

Fit Just Right! Wear Just Right! Look Just Right!

Men, these are the three great qualifications you get when you buy one of our American Cut Spring Suits--New Styles, New Patterns.

Fit Just Right.

The Latest and Improved American Styles. Each suit packed in separate box.

Prices to suit YOU, from **\$5.50 to 15.00.**

Men's Dark Work Pants, **95c. up.**



Look Just Right.

Wear Just Right.

Quality Better Than Ever.

A Big Range of Patterns to select from in Serges, Striped Worsteds and Tweeds. Prices:

\$5.50 to 15.00.

Men's Dress Pants, Neat Patterns, **\$1.50 up.**

C. L. MARCH Co., LIMITED

Tim Shannahan

TUCKER AND THE CUTE MAN

HEAR DISTANT RUMBLINGS OF THE COMING BATTLE.

Delaney, Tucker, the Cute Man from Carter's Hill and Mrs. Tucker were all on deck last night when I entered the abode of Tucker. A very heavy discussion seemed to be on, for they hardly condescended to look up when I came in, and although the whole front of the stove was taken up by the Cute Man or even Mrs. Tucker failed to shift from their moorings.

Good night to ye, said I, in a voice that would do credit to an auctioneer on a drizzly day; what's the business to-night? Why ye look like a crowd that was struck by a snow bank and were waiting the arrival of a relief party. And with that I hauled over the stool and, placing my back up against the wall, made the most out of a cool reprieve.

'Twas fully five minutes before any of the party opened their gobs, and at last I noticed the jaws of Mrs. Tucker stretch a bit, and later her tongue lanced forth in all its best brand of vindictiveness. She turned her two almond nut shaped eyes upon me and then beheld I could behold a saddened anger. Tim, said she, 'Im glad you arrived here to-night, for we were getting dubious about you. You as leader of this party have a great deal to do and we expect much of you. Already we can hear the sound of

battle in our ears, for glance at the papers to-night and you will see that we are just entering upon the fight. It therefore behoves us to get a gait on and keep our peepers levelled and take in the situation. Don't get excited, say I, there's a lot of time yet for ye to get your powder ready; many's the fine strappin' man will take to himself a wife before the houses get plastered with posters for next election day, and don't you forget it.

You can't deny, says Delaney, as he nearly hauled over the lamp with a cloud of smoke, that the papers look electionary to-night. Why, man alive, the Chronicle got out of the election type that was buried since the last contest, and sure the Herald is out showing what the Sealers' Hospital cost; and by the way did ye read the items in that? Well, if ye didn't, says Delaney, ye ought, for there's barrels of fun in reading these things. Ye will see an item charged to the Government always ends up with thirty-one cents. Nine hundred and sixteen dollars for pans. Well, say and don't forget the thirty-two cents. That's the kind of thing, says Delaney, that shows ye how hard 'tis to get Government pap. You're driven so hard that it comes down to cents, and sometimes they split a copper in two halves when a tender is close. Oh 'tis something fearful, says Delaney; simply heart-rending how these poor men who tendered for the Sealers' Hospital were driven; every item in that list has a tail of odd cents on to it. 'Tis wonderful how they stand it at all, at all. Why if this thing goes on, says Delaney, we'll

have no one going in for Government contracts. Look here, Delaney, said the Cute Man, the older you're getting the foolisher you're looking. Why don't you use your brains? Sure, man alive, what kind of an omdawn would he be who'd be foolish enough to tender for a job from the Government on even dollars without having a few odd cents tacked on? Sure that's all they make out of it, and if they didn't get the 32 or 45 cents, as the case may be, why, man alive, they'd have nothing for themselves. Surely you don't find fault with a contractor who puts in his little bill of say three thousand four hundred and twenty-two dollars having forty cents profit; and it only goes to prove how fine things are getting done around here and how hard it must be for these poor people to make the two ends meet.

I could never understand, says Mrs. Tucker, how it is that for the first couple of years a Government is if we don't hear any grumbling about them worth while, but just as soon as the time draws nigh for another spasm, behold the activity! The first couple of years after the election you can see opposition members and Government lucky ones holding good, fat jobs, trotting along together, smiling sweetly, almost hugging one another. You will see them pig by jowl going to church, or coming out of the Nickel together. They'll meet at the Races and drink sober drinks and puff cigars, play billiards at the club and go to one another's funeral, but just as soon as the clouds begin to gather—just as the man knocks at your door to get your husband's name and find out what he's working at; when the poorly-paid enumerator fumbles with a short piece of lead pencil, 'tis then a change comes o'er the scene. Then said Mrs. Tucker, aspirants for seats in the House go in covays and silek religiously to men of their own party as chums. The old-timer politician who has fought and won and who again saw the votes counted and discovered that he was down and out now polishes himself up a bit in order to attract the attention and win back the esteem of the "free and independent." All Government members and Opposition stand anew to play their parts.

