

London, New York and Paris Association of Fashion.

Preliminary Announcement

Just opened and now being put on display
A very large shipment of

Sports' and all Summer HATS

Complete ranges of summer and early fall

COATS

Hundreds of Organdie, Gingham and Voile

DRESSES

Splendid range of

Ladies' Summery Skirts

-ranging at 98 cents and up

Extraordinary shipment of

LADIES' WAISTS

All splendid summery shades and patterns

Another large shipment of

Silk, Taffetta, Georgette and Serge

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EXCLUSIVE DRESSES

A very representative range of

LADIES' COSTUMES

Together with other
Specials, now being opened.

All merchandise,
priced so to give un-
comparable values.

London, New York and Paris
Association of Fashion, Grace Bldg.
St. John's

Newfoundlanders in French Prisons.

Will Made and Forwarded to Burin

(H. F. SHORTIS.)

In one of his recent historical letters to the Evening Telegram, the Rev. Canon Lockyer of Trinity gave an interesting record of how Captain Robert Newell Jones, master of the brigantine "Dolphin" was captured by the French about one hundred years ago while on a voyage from Trinity to Poole, England. These reminiscences of our historical friend brings up other good stories of other Newfoundlanders who were captured by the French during the wars of Napoleon. The following letter will give full particulars as to the fate of Mr. James Hollett of Burin, the facts of which are incontrovertible and will undoubtedly be perused by thousands of readers of the Telegram, both at home and abroad, with the greatest interest—

ARRAS, France,
April 11th. 1812.

Mr. Joseph and Philip Hollett.
Having an opportunity to forward letter from France to England, we have embraced it by writing a few lines to you, not hearing from you since writing of date April 11th. 1811—which causes a suspicion in us that you never received it—which serves to inform you that your brother departed this life April 10th. 1811—after six weeks' illness. In the first place he was seized with a fever and a breaking out in his body which after a few days proved to be Smallpox, but being sensible to the last he requested in his sickness that he would wish a will to be made out so as to avoid any disputes after his decease—and leaving the affair with us we acted accordingly, to his request—which shall again forward to you the copy of it.

A TRUE COPY OF MR. JAMES HOLLETT'S WILL.

In the name of God. Amen.

I, James Hollett, a native of Great Burin, Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, now detained prisoner of war in the hospital of Arras, being in a weak state of health, but sound in mind and memory, thanks be given unto God. But calling to mind the Mortality of my body, and knowing it is appointed for all men to once for to die, therefore I do, for avoiding controversies after my decease make and ordain this my last will and testament. That is to say principally and first of all, I recommend my Soul into the hands of the Almighty God that gave it, and my Body to the Dust, nothing doubting but at the general Resurrection I shall receive the same again by the Power of God. And touching such worldly Estate, wherewith it has pleased God to bless me with in this life—I give—devise and bequeath in the following manner, viz—to my Honoured Father and Mother, John and Dinah Hollett, Brothers and Sisters what money they belonged to me, equally to be divided amongst them. Furthermore I give devise and bequeath to my Brothers Philip and Joseph Hollett all and every Messuage, Lands and Tenements and Hereditaments whatsoever, which I also charge with the payments of my Legacies.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal in the Hospital of Arras, (Empire of France,) this fifth day of April in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eleven, and in the Fifty and First year of the reign of H.M. King George the Third over United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland etc., etc.

(Signed) Witness,
James Newman,
John Foote.

Sundries remaining which will be remitted you as soon as the Lord please to make our escape, and if death should deprive us, we shall remit by some trusty friend the same cash in hand after the expense of the funeral, Liv—77—11 Sols.—3, 5, 11d. English watch, 2 rings and 1 to be retained for what few clothes he had—desired it to be given to his friends.

Mr. Robert Newman.

Sir:—Being given to understand that you formerly supplied the late James Hollett, we thought proper to forward the copy of his will to you, and would thank you to forward the same to his friends in Newfoundland the first

copy, in so doing you will oblige our humble servants.
(Signed) James Newman,
John Foote.

