

COLUMBIA RECORDS, By BILLY WILLIAMS, The Famous English Comedian.

10 in. Double Discs, 75c

1564—Here We Are Again.
—When Father Papared the Parlor.
1565—It's the Man That Buried Flanagan.
—I've Found Kelly.
1566—Let's Have a Song on the Gramophone.
—I'll Lend You My Best Girl.
1645—Where the Crowd Goes.
—Wake Up, John Bull.
1655—You're the One.
—Rosetta.
1656—Don't Go Out With Him To-Night.
—Mrs. B.
1723—Why Can't We Have the Sea in London?
—My Lass From Glasgow Town.
1741—I Don't Care.
—Let's All Go Mad.
1742—I Do Wish That I Was a Ladies' Man.
—Take Me Back to U. S. A.
1853—I Never Heard Father Laugh So Much Before.
—I Keep on Tiddling Along.
1856—Cohen.
—All the Silver From Silvery Moon.
1973—Wait Till I'm as Old as Father.
—Where Does Daddy Go When He Goes Out?
1974—It's a Grand Old Song is Home, Sweet Home.
—The Kangaroo Hop.
1980—It's Mine, When You've Done With It.
—Molly McIntyre.

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In each of the past four years the Canada Life has earned a LARGER SURPLUS than ever before in its history.

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Interest is payable half yearly, 1st February and August. In denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000.
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Will stand always up to their work.
Will be found to run cheerfully with rain and spray pouring over them.
It certainly will pay to examine one before placing orders elsewhere.
G. M. BARR, Agent.

What it Means

To be burnt out none but the sufferers fully know! Why not fend off such a dreadful calamity by insurance—even for a portion of your property. Why not come where rates are low for this protection?

PERCIE JOHNSON,

Address Box 1182.

Insurance Agent.

One Thing After Another.

BY RUTH CAMERON.



When the babies get the chicken-pox and you break your very best, cloisonne vase, and your least beloved aunt writes that she is going to make you a visit, and your maid threatens to leave if you have any more company, and if someone spills a dish of soup on your best gown at the church supper, and to cap it all, that terrible neuralgia, which you dread more than anything on earth, pays you a visit you are sure to sigh deeply and say, "Well, it's one thing after another."

But when your children miraculously escape the whooping cough despite the fact that they were repeatedly exposed to it, when you replace the disagreeable maid by one so perfect that you are almost afraid of your good fortune, when your aunt writes that she is sorry to break the news, but she will have to postpone her visit indefinitely, and your wealthy cousin brings you half a dozen pair of Paris gloves on her return from a trip abroad, when your new evening gown which you designed yourself turns out such a success that every one compliments you upon it, and the fashion leader of your coterie asks if it is a Paquin, when to cap it all, your husband gets a substantial raise

and celebrates by giving you the set of milk tins you have so long hopelessly desired, do you then remember to say "It's one thing after another," meaning one pleasant thing after another?

Probably not.

And yet, on the whole, don't the pleasant little things follow one another just about as persistently as the troubles? Isn't it one pleasant thing after another, just about as much as one disagreeable thing?

I think it is. Only sometimes we seem to take the pleasant things for granted, while we resent the unpleasant happenings as something unfairly and unjustly foisted upon us. The confident belief which we all seem to have that happiness is the divine right of mankind and that anything else is an injustice is almost amusing. "If angels have any sense of humor how we must divert them," Horace Walpole once said. I wonder whether they laugh or weep at the way in which we forget our blessings and recent misfortunes.

No life can be all happiness or all unhappiness. There are times in all lives when the misfortunes seem to preponderate, and other times when happiness seems to tip the beam. Of course we can't help regretting our misdeeds, but let's try to appreciate our blessings at least as much if not more, and whenever happiness does tip the beam let's not forget to say "Life is one good thing after another."

Ruth Cameron

WOMAN'S WISDOM.

The worried mother wakes up to hear her baby's heavy breathing—a little cough—perhaps the croup or whooping cough. She does not want to send for the doctor when perhaps the trouble does not amount to much. Finally she thinks of that medical book her father gave her, *The Common Sense Medical Adviser*, by R. V. Pierce, M. D. She says, "Just the thing to find out what is the matter with the little dear." Two million households in this country own one—and it's to be had for only 31c, in stamps—1,000 pages in splendid cloth binding. A good family adviser in any emergency. It is for *other* use. This is what many women write Dr. Pierce—in respect to his "Favorite Prescription," a remedy which has made thousands of melancholy and miserable women cheerful and happy, by curing the painful womanly diseases which undermine a woman's health and strength.



Mrs. Zurett and Baby.

"My desire is to write a few lines to let you know what your valuable medicine has done for me," writes Mrs. MARGARET ZURETT, of 233 S. Benton Street, Baltimore, Md. "Before the doctor came to our house I was a very sick woman. I wrote you for advice which was kindly given and which made me a different woman in a short time. After taking the first bottle of 'Favorite Prescription' I began improving so that I hardly knew I was in such a condition. I did my own housework—washing and ironing, cooking, sewing, and the worst of all nursed three children who had whooping cough. I hardly knew the advent ten minutes before—so easy was it. The baby is as fat as a butter-bell. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best medicine for any woman to take when in this condition. I recommend it to all my friends."