Oh you have the bull by the horns, says Delaney. Politicians mix together and forget old differences for the first two years or so, but you must admit that they have their certain political differences just the same. Be off with you, says Mrs. Tucker. They wouldn't know "political convictions" if they met 'em to a fire. Get in the swim and run along in the glorious tide that leads on to the biggest amount of hard cash; that's the political convictions that we see as a rule in this Island Home of ours. Ye can't wink out of sight the great lesson taught in the two last elections. Just for example we will take the district of Piscatawa. Now the people of Piscatawa threw up their caps and bowed themselves homage for Bond in the first election; they elected Jackman and his colleagues with a

good majority; they said out plainly and forcibly that they firmly believed that the party led by Bond was the party to save the country. But they find after the election that both parties come in a tie, and when the second election comes off, they go back on their "political convictions" and vote for the other side. Now I'd like for some ancient long-whiskered philosopher to arise and show me where "political convictions" counted with these people. 'Twas simply a case of wanting to be on the Government side for what they could get out of it; simply that, said Mrs. Tucker, and nothing more.

There's a lot in what Mrs. Tucker says, said I, and I'd advise you to take your time before throwing up your hats this time. Never before did ye get a better opportunity to make politics pay ye than at the coming political fight. Don't run into the contest too quickly, for by the look of it now we will have four or five parties in the field, and you know where there is a great deal of rivalry there is always a good chance to get your price. Stand back from the bias a bit and look wise; throw out your chest and look important, and you will be sought after and pampered. Don't run when a big politician beckons to you for the first time. Don't make tracks without having your supper when you get a note from some big fellow of any party. Size him up and see what there is in it for you; pretend to be indifferent, and you'll get your price. Watch them that you see them get good eyesight, and notice how soon they are able to find out the number of your house. You will feel the warm clasp of their well-greased palms many times; they will fall over you and inquire how are all home. Keep cool, play them at their own game, and for once if your life have sense and ask yourself—How much is there in it for me? For we are all sick and tired o' hauling men with ropes; all players out from shouldering house-flags tied to knotty pickets; all slewed on one side from hugging torch lights; now let us take a tumble and ask our selves where do we come in? 'Tis the poor foolish fellow with one suit o' clothes that makes enemies for himself; 'tis the man that lugs the draft barrow on the wharf that loses sleep over the policy of a party; 'tis the man who wrestles with a hog'shead o' coal in the cupboard that spends his energy in drumming up votes and waits till two o'clock in the morning for the poll to be declared, while the genteel dandy goes to bed and dreams of a soft job to be had no matter which party goes under. So, there fore, I'd advise ye to take your time. Let them rave about coal areas this will be discovered in the next century; let them bleed for the land o' their birth, as thousands have 'bled' before, but you wait and watch your chance, and when the opportunity ofers, jump in the boat that's going to win. There's no other kind of "political conviction" that counts worth a cent in this country, and the man that thinks there is makes the mistake of his life. Don't about to 'loud; keep a dignified air and look wise; pretend you're twice as important as you really are. This do, and then you will reap your reward.

TWO TRINITARIANS.
St. John's, April 8, 1912.

Made Ready.

The Ss. Fogata, which takes up the northern service, has been thoroughly cleaned up and painted. The staterooms, saloon and steerage have also been attended to, and the ship is now in excellent condition for the northern service.

Results He Got Were Perfect.

SAM MALLETTE'S BRIGHT'S DISEASE CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He Suffered Tortures and the Doctor Failed to Give Relief but Three Boxes Cured Him.

Rutter Station, Ont., April 8.—(Special).—"I got perfect results from Dodd's Kidney Pills." So says Mr. Sam Mallette of this place. And he has a reason.

"My sickness started from a strain," Mr. Mallette continues, "and for a year I did not know a well day. My sleep was broken, and unrefreshing, my appetite was fitful and my limbs would swell.

"Then rheumatism set in and neuralgia, backache, headache and heart trouble added to my tortures. I was attended by a doctor but he did me no lasting good.

"Finally, when Bright's Disease had me in its grasp, I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes, I was as well as ever I was in my life. I have had no pain since and advise all my friends who suffer from kidney disease to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and be cured."