The art of writing was evidently studied in those days as the old document is almost copper-plate in excellence. The city of Arras, (France,) will undoubtedly interest many of our returned soldiers, as our Regiment was stationed in that locality for quite a while during the last year of the Great War. Probably some of our Regiment have some idea where this Prison Hospital was situated, or if still in existence. The ship "Swallow" belonged to Newman & Co. and sailed for Harbor Breton, but owing to one of the seamen taking ill, they put into the port of Burin, and shipped James Hollett in his place. Off the Grand Banks they were chased by a French privateer, and after a stiff fight, the Swallow, although mounted with cannon, was forced to surrender, as her captain was badly wounded. A passenger on board the Swallow was Mr. James Newman, one of the principals of the firm, and they were all taken prisoners of war to France. They were prisoners for nearly three years. The letter accompanying the will is addressed to his brothers Joseph and Philip Hollett, and is signed by James Newman and John Foote. There are many descendants still living in Burin, amongst them the enterprising and well known master mariner, Capt. Robert F. Hollett of the Roy Bruce, Miss Ella E. Hollett and many others. I have to thank my genial friend, Mr. George A. Bartlett, the enterprising merchant of Burin for the copy of the will.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPT. JAMES NORMAN.

Capt. James Norman of Brigus had a most romantic adventure while on a passage from Liverpool to St. John's, in the year 1812. James Norman was the father of the late Capt. Nathan Norman, so well known as Member in the House of Assembly for Brigus, as well as one of the most successful seal-killers and planters in Newfoundland, and who has many descendants residing in Brigus, St. John's, Harbor Grace and elsewhere to-day. Capt. James Norman was in the employ of Messrs. Job Bros. & Co., and his vessel had a valuable cargo of goods on board. He was a native of Jersey, and was as fluent speaker of the French Language as he was of the English. He and his crew, were placed on the quarter-deck, and to his surprise he found an Admiral of the French Service was aboard, and was there to inspect them. To his delight he recognized in the Admiral an old school-fellow of his before he had left the Channel Islands to reside in Brigus. He quickly drew the attention of the Admiral to the fact of their being classmates in their boyhood days, and after some conversation about the good old times they spent in Jersey, the Admiral whispered to him, "I can do nothing for you just now, but will help you as soon as the opportunity offers." The ship and her valuable cargo was confiscated, and the Admiral then took charge. In commemoration of their early friendship and association the Admiral arranged that Capt. Norman and his crew should be again placed in charge, and before parting the Admiral handed him a letter of instructions, which read that out of regard for their friendship, and rather than destroy the ship and cargo, he gave both as a free gift to the captain with the proviso that he was to return to France, and not to Newfoundland.

It is very doubtful if any of the French officers had any idea of what passed between the Admiral and Capt. Norman, but the latter accepted his instructions, and thanked the Admiral for his kindness, in once more placing him in charge of his vessel. Needless to say that as soon as the French warship was out of sight, Capt. Norman changed his course and proceeded with all speed possible to St. John's Newfoundland, and handed over the vessel to Messrs. Job Bros. & Co., as if nothing extraordinary had happened. This story is handed down to us by Mrs. Makinson of Brigus, now in her eightieth year, and a granddaughter of Capt. James Norman—the hero of the above adventure. It is only a story of the real old Brigus Vikings who have done so much to build up Newfoundland, and make her name famous in all parts of the world.

TAUGHT ART OF CARVING.

