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J. J. ST. JOHN, Duckworth S

The Evening Chit-Chat



or intellectuality?

younger daugher -they say in our town-married beneath her. "Such a blow to h e r mother's pride," they add how could Jane have done it?"

How beneath her? -you may wonder. Because he can't support her? Because he is of an objectionable family? Because he is a man without intelligence

Not any of these things. He makes good salary for a man of his age, and will undoubtedly make much more as time goes on. His family is of sturdy American stock, and he has as fine and clear an intelligence as is often my pleasure to hold converse with. How beneath her, then?

Why, he works with all his hands. He is a chauffeur.

He knows every cog and wheel and nut of his machine as a lover of hores knows a horse's points. He can take his car to pieces and put it together again. I went out with him in the slums of a very crowded city once, where the children were almost as thick as cobblestones, and I could think of no other word by which to call the skill with which he guided that machine but genius.

The doctar's eldest daughter made much better match-so they say She married another doctor. He has not much practice, and I don't think he ever will have, because he simply hasn't the ability. He was pushed not have him take care of my sick cat. better. can't talk with him a half hour without being desperately bored. His without being desperately bored.

MY DOCTOR'S general subjects is about one-quart er that of the chauffeur.

But still he is a doctor. He doesn't work with his hands, and therefore he was a satisfactory match. The doctor's wife was quite satisfied with him as a son-in-law.

Wish there were more girls in our town and in the world like the doctor's youngest daughter.

Wish there were fewer women like her mother.

When there are, when all women begin to realize that work done with the hands can be every bit as honorable as work done with the brains, I think one of our economic problems, the overstocking of professional and clerical lines of work, will be on the road to solution.

Don't be ashamed to marry the mar who works with his hands, girls. Don't be ashamed of the sweetheart whose work regires that he shall wear old clothes and have dirty hands and maybe even carry a dinner pail.

That's as heartfelt advice as I have ever given you.

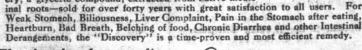
Honest labor, whether it is done with brain or brawn, never degraded any man or woman, and the world needs the kind of brains that come in finger tips as well as the other kind. You wouldn't be ashamed to marry a great surgeon, would you? And yet he works with his hands. His brains are in his finger tips.

Now, mind you, I'm not trying to prove that chauffeurs and mechanicans and all sorts of men who work with their hands are always better men and better to marry than the brain workers.

I'm just trying to make you realize that other things being equal, they are just as good, and other things and tutored through college. I would being unequal, they are frequently

Remedies are Needed

Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would not often be needed. But since our systems have benot often be needed. But since our systems have become weakened, impaired and broken down through indiscretions which have gone on from the early ages, through countless generations, remedies are needed to aid Nature in correcting our inherited and otherwise acquired weaknesses. To reach the seat of stomach weakness and consequent digestive troubles, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovers. ery, a glyceric compound, extracted from native medicinal roots—sold for over forty years with great satisfaction to all users. Fo



The genuine has on its outside wrapper the Signature

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this nor holic, medicine of KNOWN COMPOSITION, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

THE SLEUTH-HOUNDS OF SCOTLAND YARD

A Mysterious Council of Seven. building which, like a mediaeval fortress, dominates the Thames within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament, there is a large barely-fur nished room which holds more sec rets than any others in London, with the possible exception of the room of Cabinet mysteries. It is the nerve centre of our great and complex detective system, which controls the currents radiating all the world over for the discovery of crime; and it is in this secret chamber that the mysskeins of tragedy.

If walls could speak, the walls of despair; for there is no form of the whole world over. crime which has not been dissected and laid bare there in all its complex dumb; and so are the members of this secret Council, who recognize that silence is one of their most powerful weapons.

Unknown Outside.

