

LIPTON'S TEAS!

Largest sale in the world. Best value in the market for the consumer.

RED LABEL40c. per lb.

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In 1/4, 1/2 and 1 lb. double air-tight bags, and in 5 lb. patent air-tight decorated tins.

Lipton, Limited, growers of the Finest Tea the world can produce in Ceylon and India. Lipton's have been awarded for the pure quality of their Tea the following first-class honors:

3 GRAND PRIZES

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and the highest and only award given for Tea at the Chicago Exhibition. No other tea can show a record like that. Try a 1/4 lb. Red Label for 10c. It is the best value you can buy.

HY. BLAIR

Sole Agent in Newfoundland for Lipton, Ltd., Tea, Coffee & Cocoa Planters.

New Cabbage, Apples, etc.

Due To-Morrow, ex "Thyramenier," from New York,
NEW AMERICAN CABBAGE—Crates,
NEW YORK BALDWIN APPLES,
Also,—100 Barrels Boneless Flank Beef,
100 Barrels Light Ham Butt Pork.

F. McNAMARA, Queen St.

April 11th, 1913.

40 barrels

APPLES, New York Baldwins.

50 barrels

Choice CABBAGE.

And to arrive shortly,

200 Small CHEESE, about 20-lbs. each.

Phone 469.

H. J. Brownrigg

FUSSELL'S
FULL CREAM
CONDENSED MILK
IS THE
CREAM OF MILKS



Oats, Oats.

In Stock:

2,500 bags Black Oats,

500 bags White Oats.

'Phone 264.

Geo. NEAL.

Shannahan, Tucker and Delaney

On the Coal Question. All Believe in Mr. Howley.

In days gone by the French Shore question occupied the attention of the brainy men of this country, and many of them crossed the ocean on delegations to settle the vexed question and took part in torchlight processions upon their return to old Terra Nova. Almost every delegate who went on the mission to "settle" the question got knighted, until it looked as if the knightly honour would become so common in the land that some of 'em would have to be put up at auction. But Tucker says that now that the French Shore question is settled, it seems as if we have lost a good old friend, and a feeling of loneliness pervades the "save your country" market. But Delaney says we are bound to have stirring times in this land we live in, and as soon as one great question becomes settled another rears its head and plays a heavy part in the Drama of Trouble. Writers who took a lively interest in the settling of the French Shore question have laid down their pens, corked their ink bottles and made their souls, but as in every other walk of life, others have come forward to take their place, and after searching for an interesting subject on which they expounded their harpiment, exhibit their ability and mesmerise the public, they have resurrected the ghost of our dormant Coal Areas. Now Tucker says that no more interesting subject could be trotted out than the providing of coal. It is the burning question in more ways than one with the common people, and no one will hail with delight the news that coal is being actually taken out of the bowels of the earth, than he who goes for his hogshead with his dollar and eighty-five in his hip pocket. But we are so accustomed to reading articles on coal finds, coal boring and chats on coal, that the ordinary every day man in town who runs up against an epistle dealing with our coal fields gives it as wide a berth as the story of how a certain man in a certain village in a certain part of the globe got cured after partaking of a certain amount of green pills.

Tucker, Delaney, the "Man from Carter's Hill," Mrs. Tucker and even the skeptical rooster known as the "Cute Man" believe in Mr. Howley, and when that expert says that we have coal in this country in workable quantities they feel that he knows exactly what he is talking about, and if he doesn't know, that the sooner we realize it the better. But as we said before we believe in him, and now the question to be solved is how are we going to get the coal right in here to town. We are approaching the warm season and for goodness sake don't fade a weary people with a controversy that is worn threadbare, a discussion as to whether our country has coal fields or not. Tucker has watched Mr. Howley for years and years, he has dreamt of coal boring and tumbled out of bed crying at the thought of coal. The word Howley and Coal goes in rhyme almost as frequently as Perk and Duff, then why doubt Mr. Howley's word? and why launch out on a newspaper controversy, that threatens to knock in the shade the historic and exceedingly interesting argument on who killed cock robin. Wouldn't it be wiser to spend the time on devising a plan by which we can raise some spondulices and draft an army of bare armed labourers to the spot where Mr. Howley says the Black Diamonds lie? If, on the other hand, we can't do this then be merciful and bore us not, but rather allow us to plunk down our dollar and eighty-five for our hogshead in peace. Stories of immense coal beds in the interior that are going to be worked next year have a maddening effect on the man who dives in his Sunday trousers for the price of a quarter of a ton.

TIM SHANNAHAN.

Wedding Bells.

MURPHY-LANE.

On Thursday evening a very pretty wedding took place at the R. C. Church, North River, when Mr. James Murphy and Miss Jennie Lane were united in the bonds of matrimony by Rev. Dr. Whelan, P.P., in the presence of a large circle of relatives and friends. The bride was attractively attired in a handsome wedding gown of peacock blue silk with hat to match and carried a bouquet of maple ferns and sweet peas was given away by her father, Mr. Robert Lane, whilst Mr. Harry Lane, brother of the bride, supported the groom. The bride was attended by Miss Mary Murphy who was becomingly attired in white silk and black picture hat. After the wedding ceremony the bridal party drove to their future residence at Briggs where supper was served. The presents received were numerous and costly which proves the esteem in which they are held. We wish them many years of wedded happiness.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURE
DIPHTHERIA.

Woman's Dead Body

FOUND IN O'DEA'S BOG, YESTERDAY.