They Want Hard Cash.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—Please grant me space in your esteemed paper to make a few remarks about the so-called Spur in Trinity. We were employed on it blasting and had no use whatever for a pick and shovel, but just the same, we were charged \$1.80 by the man from Harbor Main. He is doing his employer no good and that we shall point out later on, but it appears that the Morris grab-balls are in for it next November. The laborer and fishermen have quite enough of the Morris Government. We were under the impression that the country was paying the railroad contractor in cash for building those Branch Railways, and why is it that Morris allows the contractor to pay the fishermen and laborers by cheques. We call that truck because a man has to go around the country sometimes before he can get them changed in the outshouses and then take half the amount of it in goods. We had to pay our little bills in Trinity, and called on the Messrs. Ryan Brothers, who supplied the men on the Spur to have our cheques changed, but to our surprise they stopped April's account out of it and told us they could not wait until the 15th of May for their money. We, the laborers, must wait. They could not wait because they are rich and have a pull, but it would be well for the voters in this country to know where all this railway money is going. It's ten minutes' walk from Trinity to the railway station and the Government is wasting thousands of dollars on this so-called Spur, money that ought to be spent on public roads around the island, but this Spur is a gold mine for the Ryan Brothers. It would be

well for the public to note if the Ryans' stores will be removed. They are on the right of way. Watch and see. If a poor fisherman had an old flake or an old house on it he would have to get it off or it would be taken down pretty quick. It's no wonder that East, West, North and South the people are asking for a change. We are done with the Morris Combine, and the sooner the laborers and fishermen wake up the better it will be for all concerned and get rid of Sir E. P. Morris and his party and also have Reids pay cash to their laborers and not cheques. The country is come to a pretty pass now when the Graballs and Morris masked men can do as they please with the poor Newfoundland under dogs, but November will put Morris and his patrons in the shade. His farm talk and branch railway cod will not work this time.
Point Verde, Placentia, April 22,
Yours truly,
FIVE MEN.

A Thoughtful Child.

The Marquis of Crewe, to whom the King and Queen will pay a visit this month, tells a funny story of a little boy who was naughty one day. He obstinately refused to say his lesson to his governess. "But you know it quite well, I'm sure!" protested that distracted lady. "Yes," he admitted. "Well, why won't you say it?" she inquired. "What's the use," he replied, reasonably enough. "If I say it, you'll only make me start and learn something else."

Those Useful Guards.

The ear-guards usually worn by Lieutenant Wodehouse, captain of the English Rugby team recall the story told in connection with the two young ladies who saw a footballer wearing them for the first time. "Whatever is he wearing those funny flaps over his ears for?" one of them wanted to know.

The other hadn't a ghost of an idea, but as she desired to convey the impression that she knew all about it, she replied at once: "Oh, that's so that he won't hear what the others say when he kicks them!"

WINARD'S LINIMENT CURE
DIPHTHERIA.

Convictions.

BY H. L. RANN.



A conviction is a belief with a long root which can be changed with as much ease as a safety razor blade. The older a man gets the harder it is for him to pull up a conviction by the roots and replace it with something that looks like orange

relatine. There are several kinds of convictions, but far and away the most popular are political convictions. Some men get along nicely without any convictions whatever on any subject until they become a candidate for congress, when they are immediately attacked by a number of fervid convictions which will not injure any local industry. Very few politicians use the same line of convictions in every campaign, as it keeps them too busy explaining their vote to the prying country editor.

Social convictions are those which prevent people from appearing in society what they feel like inside. This kind of a conviction will cause a man to squeeze into a dress suit fifteen years old and put up a losing fight against a seven-course dinner, without being able to pronounce a word on the menu, when he would rather be at home trying to trip up the game of solitaire. It also causes many a woman to invite to dinner friends of her husband who don't know a salad fork from any other farm implement, in order to push along a business deal.

Religious convictions are of two sorts—transient and permanent. The first of these is a comfortable variety which can be worn on Sunday with the utmost composure and replaced the rest of the week with sharp practice. Permanent religious convictions are those which do not have to be renewed at every revival meeting, but to show their durable qualities by doing a powerful sight of good without making any noise about it.

Loan Fails.

New York, April 14.—A cable to the Journal of Commerce from London says: The response of the public to the issue by the Province of Saskatchewan of \$5,000,000 ten year four per cent bonds at 96 was very weak, and it is understood that the underwriters have been forced to take up 85 per cent of the issue.

Could Not Digest His Food

Suffered For Years From Indigestion Until Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.



Mr. J. D. S. Barrett. If you suffer from chronic indigestion, forget about the stomach and pay attention to the condition of the liver and bowels. Ten to one that is where the real trouble lies.

The liver gets sluggish and fails to filter the bile from the blood, the bowels become constipated, and the whole digestive system is upset. As to cure, you cannot do better than to read of Mr. Barrett's experience with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. There is no treatment so prompt and thoroughly effective. Mr. J. D. S. Barrett, Nelson, B. C., and formerly of Twillingate, Nfld., writes:—"For several years I was a great sufferer from indigestion. The least bit of food caused me considerable trouble and often I could scarcely eat a meal a day. The many remedies I tried proved futile until in 1906 I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and after using about eight boxes I was completely cured. Since that time I have not been troubled with indigestion, which I consider a great blessing."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmondson Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Men's and Boys' SUITS, OVERALLS, Etc.

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The Best Carpet Sweepers AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

We have the following:

Select (Jap'd)	\$3.50
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Colin Campbell,

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A rich mellow smoke, does not bite the tongue.

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