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VIEW OF ROW OF PARAGON DESKS IN POSITION.

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The rates of commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada and any part of Newfoundland, are as follows:

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| For sums not exceeding \$10 | 5 cts |
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 Postmaster General.

General Post Office,
 St. John's, Nfld., June, 1912.

If you intend building a stable, store or dwelling house, use sheathing Paper. Just the thing for keeping out cold and draughts. I sell it in 17 and 18 lb. rolls. C. E. Russell, Bay Roberts.

Matrimonial History

Old time Marriages of the Leading Citizens of St. John's.

By James Murphy.

(Continued)

Frederick Rennie, Esq., was married in 1842 to Catherine Thorburn, daughter of Mr. McNabb, of Glasgow, Scotland.

John Skeoch, Esq., of the firm of R. Peace & Co., married Mary Ann, daughter of Charles Rankin, Esq., merchant.

The late Bishop Kelly of the Church of England, St. John's, married Louise, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Bliss, of Halifax, N. S.

Alfred George Smith, Esq., eldest son of J. W. Smith, Esq., one time Manager of the Union Bank, married Isabella Brewster, second daughter of the Hon. Jos. J. Rogers, M.H.A.

The late John Bowring, Esq., was married to Mary, daughter of Frederick Rennie, Esq.

Hon. John Kent, one time Premier of Newfoundland, was married in 1842 to Johanna, sister of His Lordship Right Rev. Dr. Fleming, who saw to the construction of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at St. John's.

The Hon. James Tobin, who was a prominent merchant and who occupied a seat in the Upper House of Assembly, married Miss Emily Butler, an Irish lady, daughter of Dr. Butler, of Cork.

Rev. T. H. Bridge, a prominent Church of England clergyman, married a daughter of the Hon. John Dunsmuir. The latter gentleman was a very prosperous merchant.

Hon. Charles Fox Bennett, one time Premier of Newfoundland and who led the Anti-Confederates to victory in 1880, was married in 1820 to Isabella, daughter of W. Shepherd, Esq., of Clifton, England.

The Hon. Kenneth McLea, a Scotchman and a prominent merchant, married a daughter of John Brine, Esq., merchant. Mr. McLea died in 1892.

Frederick Bowden, Esq., Proprietor of The Public Ledger and other newspapers, was married to Miss Spencer, of Brigue. One of the daughters of Mr. Bowden is the wife of Mark Chapman, Esq., the general King of Tailors. Another daughter is the wife of H. Y. Mott, Esq.

The late Hon. Edward Morris, one time President of the Legislative Council and Governor of the Savings Bank, was married to Catherine, daughter of Richard Howley, Esq., and sister of His Grace Archbishop Howley.

The late John Munn, Esq., married Naomi, daughter of William Munden, Esq., a prominent merchant of Brigue. (To be Continued)

Criticism and Criticism

Destructive criticism is the cheapest and weakest kind of speech one can cultivate. It is the argument of annihilation and on a par with the argument of rough-on-rats or the shot gun. And the world is full of destructive critics. 'Don't do that, it is bad,' is their fond expression. Denunciation and revelation of the improper and evil things of life is the unnatural method. The old man in Auburn, the descendant but ever beautiful 'village of the plain,' we read of in the school-room years ago, reproved each 'dull delay' on the part of his learners, but he also allured to better worlds and led the way.

Self criticism by comparing themselves with the higher and better is what men need. 'O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us.' That power of self-appreciation and self-depreciation in the light of an ideal is a beginning of reform, and hammering and carping and heckling does not help much. As a rule, the people who have fewest virtues are hardest upon their fellow-men who stumble and fall on life's rutted road. If the sinless only were allowed to cast the first stone of judgement, there would be no stone-throwing.

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Liquor's Deadly Work

One day in the city of Cincinnati, a Mr. Merrill's attention was called to a little pale thin bootblack who had a bunch of bluebells in his button hole. The gentleman let the boy black his boots, then balancing a quarter on his finger, said:

'Here is ten cents for the shine and fifteen cents for the flowers, pointing to the bluebells.'

