

Stoves! Stoves! Tinware! Tinware!

We have received a shipment of

STOVES

"Star Stirling," "Improved Success,"
"Improved Standard."

We also carry a large stock of

**Tin Kettles, Boats Kettles, Measures
and Funnels.**

Local Councils and Union Stores requiring such goods
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**Fishermen's Union
Trading Co., Limited.**

The S.S. Prospero

Will leave the Wharf of
Bowring Brothers, Limited,

—ON—

Wednesday, the 15th of July, at 10 a.m.

Calling at the following places:—

- Bayde-Verde
- Old Perlican
- Trinity
- Catalina
- Bonavista
- King's Cove
- Salvage
- Greenspond
- Wesleyville
- Seldom-Come-By
- Fogo
- Change Islands
- Herring Neck
- Twilligate
- Moreton's Harbor
- Exploits
- Fortune Harbor
- Leading Tickles
- Pilley's Island

- Little Bay Island
- Little Bay
- Nipper's Harbor
- Tilt Cove
- LaScie
- Pacquet
- Baie Verte
- Coachman's Cove
- Seal Cove
- Bear Cove
- Western Cove
- Jackson's Arm
- Harbor Deep
- Englee
- Conche
- St. Anthony
- Griquet
- Quirpoon
- Battle Harbor,

Freight received until 6 p.m. on TUESDAY. For
freight or passage apply to the Coastal Office of

Bowring Brothers, Ltd.

Telephone 306.

Commercial Catechism

What is the price of Flour now? Ans. \$5.80. good.

Is Sugar likely to be dearer? Yes.

Under Confederation, will our fishermen get a bounty on fish? Yes.

What do you think of the Muscle as an article of food? Excellent. Only recently a famous professor of one of the American Universities, who had been experimenting with the Muscle for six years, handed down his report, which says that it is just as good as the Oyster. He goes on to say that in view of the high cost of living it would be a grand thing if the nation would realize the value of this excellent shell fish, as ten persons could be fed for 25c. He further states that the opinion widely held in the United States as to Muscles containing a poisonous part is erroneous, simply a superstition introduced by the Indians in early days.

Is there more business done by mail in Newfoundland today than there was twenty years ago?

Yes! twenty times as much.

Name a house that makes a specialty of selling by mail?

Well, there are several mail order houses in St. John's, but one house that figures largely in this line is J.M. Devine, The Right House.

Does he send the goods without the money? Well, the system, if we are correctly informed is cash in advance or cash with order, and money refunded if goods are not satisfactory.

But will he really refund the money if the goods are sent back to him for any reason? Oh, yes, you get a money back guarantee with the goods if you are not satisfied.

What is his correct address?

J.M. DEVINE, The Right House
167 Water Street, St. John's.

You had better write him for all information.
Does he give credit? Oh, certainly, to well-rated people.

WIRELESS.

By H. M. EGBERT.

As the freight train disappeared round the bent into the distance Menzies crouched under the lee of the bank and looked cautiously around him. His clothes were ragged, his shoes displaced a liberal space of unclad ankle; also, he was hungry. "Hard Luck" Menzies, he was called among his fellow yeggs. Hobo by trade, thief as a side line, his sobriquet had hitherto always justified itself. Where others of his kind received a generous meal he would fall foul of a bulldog; and he hardly ever stole a ride but he was spotted and thrown into the chnder-strewn roadbed.

This time, however, fate seemed to have been kind to him. He had laid his plans well. He had ridden from Uniondale upon a freight and leaped off at the precalculated place without detection. He knew that Old Man Keyes, the station agent, was hurrying west upon the night train that ran by Howland Junction, that his daughter took charge during his rare absences, and that there must be two thousand dollars, all told, in the tiny wayside station which stood alone in the centre of a vast plain of swamps.

The night was moonless and this favored him; the chances of capture were almost infinitesimal. Once the money was his he would strike for Uniondale along the pike which paralleled the railroad, and the five miles is completed, what easier than to conceal himself and his hoard among the floating mining population of that little Pennsylvania town?

After a while he rose cautiously from behind the shelter of the bank and, crouching low toward the damp ground, approached the shanty. A single electric light burned within. Against this he could see the profile of a woman seated at a typewriter; he heard as he grew nearer the tap of the keys. At her left hand was a telegraph board; at her right a telephone. His first object, then, must be to withdraw her attention from those two convenient instruments, before he could venture to lay hands upon the comfortable piles of greenback which a sure instinct told him lay neatly folded within the drawer of her desk. Five hundred there must be; that and the registered mail—Uniondale transmitted much money to Russia and Bohemia—would give him that two thousand which he had set as the minimum of his aspirations. And the mail had arrived only a half hour before; there it lay, the bags still sealed. Certainly his weeks of planning would not be ineffective.

All at once his eyes fell upon something that set his heart thumping exultantly. It was a revolver, doubtless the girl's father, which he had left with her for protection in case anybody should choose that night of all others on which to make his attempt. But she had placed it at her back, on a small table—and just within reach of his hand if he could gain the window sill. With the dexterity born of long practice Menzies hoisted himself upon the sill and, reaching in carefully, grasped the weapon by the muzzle and drew it toward him. After that all that he needed would be to make his entrance so swiftly that the girl would not have time to lift the telephone receiver. He balanced himself and prepared to spring.

At that moment the girl suddenly rose, and Menzies, still holding the weapon, crouched back behind the jutting portion of the window frame; in this position he was invisible except in case she should come to the window. The girl took down the receiver. Menzies prepared for flight at her first words. Then, as he remembered that she had made no movement toward the revolver, his courage revived.

