

DON'T think that because your stomach can digest food you are proof against indigestion. The most important digestive work is done by the bowels, liver and kidneys. Unless these are active and work in harmony, you are in danger of self-poisoning.

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PILLS

help the bowels to functionate properly, and influence the liver and kidneys to act very efficiently.

The Romance of a Marriage.

CHAPTER XI.

"I wish this would last forever," he says. "I said that yesterday, did I not? I say it again, with truth, earnestness, and sincerity. Paula, I have learnt something since we danced together in the moonlight the other night."

"Yes," she says, looking down at him with a listening smile, and wondering whether all the Powisses had the deep, intense expression in their eyes which shone in his dark ones. "We were not to speak of that, you know," she adds, softly. "What is that you have learnt? That it is not safe to undertake a four-in-hand until you have learnt to drive a single horse?"

He smiles grimly; but his eyes lose nothing of their deep, sweet gravity. "I have learnt that life might still be worth the living," he says.

Paula looks at him intently, curiously.

"And I had concluded, before the other evening, that it was not, I had decided that the whole thing was a hollow mockery and a farce, in which men were happiest whose parts were played out first, and who left the stage early. You laugh at me?"

"No, I did not laugh," she says, simply, her eyes downcast, her fingers pulling a piece of moss to pieces idly.

"I could laugh myself when I think of it," he says. "But—ah! well, you cannot understand—how could you? Thank Heaven you cannot! As soon would the lark that soars each morning from the meadow to the sky understand the life of its kinsman cooped in a cage in some squalid alley. But think how a man must feel coming straight from a world which he has learnt to know, as well as a man can know it; who has got to believe in nothing and doubt everything but evil; who has gone through the social mill, and had all trust and confidence in the good crushed out of him; think what he must feel when, like a flash of light, it is revealed to him that, after all, happiness is not a mere word used to trick fools and children, but a solid, possible fact. Think what he

must feel. Don't you think it would set him longing for it, and wondering whether it would be a possibility for him?"

Paula is silent. What can she say? Every word, as it falls with deep, grave music from his lips, gaining added eloquence by the earnest, almost wistful expression in the dark eyes, goes home to her. But she is silent.

"Do you know what I have been thinking to-day?" he says, leaning a little nearer to her, and speaking in a slow, rapt voice. "And—with a smile—'I have been thinking a great deal.' She remembers how silently he sat while Mr. Palmer smoked—how frequently the absent, dreamy look came into the dark eyes, and she shakes her head.

"Tell me," she says.

"Well," he says, "I have been thinking of the past, and wishing that I could drive it away—get rid of it—drive it out of sight and mind, and begin life from—yesterday."

Silence for a moment; then he laughs with a strange, wistful sort of bitterness.

"A foolish wish," he says. "But it clung to me strangely; it puzzled me—the fact that I should wish it, I mean. I have never taken life as anything but rather a grim joke. Just worth laughing at, and no more, until it came down here. And I have been wondering how the wish came to be born—what had come over me—how it had all come about."

Silence still. Then in a low whisper, half-fearful, half-wistful:

"And I have found out."

Paula tries to smile as she lifts her eyes and looks down at him; but her gaze falters and returns to the moss in her fingers.

"I have found out!" he says. "Would you like to know what has occasioned the change? Are you curious? Ah, not why should you be? But if I told you, I wonder how you would take it? Laugh, perhaps—yes, I think you would laugh—perhaps be angry. Shall I tell you?"

He pauses, his eyes fixed on her face, its fresh loveliness a little pale and fixed, as if her whole being were listening.

A robin drops noiselessly from above them, and hops almost to their feet. Paula's eyes follow it, seeing it not.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



"Shall I tell you?" he says. "If it would make you angry, you must try and forgive me. It is only the fear of making you angry and offending you that makes me hesitate. I should like when I go away to look back upon these days, and say to myself that they were without spot or blemish—white stones in my life's calendar—first fair and perfect days in which I caught a glimpse of what happiness meant. No, I would spoil all to make you angry. And yet—I could not go without telling you. Are you listening?"

Her lips part, and she tries to say "Yes," with a feigned carelessness, with no trace of the sensation his words have quickened in her, but the little word falls on her lips.

He leans nearer to her, so near that his hand touches the sleeve of the Galates dress.

"Then I will tell you," he says. With an absorbed air he pushes his hat from his head and lets it fall and roll down the bank, and raises himself on his arm that he may see her face and look into her eyes.

"It began the night before last," he says, "this strange change in me. Do you remember how I first saw you? I had wandered into the Court grounds with no motive, curiosity even, and stood listening to the music, thanking my stars that I was outside instead of in, when suddenly I saw you. I thought you were a servant, and was going away when you stumbled against me."

The red blush of maiden shame burns on Paula's cheek; but he goes on as if he did not see it.

"On the impulse of the moment I persuaded you to stay, half-carelessly, I confess. See, I am going to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. You know what followed. By every subterfuge I could think of, I kept you there, mentally resolved that I would see you again. Well, we parted. You went home, and, doubtless, forgot me."

Paula's eyes droop heavily, and her lips close tightly.

"While I—well, I tried to forget you. I sat in the solitude of my room trying to smile the little incident away, to pat it from me as a little, amusing accident that was worth just what such trifles are worth; but it would not go. The harder I tried to get away from it the more persistently did your face, as I saw it all flushed and sparkling, framed in the white shawl, haunt me; and half-angry with myself, I resolved that I would not take advantage of the permission I had got from you—that I would not allow the face that haunted me, but that I would pack up my traps and go off—anywhere—in the morning."

Paula drops the moss from her fingers, and leans forward with clasped hands, her face turned away from him that he may not see the sudden pallor that has smitten it.

"But when the morn came I found that I was powerless. Yes, powerless. I could not go. Your face drew me like a dream, and I—followed it. Fate was with—or against me, which? Fate ordained that we should be thrown together alone that morning, and the spell—it was no other—grew stronger, so that when I went back to the locality room, not only your face, but your voice, every little trick of your hands, your very smile—haunted me. I fought hard against it—and his face darkens—"knowing as I know; I fought hard, but it was of no use. I looked forward to the morning, as a man looks forward to certain happiness. A change had come over me, the great change which a man feels only once in his life, and that which has fallen upon me I knew was—love!"

He pauses at last, pauses breathless, and pale with suppressed emotion.

"Paula, it was love!"

There is silence, profound, futatee, but all the air seemed filled with those words, "Paula, it was love!" The very trees seem to be murmuring it, and the birds to word it in their song.

