

The Pope's Condition.

Special to The Evening Telegram.
ROME, To-day.
A bulletin issued by the physicians indicates the Pope's condition is practically stationary. The evening bulletin was of a more optimistic tone, and indicated that his temperature was normal and that there had been no recurrence of the usual slight fever. Dr. Andrea Amici paid a visit to the Vatican at 11 o'clock last night and found only a slight elevation in temperature with other conditions satisfactory.

PITTSBURG, To-day.
Cardinal Gibbons has cancelled all engagements and leaves for New York where he can embark for Rome at a moment's notice.

OTTAWA, To-day.
Archbishop Gauthier has received a cablegram from Rome stating that the Pope's end is near.

10 Day's Truce.

Special Evening Telegram.
LONDON, To-day.
A ten days' truce has been arranged between the Bulgarian and the Turkish Commanders, according to a Constantinople despatch to the Daily Telegraph.

PHILADELPHIA, To-day.
Luther McCarthy, heavyweight champion of the world, defeated Jim Flynn in a six round bout.

The House Closes

When the House of Assembly met at 2.30 p.m. yesterday, petitions were presented by Hons. S. D. Blandford and R. Watson, for roads, and from Mr. Devereaux from Red Island for railway extension. At 3 p.m. the members were summoned by the Usher of the Black Rod to the Council Chamber, where His Excellency Governor Davidson assented to the Bills passed during the session and then formally prorogued the Assembly. For the function of prorogation His Excellency was accompanied by Mrs. Davidson and suite, and on his arrival in the grounds he was received by a guard of honor from the police under Inspector General Sullivan, who came to the General Salute while the city band rendered the National Anthem. His Excellency accompanied by the Inspector General, inspected the police and was then conducted to the Legislative Council, being attended by the officers of H.M.S. Calypso and the city Brigades. In the Chamber were a number of ladies and amongst the most prominent people were the Chief Justice, Sir William Horwood, Justice Johnson, a number of clergymen and the various Consuls. Few citizens, however, were present to witness proceedings.

Newfound-landers Abroad.

Relative to a request for the appointment of a woman inspector for factories in that city, we take the following clipping from the Winnipeg Telegram:

Familiarity Among Employees.
"Miss Bradley, of All People's Mission, gave a talk on factory conditions which she has been studying. She stated that the surroundings of factory girls in this city were coarse, and their ideals were low. The sanitary conditions were not as they should be. Some factories have no forewoman, and at the noon hour Miss Bradley had found deplorable familiarity between men employees and girls."

"Miss Bradley thought that a great many children broke the factory law, which states no child under sixteen may enter such a place of employment. At present only the parents of the child are held responsible, but if the employer was held responsible for breaking the law, as he is in New York, there would be less child labor."

These words were uttered at the Local Council of Women at Winnipeg, and the Miss Bradley mentioned here is the eldest daughter of Mr. Chas. Bradley, of the Dry Dock office, this city, who is now working at the "All People's Mission" Winnipeg, having been transferred there last year from the "Fred Victor Mission." Toronto. Mr. Bradley's son, Clarence, has a responsible position also with the Canadian Northern Railway of Canada. Clarence will be remembered by the hockeyists and footballers of this city, he being a reliable man in both games.

"You may cackle as much as you please about our big feet and our resources; but you must, withal, admit we are miles behind in regard to aerial machines. America, France, Germany are all before us in the airship business."

"Quite right they should be," was the retort. "I've never known England fly before a foreign power yet."

The Gentle Suffragette.

A Reply to Mrs. Gosling.
"Oh, the gladness of her gladness when she's glad,
And the sadness of her sadness when she's sad;
But the gladness of her gladness
And the sadness of her sadness
Is nothing to the madness of her madness when she's mad."

Dear Mr Editor.—After reading Mrs. Gosling's lengthy letter in to-day's issue of the Daily News, one is forced to an inevitable conclusion, and that is that the gentle suffragette of to-day is a very much ill-used and much suffering female. This is Mrs. Gosling's conclusion, and of course that lady would have it to be the reader's opinion too. Now, Mr. Editor, one would like to know what this correspondent means by "Political Freedom for Women," and, again, what is really the meaning of "English women being outlaws in their own land," and, again, what is meant by "Provocation that has at every stage been offered to women," and, once more, what in thunder is meant by saying that "they (the suffragettes) are suffering from a grave political grievance, and they break the law for a definite political purpose?"

When woman does the hysterical trick says bluff old Dr. Johnstone, poor man gives in, and it looks very much as if some gentle leddies of England are playing the old game. Since the beginning of this year the suffragist prisoners number fifty-eight, and the London Daily Graphic in its issue of April 2nd, says in discussing the "Suffragette method" that more criminal offences have been committed by suffragettes from the New Year to the present date than by the criminal class of Britain for twice the same period of last year. This is appalling, and to consider that women who could go to excesses such as our daily despatches chronicle, should be given franchise, and the part governing of an Empire is more appalling still.

Here is mention of but a few of the "means" adopted by the gentle suffragette to win this "political freedom":—

The magnificent Saunderton Station of the Great Western and Great Central Joint Railway, in Buckinghamshire, destroyed by fire, the work of suffragettes, Croxley Railway Station, twenty-three miles from Euston, on the North Western Line, destroyed by fire; a tea pavilion at Kew Gardens, fired last month by suffragettes; a bowling club pavilion, in Heaton Park, Newcastle, burnt out; serious damage committed on Nottingham Forest, the city's chief recreation grounds, by tearing up iron railings, smashing gas lamps and breaking off young saplings six feet from the ground; a serious wire cutting outrage committed between Glasgow and Kilmarnock, by suffragettes, at one point twenty-five and at another twenty-seven telephone and telegraph wires were cut; the lives of passengers endangered on a train of the Great Central Railway, by bomb throwing; offensive assault on members of the House of Commons, in London; deliberate destruction of street P. O. boxes by acids and other destroying materials; dynamite outrages; seeking to cause panic in theatres and other public places of large gatherings. These are a few of the acts of those women who apparently having found a society about the five o'clock tea business, and have nothing more to do at home are now wishing to immerse their unworthy selves in politics and bring a nation to feeble emaciation and ultimate ruin.