Mr. Mallette's case shows what neglected kidney disease will result in, and what splendid results Dodd's Kidney Pills give.

1 Cent Damages

Against Newspaper for Alleged Libel About Married Couple.

Stratford, Ont., March 21.—Chancellor Boyd yesterday awarded Mr. J. Duval and Mrs. Jessie Etherington damages of one cent each in the Joint libel action against the Stratford Beacon, which published a personal item to the effect that the plaintiffs "had returned from their wedding trip." Both plaintiffs were already married, but not to each other. Each party pays their own costs.

In Defence Of Trinity.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Mr. Editor,—In last Saturday's issue of the Fishermen's Advocate we noticed an item headed "Englee," in which was contained another insolent reference to the Town of Trinity. Now, as we are thoroughbred Trinitarians, we strongly resent such sneering allusions.

In the past the Editor has referred to the business community of Trinity as "grab-balls" and "soreheads," and now his latest as "peddlars."

We contend, sir, that the business people of Trinity are as honourable, straightforward and energetic as any other business people of this Colony, including the all-energetic Editor of the Fishermen's Advocate.

As regards his references to the spur line into Trinity, does not the editor know (if he does not, as an editor, he ought to) that Trinity is the centre of a population of some 4,000 people who inhabit all those settlements extending from the Horse Chops to Bonaventure Head. The people, chiefly fishermen, of these adjacent places visit Trinity daily for transaction of business, therefore the spur line which the editor of the Advocate begrudges Trinity so much will not benefit the 439 persons of Trinity but all these places besides, to say the least. If the editor knows anything of the geography of Trinity Bay he can soon picture to himself the number of settlements that are in the neighbourhood of Trinity and the people of which, speaking generally, look up and down to Trinity as "his quarters for everything," from a needle to an anchor or a shirt button to a beaver.

If the spur line does not come into Trinity the railway will be of little or no advantage to the people of Trinity and consequently those resident in the places indicated, four or five thousand people will be cut off for ever and ever from the benefits of a railway for which so much money of the Colony is being spent.

We wish to be understood, Mr. Editor, that we are not finding fault with the editor of the Advocate and his work generally or with the residents of Conche with respect to their grievances, but we do not like to see those periodically sneering references to the town and people of Trinity.

The business people of Trinity are not trying to retard the progress of the F. P. U. in any way; rather they are in full sympathy with it and if they do not appear to be so enthusiastic about it as the editor of the Advocate, the reason is obvious—they are too busy minding their own business.

Yours very truly,
TWO TRINITARIANS.
St. John's, April 8, 1912.

Repair the Roads

At present Plymouth Road is in a wretched condition. It is over this thoroughfare horses drawing heavy loads of oil to the oil store on Quidi Vidi Road have to pass, and a couple of days ago one of the teamsters engaged lost a fine horse which broke its leg by falling. The authorities should see that this road is attended to.

N.B.S. Soiree.

The annual soiree of the Newfoundland British Society was held last night and proved the biggest success held by the Institution. The ballroom was handsomely adorned and the entire surroundings of the building were neatly prepared for the event. Dancing commenced at 8.30 in which a large gathering participated. At 11 p.m. the assemblage repaired to the lower flat where a sumptuous supper was provided by the lady friends of the Society. After the inner man was filled, dancing was again indulged in and continued up till an early hour this morning. The music was supplied by Gunnerson's orchestra which discoursed choice selections.

Refuses \$50,000

Cleveland, March 19.—Fifty thousand dollars for his exclusive services in the ring and on the theatrical stage for the next two years was the record offer made to-day to featherweight champion Johnny Kilbane by Tom McCarey, the Vernon, Calif., fight promoter. Kilbane did not accept, as he figures he will be able to make more than that on his own hook in two years.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM
COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS

RESTFUL THRASH.
By WALT MASON.

Learn to read the foolish books—idle tales of blood and thunder; he who but in classics looks, makes a common, grievous blunder. Read "Nick Carter" when you're blue, and your grief will soon have vanished. Oh, I don't know what I'd do if the rotten books were vanished! Tired of reading Vital Truth and the books of stately diction, how I revel in "Old Sleuth" and the yellow-covered fiction! He who sticks to noble tomes books profound and dull as blazes, he who never gaily roams down the Sherlock-holmesy mazes, grows himself as dry as dust and as sodden as the turf is, and some day a windy gust blows his carcass off the surface. He is like a man who dwells on the roof of some sky-scraper, all remote from human yells, human kick and human caper. So I blithely spend my cash for the punk and worthless story; and I read the thrilling trash, full of murders raw and gory; when it's soothed my savage breast with its fearsome plot and title, then I turn again with zest to the book that's Truly Vital.