Shortly after 12 noon, yesterday, a boy passing in that way discovered a woman's bonnet floating in the waters of the gully in Freshwater, known as O'Dea's Bog. He told two men named Burridge and Barnes, who were taking a walk countrywards and then went with all speed to the Central Fire Station where he reported to the police. The men found the body in the water and secured it, and Supt. Grimes with Sergt. Savage and an officer, repaired to the scene in an express and brought the body out to the morgue. Yesterday afternoon Dr. Rendell viewed the remains and pronounced death to be caused by drowning. The body was that of Mrs. Theresa Murphy, a resident of Tessler Place, aged about 60, who suffered from periodical attacks of mental trouble. The woman left home at 6.30 yesterday with the intention of going to 7 o'clock mass at the Cathedral, and when she did not return by noon, her friends became anxious about her. It is believed she became afflicted with mental trouble shortly after she left her home, and wandered in the country going into the bog and quickly drowning. Two daughters survive her and to them and the other relatives, the Telegram extends its sympathy.

The Postman.



I wonder if the postman knows how he distributes joys and wots with every trip he makes? He plods along from door to door, makes one heart glad, another sore, and ties of friendship breaks. He brings a grist of urgent duns to those distressed and sad-eyed ones whose tailors business mean; he trudges to the poet's home and brings him a rejected poem from haughty magazine. Oh, all there is of grief and wrath he scatters as he takes his path along the village street, and heartaches, troubles and despair, and things that change to white the hair, attend his toiling feet. And all there is of hope and bliss, the plighted vow, the written kiss, he carries as he wends; the letter from a roaming boy, that fills a mother's heart with joy, the greeting from old friends. The rapture of the glowing bride, the requiem of those who died, he carries in his pack; the whole long tale of human things to every village door he brings as he pursues his track. I wonder if the postman dreams of all the futile hopes and schemes he carries as he walks? Of all the yearnings and the fears, of all the torture and the tears, the solaces and shocks?

Here and There.

POLICE COURT. — A 58-year-old laborer, who was taken in for safe-keeping, was discharged. A young man who was convicted of being drunk and disorderly in his father's house, was fined \$1 or 3 days.

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS. — OUR STORE will be open this week at night up to 9 o'clock, giving intending buyers a chance to select a bargain in a Piano, Organ, Sewing Machine or other goods. Store to be vacated at end of April. CHESLEY WOODS & CO.—ap14,11

FIRST ARRIVAL. — The first arrival from St. Mary's Bay, the schr. Spotless Queen, Skipper P. Delaney, arrived here yesterday morning from St. Mary's proper. She will take supplies and return there; she had a good run down and reports the bay clear of the ice which made there during the winter.

COME TO GOWER ST. MISSION CIRCLE SOCIABLE, in the Victoria Hall, on Wednesday, the 16th inst., at 8 o'clock. The names of those assisting in the programme are:—Misses G. Gaulton, Butler, Langmead, Barrett, Dave, Kendall (2), Soper (2), and Treas., Crocker, Hendrix, Harvey, Fletcher, Tucker (2), Butler and News. Admission 20c. Tickets to be had from members of the Circle and on the door.—ap14,11

NOTE OF THANKS. — Mr. Edward Brennan, of LeMarchant Road, who is now recovering from a very serious operation performed at the General Hospital, wishes to thank Drs. Fraser and Knight; Misses Southcott and Bowden; Sisters Forsey, Lundiegan and Taylor; Nurses Carroll, Kennedy, Scott, Sheppard, Fleming, White, Tremills and Snelgrove for their kind attendance to him while there; also the many other kind friends who visited him while at the institution.—adv.

At the Nickel To-Day.

A TRULY TREMENDOUS FILM

A story of human weakness and power; love and hate; appreciation and ingratitude.

Cardinal Wolsey.

Suggested by the world's history. A film that is mighty.

MUSICAL.

Miss H. Gardner, Miss E. Ceurin, Mr. P. J. McCarthy

Every afternoon at 2. Every night at 7.

SEE THIS SHOW.

To-Day! To-Day!

IS THE TIME FOR OUR

Ladies' Hats,
Ladies' Costumes,
Ladies' Blouses.

These Goods have not been touched by fire or stained by water.

SEE THEM.

A. & S. RODGER.

OUR ECONOMY SALE

STARTS TO-DAY

AND CONTINUES FOR TEN DAYS.

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY. Come in and make us prove it. Buy where you can save the most. That's the way we do. To give you a practical demonstration of money-saving and the power of small amounts to buy things, we have arranged the ECONOMY SALE. In it you will find another proof of the selling power and saving power of this store. The values on this sheet show in part what we mean. But we strongly urge on you to visit our store during this Great Sale.

A beautiful line of Embroidery Flouncing, 26 inches wide. Only 40c. per yard.	Cream Net Gloves . . . 10c. pair Misses' Fine Boots . . . \$1.20 pr.	Ladies' New Spring Hats, New Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, at lowest possible prices.
Assortments of Patterns, 8 in. wide, 18c.; 4 in. wide, 10c. yd.	Ladies' White Underskirts, embroidery frill . . . 85c. ea.	Lace and Embroidery Collars, the latest styles, from 12c. up.
Ladies' One-Piece Dresses, very pretty, from \$1.45 up.	Ladies' Black and Coloured Underskirts, only . . . \$1.00 ea.	Ladies' White Lawn Blouses, latest styles, only . . . 60c. ea.
Ladies' Camisoles, trimmed with lace and tucks, only 25c. each.	A lot of Black Taffeta Gloves, worth 35c. and 40c. pair. Now 20c. pair.	Kid Gloves, genuine bargain, 60c. pair.
Ladies' White, Pale Blue and Pink Silk Blouses, from \$1.50 up.	Children's Tan Kid Gloves, 50 and 60c. Now offered at 40c. pair.	

C. L. March Co., Ltd.,

Corner Springdale & Water Streets.



The Popular London Dry Gin is

VICKERS' GIN

D. O. ROBLIN, Toronto
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