The lad put his small hand over the flowers.

'No, sir, I can't sell them; if I was starving I wouldn't sell a bluebell.'

'And why not little man?'

The lad looked at Mr. Merrill so piteously that he was almost sorry he had asked him. He put his hand on the boy's head and said:

'Excuse me for asking; you need not tell me unless you wish, and you can keep the quarter besides.'

'I LIKE YOU AND I'LL TELL YOU. Just a year ago this month, and it has been such a long year I thought the bluebells never would come,' and then he stopped and put his hand over his eyes as if to shut out some horrid sight. Presently he took down his hand and said abruptly:

'My father was a drunkard. We once owned a property. I've heard mother say, but that was before I was born. We got so poor mother had to go out and wash to get food for Bess and me. We lived in a little log house a quarter of a mile from town.'

'One Friday morning there was only a plate of cornmeal and about two spoonfuls of molasses. Mother baked the meal into bread, and told me to feed the baby when she awoke, and to keep a sharp lookout for father, while she was away washing that day. She kissed me at the door. Be a good boy, Willie, and take care of little sister,' she said.

'Bessie slept a long time and I passed the time sitting by her and going to the door to watch for father. When she woke up she said, "Baby is so hungry. Willie get something to eat." "Get up Bessie and let me dress you and then we will have some breakfast." I had not eaten a mouthful, nor had mother before leaving home, and I was dreadful hungry. She got up, and I dressed, washed and combed her, and when we sat down to the table Bessie just DROPPED HER CURLY HEAD AGAINST MY ARM AND BEGAN TO CRY AND SOBBED OUT, "Oh, Willie, I am so tired of cornbread and molasses; I can't eat it; I want some meat and butter."

'Don't cry, baby, I said, stroking her curls, mother will bring home something tonight.'

'But it is so long to wait.'

'Try to eat, I said, and I put a spoonful of molasses on her plate, and she did try, but she only swallowed a few mouthfuls and then left the table. I ate a small piece of dry bread. I thought she would eat the molasses, so I did not touch it. All day she kept saying she was hungry, but refused to eat. It was a long day to us both.

'Father had come home, and it was nearly dark, we were both sitting on the doorstep. Bessie had laid her head against my arm and began to cry, "I'm so hungry, Willie—mother stays so late tonight."

'Don't cry, baby, mother will soon be home. "Of course she will" exclaimed George Anderson; he lived a mile beyond us, and as he spoke he tossed a bunch of bluebells into Bessie's lap.

'Oh how pretty," she exclaimed, while the tears dropped from her sweet blue eyes on the pretty bluebells.

'Come Bessie, I said, let me fasten them among your curls. She stood up on the doorstep with her face toward the house. I stood behind her and tied the bluebells in her golden curls. I had just fastened the last one, when SOME ONE JERKED ME OFF THE STEP. It was father; he was almost crazy with drink.

'He caught Bessie and said, you have been crying; what did Willie do to you?'

'She was so white and scared that I thought she would faint. Willie didn't do anything," she gasped out.

'Father let her go and grasped me; he commenced to swear awful. You rascal, what did you do to Bessie? TELL ME OR I'LL SHAKE THE BREATH OUT OF YOU.'

'He shook me so, I could not answer. Then little Bessie caught him by the arm. "Please, father, don't hurt Willie; I was so hungry it made me cry."

'He looked at the table and saw the bread and molasses. "You little, white-faced liar, you are not hungry, look at the table; there is plenty to eat, and good enough for such a brat as you," and he shook her roughly.

'She began to cry, and I tried to put my arms around her father, but father pushed me away. "If you can't eat anything I can get you something to drink," and he started down the path that led to the pond.

'Bessie hushed crying, but she looked awful scared. "I'll give you something to drink," he said when he reached the edge of the water, and I followed, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I was so frightened.