The other day one of the five women who were concerned in the attempt to stop the King in the Mall during his progress to Parliament, said, "We have but commenced as yet, we shall get the vote, or we shall keep on until we have absolutely upset civilisation." And this, sir, is one of a number of women to whom would be intrusted the governing of the greatest Empire on earth.

Surely, Mr. Editor, all this is disgracing the grand and noble name of "Woman."

One loves to look back on the past and think of what woman was and what she is to-day. The time was when she was a power in her home, a ministering angel to the loved ones there. Calm and holy as she was, her Empire was her home, and her claim the love of those she loved, and the sway of domestic felicity. When one considers such women as Pankhurst, Kenney, Swanwick, Fawcett and others of that ilk, and then ponder on the grand old virtues of our venerable forefathers, it is enough to make one arise in wrath and demand what in the name of Heaven is woman, gentle, loving woman coming to? Where is the thing going to stop? Pankhurst is but a phototype of thousands, and as the evil has now sprung up in our midst it surely concerns us to a great degree.

To every intelligent and right-thinking observer, the fact is evident that woman is not, and never can be a politician. Woman's reasoning has limits which do not extend to a considerable circumference, and though she can, and does excel, in literature and art, she has never been a success in scientific research, and political

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economy is a truly scientific problem. No woman can follow up and understand statistics to any great extent, true she can cleverly "run a store" or keep a decent pass-book or ledger, but she would get sick and tired of an auditor's statistical sheet in the first balancing. No woman can moderately govern herself, beyond her domestic prerogatives, and it is safe to say from the most casual observation of the sex, that but few women would understand the proper valuation of a vote, or its serious outlaying. Say to give three million women the enfranchisement, to allow three million women to vote, would be undoubtedly to create a new game at hazard—at fickle play—at chance. Politics is a matter of reason, woman does not reason, politics demands manly consideration—woman cannot give that. There is strength and power in the political census, woman cannot supply either the one or the other. A country governed by women, supported by woman's franchise; and at the mercy of woman's fickle sway, would quickly decay and totter. A Government placed in position by woman's voice could never govern for long or wisely. Woman as an electorate would be a failure. Again a woman's vote would be given according to personal motives, party selection would have no place in her estimation, a man would get that vote because of some silly sentiment attached (by her) to himself. There could be no progress, grave and serious matters, matters that deep-thinking and successful man spares neither time nor energy in debating on—would be mutilated, and hurried on to destruction by a congress of women. But few women (and those would not excuse the rights of enfranchisement) understand the governing policy of politics, the subject is altogether outside their province, and to allow them such power as to the voting to a Government support, would but simply grant a whim that is but childish, and ridiculous. Between Socialism, Modernism, Idealism and now Suffragitism,

we are going at a mad pace indeed, and it cannot be long before the whole creation tumble into chaos unsupported as it now is by the genuine merits and virtues of the quickly passing—Past.

Thanking you, Sir, for space for this lengthy communication.
I remain,
Very truly yours,
—P. J. K.

The Lighter Side

Mr. Lookout—"You have plenty of impudence, Johnson, to steal my chickens, and then try to sell them to me."

Johnson—"Why, yer honor, I thort you'd pay a better price for towels you'd reared yourself. You'd know what yer buying then."

A young wife recently went into a grocer's shop and addressed the grocer thus:

"I bought three or four hams here a month or so ago, and they were fine. Have you any more of them?"
"Yes, ma'am," replied the grocer. "There are ten of those hams hanging up there now."

"Well, if you're sure they're off the same pig, I'll take three of them," replied the young wife, meekly.

On New Year's Eve in a Yorkshire town, two men were carried to the hospital—victims of an explosion. One had had the misfortune to have his nasal organ blown off; the other had lost one of his ears.

The two were placed in adjacent beds, and in the morning the one minus his nose shouted to his neighbor:

"Happy New Year to thee, mate!"
"Happy new nose to thee, and mind thy own business," growled the other.

Enjoy your meals by taking Stafford's PRESCRIPTION "A." Dose: From one to two teaspoonful a few minutes before eating.—ap17.11

Played a Trump.

Henry Jackson is not a good card player. He admits it—his game is billiards. But that was no reason why his partner at bridge one evening last week should read the Riot Act to him every time Harry made a bull. After a particularly sad play the peering partner finally turned upon him with gnashing teeth:—

"Jackson, why in thunder didn't you follow my lead?" he yelled.

Harry was getting a little peevish. "I follow anybody's lead," he retorted, "believe me, it'll be anybody's but yours!"

His partner snorted and subsided.

But, in the next hand, after an inexcusable faux pas, he threw down his cards in desperation.

"For the love of Moses, Jackson," he cried, "didn't you see me call for a spade or a club? Haven't you any black suit at all?"

"Sure," came back Harry, with a delightfully annoying yawn, "but I'm keeping it for your funeral!"

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS.—OUR STORE will be open this week at night up to 9 o'clock, giving intending buyers a chance to select a bargain in a Piano, Organ, Sewing Machine or other goods. Store to be vacated at end of April. CHESLEY WOODS & CO.—ap14.11

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