

## NOTICE!

### Nfld. Government Coastal Mail Service.

Freight for S. S. PROSPERO for usual western ports of call, going as far as Channel, will be received at the wharf of Messrs. Bowring Brothers, Limited, on Monday, March 29th, from 6 a.m.

**W. H. CAVE,**

Acting Minister of Shipping.

### Bricklayer Claims Title.

WANTS SEAT IN HOUSE OF LORDS AND RENT ROLL OF \$180,000.

If John G. Rackstraw, erstwhile bricklayer of Sunderland, can establish his claim to the peerage of Dumbarton and estate of Burnbrae, carrying with it the title of Lord Lennox, he will give up his trowel and sit on one of the red-leather covered benches in the House of Lords, with a top hat cocked a bit on one side of his head in the accepted House of Lords manner. No women having as yet got into the House of Lords, the peers can still comfortably wear their toppers.

But Rackstraw the bricklayer has a long way to go before it will be decided whether or not he is Lord Lennox, especially as there has been an eleven-hour claimant to the title in the person of Mrs. Margaret Jones of Birkenhead. It is reported that an annual rent roll of \$180,000 goes with the title, and with it all the accustomed prestige of a peerage.

Rackstraw tells his story thus: "I remember as a lad that every night when I came home from school my old grandmother, who brought me up, used to tell me that I should be a nobleman one day. Her story was that my great-grandfather was a descendant of the Douglas family of Scotland, and that we were really related to Mary Queen of Scots. She had but little money, but she made many sacrifices to keep me at school in order that I might get some education to fit me for the position to which I was entitled. For a time, I acted as a school teacher, but I fell out with the headmaster and gave it up, and learned the trade of bricklaying, at which I have worked ever since."

One day when Rackstraw's life seemed just one brick after another, he saw an advertisement in a London paper which flashed vividly on to his mind screen the story told him by his grandmother.

There was something else that gave Rackstraw a "hunch" that he was the man who, despite his proficiency in bricklaying, was destined to rightfully take his place in the nobility. Mrs. Rackstraw, his wife, had dreamed just about this time that she had been walking through a castle and a big estate in Scotland along with her elder brother.

Rackstraw immediately began collecting evidence in support of his case. Owing to shortness of money, Rackstraw said, he has been hard put to it to pursue his claim, but one of his sons, a draughtsman, has helped him. He estimates his cost up to date at \$4,000. Rackstraw, who is a hale and hearty man of sixty, is optimistic about his claim.

"I am the heir, and there is no doubt about it," he declares. "I can trace my ancestry back to 1581, and I think I shall win."

Rackstraw's solicitor, John Anderson, of Edinburgh, has informed him that the three women who are the present holders have withdrawn their defence, but that he must contest the claim of Mrs. Margaret Jones, who says she is a direct descendant of the

Lennoxes and Grahams, and therefore more closely related in lineal descent to the last Lord Lennox of Dumbarton than the Hays, from whom, it is asserted, Rackstraw traces his forebears on his mother's side.

### Broke Away From Poverty.

Somewhere in the obituary of almost every successful American you will find this sentence: "He began life a poor boy."

Our great men seem to have had a positive genius for picking out poor parents. Although poverty at birth is looked upon as an asset rather than a liability, most successful Americans, notwithstanding the tremendous advantage poverty gave them, began to hustle for riches before their milk teeth had fallen out.

Being born poor may be an asset, but it becomes a liability if you stay that way. When you are a pink, stub-nosed baby being carried around on a pillow and exhibited to the neighbors you are fortunate if poor, but a great deal more unfortunate if you remain so.

Most of the men who have succeeded in getting their names in the United States histories, in public libraries and on cigar labels selected parents who were constantly bumping into people on the street to whom they owed money, but the greatness of these men was displayed in the neatness and despatch with which they succeeded in leaving something more substantial for their own children than pink complexion and waiting lists of creditors.—Thrill Magazine.

