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The attention of investors of small amounts who wish only the safest kind of securities—bonds, is called to our offering of bonds at \$100 denominations.

Howden Pure Wool Textile 6's with Common stock bonds.
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F. B. McCURDY & CO.,
Members Montreal Stock Exchange.
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The Canada Life.

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

Favorable mortality, and low expenses, the result of good management, have helped.

C. A. C. BRUCE, Manager,
St. John's.

SEALERS!



Here is a new Boot—good, light, warm & light. Made of the very best Waterproof Leather, Hand Sewed and Hand Pegged.

This Boot won't cut your instep, because it has a Tongue; hence there will be no wrinkle.

WELLINGTON TONGUE BOOT.
Made in Black and Tan Leathers.

No Iron Heels, Solid Insoles and Heel Clicks.

Sealers! Here's where you save money. We guarantee a pair of these Boots will last both the sealing and fishing voyages.

F. SMALLWOOD,
The Home of Good Shoes.

J. J. ST. JOHN.
PICKLED HERRING, FRESH HALIBUT,
SMOKED CAPLIN, DIGBY HERRING,
FRESH CODFISH,
CALIFORNIA SEEDED RAISINS, 10c. package.
H. P. SAUCE, LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE,
POTATO FLOUR,
"HERBAGUM" POULTRY FOOD,
DUSTBANE, OXO CUBES.
J. J. ST. JOHN.

The Pictorial Review Magazine!

Circulation over 750,000 Copies Monthly.
Only \$1.00 a Year—\$1.25 Outposts.
The best Magazine published in the United States. The best articles, fiction, departments and Pictorial Fashions, showing the most correct styles one to three months in advance of all other magazines.
We must have 100 subscribers to sell it at this low figure. Give in your name.
CHARLES HUTTON, Sole Agent, Nfld.

If We Only Could.

By RUTH CAMERON.



There is a widow in our town who earns her living by "accommodating." This woman has the most nervous energy of any person I ever knew. She simply flies from one task to another and is never happy unless she is rushing. Unkind rumor has it that her temperament had something to do with the untimely death of her late husband, but I don't know about that. Recently she was recommended to a friend of mine whose broken health made it imperative that she have some trustworthy and capable person to help her about her house. Apparently Mrs. R. was just the person. Actually my friend endured her just a week.

"I should live with that woman a month I'd be in the hospital," she explained to me later. "I never was more tired in my life than at the end of the week she was here. Yes, she did all the housework and more, but honestly it made me more tired to have her in the house with me than it would to do everything myself. I think she actually radiates nerves. You know I'm a good sleeper usually, but she had me so worked up that I woke up at half past four or five all the time she was with me. I know she thinks I'm ungrateful for all the work she did, but I simply couldn't stand it another day."

"That's one example of the contagion of nerves. Here's another: A livery stable keeper just yesterday was bewailing the fact to me that his best saddle horse had been hurt in a runaway. "I should live with that woman a month I'd be in the hospital," she explained to me later. "I never was more tired in my life than at the end of the week she was here. Yes, she did all the housework and more, but honestly it made me more tired to have her in the house with me than it would to do everything myself. I think she actually radiates nerves. You know I'm a good sleeper usually, but she had me so worked up that I woke up at half past four or five all the time she was with me. I know she thinks I'm ungrateful for all the work she did, but I simply couldn't stand it another day."

"That's one example of the contagion of nerves. Here's another: A livery stable keeper just yesterday was bewailing the fact to me that his best saddle horse had been hurt in a runaway.

"Had that horse for ten years and let him to all kinds of people—men, women and children—and he never ran away before. And do you know what the trouble was, Miss Cameron. It wasn't that the driver didn't know how to ride. He's taken dozens of lessons. It was just because he was so darned nervous that he worked that horse all up."

Molly, the little stenographer lady also had an unconscious contribution to make to this subject. She came home the other night completely tired out.