And with that subtle music the whole earth seems to take to itself a new meaning. As if a veil had been torn aside, she sees herself, her innermost heart revealed; knows now the significance of the strange, vague joy which had fallen upon her since yesterday; knows that, come what will, she who sits at her feet and has won the heart from her bosom, holds her future in his hands; it is a vanguard moment, full of almost fearful joy and blissful trembling. Paula and transfixed, struggling, maiden-like, against the spell that enfolds her, she sits with clasped hands and beating heart,

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Fashion Plates.

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2300—This style will be pretty and attractive in lawn, percale, dimity, dotted Swiss, nainsook, voile, oringham. The skirt is a two-piece model.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 28 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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2022—This is a good model for satin, duvetyn, foulard, tulle, crepe or crepe de chine, or fur combinations of serge and satin, velvet and silk. The waist is in kimono style. The skirt is a gathered two-piece model.

This Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 16 will require 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. Skirt measures 1 1/2 yard at the foot.

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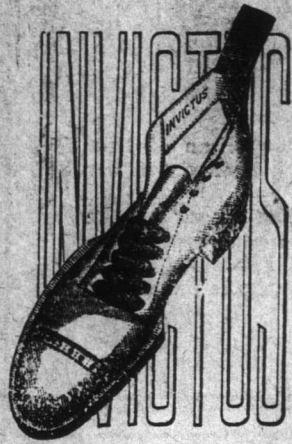
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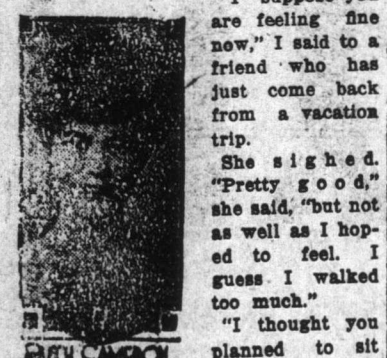
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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

WHAT "SELF-INDULGENCE" MEANS.



"I suppose you are feeling fine now," I said to a friend who has just come back from a vacation trip. She sighed. "Pretty good," she said, "but not as well as I hoped to feel. I guess I walked too much."
"I thought you planned to sit on the veranda and get the fresh air that way, this trip," I said.

"I did," she admitted, "but you know I do love to walk so, and the walks there are so lovely."
Now, if anyone should accuse that woman of self-indulgence, I am sure she would get very indignant at the word and its implications. And yet what other word would properly describe her conduct.

Was it Worth While?
She had gone away to get rested, she had gone at some inconvenience to herself and others. And she had come back hardly rested at all, simply because she couldn't bear to give up the long tramps which she knows very well do not rest her.

Some Forms of Self-Indulgence.
Self-indulgence really means just what it says. Indulging yourself. Letting yourself go to walk when you really need to sit still and rest, just because you love to walk. Letting yourself sit up and finish a book when you know that you really need the sleep, just because you're crazy

to see how it's coming out. Letting yourself sit down with a box of candy between meals and abuse your poor stomach by dribbling down that sweet stuff into it by the hour just because you love candy. Letting yourself say unkind things just because you feel cross (nervous you probably call it). Letting yourself tell things you have no right to tell simply because you want to shock or interest or excite someone.

In short, letting yourself do any of the things you know it ought not just because you have a temporary desire to do so.

Of course, there is such a thing as being too strict with yourself just as there are too strict parents as well as too indulgent ones.

The Danger of Throwing Over Rules Because "I Feel Like It."
But the average person runs in no danger of that extreme. The greater danger is too much lenience with self, too much throwing over of rules just because "I feel like it."

And aside from the immediate harm each small self-indulgence does,—the lost rest, the indigestion, the hurt feelings,—there is also the lasting harm it does to your character. Every act of self-discipline strengthens the fibre of which your character is made, every act of self-indulgence weakens it.

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Now on Spot:
200 Boxes Whole.
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September Make.

Buy now to save money. Cheese have advanced sharply.

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Wholesale Grocers.
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More Names That Hurt.

It must be some consolation to many bearers of objectionable surnames to know that, though their labels may provoke smiles and derision, they have a longer descent and more honorable origin than others which are held in repute.
Mr. Buggins and Mr. Buggs, for example, may derive comfort from the knowledge that they had predecessors of the same names when the Conqueror was a recent memory, and before a Howard or a Cavendish was cradled. Gotobed is a name at which one may smile; but it has no connection, however remote, with an enforced retirement to the bedroom; its true meaning is "Warbright" or "noted brightness."
Similarly, Miggs means "strength," and is a cognomen to be proud of. Wildgoose signifies "a resolute hostage," and the first Snooks probably derived his name from Sevenoaks, his place of origin.
Mr. Demon will be reconciled to his name when he learns that its first bearer had no more connection with the lower regions than is usual with a "Dairyman," the calling he followed.
Devil is really nothing worse than De Ville; and the poor Hellman followed the useful, if humble avocation of roof-maker. The first Coward was no poltroon, but a man who tended cattle as cowherd; just as Rascal was no knave, but a man who bore some resemblance to a "rascal," or lean stag.
The First Fletcher Fixed Feathers.
The original Kisser did not necessarily make a hobby of osculation, though he made his living by fashioning the thighpieces of knightly armour; just as the early Stringers made bowsstrings; Tipper tipped the arrow-heads; Fletcher affixed the feathers; and Flower assembled all the parts, making the weapon ready for the use of the "Archer."
In the county of Suffolk, the following jury was once empanelled—Accepted Trevous, Redeemed Compton, Paint-not Hewit, Makepeace Heaton, God-reward Smart, Stand-fast-on-High Stringer, Barth Adams, Called Lower, Kill-sin Pimple, Fly-debate Roberts, Fight-the-good-fight-of-Faith White, and Meek Brewer.
It is fortunate for some of us that such fearsome surnames have not survived to our own day; otherwise some of us might have to sign our names Rimmelow, Cheese-and-Bread, Hate-wrong, Godblood, Dame God,

(Lord God), Freshyashie, Rottenhering, or Goodtowla. Or we might count among our acquaintances Savage-Bear, Paschal Lamb, Sing Song and Mellon Colley—all names which men of past centuries have carried, more or less resignedly, to their graves.

