

Better Paint For Your Money



Paint that will cover better—look bright longer—and last nearly twice as long as ordinary paints. Paint that will not chalk, check, nor crawl—if common sense guides the use of it. Paint it took 17 years to perfect by adding just enough of one special ingredient.

Money's-worth paint—that's the ideal It's in every can of M-L Pure Paints. Made in 40 colors for all paint users by Imperial Varnish & Color Co., Limited, of Toronto.

SOLD BY
AYRE & SONS, Limited,
 and recommended by all reliable dealers.

SALT. SALT.

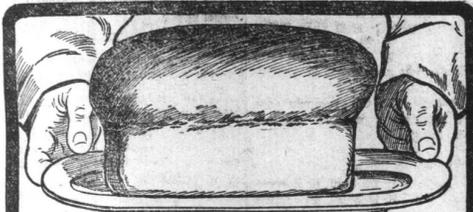
3,000 Hogsheads Best CADIZ SALT,

IN STORE.

CORKWOOD,

100 Bundles Best Corkwood.

HENRY J. STABB & Co.'s.



More Bread to the Barrel

Test it yourself. Count the number of loaves you bake with a bag of "Beaver" flour.

Notice the size of the loaves, too—and the way the dough stands up in the oven.

"Beaver" Flour

pound for pound—makes MORE bread and whiter, lighter, tastier bread with the flavor you never forget. It is the original Ontario Blended Flour and contains the best qualities of both Ontario and Manitoba Wheat Flours.

"Beaver" Flour saves you money. Try it.

Dealers—write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals. The T. H. Taylor Co., Limited, Chatham, Ont. 82

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON



But, t h e n mothers a r e always terrible m a t c h m a k e r s, sighed the lady who had been telling me about the machinations of a mother who was trying to get a homely daughter married off.

Now, I think they aren't so much so nowadays as they should be. I think matchmaking is just as much a good mother's duty as getting his son started in a good business is a father's.

And I think that nowadays mothers are altogether too apt to ignore that duty.

There was a time when if a daughter didn't marry it meant that she was a failure, and a failure, moreover, who had to be supported by her parents.

Wherefore, in those days mothers lived up to their matchmaking duties with all their hearts.

Under present economic conditions the unmarried daughter, if she has made her way in the world, is not by any means regarded as a failure. Moreover, she is usually self-supporting and quite often contributes to the support of the family.

And as a result the modern mother has relaxed from her predecessor's eager schemings to get her daughter well married.

In a good many cases she is even sorry when the daughter succeeds in getting herself well married.

"Do you know, Mrs. Hastings feels just terrible about Margaret getting married?" my news purveyor informed me the other day.

"You see, the man she is going to marry has a position way off somewhere, I forget just where, and Mrs. Hastings feels so badly about Margaret's going off that she says she

wishes Margaret had never met the man."

And the man Margaret is going to marry is a good man who loves her with all his big, manly heart, and whom she loves.

Don't you think that mother is wickedly selfish? I do.

It seems to me there is a terrible lot of tommyrot written about the American mother trying to sell her daughter for wealth or title. Of course there is that class of mother, just as there is a criminal class, but I don't think one should be regarded as typically American, any more than the other.

What I mean by a matchmaking mother is a mother who makes a deliberate effort to help her daughter meet the right sort of men.

Who entertains the nice young people of the neighbourhood as much as she can afford to.

Who studies to make the entertaining so attractive that the desirable young men will want to come to the house often.

Who while she is never careless in looking out for her daughter allows the young people sufficient freedom to develop that comradeship from which the best kind of love grows.

Who gives her warmest, most gracious welcome to the honest, clean young man with no assets except brains and energy, but plenty of those, and turns her very coldest shoulder on the man with the wild oats record, however good his bank account.

She is terribly ambitious, this mother—but her ambition is for a righteous object—her daughter's best happiness.

Are you that kind of mother? Or are you the kind that just sits back and lets her daughter do all the work that mother and daughter once shared, and then blames the daughter for not marrying the right kind of man?

