off in her Sunday dress, with the white frilling at the neck, and she wore the best brooch, the big one with the head of a deer in the centre; her apron was spick and span new, and Tucker told us in a whisper that she grabbed it last Saturday night at Steers Grab Sale.

She looked like a queen at the head of the table, and her face showed she was working her brains for what they were worth.

Scattered around the table were Tucker, Delaney and myself, while the "Cute Man" sat over by the stove on a stool and was reading the Telegram. Mrs. Tucker's eyes glared at Delaney's eyes glared at Tucker. The Cute Man looks no paper, he is one of the many who'll go a mile for the "lend" of a paper, and one of the first to grumble if the paper isn't out on a holiday.

"It's getting a pretty hard show for a St. John's man," says Tucker, "to know that there's no berth for you or your son if you be so unfortunate as to be born south of Cape St. Francis. Why they tell me the captains have all to do with it this year, and the owners are leaving it all in their hands."

"They're a pretty generous crowd, them captains," says the Cute Man, without taking his eyes from the paper, "and I haven't the shadow of a doubt but you'd strike a berth for Jim if you went about it the right way."

Mrs. Tucker looked anxiously in the face of the Cute Man while he pitched his voice. She was anxious to see a way out of the difficulty, and now that he was done talking and had said nothing, she turned away from him with disgust.

A rap at the door announced the arrival of a new-comer. Mrs. Tucker

swept across the floor like a snow-sweeper and admitted Jim.

He sauntered in with his cap in his hand and enough snow on his boots to give forty children the whooping cough.

"Well, Jim," says Tucker, "what luck?"

There's a chance, said Jim, with Capt. Barbour if all his crew don't come, but he won't be able to give us an answer afore Wednesday.

The Cute Man drew over near Jim and scrutinized him, looked him up and down, as if to see was there anything wrong with him. He beheld a fine able-bodied young man, fully six feet two in his stocking vamps, well proportioned and evidently as strong as a lion.

"What's wrong with you?" asked the Cute Man. "Why don't they give you a berth? Do you refuse to be vaccinated or have you palpitation of the heart? What's wrong with you?" He turned Jim around. What's the matter that you can't get a show?"

"We have no time to waste dealing with such questions," said Mrs. Tucker, "what we want is a berth and we're not going to lose time looking for reasons just now. Ye men ain't worth a collier's curse on a job of this kind, and I intend to start out on the warpath myself in the morning, and by hook or by crook, Jim's got to get a berth or I'll know the reason why."

Mrs. Tucker slept little; she planned and planned her cutest plans, and at daylight she was on the go. Great men, she said, never let sleep bother 'em when there's anything big on, and 'tis just the same with me. Who'd ever think 'twould be so hard for a St. John's man to get a berth, and yet these outboard men say that we are hard on 'em. I'd like to see the boot on the other foot and the St. John's men going down to the outport and grabbing up every thing. Do you think they'd allow it? Well, I guess not, and I'm beginning to think that

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GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING

"Hello," says he, "Mrs. Tucker, what are you doing here, paying the license for your crackle or trying to get your coat out of pound?"

"Hello, Jim," says she, "is it yourself? Why you're looking as smart as you did twenty years ago? I'm looking for Sir Edward," says she, "but there's no sign of anyone like him around these quarters."

"Oh, you're in the wrong part of the ship, go down over the hill and go in by the door leading from Water Street."

Mrs. Tucker set sail after thanking her guide, and soon was trudging over the hill. At the bottom of the steps was a number of seafarers, joking and laughing as gay as larks on a summer's morning. They had struck their berths and she wished she was as happy. She climbed the steps and was soon at the door of Sir Edward's office; and now that she had reached her destination she felt dismayed. She rapped at the door and a boy came. "Is Sir Edward in," she asked, half doubting whether the boy would tell her the truth or not.

"Come inside, ma'am," said he, "and take a seat. He'll be along in a few minutes."