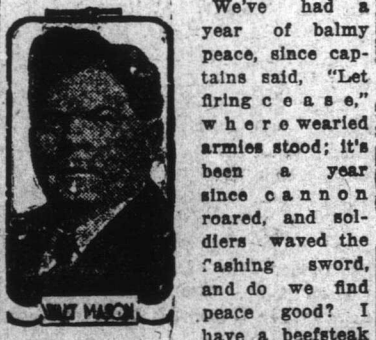
Couldn't Show His Missus Up.

The captain of the fire brigade was enjoying himself tremendously, and the Christmas party he was giving was going like well-oiled clockwork; but just at this inopportune moment a fire had the taste to break out. "Can't 'ship it!" said the captain to the panting individual who had brought the news. "I can't go to no fire to-night; I'm giving a party!"
"But you surely ain't going to shirk your duty because of that?" said the informant.
"No; it ain't so much that; but I can't show the missus up in front of half the neighbourhood. Everyone in the house 'as been admirin' 'er new coal-scuttle in the drawin'-room, an' it's my 'elmet!"

Important!

Every man starting out in business will have to go over a hard road and find out his turnings for himself. But he need not go over his road in the dark if he can take with him the light of other men's experience.
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A YEAR OF PEACE.



We've had a year of balmy peace, since captains said, "Let firing cease," where wearied armies stood; it's been a year since cannon roared, and soldiers waved the flashing sword, and do we find peace good? I have a beefsteak on my eye; a neighbor let a dornick fly, and made the blamed thing black; and in a scrap down by the jail my hat was flattened with a rail, my coat split up the back. My sideboards now are flecked with gore, my battered head is always sore, from many swats and bits; we have a riot every day, and when we've hauled the wreck away I help to plant the stiffs. Some fellow robbed me of my wreath, and broke in half a dozen teeth, and I'm a sight to see; I can't enjoy my morning walks, for some one's always throwing rocks, wherever I may be. I cannot warble posse mine hymns; I'm picking birdshot from my limbs, and have no time to spare; and every time I take my lyre to burble like a house afire, some fellow puts my hair. The quiet of old days is gone; wherever I turn I ease upon a lot of scrapping men; the air is full of fur all day, so take the Boon of Peace away, and give me war again.

For telephone, lighting or ignition purposes, Reliable Batteries are lively and long lasting. They give 100 per cent. satisfaction. —Nov. 5, 6, Dec. 10, 11, Jan. 5, 8

Why Silver Wobbles.

In the days of the Roman Empire it was calculated that the world's stock of gold and silver coin exceeded 350 millions sterling of our money.

Then came the Middle Ages, when the nations slid back into barbarism. There was little mining, and by the tenth century the world's stock was down to something between thirty and forty millions. Silver continued to become more and more scarce, and from being one-fifteenth the value of gold rose gradually until, by the year 1500, one ounce of gold would purchase only eleven ounces of silver. Then came the discovery of Mexico and of Peru by the Spaniards, and at once fresh supplies of bullion began to pour into Europe. All the hoards of the Aztecs and Incas were seized, and within the next hundred years Europe's stock of silver was more than doubled.

In the eighteenth century the production of silver became tremendous, and between 1740 and 1770 the Biscayna Mine of Mexico produced three million pounds worth of silver. About the latter date the Valencianna Mine was pouring out £240,000 worth of silver every twelve months.

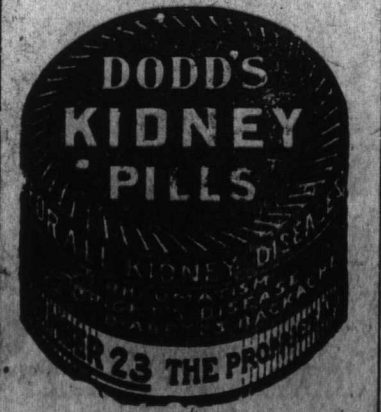
At Veta Madre a lead of silver ore was found eight miles long and 130 feet thick.

But the greatest silver mine of all was that of Potosi, high in the Andes, and after this began to be worked the world's output was eighty-two ounces of silver to only seventeen ounces of gold. The value of silver fell again until sixteen ounces of silver could be purchased for one of gold.

Since the tremendous discoveries of gold in Australia, California and South Africa, the production of silver has fallen off. There is, however, plenty of the metal in existence, and the reason of the present extraordinary value is not so much a real scarcity as the fact that the gold coinage has been replaced by paper. If a gold currency were restored, the price of silver would slump speedily.

Why Does Salt Cause Thirst?

The blood in the body contains about the same proportion of salt as the water in the ocean normally. When the supply is normal we do not feel that we have much salt in our system, but when you take salt into your mouth the percentage of salt in the body is increased, and the being thirsty, or the desire to drink water afterwards is caused by the demand of the human system that the salt be diluted. The system calls for water or something to drink in order that it may counteract the too great percentage of salt in the system. Other things also, when taken into the body in too great proportion, cause us to become thirsty. Thirst is merely nature's demand for more water on account of the necessity of reducing the percentage of some substance like salt, or merely a necessity for having more water in the body.—From the Book of Wonders.



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LIBERAL - LABOR PARTY!

PUBLIC MEETING STAR OF THE SEA HALL, THURSDAY NIGHT NEXT, At 8 O'clock.

P. A. Meeting Adjourned.

TRIBUTE PAID TO MEMORY OF HON. JOHN HARVEY.

The meeting of the Patriotic Association at the Board of Trade for last night to consider the report of the joint committee as to the War Memorial was postponed as a mark of respect to the memory of John Harvey. In moving the adjournment His Excellency the Governor, who presided, said in part: "It is not an occasion on which I, as a member of the Patriotic Association would wish to go on with business. The Hon. John Harvey occupied a unique position in St. John's, indeed in Newfoundland, being a partner in one of the oldest business firms, a scion of one of the best families, a member of the legislature to whom the title of honorable was fitly applied and a man whom all could appeal for good advice. I had heard of him before coming to this country as one often mentioned in as an adviser of the Government and one who held to a marked degree the loyal confidence of the community. Many of you knew him better than I and are more fitted to deliver his eulogy, but learning to know him, I found him to be possessed of

all those attributes bespoken for him. Not only in business and legislative councils was he prominent, but his position was almost unique in the city. All whom I ever met no matter of what creed or trend of thought but said Hon. John Harvey was a man whose word one could depend upon. He did great work last year in connection with fishery difficulties and in forwarding the good of the country and life of the community. He was a man whose private life was a model. As I passed his late residence this afternoon I heard the casual remark from an old lady "he was a good son." I think these words express the sentiment with which we all view his private life. He was a good son, a model husband and a staunch friend to his friends. His efforts were truly great in the ranks of the Patriotic Association and I think in view of his prominence particularly in its early days this meeting should adjourn in silent respect to him who has gone before us." His Excellency then moved as follows:—

"That this meeting of the citizens of St. John's, in the Patriotic Association assembled, beg to testify to the general grief felt at the death of the Hon. J. Harvey and to express their profound sense of the loss which his passing has inflicted on the community. They respectfully offer their very real sympathy to his wife, his mother and all relatives left behind

to mourn their great loss, and accordingly in order to mark their sympathy they adjourn this meeting without business done."

The motion was seconded by Sir W. H. Horwood, who paid an eloquent tribute to the deceased who in the Association played a great part on any committee to which he was appointed, seeking no office but contributing largely to the work. All who had served with him on committees would recognize the broad views taken by him on all questions under consideration and his fairness of mind to see the point of view of an opponent and desire for conciliation as far as possible. There was no movement but its leadership was largely to be attributed to him and in sports, education, charity or patriotic effort he could always be counted on to do his share. I can scarcely think of any in the community, continued Sir William, whose passing would be a greater loss than his. We can ill afford to lose such a man. His part in the Patriotic Association was only subordinate to that in the Legislature of the country. He was looked to with confidence and many would have been pleased to see him occupy the leadership as they knew he would give his best to the work. All knew him as conscientious and fair minded and would remember the noble work performed by him a few years ago almost single handed. He and his wife

in the anti-tuberculosis campaign labored with heroic zeal with no thought of self pain but for the good of the community and it would be hard to estimate the value of his propaganda in this direction. His work for the prevention of disease and conservation of human life was truly noble. No doubt he will be well remembered and the sympathy of all go out to the mother because he was the most devoted of sons, and to his widow who had been his helpmate in all his good works. No lady did more than she in Red Cross work, in connection with Waterford Hall and other praiseworthy labors which had almost undermined her health. The motion was then put by the chairman and carried by all present standing in silence. The meeting then adjourned till Wednesday at 8 p.m.

It is almost necessary, considering the small cost, that you have your Suit and Overcoat Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired for New Year's Day, and have it done good by sending it to SPURRELL, 365 Water Street, or phone 574 and we will send for it.—dec28, eod, ff

CASE OF INSANITY.—An elderly domestic, who was in the service of an East End family, became insane yesterday and was taken to the Asylum this morning.

New Wholesale Dry Goods Firm.

A new venture, the British Import Co., Limited, has been incorporated, of which Mr. J. P. Stick, late of the Royal Stores, will be manager, and Mr. Charles Grant, also of the Royal Stores, assistant manager, both these gentlemen having resigned their positions with that concern, at the end of the year. The new company has taken the Delgado Block, a portion of which will be immediately utilised for business, though the whole space cannot be acquired before August next year. Mr. Stick has gone to England, where he will visit all the industrial and manufacturing centres in the purchase of the very latest stock. The principal officers of the British Import Co., with Mr. Stick, are Messrs. A. E. Hickman, President, and W. R. Goobie, Secretary.

POPULAR BUYER HONORED.

Prior to leaving the employ of the Royal Stores, in order to engage in a new business, Mr. J. P. Stick, the popular buyer for that firm, was waited upon by the employees and presented with a farewell address and souvenir of esteem and appreciation. The language of the address shows how highly Mr. Stick was held by his fellow workers, and the regret which

they all felt at the severance of years of pleasant relations.

ADDRESS.

Dear Sir,—In presenting you with this address of appreciation we, your fellow employees, ask you to accept this small token as a mark of the esteem and respect in which we hold you.

At first we were very sorry to hear that you were leaving the firm, as the efficiency and ideal conditions, under which we work, are due in no small measure to your initiative and sound business ability. Not only will we miss your daily presence amongst us, but we will also miss the confidence that we have had in your personality and tact to smoothen out our worries and difficulties. By your genial disposition you have endeared yourself to us all.

We could not but notice always the energy and untiring labors, which you have displayed to make this firm successful. You have shown us the highest sense of duty by your desire to please and give good service and satisfaction to your employers and the buying public.

In the new business sphere, which you are undertaking, we predict for you a prosperous future, and those that will be associated with you must be congratulated, as you bring with you sound and rare business ability and experience.

And, Sir, it is with sincerest regret

that we bid you good-bye from the firm, and we express the wish that the coming year will be a very prosperous one and, in the future years, may every success await you.

Yours very truly,
FELLOW WORKERS.

Dec. 30, 1919.

REPLY.

Dear Fellow Workers,—Please accept my thanks for your very handsome present and best wishes for my future.

While working with you, I had always the assurance that the best of good will existed between us, and my success was due in no small degree to the willing help that I always received from you.

In severing my connection with the firm and a co-worker with you, I cannot wish you any better success than you have wished me.

Again thanking you and wishing you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year, I am,

Yours very truly,
J. STICK.

Jan. 2, 1920.

PILES

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles. No surgical operation required.

Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you of once and as certainly cure you. 50c a box; all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 10c stamp to pay postage.

UTT AND JEFF— BARNUM WAS RIGHT. THERE'S ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE. By Bud Fisher.



TOMORROW'S THE BIG DAY

Take "Cascarets" Tonight for Liver and Bowels and Wake Up Clear, Rosy, Fit!—No Shake Up!

Feel grand to-morrow! Be efficient! Don't stay sick, bilious, headachy, constipated. Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, your breath bad and your stomach sour.

Why not get a small box of Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced? Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience one like Salts, Oil, Calomel or harsh Pills. Cascarets cost so little. They work while you sleep.

An Unsolved Sea Mystery.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE "LION" DISASTER.

Many of the older generation, but few of the younger, will remember that splendid night of January 6th, 1882, when the ill-fated steamer "Lion" left the port of St. John's for Trinity, and was never heard of afterwards. Beyond a lifeless body and some wreckage not a vestige of the ship was ever seen, and no one can fathom or explain the mystery of her loss, though numerous hypotheses have been put forward. The cause of this terrible disaster will never be known until that day when the sea gives up its dead.

The appended article on this great marine tragedy of 1882, was written by the late Miss Feodore J. Collis, a native of Trinity, and niece of Rev. W. J. Lockyer, for many years Rector of Cow Bay Parish, Cape Breton, and was published in the Montreal Weekly Witness, some years ago. The clipping having been kindly sent the Telegram by an esteemed correspondent, we think it of sufficient interest to reprint, especially as to-day is the 38th anniversary of the disaster.

THE LOSS OF THE S.S. "LION."
A Graphic Description of the Terror of a Loss on the Sea.

During the month of December, 1881, the city of St. John's, Newfoundland, presented its usual winter appearance. Communication with the outside world had received its winter limitations and nothing broke the silence of the quiet town except the steam whistles, which indicated the arrival or departure of the fortnightly mail between Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, or between St. John's and the outports.

The fleet of sealing steamers so active and majestic-looking in spring, lay motionless and dismantled at their moorings on the Southside under the eye of their respective watchmen and ships' carpenters, who were doing odd jobs on board preparatory to the sealing season in March. The Christmas and New Year festivities claimed almost exclusive attention from all classes during the happy season; but now that the year 1882 had been becomingly ushered in business of a more practical nature became the order of the day.

The sealing steamer "Lion" was removed from her moorings to the wharf of Messrs. W. G. & Co., and during the next four days the work of loading her with provisions, dry goods, and sealing requirements was carried on by the busy laboring men. At intervals during those days of preparation—now a lady or a gentleman, now a young man or woman—would put in an appearance at the office or on the wharf, and after a few words with the passenger agent

would quickly disappear. They were very different in many respects, but one and all shared in that expression which indicated the anticipation of happiness.

Why was this the only steamer receiving such attention? And why were so many people so interested in her? She was the only steamer that was to start for the sealfishery from Trinity (sixty miles distant) instead of St. John's, and preparations were being made for her departure from St. John's before the appearance of the Arctic drift ice.

Those so interested in her were composed of visitors who had been spending Christmas at St. John's and were now about to return home; some who were going to spend the winter in Trinity; one who was going to spend his school vacation with mother, and return by next mailboat; and two who had just been united in the bonds of holy wedlock and looked forward to many happy years together in the quiet little parsonage in Trinity.

The morning of January 6th dawned bright and frosty, and was a faithful harbinger of the beautiful day which followed. By the afternoon the steamer was ready for sea, and the passengers held themselves in readiness to go on board during the night, for she was to leave at 12 o'clock.

A more beautiful night could hardly be conceived. The moon, all but full, reigned supreme in a cloudless sky. The water outside as well as inside the spacious harbor was motionless, unruffled by the slightest breeze. Every person was happy, and as the sluggish propeller succeeded in moving the deeply laden steamer from the wharf, and good-byes were exchanged, the majority betook themselves to their staterooms, or improvised beds on the cabin lockers, whilst Mrs. Cross bade them all a good night's rest, and wrapping her trusty shawl closely around her, signified her intention of passing the night in the shelter of some planks which were piled on the quarter deck, rather than go below and risk an attack of sea sickness.

In the meantime, whilst the village of Trinity was wrapped in slumber, the "Lion" was crossing Conception Bay heading for the light which indicated the position of Baccalieu Tickle, through which she was to pass into Trinity Bay. The fitness of the night had prevented any person from thinking it at all necessary to telegraph the departure of the steamer, so that although no one at Trinity knew when she had left, it was generally supposed that she would leave during the night of the 6th, and many were not a little disappointed when she was not in sight at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 7th.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday passed, each day increasing the anxiety and suggesting numerous possibilities.

On Monday morning, Mr. Hart, the agent in the employ of Messrs. W. G. & Co. (to whom the steamer was consigned) was handed a telegram which he opened with feelings of more than ordinary interest. It was dated: "Grate's Cove, Baccalieu Tickle," and was as follows:—"Wreckage of a steamer found on the shore this morning; the body of a woman supposed to be Mrs. Cross, of Trinity, found floating on a raft of plank."

The feelings of Mr. Hart may be better imagined than described, for besides the great personal sorrow which he felt for those he loved, at the opposite side of the office desk stood Mr. Cross, his assistant, the loving husband of Mrs. Cross, who, with her body were returning home by the ill-fated steamer.

In a very short time the contents of that telegram were known to every person in the village, and a wall like that of Egypt went up to God, for there was not a family in which there was not one dead.

As soon as the dreadful news reached St. John's the steamer "Hercules" was despatched to the scene of the wreck; but although everything was done that could be done, nothing was found of steamer

or passengers except a few cases of goods, a lady's trunk, four men's caps, and the body of Mrs. Cross which had been removed to a little house on the beach. The body was taken on board and conveyed to Trinity, as all that remained of the sixty persons who had left St. John's with so many happy prospects a few days before.

The scene on the wharf when the body was being landed, baffles description, for apart from the bitterness of individual hearts at individual losses, that rude coffin contained the remains of one who in life was known and beloved by all. The Methodist Church was all too small to admit those who followed her to her last resting place; as the natural expressions were altogether too feeble to indicate the depth of that grief which welled up from those hearts so terribly conscious of the bitterness of death.

You ask—What occasioned the loss of this steamer? Ah! no one in this world can answer that question. God alone knows. Numerous opinions have been expressed, and though they differ in many respects, yet all agree that doubtless, the country's curse—intoxicating liquors—played no small part in the awful drama of that winter night.

In all probability the steamer was recklessly taken out of her course, struck one of the sunken rocks with sufficient force to knock her bottom out; backed and sank where the depth of water prevented her being seen, and where the tide sweeping out to sea took with it all but the few things already mentioned. Only the last great day will reveal the details of that Epiphany morning, on which God was manifested to so many souls; some of whom at least we trust were prepared to meet Him.

When all that was known of the disaster flashed underneath the Atlantic, (passing in its course close by the position of the wreck) and appeared in the English papers, the wall of Trinity was re-schooled in an English home; the house of joy where father and mother, sisters and friends were celebrating the marriage of Rev. Hugh Foster and Miss Emerson was turned into the house of mourning, and whilst all hearts bled and all were prostrated with grief, only the young and the strong survived the shock.

The heart of the aged father was bound up in his loving son in that far-off land, and though he knew that "all is well" the strain was too great, a broken heart set the spirit free.—father and son met in the Paradise of God.

For Chest Colds and Croup, Colds in the Back, Spasmodic Croup and any congestion, inflammation or pain caused from Colds, use Grove's O-Pen-Trade Salve. It Opens the Pores and Penetrates the Skin. Its stimulating and Healing Effect soon gives relief. 25c per box. If your Druggist hasn't any, send 35c. in postage stamps to Paris Medicine Company, 133 Spadina Ave., Toronto, and a full-size box will be mailed to you promptly.

Told Her to Undress.

Sir A. Fell, of Channel Tunnel fame, has been telling the story of a friend of his, an army doctor, who was engaged in medically examining a number of recruits.