Capt. Youden of Brigus was also a prisoner in France for two years, during the same period. The Frenchmen taught him the art of carving, and Brigus is celebrated for the beautiful powder horns that Youden carved for the old sealing masters, when our great industry was at the zenith of its glory. Mr. W. A. Munn is very proud to have the most beautiful and artistically carved powder horn in the country, handed down from his grandfather the famous Capt. William Munden, father of the equally famous Capt. As Munden, and it is not improb-

able that some day, if the whim takes him, he will present the same to the Museum. Capt. Youden had an academy in the old days, and taught the young men of Brigus, such as the Bartlett's, Mundens, Clarks, Normans, Spracklins and others navigation, and it is needless for me to say that all of them and their descendants made their mark as seal-killers, fish-killers, master mariners, and last, but not least, Arctic explorers. They were Vikings in the true sense of the word, and my old schoolmate Capt. William J. Bartlett, as well as his heroic son, Capt. Bob, are no exception, but still uphold the deeds of daring and the successful careers of their illustrious ancestors. Well may Capt. Will Bartlett of the Bowring Bros. S. S. Viking be styled—the King of the Gulf, and long may his big jib draw.

THE WIFE'S HUSBAND.



WALT MARL

Among the tollers in the mart he wrought till he was old; he labored with a broken heart, that he might gain some gold. And gold he won, for he was wise in commerce and in trade, but in his darkly brooding eyes no sunshine ever played. He was the husband of his wife, and she, a social queen, pursued a vain and giddy life that called for much long green. She "entertained" three times a week, bridge-whistled once or twice, and her sad husband, worn and meek, went forth to raise the price. She moved in pomp and circumstance, her hats and gowns were fine; and James, with patches on his pance, would in a chophouse dine. He saved a nickel now and then, and placed it in a can; "Some day," he sighed, "when I've a yen, I'll carry out my plan. I'll buy twelve feet of hempen rope, a broad-ax and a knife, a pint or so of deadly dope—and thv escape my wife. I'll pack with bombs my old valise, and jump into a pond; for I must have the rest and peace that's billed for the beyond." The foolish woman had no thought of vows, her husband swore, until one evening he was brought to her upon a door. And then at last her conscience struck, remorse within her burned; "I might have let him keep a buck," she moaned, "from what he earned."

Before putting away your furs put a few MOTH BALLS in with same; it will prevent attack from moths; only 10c. per package, at STAFFORD'S.

Gets Permit to Sell Her Husband's Tomb.

NEW YORK WOMAN NEEDS MONEY TO RELIEVE POVERTY.

NEW YORK, June 3.—The application of Mrs. Elizabeth Wiesen for permission to remove the ashes of her husband from a 25,000 museum in Woodlawn cemetery, where they have rested since his death in 1901, and to sell the memorial to alleviate her poverty, was granted to-day by Supreme Court Justice Cavanagh.

Mrs. Wiesen's application asked relief from the will of her husband, in which she was left \$100,000 with the proviso that she erect a mausoleum to cost at least \$25,000.

It's a Woman's privilege to change her mind!

Women exercise their privilege in the case of Home Dyeing. Marvelous advances in Scientific Chemistry have changed the whole aspect of this wonderful Domestic Art.

Quite naturally the old methods of separate dyeing do not appeal to Modern Housewives. Nowadays many thousands of women are evincing a new and intense interest in the SUNSET Way, which is the Modern Way, of renovating and beautifying garments and draperies.

Here are just a few of the reasons why:
Pleasant and economical.
Positively dependable.

No need to know the composition of the fabrics to be dyed.

SUNSET dyes all fabrics—silk, wool, cotton, linen and mixed goods at the same time, the same depth of color in one dye bath and—it won't wash—out! Make a note of it—Get SUNSET today. Make your own shades by mixing the really wonderful SUNSET colors.



It's a REAL Dye
Ask your dealer for the SUNSET Color Guide.
If he can't supply you, write on 10c and we will send the Color Guide.
Don't accept substitutes.
Our Home Service Department will tell you more about our Dyeing Problems if you write.
Manufactured by
NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION, Ltd.
Dept. 53 Toronto, Canada.
SUNSET SOAP DYES
ONE Real Dye For All Fabrics
Sole Representatives for Canada, Harold F. Elliott & Co., Ltd., Toronto



Mother, Watch Baby's Bowels Give "California Fig Syrup"

Harmless Laxative to Clean Little Bowels and Sweeten Sour, Colic Stomach—Babies Love It

Hurry Mother! A half-teaspoonful of genuine California Fig Syrup will make your cross, fretful baby comfortable. It cleanses the little bowels of all the wind and gases, the bile, sour food and stomach-poison which is causing baby's distress.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle laxative to keep baby's stomach and bowels clean, and thus correct diarrhoea, colic, biliousness,

coated tongue, sour stomach, feverish breath, and constipation. It never cramps or overacts. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. "Babies" love the taste of genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has had directions for infants in arms and children of all ages plainly printed on bottle. Say "California" to the druggist and accept no imitation fig syrup.