This Council has not long been in existence; in fact, it is practically unknown to the outside world. It is only a short time since it occurred to the authorities of New Scotland Yard that, in place of usual conferences between detectives engaged in the solution of some probable crime it would be well to appoint a body of I

TO-NIGHT

I their cleverest detectives-men of Chief Inspector Dew is an importation In the great, rather grim, red brick acute and astute brains, with long ex- from Bow Street, where he made perience of crime and criminals-to very wide and useful acquaintance combine their efforts in solving the with criminals. A slight, quiet man principal mysteries; and, as might be rather suggesting a keen solicitor expected, the plan has worked admirably.

been taken in choosing men for this nal quickly to earth. He probably responsible work. It was important knows more about London's crime that the Council should, as far as and criminals than any other detecpossible, cover the whole range of tive, and is specially the enemy whom The detective who has specialized in murder or burglary may know little of, say, coiners and terious Council of Seven hold their ging-letter impostors; and thus the meetings to unravel the tangled leading expert in each of the princi- members of the Council is Chief inpal branches of crime was chosenmen who know practically all that would drive the writers of fiction to names even are a terror to evil-doers

But let us see how this Council and naked hideousness. But walls works. Sup ose that a mysterious murder has taken place in London Within a few minutes after it has been reported to the nearest police station the detective-inspector and his assistants are on the spot making investigations. Meanwhile the dog-when once his "teeth are in" he news has been flashed to New Scotland Yard; and almost before the local men have well commenced their ent and the widest knowledge of inquiries a member of the Councilthe man whose special province it is successfully any task he undertakes. -appears on the scene and takes -Tit-Bits. charge of the operations.

If the problem is a fairly simple one, as it often is, and the murderer once summoned and takes the case in

All the available evidence is placed

before it and thoroughly sifted, deductions are made, a plan of campaign is drawn up, and the whole of the complicated and far-reaching machinery of Scotland Yard is set to work under the collective guidance of the cleverest detective brains in England How energetically and thoroughly th Council does its work has been show in the recent Crippen case, in which a closely-meshed net was in a few

days thrown round the world for the capture of the criminal Head of the Council.

And who are the members of th secret Council? Naturally, they vary from time to time, due to retirements and other causes, but the principa members have so far remained the same. The head of the Council is, by virtue of his office. Sir Melville Mc naghten, Chief of our Criminal Investigation Department-a man who probably knows more about crime than any other in the United King-

Few men look less like å catche of criminals than Sir Melville, who suggests rather a prosperous and genial stockbroker than a Sherlock Holmes; but, all the same, he is a expert in crime to the tips of his fingers. Apart from this long experience of crime and its professors, is a born detective, if ever there was one. So intuitively clever is he that it is said he can tell, after a few minutes' conversation with a crimi nal of what particular branch he is a specialist, and his resource and ten acity are just as wonderful as his instinct for discovering clues.

Known All Over the World.

After Sir Melville, who controls the council, its Principal member is Superintendent Froest, whose fame and rowess as a detective are worldvide. As a sleuth-hound of justice he has won laurels in every part of the world-from North America to Australia, and from California to Spain. There is scarcely a criminal in Europe who does not know of and

He has nerves of steel and muscles of iron. So ignorant of fear is he that he thinks as much of breaking a sixpense or bending a poker round his neck as of tackling a gang of desperadoes single-handed. He has risked his life a hundred times, and has always came out unscathed. A typical sample of his daring-one of scores-was when a few years ago he boarded an American cattle boat at Queenstown to arrest a murderer of enormous strength and fierceness.

Life and Death Struggle.

At sight of Froest the murderer whipped out a formidable knife and sprang at him. Then ensued one of the most terrific life and death struggles ever seen. The detective seized the murderer in his powerful arms. and, writhing, struggling, swaying the two men fought frantically up and down the deck. Again and again the assassin tried to bury his knife in Froest, who finally succeeded in deck, disarmed and bound him Froest's clothes were slashed to rib bons, but he was scarcely even

Another valuable member of the Council, entitled, perhaps, to rank next to this terror to criminals, who. by the way, is one of the most amiable and genial of men, with a ready smile and laughing blue eyes, is Chief Inspector Dew, who has figure so prominently in the Crippen case. the Chief Inspector is a terror to evildoers. No man is keener in scen The greatest care has naturally than he, or better able to run a crimihouse-breakers most dread.