### Queen Victoria's Faithful Attendant.

Over a grave in the old kirkyard at Craithie stands a block of native granite, on the pedestal of which is a Scotch thistle, the inscription stating that John Brown, "personal attendant and beloved friend of Queen Victoria" was born at Craithie, December 8, 1826; died at Windsor Castle, March 27, 1883. "That friend on whose fidelity you count, that friend given to you by circumstances over which you have no control, was God's own gift. Well done, good and faithful servant." The Queen had erected a large house for John Brown, who however, was destined to rest in it for but one night, and that the night he was in his coffin, for on the morrow he was carried to the quiet kirkyard, and it is a remarkable coincidence that John Brown's successor, his cousin "Frankie" Clark, who also was honoured by the Queen with the gift of a house, was in it for only one night, and he too, was in his coffin, preparatory to burial in Braemar kirkyard on the following day. When, in 1873, the young madman O'Connor, rushed up to the Queen's carriage in Buckingham Gardens with a pistol in one hand, and a pistol in the other, it was appropriate that the faithful retainer John Brown, should seize and disarm him. For this act Brown was presented by Her Majesty with a medal which is shown on a life-size bronze statue by Boehm, which stands in the Balmoral grounds. It was while visiting the Balmoral stables that the Prince Consort saw a rough country youth whose father occupied the Bush, a farm in the immediate vicinity of Balmoral, on the north side of the Dee. Prince Albert found that in his stable boy he had no sycophantic courtier, but a lad who spoke unaffectedly to himself and the Queen, with the ease that sits so well upon the Highlander. He was selected to attend upon the Queen's carriage, and John Brown dared to do what almost every man would have shrunk from. One day, while driving, the Royal party was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. The carriage was stopped, John Brown got down, and suggested to Her Majesty that she should put a plaid round her shoulders. The Queen declined the offer, and asked him to mount and let the drive be continued. "Hoots laister!" said Brown, taking the plaid, and putting it in position, "that's the plaid round yer shoulders (shoulders) or ye'll get a wat skin."

1,000 "Chevrolets" are made each day, or 300,000 a year—the largest turn-out in the world of any fully-equipped Car. mar23,61,ead

### Golden Trawling.

It was stated in the Grimsby Police Court recently that skippers are earning as much as £7,000 per annum, and that many are in receipt of an annual income of \$25,000.

This, of course, is well known in the trade, but to the mere landlubber such huge incomes are mystifying. As a matter of fact, "trawling" is one of the most profitable businesses under the sun.

Vessels bought for £12,000 have earned double their cost in twelve months. The financial results are staggering even to those "in the know." This boom is shared by all in the trade—owners, skippers, and deck hands are reaping a valuable golden harvest from the sea. How is the money earned?

To use the phraseology of the ship's articles, a fishing trip is a "voyage of adventure." Skippers and second-hands are "partners" in the "venture." They "sign on" to give their skill and service without any fixed remuneration, and are therefore partners in the voyage. The due proportion of the profits (if any) derived from the trip are duly set forth in the agreement.

Under these articles the skipper receives £10 and a second-hand £7 10s. per every £100 of the net proceeds of the sale of the catch. If no net profit is made, these two have worked for nothing.

Under this share system a premium is put upon skill. A skipper who has studied fish—that is, their migratory habits, the breeding grounds, and the seasons—is what the ignorant call "lucky." In reality he is a man who knows when to search and what to do in the varying circumstances.

Within a circle of two miles there may be two vessels—one drawing up huge quantities of fish every four hours, the other an almost empty net. The skipper with a "mind" is reaping his reward; the other, the happy-go-lucky type, is cursing his misfortune. Both are working equally hard, with the difference that when they reach port the one will draw a cheque for £400 and the other one for £40. There is no such thing as luck in fishing. Success depends upon knowledge.

Roughly speaking, a skipper who sails regularly will earn an average income of £3,000 per annum, and the second-hand £2,000. The fishermen—and the term comprises the various classes in a trawler—are also participating in the "boom," their average earnings being from £8 to £10 per week, plus their food.