Besides, even if she gave the alarm, it was three miles to the nearest station, Crosstown, and he could surely escape, even though this would mean an inconvenient detour through the soggy marshes.

"Hello!" she called. "Crosstown! Is that you, Harry? Yes, this is me. Father had to meet the superintendent at Howland Junction this evening and I'm in charge. No; why should I be afraid? He left me his course I will if I need anybody, but revolver." Menzies heard her laugh softly. Then, "You're at the telephone to-night?" she continued. "Of who's going to break in this evening of all nights in the year."

A few more words and she hung up the receiver. Turning to resume her seat, the girl came face to face with Menzies, now in the room and covering her with the revolver.

"Sorry to scare you, miss," he volunteered, "but I'm not going to harm you. I want that money in that there drawer—likewise the registered mail."

He grinned with the satisfaction

of work well done, for the girl, terrified, first uttered a stifled cry and then sank into her chair, half fainting, staring up at him with a look of abject terror. Menzies looked; the key was actually in the drawer. "Now, if you'll sit perfectly still, miss," said Menzies, "you won't be hurt any. I'll just shift you away from that there telegraph."

He carried her in the chair into the centre of the office and then set about his task. Inside the drawer, neatly stacked into separate compartments, were various piles of bills—fives, fifties, a heap of twenties, and several tens and fives. There must have been more nearly a thousand than five hundred dollars, beside a heap of silver, which Menzies prudently left behind. He would need to travel lightly that evening.

Afterward with his knife he ripped up the registered mail bag. Here disappointment met him; he had not calculated that it was the day before pay day, and that the mail would be light. He thrust a bundle of the more promising looking letters into his pockets. Meanwhile, evidently completely cowed and frightened, the girl lay back in the chair, watching him with wide-open, horrified eyes. Menzies anticipated no trouble from her. He rose; he was going to put the telegraph and telephone out of commission. The former enterprise he had already accomplished with a small fire axe which lay conveniently near to hand; but as he approached the latter instrument, considering where to begin, the girl spoke for the first time:

"Won't you do something for me first?" she asked, piteously.

"Sure, miss," answered Menzies, grinning. "Except put back them bills."

"No, no, it isn't that," she answered hastily. "It's my father. He'll lose his position for this and he's too old to get employment anywhere else."

Menzies leered at her amiably. "Sorry to get him fired from his job," he said. "Watcher want me to do get him another?"

"No, but—"

"Wish I could help the old gentleman," pursued Menzies. "But I got to skip—"

"He isn't old," returned the girl angrily. "But he's served the company for twenty-two years, and to-night the superintendent sent for him to offer him the post at Howland Junction. He'll be accused of having stolen this money?"

"Well, what kin I do?" Menzies growled. "Divvy up with him?"

"No. I want you to leave a message saying that you took the money. I'll—I'll write it for you on my typewriter," she added with trembling lips, while her heart began beating furiously. "It won't take a moment. And it's his position."

Menzies was tickled by the idea. As a tramp he has acquired the habit of leaving impudent messages on the walls of hostile farm buildings; this struck him as humorous. Besides, nobody knew his scrawl. "Sure, miss," he answered. "Only you see, my education was rather neglected after I left college and I ain't a first-class speller."

"I only want you to put your name to it," answered the girl. "May I go to the typewriter?"

As Menzies watched her suspiciously, she rose and drew her chair to

the front of the machine, in which she inserted a sheet of telegraph paper. The telephone, on which Menzies fixed his eye, ready in case of treachery, stood on a movable arm, placed there for the person at the desk, so that it could be swung back, this obviating the necessity of rising and going to the box on the wall. From the top of the desk projected a pile of ledgers, forms, books and paper; the girl's eye had quickly noticed that, in pushing back the telephone arm, the hook of the receiver would brush this by deft manipulation.

She pushed it petulantly away, and as she had hoped, the pile of books caught the hook, so that the receiver was not resting squarely in it. To one unpracticed in the use of the instrument the difference would not have been noticeable; nevertheless the effect was to summon the person at the other end to his receiver. And thus, three miles away, the bell was sounding in Harry Grant's wayside office. He hurried to the receiver.

"Hello!" he called. "Is that you, Edna?" He repeated his call twice; and then, in sudden apprehension, listening intently, he heard the faint click-click of the girl's typewriter.

Meanwhile the girl had begun to write her message.

"This is to certify," she wrote, and read, "that I—"

"My monaker, Miss? Menzies—Hard Luck Menzies is what they call me. I guess we'll let it go at that."

"That I, Hard Luck Menzies, have robbed this office of all the bills that were in the desk, and have likewise stolen the registered mail, during Mr. Keyes' absence." She breathed a huge sigh of relief. Now, at all cost, she must detain him a few moments. "That means ten years for interfering with the Government mails," she said, half incoherently.

"Is that all? Go on. 'And I'll meet you all in—' heaven. Now gimme the pen and I'll put my tag to it."

He signed and then, snatching the fire axe, with a few well-directed blows put the telephone out of commission and, buttoning his coat round him, leaped through the window.

As the typewriter ceased and the crash sounded over the wires the man at the other end leaped for his telegraph instrument.

"Robbery at Bainsville," he clicked over the keys. "A woman killed. Telephone Uniondale and all stations." Then he collapsed in his seat and his face went white. But he did not leave his instrument until the answer came:

"How do you know?"

"I got her last message. Morse code in typewriter in front of open phone."

"That was how 'Hard Luck' Menzies came to step into the arms of a posse at Crosstown."

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