Other Members. Among other recent and present

spector Dew-tall, debonair, gentle manly, and a past-master of disthis room could unfold stories of ro- is to be known about their own guises-who has made a special study mance, tragedy and mystery such as branch and it professors, and whose of the sharpers of all kinds of Europe and America; and who, in a variet of characters, ranging from a milk man to a Piccadilly lounger, has made many notable captures of criminals Others are Chief Inspector Collins. an expert in the lower walks of crime, to whom the slums of London are an open book; Chief Inspector never lets go; and Chief Inspecto Scott, a man of rare organizing talcrime, who is noted for carrying out

> LARACY'S have just got n Men's Work Shirts, all Black, Black and White Stripe, and Fancy, from 60c. is speedily run to earth, the services each. Blue Denim and White Duck of the Council are naturally not re-Overalls, Men's Tweed Pants, from quired. But if there is no sufficient \$1.00 a pair. At LARACY'S, 345 & clue to the assassin, or he has made 347 Water Street, opposite the Post his escape good, the Council is at Office.—aug10,tf.

> > MINARD'S IANIMENT CURE

For Bilious Attacks

Here is help for you. Your bilious attacks may be both prevented and relieved, but prevention is better than cure. The means are at your hand. When a dull headache, furred tongue, yellow cast to the eyes, inactive bowels, dizziness, or a sick stomach, warn you of a coming bilious attack, resort at once to

regulate the flow of bile. A few doses of Beecham's Pills will correct the stomach, put the blood in order, relieve headache and tone the entire system.

For over sixty years, on land and sea, Beecham's Pills, by their safe and thorough action on the stomach, bile and bowels, have maintained their world-wide reputation as

The Best Bile Medicine

SHANNAHAN UP TO MRS. TUCKERS.

OUTHARBOR VISITORS.

law had arrived from Harbor Grace, also his eldest daughter, Hannah, and and that will occupy about four days; two sighs of relief.

Look here, Tim, don't you ever get married to an outport girl, for if you do, you don't know where 'twill end." "How is that," said I, "Tucker, why

'tis my firm belief outharbor women make the best wives?" "Oh, yes," said he, "that's all right as far as it goes, but there's another side to the story. Did you see these pen to be related to the missus, and is about once every month, they put up here. There is nothing so tor-

menting as to have outsiders hanging around your home." "But where is the missus to-night? asked I, "I didn't see her around." "Oh, no, she's gone to do some little spring of the year." business for that young woman you

"That's very convenient for Hannah." said I. "Very indeed," said Tucker, as he

for Hannah.

ended her days. "Well," said I, "it's just like this, i people I didn't want their company It would be more honest, than to be

grumbling in their absence." "You'd do a lot in your mind," said he,"when you get married, old boy you'll find out that you haven't all the say, there are others to be reckon-

ed with." "Do any more of the family even come to spend a few days with you,' asked I, hardly able to keep fron laughing.

"Do any of them come, is that what you say? Are there any of them that don't come?" said he, "ask me that and you'll be handier the mark. Why now the sealing voyage is coming round, every one of them that is, able to ask for a berth will be over. Oh I can see a grand, a glorious time it sight for me when the sealing time comes round.

"But don't you or the missus ever go over to return the their visits and stay a time with them," I enquired as I tried to look sympathetic.