Mrs. Tucker entered and took the seat pointed out, and the boy went out and closed the door. She gazed around in astonishment; she was in the Premier's office; books and papers were strewn around on all sides; big long glass cupboards were chock full of books, and she pitied Sir Edward for having to learn them all off by heart. She wondered who was the happiest, the sealer with his berth and his well-filled pipe, or the man occupying the responsible position of Premier. She decided in favour of the former, and was just going over to examine the carpet when she heard footsteps approaching the door. She slipped back in the chair, joined her hands and put on a face like the last rose of summer.

"Good morning," said Sir Edward, "I hope I haven't kept you long waiting."

"Well, Sir Edward," said she, "I'm here on a mission which I have no use for, but necessity knows no law I came down to see if you would be good enough to give me a berth for 'Jim,' a berth to the ice I mean."

Sir Edward said, "The Government's not sending any steamer to the ice as far as I know; I am therefore powerless in granting your request."

were no good around here. We simply howl that all's, but as the Yankees say, 'there's nothin' to it.'

A bang of the door that meant business and Mrs. Tucker stumbled over the gallery and nearly carried away her left eye against the railing, but she sprighted herself by catching the post, and tore her forty-five cents pair of gloves in the effort. I wish, said she, that all half-fools like Jim were exported; why can't they get a gait on and get jobs for themselves; why am I cracking my neck about it, simply because I'm "half-off" myself. Tucker never did give me much trouble, but he'd be in the Poor House today if it wasn't for me. Half the men in the country would be on the rocks if they hadn't us women to guide 'em.

She headed straight down Duckworth Street, and met many she knew, but none of them was worth their salt, as far as getting a berth was concerned. The thought occurred to her that she'd go down and see Sir Edward. She was slightly acquainted with him. She had heard him "spout," as she said herself, the first time when he spoke out of poor Owen Keen's window on Adelaide Street. She remembered that night as if 'twas yesterday, and she recalls the speech often vividly in her mind. Times were different in St. John's then, and there was a more brotherly and sisterly love, not on the surface like enamel on a stove, but a true, good feeling more solid than the stove itself.

"I'll go down and see him, anyway," said she, "and if I don't get the berth itself 'twill be a good excuse for me to get a peep at the Court House on the inside. And thanks be to goodness, said she, I was never inside a Court House, or one belonging to me, in all my life, and 'tisn't every one that's got that to say."

When she arrived at the Court House 'twas half-past ten, and she entered the Duckworth Street door. Everything was extremely quiet, not a sound to be heard, of a human being in sight.

"What time do they come to work around here? Why there's Tucker he has half a day's work done by this time. 'Tis great to have a 'Government job'."

She moved along cautiously through the long hall and peeped into the Supreme Court. How silent it was and the atmosphere seemed to make her feel a sense of dread. There were the judges' seats, the jury box and the witness stand. The clock ticked a mournful tone and struck the half-hour, as much as to say beware. She closed the door, but the sharp click of the knob seemed to frighten her. This is a dreadful place, she says, and goodness help the poor unfortunate that has to stand his trial. Turning around she spied an old friend in the person of Mr. Burke.

a man to take it, and maybe "Jim" would be good enough to fill the position.

Mrs. Tucker was too shrewd not to see the joke. Sir Edward was no stranger to her, and she was bound to get square with him.

"Well, I have an idea, Sir Edward," said she, "that a man to fill that job would require to have a glossy bald head, nice white whiskers and his face well groomed; he would need to be able to walk good and solid, with a pair of heavy well shined boots, and have an aristocratic cough and a lot of hanged-on relations. Our 'Jim' has none of these 'qualifications, therefore 'twould be useless to appoint him."

Sir Edward seemed to enjoy her brilliancy, for he laughed heartily. You're the proper kind of woman for a job like this, said he, and you certainly deserve to win. I'll tell you, said he, there's a vacancy in the night boat, send "Jim" down and we'll give him the berth.