"Tired?" said she in answer to our sympathetic queries. "Not anything so mild as that. Just half dead. You see Mr. A. dictated to me two hours steady this afternoon. No, that's not a terribly long time, but didn't I ever tell you about him? Why, he is the bete-noir of the office. We'd rather take any other man's dictation all the morning than his for an hour. No, he doesn't dictate so terribly fast. It's just that he's so horribly nervous and keyed up, and in a hurry inside that he makes everybody he talks to feel nervous and on a tension. Some of the girls have hysterics when he gets through dictating to them. Of course I don't do that, but I always make four times as many mistakes with him as I do with anyone else, and I'm limp as a rag when he gets through."

But the best example of the contagion of nerves, it seems to me, is in regard to the telephone. When the telephone rings very quickly, I am pretty sure one of two things is true. Either some chronically nervous, impatient person is calling, or someone made nervous and impatient by delay or difficulty in getting me. If on answering the telephone I find the first isn't the case, I always ask about the second, and in nine cases out of ten, find my supposition correct. "Try this some day. You'll find it an interesting experiment and I'm sure you'll be convinced, if you aren't already, of the deadly contagion of nerves."

Ruth Cameron

Why Women Are Not Rich.

Man is a millionaire many times over in the possession of blood cells. Woman is not quite so rich, for scientists have proven that the normal man has five million—the woman only four and a half million to a cubic millimetre of blood. A decrease in number of red blood corpuscles and a person "looks pale"—in fact, is anemic, the blood does not get the right food and probably the stomach is disordered.

Dr. R. V. Pierce found years ago that a glyceric extract of golden seal and Oregon grape roots, queen's root and bloodroot with black cherrybark, would help the assimilation of the food in the stomach, correct liver ills and in Nature's own way increase the red blood corpuscles. This medicine is called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. By assisting the food eaten the system is nourished and the blood takes on a rich red color. Nervousness is only "the cry of the starved nerves for food," and when the nerves are fed on rich red blood the person loses those irritable feelings, sleeps well at night and is rested in the morning.

"I was attacked with a severe nervous disease, which was caused by a disordered stomach and liver," writes Mr. J. S. LEVLEY, of Wells, Tenn., *Scott's Emulsion*. "All my friends thought I would die and the best physicians gave me up. I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I bought a bottle and used it. My case had run so long, it had become so chronic that nothing would effect a cure. I had lost all my weight and was a mere skeleton. I feel now that I can do anything I wish to do. I highly recommend it. I heartily advise its use as a purgative, and further advise adding people to know Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery have run so long that there is no chance to be cured."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, 50 stamps, to pay for wrapping and mailing only.

What People Are Saying

ABOUT MATTERS OF INTEREST.

GET A WORRY BOOK.
"Get a Worry Book. Put down in it to-day everything that worries you. Look at it a week from to-day. How many of the things you are worrying about will happen? The longer you keep a Worry Book the shorter will grow the entries."

"The worries of to-day are the jokes of to-morrow. Look over your past life. What are the incidents that you find funny now? Every one of them was a worry at the time it happened. You laugh as you look back at past worries. Well, why not laugh at the worries of to-day and to-morrow as well?" asks William Johnston in the *American Magazine*.

"PALL MALL" ISMS.

"The Emperor Menelik has developed so tireless a habit of dying, and then being discovered to be alive after all, that no one seems quite disposed to accept the latest story of his demise. Few men have had so many opportunities of reading their own obituary. We would suggest to any Abyssinians in London to wait for confirmation of the news from Rome before ordering their black ties," says the *Pall Mall*.
"A good pancake is one of the most perfect things ever given man to eat, but a bad one, as the small child observed, can be 'perfectly disastrous,'" says the *Pall Mall*.

STRAUSS AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

"The Opera House has seldom looked more brilliant than it did when

Mr. Beecham conducted the first performance in England, so eagerly expected, of Strauss' "Der Rosenkavalier." It was a wonderful audience, and for a night in January surely unprecedented," says the *Star*. "It was a pity that the opera should have begun at eight (not ten) o'clock, and ended at midnight—with the consequence that scores of people had to go out before the final scene, which, with its beautiful Trio, is perhaps the gem of the whole."