"Yes, oh, yes, we went over, oh, yes we were over there before, or in the words of the old song, we were there

treated well?"

ugging berries on your back three it up till say twenty minutes to one. miles, and picking berries till your I'll be over in the morning to hear hack was nearly cracked off. Well, the result."

oh, yes, we were treated well. You know that is the pastime over there, berry-picking. That's the rest you I went over in the morning. Tucker berry-picking. That's the rest you ! get when you go over to spend a nice had a smile on him a yard long. quiet time. 'Twould be better that you shipped on the Labrador, You wouldn't work half as hard and you minutes to one, it was hard work, but wouldn't be under compliment to any the result was just as I expected, for

stay?" said I. "Well, it all depends, when Hannah's da comes over, he generally got a big lot to do. First and foremost. Hannah wept, but they always do that he will have to go down to see the after soaking you for a week's board." editor of the Royal Gazette, about not

The gathering at Tucker's last | getting the papers regularly; that will night was an interesting one, and I take about two days. Then he will was much surprised when I entered have to interview the Minister of the abode. Mrs. Tucker's brother-in- | Marine and Fisheries, Mr. Piccott, about something for some one else, both were getting their board free at then he will call down to see the Tucker's expense. After chatting man he deals with, and the man who awhile Hannah and her esteemed da slept with him in the same bunk in left for the Nickel, and myself and the "Proteus," in 1878, he'll take a Tucker lit our pipes and breathed long time to find him for I think he down in Mount Carmel, but anyhow "That's a smart looking girl, Tuck- it will help to prolong his stay, and r,"-said I. "How long are they go- it don't matter very much whether he ing to stay?" Tucker looked at me finds him or not. By that time the with a double row of wrinkles in his House of Assembly will be open and forehead, shook his head and said: if the session is anyway hot and heavy, Heaven only knows how long

he will stay." "You're to be pitied, Tucker," said I, "but you will have your reward in the next world, charity, you know, Tucker, brings its own reward."

"What are you saying?" said Tucker, "charity keeping that fellow, why he's got a hundred pounds in the two who just went out, well they hap- Bank." Charity, how are you? I wish you a good time of it. Anyway, everytime they come over here, which | Shannahan, you have learnt a lesson to-night, look before you leap, see that there are no big frills on the family before you throw in your lot, or you'll be like me, calling the roll to see are they all aboard when they come over looking for berths in the

Just then Mrs. Tucker arrived. She throwing him and, pinning him to the saw here; she does all the shopping was all frustificated and seemed to be

> "Good night, mam," said I, "you're looking the worse of the wear; what are you up to, forming a suffragate gave the old cat a lash that nearly party or a dandeloin expedition?"

"Well, Tim, I'm hard at it, since four o'clock this blessed evening. You were in your place I'd tell those know "Hen" is over here and he brought us over some barrels of caplin, a few quintals of fish, some tweed to make Tucker a new Sunday suit, a hat for me and a barrel of berries, and I had an awful time trying to get a horse. You can only get one horse now-a-days to haul a load like that,

and that's Steve Williams." "I should think so," said I, "why that's a load for the Great Eastern." I called Tucker a one side, when his wife went out, and I said to him. 'Prepare a large room for that man." "Why," said he, as he looked at

me in despair. "Why," said I, "can't you see point, he's going to stay over here for always, he's going to end his days with you, no man would bring you all that auctioneer's stock that didn't intend to remain with you."

"Do you think so, Tim," said he, "say you don't believe it; pray tonight that he and his daughter will change their minds, do your best, Tim, for the ake of old times?"

"Look here, Tucker, there's an old saying, an 'old dog for a hard road,' now I want you to take a wrinkle last summer and we'll go there no from me. When they come home tonight ask them to join you in prayers. "How is that," said I, "were you not | Start the praying at ten sharp, walk on it for all you are worth. Pray "Yes, too well, that is if you call as you never prayed before, Keep

"It worked splendidly," said he, "out of sight. I kept it up till 17 one, only Dr. Grenfell." they left—'Hen' and 'Hannah'—both of them left by the morning train. I was up to see them off and I gave 'Hen' a pipe, a ten-center, so he wouldn't forget his pleasant time.