Mrs. Tucker smiled her sweetest smile, stood up and thanked the Premier.

"I have come out triumphant," said she, "I have secured a berth for Jim, not to the ice, but a Government Berth for life."

She hailed Mike Kelly and drove home as proud as a successful candidate after the declaration of the Poll.

TIM SHANNAN.

Will Make Hair Grow

Every up-to-date woman should have radiant hair.

There are thousands of women with harsh, faded, characterless hair, who do not try to improve it.

In England and Paris women take pride in having beautiful hair. Every Canadian woman can have lustrous and luxuriant hair by using SALVIA, the Great American Sage Hair Tonic. McMurdo & Co. sells a large bottle for 50 cents, and guarantees it to banish Dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp in ten days, or money back.

Marquis a Smugler.

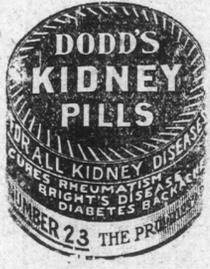
A Dangerous Smuggling Game Carried on Along Italy's Frontier.

Marquis Gino Capponi, a member of a famous old Florentine family of that name, has been arrested at Varese, Italy, under extraordinary circumstances.

To retrieve his family fortunes, the Marquis, who is now 54 years of age, placed himself at the head of a powerful band of smugglers, mostly of Neapolitan origin, operating on the Italo-Swiss-Austrian frontiers with ramifications in most of the big Italian towns. The Marquis was condemned by the criminal courts last May, but managed to elude capture by fleeing to Lugano. He continued to superintend daring incursions of his armed bands into Italy, carrying cargoes of contraband tobacco, choice lace, watches, coffee, sugar, and huge quantities of saccharine, which were distributed by parcel post to hundreds of agents.

For several months hardly a night passed without an exchange of shots between the Customs guards and the smugglers, who usually number from thirty to a hundred, and who, to enter Italy must scale or penetrate a thick fence of metal net work twelve feet high extending all along the border line, and wherefrom numerous bells are suspended, whose least tinkle serves to arouse the guards.

The captured Marquis foolishly led in person one such expedition, into



The answer was 'so business-like' that it knocked Mrs. Tucker out for the moment, but she soon regained the use of her tongue.

"I know the Government don't, as a rule, send steamers to the ice, but I know that you can use your influence and get 'Jim' a berth if you will."

"My dear madam," said Sir Edward, "I have carried a constituency for the last twenty-six years; I've carried my point at the Hague; I've made forty speeches at dinners and otherwise in the one week; I've talked three-parts of the country into my way of thinking; I've done all this, but get a berth to the ice, that task is too heavy for me and I am utterly unable to accomplish it."

There was an awkward silence during which Mrs. Tucker pulled off her glove and let the strings of her bonnet loose. Sir Edward noticed this and realized he had struck the limit in persistence.

"I'll tell you," said he, "we are looking for a man to fill the vacancy in the Savings Bank. It's a hard job to get

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Cost him \$100.00 for medicines which failed—Cured by DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Mr. James Clark, Middlesex, Sask., writes: "I suffered for four years with rheumatism in my shoulders and could not lift my arms above the head. I tried nearly all the advertised remedies but none of them gave me relief. It cost me at least \$100.00 for medicines before I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills."

"With the use of this medicine, I soon found relief. I followed up this treatment for six months and was then quite free from rheumatism. While using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I also used Dr. Chase's Backache Plaster when so stiff that I could scarcely bend. They always found the weak spot and gave relief while the internal treatment was bringing about thorough cure."

The success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills has been phenomenal. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Recipes will be sent free on request.

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The cleaner the Works, the purer the Soap; the brighter the Homes and the sweeter the Clothes.

SUNLIGHT SOAP
IT IS PURE

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Feb. 15, 1911.

Another voyage over! Again we have sighted land and sent the mystic Marconigram thrilling across the waves to those we've left behind us!