"Strauss, however, can scarcely be said to have surpassed his previous efforts," says the *Chronicle*. "Those who expect new musical novelties in 'Rosenkavalier' will be disappointed. There is nothing in it quite so sensational as some of the things in 'Salome' and 'Elektra,' partly, of course, because of the lighter nature of the work."

WHY TURN GREEN HANDS INTO THE NURSERY?

"America has discovered another Lewis Carroll. A new 'Alice in Wonderland' has been born. The author, says the *Daily News*, 'New York correspondent, is Miss Eleanor Gates, and her creation is called 'The Poor Little Rich Girl.' The story has been in MS. ten years, but was only dramatised a few weeks ago."
"Miss Gates, who spent six years, on the plains of Dakota herding cattle with her brothers, says, 'You can explain the lesson of the drama by observing that you don't put colts, but seasoned horses, into the care of an inexperienced groom. Then why turn green hands into the nursery?'"

CANADA AND LOCAL OPTION.

"Ontario gave another remarkable demonstration upon the question of local option in its January elections," says *Canada*. "Out of 228 municipalities in the Province, nearly 500 are now without a single 'bar."

COCOA AS IT SHOULD BE

Grateful—Comforting **EPPS'S** Breakfast Supper
Epps's Cocoa years ago set up a standard which remains the standard still—absolute perfection.
Warmth, strength, nerve, energy, are the results of "Epps's," the perfection of cocoa, in which the sustaining and warmth-producing constituent called cocoa butter is retained in maximum quantity.

To Help!

To help reduce the high cost of living we have decided to sell

EGGS!

good, reliable eggs—fresh country stock, also a few cases of selected imported eggs, at

32c.
dozen.

Soper & Moore.

The victories of the temperance party would have been still more numerous did not the law require a three-fifths majority to carry closure legislation. The most remarkable fact about the situation is that in so comparatively short a time the question of liquor legislation is coming to be a powerful factor in the political situation. So far as the respective organs of political parties in the Province voice differing opinions, they compete in the direction of more rather than less restriction on the liquor traffic.

THE MAN A WOMAN LIKES.

The sort of a man a woman likes is the topic of a symposium in the *Woman's Magazine* to which a number of well-known women writers have contributed. Miss Marjorie Bowen thinks "the most desirable qualities in a man are courage, intelligence, gaiety, and sympathy—and if you add sweetness and generosity you have perfection." "Rita" (Mrs. D. Humphreys) asks that he be "strong, firm, and self-reliant, with just enough tenderness to love a woman for her own sake. Above all, a good temper." Mrs. Child (Champion de Crespigny) were in the air. He no doubt understood a good deal about the possibilities of American success, and in his travels and contacts of the North American continent, he would have learned much of the surmises and feelings of the people; and the evidence was pretty sure that the Revolution would succeed, and a new nation be born. With this thought in view he prepared for the worst; and

CAGED WOMEN.

"We secluded women of the East are the guardians of the Mysteries of God Most High—the verities of life and death, of birth and growth and decay—all those things that come directly from the hand of God. These are the sense of life, though much obscured by all the surface agitation which disturbs the life of men. We, in our calm retirement, always view them."

These words are supposed to be spoken by the principal wife of an Egyptian Pasha in a remarkable new novel by Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, entitled "Veiled Women" (Nash).

A FAMOUS PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Waterloo Place, London, S.W., is in process of being rebuilt, with the result that the famous publishing house of Smith, Elder and Co. expects shortly to have to move into new premises somewhere else. With No. 15 they are associated the names of Chateaux, Charlette, Bronie, the Brownings, George Elliot, Matthew Arnold, Wilkie Collins, and ever so many others famous in English literature.

A NEW QUARTERLY.

The first number of the "Constructive Quarterly" was printed on March 1. It is published by the Oxford University Press and edited by Mr. McBeo.