There are two distinct classes of skipper North Sea and Icelandic. The North Sea is shallow water and mostly abounds in flat fish. In Icelandic waters the depth may reach two miles, and the currents and rocks require special understanding.

Compared with the hardship of Icelandic trawling, North Sea boats are always in a haven. From October to March blizzards of snow and sleet sweep the Icelandic regions, and from December to the end of January there is only an hour or two of daylight. Icelandic vessels are much larger than North Sea trawlers, and so marked is the difference between the two operations that an Icelandic skipper rarely works the North Sea and vice versa.

We will be glad to mail anyone a "Chevrolet" catalog. Just write or ask. BERT HAYWARD, Watre Street. mar23,61,ead

### A Barnyard Story.

The farmer said unto his son, Willie was his name, 'Here is a calf for you, my boy, to educate and scrub to water it and diet it upon the whole some grub.'

The boy looked pleased at such a start, a tear came to his eye, he told his dad he'd do his best, he'd make an honest try.

The calf it had a bright career, it grew to beat the band, it was the finest looking scud that grazed upon the land. He gave it water, fed it hay, put bran into its feed, that cow had everything by heck, a cow could ever need. It was along in fall, the boy, with an important air, put ribbons on the critter's tail and led it to the fair.

And there it cleaned up everything from all the land around. It was a cow right from the horns to where it touched the ground.

A drover came around one day to buy some milking stock, and then the boy who fed the stock received one awful shock. The buyer pulled a long green purse that never could go smash—the boy he sold the cow all right, but father took the cash.

It's just such things as that, they say, that work a heap of harm, and makes it most almighty hard to keep boys on the farm.—ARK.

### Just Sawing Wood.

In a grassy paddock adjoining a great cavalry barracks in England are more than a score of four-footed heroes of a hundred fights. They browse in the lush grass "eating their heads off" in the content that comes from well-earned idleness. Ordinary wayfarers clad in the garb of "the trivial round the common task" of daily life do not perturb these sleek-coated gentlemen a whit. But let the regiment pass by in serried rank, and let the bugler sound the advance or the note to deploy, and there is a whinnying and a champing of the turf that tells of coursing blood. They have smelled, once again, the scent of battle.

Outside one of the largest cities of the middle-west of America, many acres have been set apart for the grounds and buildings of a Soldiers' Home, in which sturdy veterans of the Blue and Grey "husband out life's taper at the close and keep the flame from wasting to repose." As a rule, their talk is of mundane things, of old-fashioned winters and party politics, of "cabbages and kings." Yet every once in a while some grizzled warrior is caught by the spell of his most glorious memories, and there is a clarion note of "McClennan and Antietam," of "Lee and Spottsylvania." In an instant a group gathers and pulses throb again and tongues run high. The noise of battle hurries through the air.

Sixteen months ago, William Hohenzollern, fleeing from a duped and angry people, sought refuge in Holland and began the humdrum task of sawing wood. Occasionally an old retainer or some still-trustful crony came to "fight the battles o'er again," but the world knew nothing of what happened behind the closed doors of his asylum. Every day he kept on sawing wood. Sometimes he paced the grounds in a fruitless effort to escape from the nemesis that blood-guiltiness would not allow him to flee from, but as a rule he hacked and hewed great timbers until one wondered if the forests of his host were not denuded.

Then one day there was a revolution in his old hunting grounds, and all the hopes of past years, and all the dreams of past months, were renewed in a moment. Was it possible that the crown was again to be set on his consecrated brow? Was the old war horse again to hear the noise of battle?

The sound of the bugle died away, and the vision of the splendid uniform of the Prussian Guards fell from him, and he was back again in the old woodman's garb. Once more he drinks the cup of disappointment, once again there is nothing left in the cup but the leaves of despair. The sword has vanished, and so

He keeps on sawing wood.—Montreal Star.

### Writing With the Toes.

An apparatus has been invented which will enable an armless man to feed himself, wash his face, use a typewriter, use a knife and fork, or light his pipe or a cigarette.