By S.S. "Rosalind"

Turkeys, Chicken, Sausages, N. Y. Corned Beef, California Oranges, Bananas, Rhubarb, Table Apples, Cranberries, Cauliflowers, Celery, Tomatoes, New Cabbage, Cucumbers.
Book your order for Poultry now.

Cadbury's Choice EASTER EGGS, from 2c. to 35c. each.
Pasco's Old English Candies.
PURITY BUTTER, 2-lb. Prints and 10-lb. tubs.

FRESH HALIBUT,
FRESH COD TONGUES, **10c. lb.**
Fresh from Cold Storage Room.

T. J. EDENS, Duckworth Street and Military Road.

FLATS.
BY H. L. RANN.

A flat is a series of artistic cubbyholes which secrete human beings, Oriental rugs, and other debris. Owing to the papier mache construction of the average flat there is an air of intimacy a n c companions h i p found elsewhere outside of the county jail, hence it is a delightful place of abode for people who are interested in their neighbors' opinions on religion, politics, and breakfast food favorites. People climb into flats with the aid of an elevator boy who looks out upon life with a dull eye and the appetite of a power-drunk, and who becomes very hard o hearing after 9.00 p.m. Every once in a while the elevator gets something lodged in its throat and lies down in the basement with a loud wheeze, thus providing the inhabitants a good deal of healthful exercise of the kind usually practised by the Alpine goat. As no way has yet been devised of getting heat into a flat building before ten o'clock in the morning, very few flat dwellers arise until the icicles have melted off the kitchen range. People who live in a flat during a hard winter become very blithe in their abductions and do not loiter over their toilet or waste any time in introspective ecstasy. In the summer time it is different. There is only one place thus

Heating With Gas

If you have tried the old type of gas heaters a few years ago, and were disappointed with the results obtained, this should not deter you from trying the modern heaters. During the last few years a good deal of science has been incorporated into the design of gas fires and all the old defects have been removed. Some of the old fires were not quite satisfactory, now, however, the fire burns without noise, no fumes enter the room, the atmosphere is kept pure and is not dried, and the fires are designed to suit any scheme of decoration.

The medical profession was at first antagonistic to them, but of late thousands have been fitted in doctor's residences and in sick rooms on their recommendation, which is a sufficient testimonial on the hygienic aspect of the matter.—ap.9.13.16.20.23.27.30.

Freight at Halifax

The large amount of freight which accumulated at Halifax since the Red Cross Liners Stephano and Florizel were at the icefields is being gradually relieved somewhat. The Rosalind and Durango took heavy shipments from there last week, and the Almeriana which left here yesterday will bring a big cargo of freight at the beginning of next week.

Highest Food-Value

Epps's Cocoa is a treat to children, a sustenance to the worker, a boon to the thrifty housewife.

In strength, delicacy of flavour, nutritiousness, and economy in use, "Epps's" is unsurpassed.
Breakfast - Supper
EPPS'S COCOA
Children thrive on "Epps's."

New Goods for Easter.

CARROTS, PARSNIPS and CRANBERRIES.

California Oranges.
Large Messina Lemons.
Pulled Smyrna Figs, 20c. lb.
Pulled Turkey Figs, 20c. box.
Ben Davis Apples.
American Cabbage.

Pan Yan Pickles, 5c. and 25c. Bottle.
Tomato Catsup, 15c. Bottle.
Lemon Cheese, 20c. Crock.
Heinz Apple Butter, 45c. quart crock.
Lunham's Irish Bacon (boned).
Pure Canadian Butter, 1 lb. Blocks.

Flett's 1 lb. Pot Raspberry Jam, 25c.
Flett's 1 lb. Pots Strawberry Jam, 25c.
Sliced California Peaches, 3 lb. tin, 25c.

3lb. Tins Cal. White Cherries.
Bird's Custard Powder.
Foster Clark's Custard (tins).

Be off with you, says Mrs. Tucker. They wouldn't know "political convictions" if they met 'em to a fire. Get in the swim and run along in the glorious tide that leads on to the biggest amount of hard cash; that's the political convictions that we see as a rule in this Island Home of ours. Ye can't wink out of sight the great lesson taught in the two last elections. Just for example we will take the district of Piscatawa. Now the people of Piscatawa threw up their caps and bowed themselves homage for Bond in the first election; they elected Jackman and his colleagues with a

C. P. EAGAN,
Duckworth Street and Queen's Road

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