"The great need of modern Christians is for a rallying-point, a common platform," says the announcement. "To provide this is the aim of the 'Constructive Quarterly.' Its pages are to bring together the eminent leaders of every division in the world of Christianity. Therein such men will have the opportunity of stating their religious convictions in the form which comes most naturally to them, and with certain knowledge that their utterances will be read by members of every Church and denomination."

Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the sensitive portions of the female system. Edible and easy to take. Dr. de Van's are sold at box three for 40c. Mailed to any address. The Seobell Drug Co., 25 Catharine, Oct.

Wonderful Advertising

At an advertising man's banquet in Denver, Dr. H. Wood Avery, the author of many advertising monographs, ended an address with this story:—"The power of the 'ad.'," he said, "is truly miraculous. I know a young actress who mislaid a string of pearls. She inserted a 'lost and found' advertisement, and the next day I asked her: 'Well, did you get your pearls back?' 'Yes,' she answered—and isn't advertising wonderful? The string I lost were only scientific, but those that have been returned to me are the real thing."

Notes of Long Ago.

I. C. MORRIS.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE STORY OF DR. WALSH.
(Continued.)

The Doctor in leaving the ship managed to take with him his instruments, and also a small mahogany table, and with these he began his home in a strange land, in the new world. He kept the table as an heirloom, and it has been handed down as such to his grand-children and great-grand-children, and it is now in the possession of Mrs. Mickle, of Halifax, who was formerly Miss Paul of New York.

At Great Burin at the time of Dr. Walsh's landing, there was, as already stated, but one resident, and under his roof the strangers found shelter and friendship. It was a great change for a man to leave a high eastern home, and to come to a change for the fair lady who had come from the busy New York, and who had been accustomed to society life. But love makes all things smooth, and as there were no obstacles in the way, and very little to occupy the attention of the young couple, they seemed to have found in their solitude a reward for their sacrifice. At that time (one hundred and fifty years ago), there was an abundance of fish, both cod and salmon, herring and caplin, in Placentia Bay and all round about Burin, and in Great Burin, and as there were no people among whom the Doctor could practice his profession, he adapted himself to his surroundings, and became a fisherman, and in his new role of fisherman, he did real well, and earned more than sufficient for his wants; and in a short time he had his home around him, and his happy children were afterwards trained and educated.

As time rolled on, Great Burin and the nearby places became a bit populated, and the Doctor proved very useful in his practice of medicine and surgery. Although he still fished, and became quite an expert at the work, he put in a good deal of practice, and proved a very useful member of the community; for nearly half a century he practiced medicine until the end of his career; and he taught his son the profession; and he also practiced, and the entire district reaped great benefit from Dr. Walsh's respected son.

Shortly after the Doctor had made his home in Great Burin, the rumblings of war reached him, and the symptoms of the American Revolution were in the air. He no doubt understood a good deal about the possibilities of American success, and in his travels and contacts of the North American continent, he would have learned much of the surmises and feelings of the people; and the evidence was pretty sure that the Revolution would succeed, and a new nation be born. With this thought in view he prepared for the worst; and

with his friend and neighbor, Mr. Inkpen, and several other families who had made their home with them, they decided to fortify the harbor; and so they prepared themselves for any possible attacks of the enemy. The Doctor having had some four or five years experience in Naval works, and having seen a good many forts built, and also having examined the forts in Nova Scotia, and the New England States, was very competent as to what should be done. And so he erected forts at the most important points of Great Burin; mounted them with cannon, and took every precaution to protect the lives and property of the people. The forts were never really used, although at one time they had them manned and ready for action; but the ship which have in sight proved to be a friendly one, and the expected encounter did not take place.