Again we have had the usual concert, which winds up the voyage, the proceeds of which always go to the fund for deceased sailors' orphans. The chairman on the occasion was Mr. Alex. Robertson, than whom no fitter could have been chosen. His remarks in introducing each performer were witty and to the point, and as the newspapers would say, he filled the role "with much acceptance," and while the songs and music flowed, drowning the sound of the fretting and foaming ocean, the flowers from "Grave Hill" conservatories nodded and exhaled their perfume as if in appreciation of the gifted singers from the same dear soil!

[I might add that the flowers were sent by some of the "Newfoundland Highlanders" to young lady friends on board, and decorated the tables the whole way across.]

Meanwhile a picture of the snow-clad hills we had so recently left, and the winding frost-fringed river seemed again to our hearts the "dearest spot of earth." Not the "Olyde side" with its "Kyles of Bute," its "clock lights," its "Dumbarton Rock" and its castle, its "Wallace Sepulchre," its Dunoon or Loch Lomond, can obliterate for one moment the love of "Home!"

Glasgow is, as usual, "bonny, busy and prosperous"; Harry Lauder is singing here to packed houses for the past month, and every seat is booked in advance for weeks yet! It would be well if some of the people who make so much fuss about the state of our streets at home could see the thoroughfares of this mammoth city at night! I think their comments would cease in favour of our own! The debris could be gathered in abundance, and it was evident that the reprehensible spitting is still largely indulged in! Then, too, I think their insinuations re the intemperance of St. John's would be justly silenced. Though a considerably large seaport town, we are as the "Garden of Eden" to some of the cities this side the

"Herring Pond!" A walk through any of the streets here of a Saturday night would convince us of the injustice to ourselves of such reproaches.

And now London! The chief topic in the newspapers, and at the "House" is the Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States. Joseph Chamberlain and his son Austin think that Canada might have waited till the Imperial Conference in May. And some go so far as to say, it's the first "wedge in the cleavage" of the Empire and that eventually Canada will be drawn within the "orbit of Washington." However, who can blame Canada? Her appeals to Britain had been repeatedly ignored; and to quote the newspapers she has now "banged, barred and bolted the door of Imperial preference." Meanwhile London life throbs on—the same throngs seem to pulsate through the city only in increased thousands; the same fruit vendors appear to stand up and down Ludgate Hill; the same flower-girls, the same miserable sellers of cheap and portable wares; the theatres are crowded, the hotels likewise, and we wonder where will the crowds stow away for the Coronation; the horse "bus" with a few exceptions has given way to the motor bus and taxi cab, and the latter can now be seen in waiting lines, where the "Hansom" stood before.

To give the reader some idea of the substitution of the motor for the horse, the "London General Omnibus Company" at one blow put aside 900 of the beasts for the horseless vehicle! Of course this is according to the order of the "survival of the fittest"; but no one could have imagined there could have been, in three short years, such a radical change as this.

E. C.

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Fresh Halibut.	Hartley's Jams' 1's & 2's.
Fresh Codfish, 5c. lb.	Pink's Jams, 1's.
Fresh Cod Tongues.	Crosse & Black's do, 2's
Smoked Fillets of Cod.	Local Jams, 1's.

Sealshipt Oyster, 'Blue Point,' 50c. pt.

No. 1 tinned Salmon, 15c.	SARDINES, 8c. cents Tin up.
No. 1 Lobsters.	Lyle's Golden Syrup, 4 lb. tins.
Kip. Herring, tins, 15c.	Lyle's Golden Syrup, 1's and 2's
Fresh Shrimps, 15c. tin.	Canadian Table Syrup, 4 lb. tin, 35 cents.
Oysters—1's—15c.	Marmalade, 7 lb. tins.
Oysters—2's—25c	Pan Cake Syrup, 25 cts. bottle.

C. P. EAGAN, Duckworth St. and Queen's Rd.