Ruth Cameron

Strong Healthy Women

If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the many women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can be remedied.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Cures the weaknesses and disorders of women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in motherhood, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic.

"Favorite Prescription" banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits.

It Makes Weak Women Strong. It Makes Sick Women Well.

Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good." Accept no secret nostrum in place of this non-secret remedy. It contains not a drop of alcohol and not a grain of habit-forming or injurious drugs. Is a pure glyceric extract of healing, native American roots.



No Backache or Kidney Trouble.

A few doses clean and regulate the Kidneys ending Backache and Bladder misery.

No man or woman here whose kidneys are out-of-order, or who suffers from backache or bladder misery, can afford to leave Pape's Diuretic untried. After taking several doses, all pains in the back, sides or loins, rheumatic twinges, nervousness, headache, sleeplessness, inflamed or swollen eyelids, dizziness, tired or worn-out feeling and other symptoms of clogged, sluggish kidneys simply vanish.

Uncontrollable urination (especially at night), smarting, discolored water and all bladder misery ends.

The moment you suspect the slightest kidney or bladder disorder, or feel rheumatism pains, don't continue to be miserable or worried, but get a fifty-cent treatment of Pape's Diuretic from your druggist and start taking as directed, with the knowledge that there is no other medicine, at any price, made anywhere else in the world, which is so harmless or will effect so thorough and prompt a cure.

This unusual preparation goes direct to the cause of the trouble, distributing its cleansing, healing and vitalizing influence directly upon the organs and glands affected and completes the cure before you realize it.

A few days' treatment of Pape's Diuretic means clean, healthy, active kidneys, bladder and urinary organs—and you feel fine.

Your physician, pharmacist, banker or any mercantile agency will tell you that Pape, Thompson & Pape, of Cincinnati, is a large and responsible medicine concern, thoroughly worthy of your confidence.

Accept only Pape's Diuretic—fifty-cent treatment—from any drug store—anywhere in the world.

what Mason meant when he spoke of caplin leant into ears, and of Abbe Baudoin's old man. I did so in my original paper, and see no object in repeating my remarks. The Judge is very unfortunate in his evidence, for Abbe Baudoin's statement (1897) again disproves his theory. He said Harbor Grace was the first colony established by the English in Newfoundland, and to indicate its age, he instanced the death of an old man born about 1610-11. It is obvious that if there had been settlers all round the Bay and in St. John's for 150 years or more there would have been no object for telling this story.

Now, I will just put a few conundrums to the Judge.

How does he explain the fact that Guy's Charter (1610) declares, in two places, that Newfoundland was uninhabited by any Christian person?

Why did Guy state that he had proved by his experience that Newfoundland was habitable and that others intended to follow his example?

Why did Sir William Vaughan, who had been in Newfoundland about 1610-18 for the purpose of planting a colony, declare in two places that John Guy was the first Christian to settle in Newfoundland?

How does he explain Sir William Alexander's statement (1622) that the first houses for habitation in Newfoundland were built at Cupids by Guy?

Why did Whitbourne, writing in 1619, recommend that St. John's should be settled, if it had been a flourishing colony since 1583?

Why did Parkhurst, Hales, Carlisle Peckham and Hakluyt so strongly recommend the colonization of Newfoundland when it was already colonized?

How was it possible to keep the matter secret from generation to generation if thousands of fishermen knew of it?

Until these questions are satisfactorily answered I think I will retire from the controversy.

In conclusion, I wish to relate how the controversy arose. The Historical Society decided to try to celebrate the tercentenary of the founding of Guy's Colony. Some thought that Harbor Grace or Mosquito was the original site and not Cupids. When that error was settled, others declared that it was not the first settlement in Newfoundland and should not be celebrated. I contended that it was and undertook to prove it. I leave it to the public to decide whether it has been done or not.

W. G. GOSLING.

For Roller Skating.

Ice skating will be over after Saturday next at the Prince's Rink for this season, and after the ice is cut off the rink it will be put in order for roller skating which is becoming very popular with our people. The rink management has received many requests to begin this kind of skating, so that whereas it only began in August last year it will commence in April this season.