These old forts, or what is left of them, are still to be seen at Great Burin, and while they are but mounds and their history not very well known, they are at the same time mementoes of the young Doctor, who for the sake of love forfeited his ship and risked his life; and thereby helped to make Great Burin the flourishing and independent centre of trade that it now is, and has been for a long time. In different parts of Placentia Bay similar forts are to be seen; and notably so in Mortier Bay, where several cannon still are found. These all mark the presence of the old-time British soldier; and they tell that somebody has fought for our present independence, and struggled for our liberties. In travelling in those by-places, not only in Placentia Bay, but in the different great bays of our community, one is led to wonder how so much masonry was constructed under such difficult conditions as must have prevailed two centuries ago; and while it is somewhat difficult to solve this problem, there is the certainty that the old-time British soldiers were men of strange; and were able at the shortest notice to construct forts, and to erect batteries; and thereby give a bold front to the enemy. Much of this has been done in Newfoundland, and in every tottering fort that we see, in every squared stone that we behold, there is in them evidence of the genius and skill, and the daring and gall of the soldier of two hundred years ago.

To climb Castle Hill at Placentia is to see the strength of the French soldier; while to look at the old fort at Mortier Bay, or the old forts at Trinity, or the mounds of Dr. Walsh's forts at Great Burin, is to see at a glance that the days of British wooden walls and old-time soldiers, were truly days of hard work and endurance; and withal days of victory for the few.
(To be continued.)

Bowels Bad, Liver Torpid, Cascarets.

If Constipated, Bilious, Headachy, Stomach Sour, get a 10-cent box of Cascarets—take one to-night.

You men and women who can't get feeling right—who have headache, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath, dizziness, can't sleep, are bilious, nervous and upset, bothered with a sick, gassy, disordered stomach, or have back-ache and feel worn out. Are you keeping your bowels clean with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passage every few days with salts, cathartic pills or castor oil? This is important.

Cascarets work while you sleep; cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poison in the intestines and bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will straighten you out by morning—a 10-cent box from any drug store will keep your stomach sweet; liver and bowels regular and head clear for months. Don't forget the children. They love Cascarets because they taste good—do good—never gripe or sicken.

Old Home Week

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir:—Please publish as a news item that the Newfoundland Catholic Association, of Whitey Pier, has made extensive arrangements for its "Old Home Week" excursion of this summer. Newfoundlanders all over Canada and the United States are keenly alive to the movement and Newfoundlanders abroad expect their most constant journalistic champion—"The People's Paper"—"The Evening Telegram"—to support the Old Home Week proposition for the Regatta Week of the coming July and August. Sent on behalf of the
N. C. A.

Beauty Notes

Even the prettiest nose looks bad in other people's business. For giving the face a good color, get one pot of rouge, and one rabbit's foot. Bury them two miles from home and walk out and back once a day to see that they are still there. Trampling on other people's feelings is the worst possible thing for the feet. Hard lines about the mouth can frequently be removed by the reasonable use of a smile. Eyes can be brightened effectively by looking on the pleasant side of life.—*Woman's World* for February.

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The South Pole Quest.

From the far South Pole o'er England's tide
The message speeds on wing.
Telling the story of those who died
For country, fame and King.

A monarch weeps 'neath a Kingly Crown,
An Empire mourns its loss.
A world in sorrow gazes down
On a tent, a cairn, a cross.

A canvas shroud for our heroes three,
A snow-cairn raised on high;
A prayer for the rest, where'er they be
Who wandered out to die.

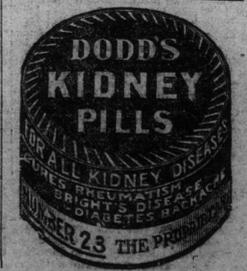
A cross, erect midst the Ice-King's breath,
Shadows the loved ones' bed,
Emblem of triumph even in death,
Marking an Empire's dead.

A tent, a cairn, a cross of love,
Five heroes sleeping by,
And an Empire mourning those who strove,
Who triumphed but to die.

Oh King, go chisel each honored name,
The work they did was good;
Carve well their mark in scarp of hills
Of fame—
A soul—a cross of wood.
—W. T. H. SALTER, Boston.

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N. C. A.



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