This invention is worked with the toes, and consists of a few steel wires set in a frame, with arms like two of the legs of an enormous spider, attached to a table after the principle of a Bowden brake.

The inventor, who has also perfected a machine for writing with the toes, is a Mr. George Thompson, a gaitfitter, of Edinburgh.

These appliances will be tested in one of the training schools, and if approved will be supplied to men rendered armless by the war.

### Here and There.

Stafford's Phorator for all kinds of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and various Lung Troubles. Price 35c. bot.

FINED FIFTY DOLLARS.—The resident of Manuels who was before Judge Morris yesterday afternoon charged with indecent assault, was fined \$50 or 6 months. He went to jail.

To get there and back, safely, comfortably, quickly and economically is the "Chevrolet" record that cannot be beaten by any other car of its size. mar23,61,ead

SUMMONED FOR MONDAY.—The party who, it is alleged, contrived to get an extra supply of coal during last week, has been summoned to answer the charge before court on Monday next.

California Pears, soft and juicy; Green and Red Grapes, Grape Fruit, wholesale and retail at GLEESONS', 108 Water Street.—Feb 13, s, t, f

AT THE CROSSBIE.—The following have registered at the Crossbie: Chas. J. Stein, New York; L. N. Jensen, Vancouver; H. Courtney, Halifax; Miss N. Buffett, Grand Banks; C. Maine, Bell Island; E. O. Millay, New York; W. C. Collins, Burlington; J. R. Takpen, Burn; Geo. Hank, Petersburg, Va.

**PILES** Do not wait another day with this trouble. It is a sure cure. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once, and as certainly cure you. See a box; all dealers, or Dr. Chase, 200 E. 1st St., Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this name and enclose 10c. stamp to pay postage.



### Of a Variety of Novel and Pretty Goods.

Blouses Blouses Blouses Blouses

Georgette Crepe, Crepe de Chine and Jap Silk, \$5.00 & \$6.00. White Embroidered Voile, \$2.20, \$2.50, \$2.70, \$3.00, \$3.75.

### SILK SWEATERS,

Green, Rose, Coralette, Turquoise, Canary, Saxe, Sand, Purple, Mauve, Coral, Berry, Black, Pink, Peach, Gold, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$14.00, \$16.00.

### Silk Dresses,

Fawn, Green, Burgundy, \$32.00, \$35.00.

### Silk Knitted Scarves,

Pretty two tone effects in smart colors, \$2.35, \$3.25.

Cream, Sand, Rose, Brown, Nigger, Green, \$1.60 to \$4.50.

### TAFFETTA CHIFFON,

### TAFFETTA & MERVE SILKS,

Nigger, Green, Grey, Saxe, Navy, White, Cream and Black, from \$3.50 to \$5.00.

Fancy Striped and Checked Silks, \$3.50.

### Chiffon Silk,

Copenhagen, Peach, Burgundy, White, Cream, Canary, Myrtle, Saxe, Rose, 75c.

### Ladies' Dressing Gowns in

### Pretty Flowered Crepe,

Ciel, Rose, Saxe, Pink, Lavender, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.75.

### NEW SPRING MILLINERY.

### Latest New York Models.

Georgette, Crepe de Chine, Tulle and Silk Hats that are surely Spring's delight. In combination of the following popular colors: Saxe, Sand, Ciel, Rose, Canary, Black, Navy and Sand, Grey and Sand.

\$8.00 to \$12.00.

## STEER Brothers.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS!

Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their real names, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. In future no correspondence will be considered unless this rule is adhered to. It is also requested that all letters "For Publication" be so marked.

MINARD'S LINDMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

### NEW SPRING MILLINERY

From the leading Fashion Centres direct we have just received our first shipment of Ladies' and Children's

### NEW SPRING HATS.

Also New Flowers, Ribbons, etc., etc. A charming variety of newest styles and colors to select from.

### WILLIAM FREW, Water St.

Forty-One Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram.