

THE EASTERN TRUST COMPANY.

The business of the The Eastern Trust Company is to administer Trusts. In this work it specializes, and it does no other. But no kind of trust is foreign to its scope or beyond its power to administer efficiently.

The Eastern Trust Company never speculates. It invests. It depends for its prosperity upon the efficiency of its management of its clients' business and upon the security of its investments.

The Eastern Trust Company executes the office of executor or administrator with unexampled efficiency, and its usefulness in this field is becoming rapidly more availed of.

For instance:—In St. John, New Brunswick, where it has quite lately established a branch, the estate of James Ready, of Fairville, which has been sworn to under \$651,300.00, is being administered by The Eastern Trust Company as one of the joint executors of Mr. Ready's will.

In Halifax, Nova Scotia, again, The Eastern Trust Company has just been chosen to administer the estate of Captain William Fleming, which is valued at more than half a million dollars.

The Company now administers many estates which is value amount to several millions of dollars. Particulars will appear in later advertisements.

The Eastern Trust Company can execute this function of executor or administrator as efficiently in Newfoundland as it can in Nova Scotia, Quebec, or New Brunswick.

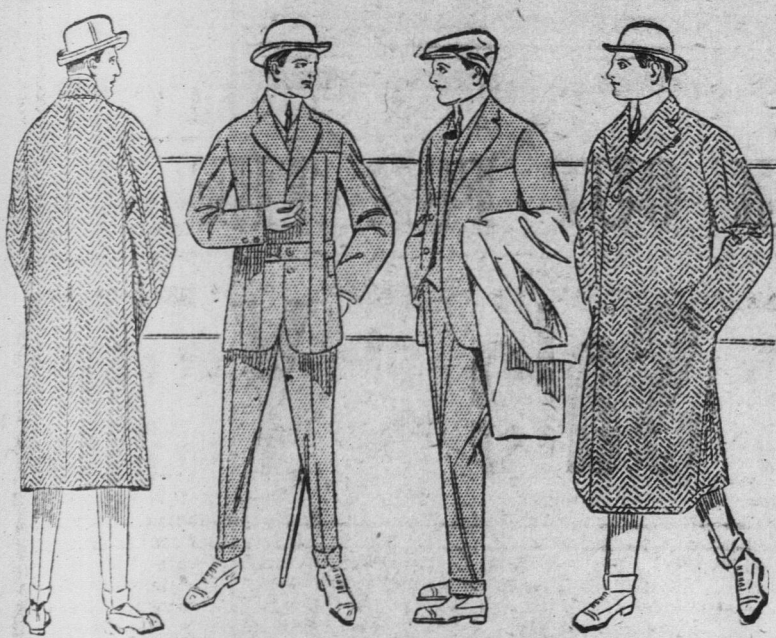
The Eastern Trust Company requires commodious offices on Water Street. Apply to

HERBERT KNIGHT,

Law Chambers,
Manager for Newfoundland.

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LATEST STYLES



In Overcoats and Suitings.

EXPERT CUTTER and WORKMEN.

Satisfaction assured all those who place their order with us.

J. J. STRANG,

Tailoring of Quality, 193 Water St.

DOES YOUR WATCH
REQUIRE ATTENTION?

If so, we ask you to entrust it in our care. We have satisfied hundreds of watch owners. Be among the satisfied and have your repairs done at our store where

PROMPT and UP-TO-DATE RESULTS

are at your service. There is no guess or boy work, but competent men handle the business our customers send us.

W. & R. ENGLISH,

Watchmakers & Jewellers

436 Water Street. . . . St. John's, Newfoundland.

THE BIG FURNITURE STORE

Have You Decided Yet?

Or are you wondering what would be best for them? This store is replete with suggestions.

READ and MARK.

Chesterfield Couches,
Morris Chairs, Bed Lounges,
Window Seats, Parlour Suites,
Easy Chairs, Lounges,
Couches, Stretchers.

CALLAHAN, GLASS & Co., Duckworth & Gower Street

MUSIC GIVEN AWAY.

30, 40 and 50 cent Music

selling for 2, 5 and 10 cents.

Purchasers of 50 cents' worth will be given free

"THE NEWFOUNDLAND FOLIO,"

containing "Newfoundland," "The Dear Old Southside Hills," "The Banks of Newfoundland" and 50 Old Favorites.

HUTTON'S Music Store

Where Women Count.

By BUTH CAMERON.



For one thing, newspapers are written for women. The big advertiser is looking for the newspaper with the largest number of women readers, and as the advertiser pays about five times as much towards the production of the paper as the reader, the editor must try to please the advertiser by pleasing women.

Hotels are built for women. Go into a man's club and see how different are its arrangements and decorations from those of a hotel. "The chief reason I prefer to stop at a club," a business man once said to me, "is that the rooms in the club are planned and furnished with reference to a man's convenience, while the average hotel room is meant for a woman. Exactly what do I mean by that? Well, for one thing the chairs in a hotel room are usually foolish little spindle-legged things that will hardly hold a good sized man. Then the lighting is arranged so as to give the best light to the bureau, while the

desk is stuck off in any dark corner. And look at the kind of desk they give you, a dainty little note paper affair with no room to write a good sized business letter on it, and one of those little spindle chairs in front of it. There's never any place to hang a razor strop in the bathroom, and the beds are all covered with feminine flumydiddies. No sir, I'll never stop at a hotel when I can get a real man's room at the club."

In like manner the guest rooms in our homes are furnished for women. How many guest rooms contain a shaving mirror, appurtenances for smoking, a man's sized arm chair, or any distinctively masculine conveniences.

Plays are written for women. No theatrical producer would ever bring out a play which he did not think would appeal strongly to women, and yet plenty of plays which men do not care for, have long and prosperous runs.

These are a few examples of the strength of the weaker sex in influencing the affairs of the world. After all, it isn't entirely bad to be a woman, is it? Of course we do not have the freedom and opportunity that men do, but we certainly do "count for something in the world."—In fact, I might say we count for considerable. "They talk about woman's sphere. As though it had a limit. There's not a place in earth or Heaven. There's not a task to mankind given. There's not a blessing or a woe. There's not a whispered yes or no. That has a feather's weight of worth Without a woman in it."

Red Cameron

The Man of the Hour

Britain Has Been All Agog Over

"Jim" Larkin—People Have Been

Fascinated By the Man at Whose

Word Dublin Workers Starved and

Refused to Work—His Speeches

Are Crude and Uncouth But There

Is Power in His Slightest Gesture.

The man who has loomed largest in the public eye of Great Britain in the past few months is Jim Larkin, the hero of the Dublin strikers. He rose almost in a moment from the depths of nothingness to the height of notoriety. He stepped from the motley rank of tollers, and the words in which he championed their cause echoed in every corner of the land. Employers of labor started, the man in the street dropped his newspaper and thought, while ministers of state held whispered consultations. Men looked anxiously from one to the other and asked: "What manner of man is this Jim Larkin?"

"A year ago," says an Irish correspondent in The London Times, "when we who thought of him as a troublesome disturber of the peace of mind of our servants, a Dublin editor of adventurous mind, going home in the small hours of the morning, took the way that led through a slum. There was a lit window—some one ill, evidently—and across the panes was scratched in chalk or paint, 'God bless Jim Larkin.' There's something more in Larkin than we know," said the editor.

When he crossed to London some weeks since he was the man of the hour—the "Will and the Fate of the

Multitude." He addressed there a great meeting in the Albert Hall, convened by the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. These are his words:

"The British labor leaders are moving, and when they move sometimes one gets astonished. You cannot expect men to travel as quickly as you and I might like them to do. But I will undertake on behalf of the men who know how to fight, in Dublin that the fight will go on until the leaders in England are ready."

"If anyone has anything to say against the Liberal Government it is the working class in Ireland. But they have promised to carry out one pledge they gave in their history—namely, to let the Irish people govern themselves. Important as it is to win the Dublin strike, it is a thousand times more important that that measure should go through the House of Commons. Do not misunderstand us of the Irish working class. If any slave class in history required the right to assist in breaking the shackles that bind them body and soul it is the working class in Ireland."

"Let us not forget that there are over 300 men lying in jail in Dublin guilty of no illegal act, and over 50 mothers, and daughters—girls of 10 up to women of 60—lying there because they dared to say 'Up Larkin.' Think of the statesmen who would send a pure, clean-minded, clean souled girl of 16 to spend a week's holiday with those who had forgotten their race, their sex, and their soul!"

"They must have Home Rule. He had been told by the newspapers that he must put forward a policy. They needed a policy to cure the evils of which he was speaking. He knew of two girls in Dublin who worked for 12 days for 10d. Whose was the shame? His and theirs. The Bishop of London knew the shame. Bishop Gore knew the shame. Birrell was taking blood money. Lloyd George and Herbert Henry Asquith were taking blood money, too. There was a time when Asquith and Lloyd George had human hearts inside them, but their hearts had become stones, and these men forgot that people had a right to live. He challenged Mr. Birrell to come to Dublin, where his wages were paid, and carry out what he was paid for. He was a loafer, idler, trickster; he was the joker, and wanted shifting out of the pack. But the Dublin joke was a grim one."

"In Dublin they believed in fellowship, comradeship, and brotherly love, and they carried it out. The sweaters had been sheltering behind what was called the good employer, and the said that they would not associate with the man who would pay a girl 10d. for twelve days' work and they would not associate with the people he employed. If those people would not kick and kick hard, they would kick them. He would say to the British workers, 'Give us Home Rule.' It was the best bargain they would

Prime Fresh

Halibut

Just to hand, on
Retail.Also large, sweet, juicy
Jamaica

Oranges,

18c. and 24c. doz.

SOPER & MOORE

ever have a chance to make, and when they got stronger they would make a better one. They wanted the whole of Ireland for the people of Ireland, and when they had put their face to the sun no power on earth would keep them from going forward to enjoy its effulgence."

"What is the secret of this man's power?" asks The Times' Irish correspondent. "One measures by the seething misery of the Dublin slums his capacity for leadership. The other day we went down to Liberty Hall and along the deserted quays—empty save for the poor pickets going and returning, of an occasional coal cart escorted by police. The poor pickets, pale and hollow-eyed, the thin coats buttoned across the thin chests. There could be no more poignant contrast than between them and those splendid creatures, the police. "Going down well dressed and comfortable one met with nothing but courtesy. It was pay day and they were waiting for their 5s. while the free laborers down at the South Wall are earning their 3s. They are ready to give you all information, to offer to conduct you into the Hall if you want to see the leader. 'Is Larkin within?' my companion asks. 'Yes, sir, Mr. Larkin is there.' The slight correction is full of significance."

Enjoy your meals by taking a teaspoonful of Stafford's Prescription "A" before eating. It cures Indigestion and Dyspepsia, etc.—Jan 22, 14

Lived In Poverty

And Left an Estate Worth Over \$200,000.

Keene, N.H., Jan. 23.—Dudley Jardine, uncle of Albert Dudley Jardine, of Peterboro, Ont., who died in New York City, and for years previous lived in the direst poverty, it is said left an estate valued at \$203,963. It is stated that he lived at a lodging house in New York under the name of William Smith, and that after his death at the Governor Hospital, a trunk was opened to establish his identity when a bank book, receipts, etc., were found, also a will executed May 28, 1889.



Apply Zambuk to all wounds and sores and you will be surprised how quickly it stops the smarting and brings ease. It covers the wound with a layer of protective balm, kills all poison germs already in the wound, and prevents all entering. Its rich healing herbal essences then build up from the bottom, fresh tissue, and is a wonderfully short time the wound is healed.

Zambuk is based on scientific principles and is a sure and get the real thing. Zambuk is printed on every packet of the genuine. Beware of cheap imitations and stores or Zambuk Co., Toronto.

ZAMBUK

Address all applications for samples and retail orders to T. McMurdo & Co., St. John's, Nfld.

SAMPLE VESTS,

\$3.00 each.

SEE WINDOW

AT

The K&A Store

286 Water
Street.Armada
Tea

Is ordered from Ceylon only twice a year, when the quality is at its best.

In 1-lb. Tins.

From ALL Grocers.



TO FORD OWNERS

and prospective owners, what a full line of parts right here in the city means to you—prompt service and every satisfaction. It is useless to ignore the fact that you don't require parts. It is all the same if the car costs eight hundred or eight thousand the parts must be renewed sooner or later. The piece of machinery has not been made yet that won't wear. Unfortunately we are such a great distance from the factory and to get parts it takes considerable time, not to mention them having quite a rest at St. John, N.B., for a month or so; and then when you do get them at last, nine times out of ten they are not as ordered. Personally I have known cars to be tied up all the summer from the above cause.

I have a full line of parts always in stock and invite inspection. In fact I carry the only complete line of parts and accessories in the city. I shall be leaving for the "Ford" Factory about the fourth of February and any orders placed before I leave will be attended to personally.

GEO. G. R. PARSONS,

Telephone 109.

KING'S ROAD.

J. J. ST. JOHN.

CATTLE FEED, \$1.40 sack.

MOLASCUIT, GLUTEN MEAL.

CORN MEAL, HOMINY FEED.

BRAN and OATS.

GOOD QUALITY SPARE RIBS, 7c. lb.

FISH SOUNDS and TONGUES.

FRESH RABBITS.

KIPPERED HERRING.

BONELESS CODFISH.

J. J. ST. JOHN.

Over 40,000 People
Read The Telegram