MAN FOR HOSPITAL.—Malcolm McDonald, of St. George's, arrived here by the express last night and was taken to hospital. He suffers from an affection of the back and was looked after by Mr. J. Downey.

Shannahan Gives Kelley's Version of Building a House and Rearing a Family Out of a Day's Pay.

"I'll tell you, Kelly, what you should do," said Tucker, "try and raise a few hundred dollars, pick out a nice locality and build a house for yourself. You'll regret this nooky-nawdy way of getting along a few years from now; you'll be played out from working and have nothing to show for your industry only a hump on your back and turned-in feet."

Tucker is a cute, saving little man, one who never goes home without carrying something under his arm. He'd pick up a nail if there was one to be picked up in town, and home 'twould go. A piece of yarn, a rotten clipboard, anything that Tucker runs up against it is his. Kelly, on the other hand, wouldn't stoop to pick up an anchor. As a matter of fact I have known him to pass a three-blade pocket knife by, and on being questioned by Tucker as to where his eyes were, he said, "I'm dead against stooping for anything with less than four blades."

The conversation between Kelly and Tucker can be more easily understood from this short description of these two hearties.

"Raising a loan to build a house on," said Kelly, "to my mind, is like getting a lend of a lot of money to pay a lot of quarter's rents. You can sail under false colors and say you are going to build, if you like, but you are only trying to make yourself believe that you are building a house for yourself. You are building all right as far as driving two and a half inch nails go, and losing your morning's nap and making all the neighbours lose theirs also, but own a house, never, never will you be able to stand on the gallery, look up at the house and say 'tis my own. The days of miracles are past, and no man can be expected to build a house on a day's work and raise a family at the same time. I have watched a man start up in Prowse's field and dig, dig, dig, till 'twas dark, pitch dark, and then his daughter would come out with a lantern and hold it for da and da would dig again. What he wanted all the cellar room for I couldn't understand, for I never saw his family getting more than a ¼ of coal at a time in my life, and as for potatoes, 5 cents worth was the limit." One night I was going up to the football match and this poor man was digging good and hard. I went over to him and asked him what he was looking for, whether he expected to find ore or beach-rocks. He told me he was looking for nothing, only digging out a cellar. "I always like a good cellar," said he, as he gasped for breath, "tis a nice thing to have in a house."

"It is," said I, "a fine thing, but between me and you, certainly it needn't go any further, and you needn't say

DON'T KNOW HOW

To Select Food to Rebuild On.

"To find that a lack of knowledge of how to properly feed oneself caused me to serve ten long years as a miserable dyspeptic, is rather humiliating. I was a sufferer for that length of time and had become a shadow of my natural self. I was taking medicine all the time and dieting the best I knew how.

"One day I heard of Grape-Nuts food, in which the starch was predigested by natural processes and that the food rebuilt the brain and nerve centres. I knew that if my nervous system could be made strong and perfect, I could digest food all right, so I started in on Grape-Nuts, with very little confidence, for I had been disheartened for a long time.

"To my surprise and delight, I found I was improving after living on Grape-Nuts a little while, and in three months I had gained 12 pounds and was feeling like a new person. For the past two years I have not had the slightest symptom of indigestion, and am now perfectly well.

"I made a discovery that will be of importance to many mothers. When my infant was two months old it was being fed on the bottle and was not doing well. I began to feed Grape-Nuts—at first, only the water poured over—later on, the softened food. The child began to improve rapidly, and is now a year old and very fat and healthy and has never been sick. Is unusually bright—has been saying words ever since it was six months old.

"I know from my experience that there is something in Grape-Nuts that brightens up any one infant or adult.

"There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

that 'twas me that said it. My opinion is the sooner you knock off rooting that hole the better for your health, for between me and you, as I said before, you're looking no 'great shakes. Take my advice and drop that pick and come up and see the game."

"What game?" asked he, looking up in bewilderment.

"Why the football match between the 'Saints' and 'Stars.' The whole town is going up to-night. What do you say? Come on."