Each one (says Sir A. Fell) as he entered the room was told to undress himself.

One had just resumed his clothes, and while the doctor was writing certificates, was told to leave the room and send in the next person. Someone else at once entered.

"Take all your clothes off," said the doctor, without lifting his eyes from the desk; "and then I shall be able to attend to you."

"Sir!" said a sweet but indignant voice. The doctor looked up.

"Holloa!" said he, astonished beyond measure at the lovely vision. "You are surely not going in for this service?"

"No, sir," said the blushing maid; "I called to ask for an appointment as nurse in the hospital."

Colds Cause Headaches and Pains
Feverish Headaches and Body Pains caused from a cold are soon relieved by taking LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." E. W. GROVE'S signature on the box. 30c.

Schr. Alice Roberts, with a load of fish from Gaultois, reached port yesterday. She was sheltered at St. Lawrence for the past two weeks, making three out of the storms.

AT YOUR BEST
Keep your body well nourished, it means blood red and pure and efficient, buoyant health. It's logical to protect your strength with

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Its tonic-nourishing virtues impart vigor to every part. You may depend upon the abundant nourishing properties of Scott's to protect strength.

T. J. EDENS,
151 DUCKWORTH ST.,
(Next to Custom House.)
St. John's, Nfld., Can., Tel. 15-14

Just Folks
by Edgar A. Guest

THE LESSON.
We'll settle down some day to know
That life is more than money;
That happiness on earth below
Comes not from eating honey.

We'll some day learn, perhaps, as we
Go marching down the ages,
That true contentment cannot be
Paid out to men like wages.

We'll put our arguments away
And lay our quarrels on the shelves,
When we can see beyond our pay
And find the joy that's in ourselves.

The happiness for which we thirst
Is not by sordid dollars reckoned;
The will to live at peace comes first,
The money that we earn is second.

The bread of gold is discontent.
This has been true since life began;
Money, however it be spent,
Has never made a happy man.

Old Wool Dress
Now Worth \$50.

"DIAMOND DYES" TURN FADED, SHABBY APPAREL INTO NEW.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton, or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings.

The Direction Book with each package tells so plainly how to diamond dye over any color that you can not make a mistake.

To match any material, have druggist show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.

MAKING SURE.

"Of course," said the lady to the druggist, "it may be perfectly harmless, just as you say; but then, you know, there has been so much excitement." "My dear madam," interrupted the druggist, "I beg to assure you in the strongest terms that you need not apprehend any—"

"I know; but I read in one magazine where lots of people had acquired the drink and drug habits through using such remedies, and—"

"Impossible in this case. Why, you can see for yourself that—"

"Will you give me your word of honour that it contains no alcohol?"

"I would swear it on a stack of Bibles," answered the druggist.

"Then I'll take it."

And then the druggist wrapped up the porous plaster for her.

IT'S UNWISE
to put off to-day's duty until to-morrow. If your stomach is acid-disturbed take

KI-MOIDS
the new aid to digestion comfort food. A pleasant relief from the discomfort of acid-dyspepsia.

MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE
MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION

MINARD'S LINIMENT—The Old Reliable. P. C. O'DRISCOLL, LTD., Agents, St. John's, Oct 14, 2m

T. J. EDENS.

GOOD THINGS FOR XMAS.
Assorted Cordials and Syrups.
Cherry Brandy.
Creme-de-Menthe.
London Sherry.
Port Wine.
Ginger Brandy.
Raisin Wine.
Assorted Syrups.

Plum Pudding, in tins.
Red Currant Jelly.
Dates.
Nuts, whole and shelled.
Mixed Candy, 20 oz. bottles.
Knox's Gelatine.
Wesson's Oil for cooking.
Broad Figs, Dates.

MOIR'S
CHOCOLATES AND CAKES
1/2 lb., 1 lb., 2 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes.

Bananas.
Cal. Oranges and Lemons.
Grape Fruit.
Grapes.
Apples.

(O'Kanagan Valley.)
Good all the way through.
Green Cabbage—Local.
Butter—Selected—3 lb. Prints.
Eggs—Selected—20 Cases.
(By Sable I. to-day.)

ICINGS—
White, Pink and Chocolate.
Maple.
Xmas Crackers and Stockings.
Straw and Raspberry—Jan.—New—1 lb. Glass.
50 Brls. Cranberries.

T. J. EDENS,
151 DUCKWORTH ST.,
(Next to Custom House.)
St. John's, Nfld., Can., Tel. 15-14

Blankets & Comforts

With the prevailing cold weather our stock of Blankets, Wadded & Down Quilts Should be of Special Interest.

COTTON BLANKETS.

White with Pink or Blue Border,
\$2.50, 3.00, 3.20, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50 pair.

Grey,
\$2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00 pair.



Wool Nap Blankets,

\$7.00 pair

Fancy Plaid Wool Nap,
\$7.20 pair

White Wool Blankets,
\$10.00 to \$25.00 pr.

Grey Wool Blankets,
\$6.00, 7.00, 9.00 pair

Wadded and Down Quilts.



WADDLED QUILTS:
Chintz and Sateen covered, good size and attractive colorings,
\$3.50 to \$13.00.

DOWN QUILTS:
Fancy Art Sateen & Satin covered, beautiful artistic designs and shades, \$16.00 to \$45.00.

STEER Brothers.

FLOUR
has advanced.
Ask our price for RAINBOW.

BRAN
will surely advance.
We want to move our stock and are selling

BRAN VERY CHEAP.

Colin Campbell, Ltd.

Store Floor Collapses.

PEOPLE INJURED.

In the middle of a busy afternoon, and with the four floors of their departmental store crowded with Christmas shoppers, a section of the second floor of the W. E. Preston, Ltd. store, Midland, collapsed recently. The falling floor was checked by the cash carrier wires long enough to allow the employees and customers on the ground floor to escape, though its descent was also delayed. The firm called every available auto and doctor and the injured was rushed to St. An-

Corrected.

Mr. Huggies, the Australian Premier, who has recently announced his intention of retiring altogether from public life in a certain eventuality, tells the following amusing story concerning the days when he was a school-teacher in London:

"I once wrote on a blackboard," he said, these words: "The toast was drunk in silence." and then asked my class, "Can anyone tell me what mistake in this sentence is?"