The Secret Terror of Europe.

If the full story of the Secret Societies of Europe could be written it would doubtless make by far the most thrilling and amazing library of volumes the world has ever known. Many people are under the impression that these lawless societies are things of the past, but although some of them may be old history there are still secret societies which batten on every kind of crime and flourish in defiance of the law. For instance, there are few people perhaps who have not heard of the Camorra when it spread throughout the kingdom of Naples in the eighteenth century. It had its quarters in every provincial town, and a dozen of them in the city of Naples itself, each section having its autocratic chief whose will was law, and to disobey whom was death. Their tyranny extended to every trade and every class in the kingdom; they plundered with impunity, and practised every sort of crime, from murder to smuggling. They imposed a tax on every article of food that entered Naples, and this impost none, from the highest to the lowest, dared resist. Another secret society was that of the Carbonari (the "Charcoal Burners," as they dubbed themselves) which, a century ago, was all powerful in Italy and France. It waged relentless war against all forms of despotic government and played a great part in the history of the early part of last century. Its members, who included priests, army officers, and even women, numbered half a million, or more, and among the most zealous of them were Lord Byron, Mazzini, and Charles Albert, afterwards king of Sardinia. This society, however, with its mystic rites and lofty aims, has had its day of intrigue and plotting. The Nihilists have given place to the Bolsheviks, but they flourished vigorously when their pioneers, Mikhaloff, the

post, and Tchernyshevsky, were sent to their death in Siberia half a century ago. This society drew its members from all ranks, from prince to peasant. When the Grand Duke Constantinovich, who was banished to Siberia for stealing his mother's jewels and the sacramental glass from the Imperial Chapel at St. Petersburg in order to present them to an American adventuress, was on the point of being pardoned and restored to his rank and possession at the end of June, 1885, it was discovered that not only was he a member of the Nihilist Society, but he had actually married a Nihilist, daughter of the Postmaster of Tashkent, one of the leaders of the movement. Needless to say he was not pardoned.

Tinned Vegetablese

for Early Summer Trade:

Sweet Corn,
Table Parsnips,
Whole Carrots,
Whole Beets,
Refugee Beans,
Tinned Beans.

SPECIAL

Just a few cases

TINNED-PUMPKIN,

BAKEAPPLES,

BLUE BERRIES.

Soper & Moore.

Phone 430-902. P. O. B. 1214.

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THE BEE-HIVE STORE

27 Charlton Street.

is ready to serve you with de-

licious

ICE CREAM.

Quality unsurpassed; Cones 5c.

and 10c.; and 10c. dishes.

Mr. Walker, the Proprietor,

when a young man 17 to 19

years of age, learnt the art of

Windsor Castle, and made Ice

Cream for the Royal Family at

Windsor Castle, Buckingham

Palace, and Osborne House (Isle

of Wight). We intend to keep

up our reputation, and our cus-

tomers can always be assured of

Ice Cream that is

(1) Well flavored.

(2) Full bodied.

(3) Well ripened.

(4) Not too sweet.

(5) Pure ingredients.

(6) Well blended.

(7) A true food.

CAN WE SERVE YOU?

THE BEE-HIVE STORE

27 Charlton Street.

ARTHUR B. WALKER, Proprietor.

Orders taken for Wreaths and

Bouquets.

If ham is bottled before it is

it will be more tender. If it is

lean, put a tablespoonful of fat

the pan before trying.

MINARD'S LINIMENT LUMBER

MAN'S FRIEND.



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