"You're joking with me, sir, the Stars and Saints, and away he went again, knocking the pick against an empty pine apple can.

"Well, so long, old man," said I, "but before we part have a smoke," and I reached him out a pipe full of the latest cut-plug which Dinny smokes and I rob.

"Smoke, sir?" said he, shaking his noddle. "Oh, no, sir, never smoked in all my life, never had any inclination, sir, thank you all the same."

I left him half disgusted. I certainly believed, that night, that that man was too mean to wear a pair of drawers at a time, one leg covered, I believe, he considered sufficient, and any more a waste of good money.

About four weeks after this I was going up that way and I spied my friend and he was hurrying out of a hay-window.

"How are you, old 'stick in the mud'?" I sang out. He looked around at me half vexed and didn't answer.

"What ails you," asked I, "are you forgetting your old friends?" but he only stared vacantly for a moment and then went on driving his two-and-a-half.

I went on and I couldn't help thinking about that old fool. He was actually after forgetting all about me in that short time. The more I thought of him the more I pitied him.

"Don't talk about pity, Kelly," said Tucker, "for if you knew but the half of it, that man was actually pitying you for being so foolish."

"Is that so?" said Kelly. "Well, Tucker, when you hear me out you'll find out who required the most pity, him or me."

It was away up about the last of October that I was taking a short cut over that way, and when I came to the house I naturally looked up to see how my friend got on with it, and much to my surprise all the blinds were down.

"Who's dead?" asked I, to a little stunned boy, who took about a quarter of an hour to find out what I meant.

"The man in there, sir," said he, as he pointed to the gallery. And true enough it was. There was the house about quarter finished; old pieces of black felt blew from around the windows, some of the side was clap-boarded and the cellar was only partly nailed up.

The crowd at the funeral were all saying he was a very industrious man, he was trying to build a home for himself. "But I went up," said Kelly, "and told some of them what they never knew before."

"Why," said Tucker, "you couldn't say anything against that man."

"Say anything against him," said Kelly, "what's the use saying anything now? But what I will say is that he killed himself and left a widow and 5 orphans on the parish. The house is up there now to be seen half finished, head and ears in debt, the wife and children the Lord knows where, I don't, and poor 'Deepeckler' singing 'work, work, work and be contented,' in that land where all those apes bring up who start to own a big house and a gramophone on a day's pay."

"Oh, you know a lot, Tucker, but you can't fool me on that job," said Kelly. "Plenty to eat and drink, giving yourself a show, and your wife and family a show means no big houses of your own on a day's pay. You can starve all hands and do it, we all know that. But give me my three squares and I'll run the chance of scraping up the rent, and if I don't scrape it up, I'll hang up, so that settles it."

TIM SHANNAHAN.

VOTE OF THANKS.—Inspector Collins was the recipient of a vote of thanks from the Pansy Club at their meeting Sunday for valuable assistance rendered during the season for supplying efficient men to keep order at their card tournaments.

FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE.—The weekly meeting of the Festival of Empire will be held to-night at the Board of Trade rooms.

BELOW ZERO.—The glass registered five below zero at the Quarry at 7 this morning.

COTTONS AND WOOLENS.

Best and Cheapest Wholesale House in the City.

A complete stock of the newest American and English Goods, embracing Percales, Shirtings, Calicoes, Misprints. Also Tweeds, Dress Goods. Top Shirts Flannellettes, etc., and Fleece-lined Underwear—special make.

Please See Our Prices.

Cutport Orders will have special attention.

W. A. Slattery,

Duckworth Street, 3 Doors East Seaman's Home Building



BUY YOUR SEWING MACHINE

—AT THE—

White Store.

Only High Grades Kept. Best Quality. Lowest Prices.

CHESLEY WOODS.

Feb 26, 11

Telegram Ads. Pay

Your Boy

Ask your doctor how often he prescribes an alcoholic stimulant for children. He will probably say, "Very, very rarely." Ask him how often he prescribes a tonic for them. He will probably answer, "Very, very frequently." Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a strong tonic, entirely free from alcohol.