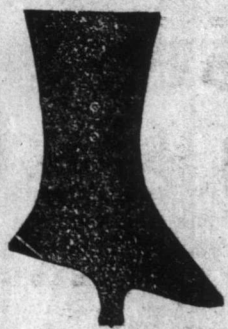
"The pupils pondered. Then a little girl held up her hand, and at a glance from me went to the board and wrote the following correction: "The toast was ate in silence."

Give a Thought to Music!

The festive season of Xmas will soon be here. Have your piano put in good shape and help to brighten up your home with tuneful music. A trial of my services will convince you that your work can be done with care and precision.

MARMADUKE H. FINDLATER,
Graduate of the Frost School of Music (Boston).
Address—Royal Stationery Co., 180-188 Water Street, and Ordnance Street. Phone 549A.

"Tweedie Boot Tops."



We have just opened a selection of the famous "Tweedie Boot Tops" in Dark and Light Fawn, 14 button height, open out to toes; hugs the vamp, fits under heel, with concealed strap.

Only \$4.00 the pair

— ALSO —

Women's 12 Button Spats at \$3.00.

Women's 10 Button Spats at \$2.20 to \$2.50.

Women's 8 Button Spats at \$1.30 to \$1.80. (Asstd. shades.)

Children's Pantlets only \$1.30 pr.

Parker & Monroe, Ltd.

THE SHOE MEN.

The Lovers of Catherine Shaw.

JOHN LAURENCE, in Pearson's Weekly.)

William Shaw of Edinburgh was a hard-working thrifty dour man who leavened the gaiety of those whom they come in contact. An aster in a small way he had the more Puritanical than ever his wife's death, and his own narrow in the extreme. Left an only daughter, Catherine, his thought was to see her married to a man who would, from his point of view, make her a good husband. A man was Alexander Robertson, the son of an old friend of his. Left by his father with a money which, by hard work, he had increased, he was another William Shaw, and therefore the latter's eyes an excellent for his daughter. He encouraged young man's visits, and threw opportunity in their way for, but he reckoned without one his daughter.

Father Disliked Her Lover.

Catherine Shaw had just turned when this story opens, and was one of the most beautiful in Edinburgh. She could have any number of wealthy suitors she wished, but each and every had to reckon not only in winter smiles, but the approval of father, and that had been given to one, Alexander Robertson. Catherine, with her youth and beauty, was as light-hearted, as care-loving, and as free from the gloom of the morrow as her father was severe, and she gave her heart to the keeping of a profligate named John Lawson, an Edinburgh jeweller. Like many he had a fascination for which, in the case of Catherine, he did not fall to take full advantage of.

How About That Office Desk?

You've been talking Office Desks for some time? Intending to renew with modern ones? To get a good Typewriter Desk for the busy stenographer? Here's your chance to select Solid Oak Desks in various designs—roll or flat tops, different sizes and finishes from a supply only just arrived from the best makers in the U. S. A.

Just remember—Your office equipment has a lot to do with the business impressions you create. Keep yours up-to-the-minute!!!

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.

shop one evening, and had been invited home by William Shaw.

"You can see Catherine, then," he said. "I have been talking seriously to her, and perhaps you'll find her more inclined towards you."

"I don't think so, Mr. Shaw," replied the young man gloomily. "I saw her out walking with Lawson this afternoon."

For a moment William Shaw could hardly believe his ears. That his daughter would disobey him had never entered his head, and he determined that once and for all he would compel her to break off the acquaintance he thought so undesirable.

With rage in his heart he strode home that night maddened by the thought that perhaps his daughter might bring shame on his name.

Exactly what the angry father said to his daughter will never be known, but snatches of the fierce and bitter conversation between the two were overheard by a neighbour.

"I can no trust you," William Shaw was overheard to say. "You're a shameless woman. You'll be married to Alexander Robertson without delay. Till then I shall keep the door locked on you."

Died in Lover's Arms.

Catherine was heard sobbing and pleading with her father, accusing him of barbarity and cruelty, and saying he would be responsible for her death. The voices of the two were raised high in anger, for some time, till finally there came silence, and William Shaw was seen to stride angrily out of his rooms, looking the outside door behind him. The last words a neighbor named Morrison overheard were, "I would rather see you dead than the wife of a rogue like Lawson!" And Catherine's tearful reply, "You're a cruel father and you are killing me."

A few minutes after the enraged man had banged and bolted the door on his daughter, the neighbour Morrison overheard a faint moaning sound, and then a choking cry of someone in pain. He knocked at the door, and getting no reply, though he knew that Catherine Shaw was within, he became alarmed that she had been hurt by her father.

He called several neighbours and told them of the angry quarrel he had overheard and his failure to get any reply. To all their knockings, however, no attention was paid, and the now frightened neighbours, all of whom knew William Shaw had an overbearing temper when he was opposed, sent for the police, who forced the door open.

A horrifying sight met their gaze. On the floor Catherine Shaw was lying in a welter of blood, in her side a blood-stained knife. She was still alive, but it was evident to all that she had but a few minutes to live. One of the police officers bent over her and asked her if her father had cut her throat. The dying girl was past speaking. She just nodded her head, and with a final sigh she died in the arms of her lover John Lawson, who had just arrived on the scene.

"She's been murdered!" he cried. At that terrible moment the dead girl's father returned, and all there shrank back from him in silent accusation. For a moment he could hardly speak and then, his iron will broken for a time, he asked:

"Who has done this?" It was John Lawson who replied. "You—you villain," he cried. "You have murdered her!"

Accused of Murder.

The agitation of the accused man, so different from his usual iron control, was not lost upon those in the room, and his cry of denial did not lessen in the slightest their belief that he was the author of his daughter's death. He was at once arrested by the police, and the suspicions voiced against him became certainties in the eyes of all.

When his clothing was examined, his shirt was found to be blood-stained, but these he accounted for by saying that he had cut his arm a few days before.

But when his neighbour Morrison came forward and related the words he had overheard of Catherine: "You're a cruel father and you are killing me," the explanations of Shaw were not believed for a moment.

Not a man or woman in Edinburgh but believed William Shaw was guilty of the murder of his daughter, and though to the last he strenuously denied hurting her in any way, he was found guilty.

His Innocence Proved.

"I die an innocent man," he said. "Some day the mystery will be made clear, but it will be too late. I have heard that love is stronger than death, and the only wrong I ever did to my beloved daughter was to try to force her into the arms of a man whom she did not love."

Nearly a year passed before those words were recalled, and poor William Shaw was vindicated in the eyes of the world. For months the rooms he had lived in with his daughter were empty, but at last a tenant was found who agreed to take them. Cleaning up the place he made a remarkable discovery. Resting in a cavity in the chimney was a piece of white paper, folded like a letter. He opened it and read the silent evidence of William Shaw's innocence.