'He waded in knee-deep, then took Bessie and put her little curly head down under the water. She threw up her little white hands and cried out, "Oh, Willie, take baby." Just as the curly head went down,

'I waded around father and tried with all my strength to raise her little head out of the water, but father held it down. I BEGGED FATHER TO TAKE HER OUT, BUT HE WOULD NOT LISTEN. She threw up her hands wildly, there was a gurgling sound, and then all was still. It seemed hours to me, but father at last lifted up Bessie's white dripping face. I called her name wildly; but her blue lips didn't move—she was dead.

'Father carried her and laid her down on the green grass. "I guess she won't get hungry for a while," he said. I was stunned; I never moved nor spoke until I saw the bluebells that I had twined in Bessie's hair floating out on the water. I could not bear to see them drift away, so I waded out after them. The water was deep and so I went. It was up to my armpits, now over my shoulder, still the bluebells were just beyond my reach; but I must have them. The water touched my chin, another step and I caught them, and just as I did I heard mother call: "Willie! oh Willie! where are you?"

'I looked for father. He was seated on the ground by Bessie. "Willie! oh Willie," came mother's voice again.

'I was out of the water now, but so weak I could scarcely stand. "Bessie! oh Bessie!" I called, "Here, mother at the pond."

'FATHER GAVE ONE MAD LEAP INTO THE WATER—HE PLUNGED IN FACE DOWN. I was so terrified I did not know what to do. I heard mother coming. I trembled so I could not walk, so I crawled up to Bessie, and took father's straw hat, put it over Bessie's dead face to keep mother from seeing it.

'In a moment she came in sight. She and I were dripping with water. Willie! Willie! what is the matter? I could not speak.

'She lifted the hat from Bessie's face. She stood for a moment as if turned to stone. "Tell me how it happened, Willie, tell me quick!" Then I found voice and told her everything.

(Continued on page 4.)

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—Mrs. WILLIAM H. GILL, No. 15 Pleasant Street, Auburn, New York.

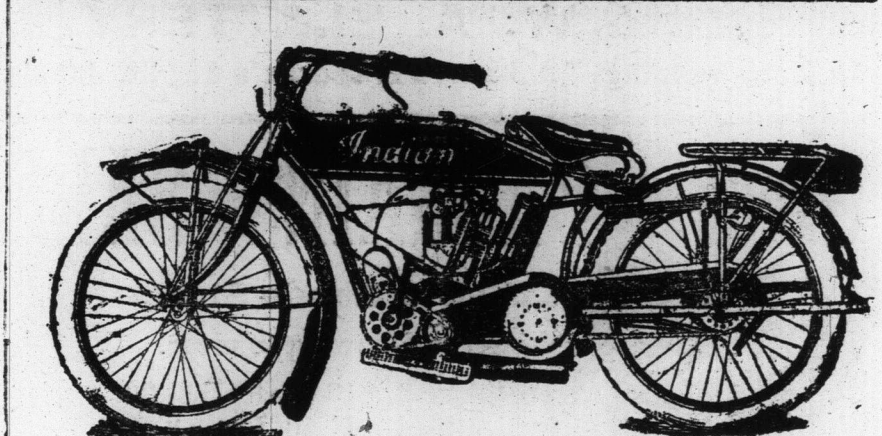
The above are only two of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which show clearly what great things Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does for those who suffer from woman's ills.

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PUBLIC NOTICE

Under the provisions of Chapter 92, 2 Edw. VII, entitled "An Act to amend the Trusts Act, 1901," and upon the recommendation of the Board appointed under Section 1 thereof, Notice is hereby given that, three months after this date, a Proclamation will issue for the alteration of name, or re-naming of places as under, that is to say:—

1. That Fox Marcor, Random, Trinity Bay, be renamed Southport.

2. That Mother Hicks, Colinet Island, Piacentia and St. Mary's, be re-named Regina.

R. WATSON,
 Colonial Secretary.

Department of the Colonial Secretary, July 22nd, 1912.

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