"Barbarous Father," ran the letter.

"Your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to my existence, which has become a burden to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world, for surely no benevolent being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this. My death I lay to your charge. When you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife in the bosom of the unhappy Catherine Shaw."

The letter was, of course, immediately made known to the police, and it was soon proved to be in the handwriting of the cruelly-wronged man's daughter. She undoubtedly had placed it on the mantelpiece just before she had committed suicide, and it must have blown into the crevice where it was found, alas, too late.

Too hastily had her dying nod been taken as one meaning "Yes" when she was asked if her father had killed her, and the words of anger between her and her father had been misconstrued.

Too late the innocence of William Shaw was proved, and the law could not make tardy reparation. The record of his guilt was removed from the law books, and his innocence publicly proclaimed.

A few weeks later the dead body of John Lawson was found stretched across his sweetheart's grave, and the tragedy of Catherine Shaw was complete.

Why I Think Boxing Brutal.

(By BISHOP WELDON, in the Daily Mail.)

It is no wish of mine to assume a censorship of British sport. Sport has been upon the whole an ennobling element in the national life. The spirit of sport has been the synonym for fair play and good faith. If the Germans had been sportsmen they would not have been such brutes. But if I am asked to give my opinion about boxing matches, I am willing to give it.

When I was headmaster of Harrow School I was naturally led to consider the relative value of athletic exercises. I have been present at many boxing matches in the gymnasium of the school. I took care, of course, that they should not exceed the limits of safety or propriety. But I could not help feeling that even so they were

A List of Fresh Supplies Just Received.

ELLIS & CO.

Limited.
Family Grocers and
Delicatessen Market,
203 Water Street.

Fresh Oysters.

Choice Fresh
Turkeys,
Ducks,
Geese
and
Chicken.

Fresh Supply

Huntley & Palmer's
Celebrated Biscuits.

Our stock of Christmas
Cosaques,
Crackers,
Bon Bons and
Stockings

is better than ever. Come
and see them.

Chrystallized Fruits.
Chrystallized Rose
Leaves & Violets.

CORNMEAL!

Just arrived 530 sacks
New Yellow Cornmeal at
Lowest Wholesale Prices.

HARVEY & CO., Ltd.

Thirty-Three Per Cent. in Two
Years on your investment absolutely
guaranteed.

We cannot accept less than \$50, or more
than \$1000 from any one investor. This is
a LIMITED offering.

J. J. LACEY & CO., Ltd., City Chambers

We have just finished a line of

Smokers' Chairs,

Also some very nice

Upholstered Arm Chairs

Secure one for the home for Christmas.

- SIDEBOARDS, only \$35.00
 - SMOKERS' CHAIRS, Black Morocco Covering.
Special Price \$22.50
 - ARM CHAIRS, Fancy Tapestry Covering.
Special Price \$39.50
 - COUCHES \$14.50
 - LOUNGES \$22.50
 - BUREAUS and STANDS, only \$25.00
 - MORRIS CHAIRS \$25.00 and \$35.00
- Also BEDSTEADS and SPRINGS, MATTRESSES of all grades.

The C. L. March Co., Ltd.,

Corner Water and Springdale Streets.

vulgarising rather than elevating competitions.

My opinion has not been changed since those days. Whatever the faults or vices of boxing may be, they are far more conspicuous among professional boxers than among schoolboys. If there was a brutalising tendency in the boxing matches of the gymnasium at Harrow, there was something much worse in the recent great boxing match at the Holborn Stadium in London.

I read in The Times the following account of Carpenter's sensational victory over Beckett:—

"After scarcely a dozen blows had been exchanged, the British heavy-weight champion lay a crumpled, inert mass upon the floor, and people rubbed their eyes in amazement. The winning blow was a right hook to the jaw which caught Beckett as he came forward and crumpled him up completely."

If that is not brutality, I do not know what brutality is.

The idea that the noble art of self-defence, as it is sometimes called, is or can be useful at the present time seems to me ridiculous. Citizens in a civilised community do not need to

defend themselves against assault; and, if they did, they would sooner resort to firearms than to fistfuls.

There is indeed a degree, and perhaps a high degree, of skill in professional boxing. But I have satisfied myself that the majority of spectators at a boxing match do not appreciate the skill; what they like is the violence of the attack. At the best the skill of the boxer is not comparable with what of the maulador in a Spanish bullfight; and the bull-ring is admittedly the disgrace of Spain.

I do not fail to admire the courage of the boxers, as I admire courage wherever it is shown. Tom Sayers, the victor of the great fight against Heenan, was one of the heroes of my boyhood; and I do not wonder that his name is still held in honour for his amazing demonstration of pluck. But prize-fights in England, like gladiatorial shows in ancient Rome, have been condemned by public opinion because of their debasing influence upon the character of the nation. It is not by looking at brutal fights or betting upon them that men attain the highest courage.

Few tests of national character are so sure as the sports which a nation approves. Great Britain is a more highly civilised nation to-day than it

was when bull-fighting and bear-baiting were the amusements not only of ordinary citizens but also of statesmen and aristocrats. It will, I think, be still more highly civilised when the many thousands of men and women who, love sport choose to satisfy their sporting instinct by some nobler exhibitions than professional boxing matches.

World's Biggest Bible.

A Bible weighting three-quarters of a ton, carried in a specially-constructed motor-car, with pulpit and platform, is to be the feature of a Bible Crusade that will start in this country shortly.

The book will be remarkable in other respects than its size, for every one of the 12,000 texts from Genesis to Revelation will be hand-written and signed by individual Christians as a testimonial of their faith.

Standing on end the book is more than 6ft. 2in. high and nearly 3ft. 6in. wide. When opened flat it measures 7ft. 10in. across.—R.

Stanford's GINGER WINE for sale in each end; at J. J. St. John's, Duckworth St. and U. Gosse, Plymouth Road.

Headquarters!

January 2, 1920.
IN STOCK:
100 kegs GREEN GRAPES.
100 cases CALIFORNIA ORANGES.
50 barrels CRANBERRIES.
500 barrels GOOD SOUND APPLES.
200 cases VALENCIA ONIONS.
3000 sacks P. E. I. POTATOES.
50 cases SELECTED EGGS.
300 boxes CANADIAN CHEESE.
50 58-lb. boxes CANADIAN BUTTER.

PHONE 264. LOWEST PRICES.

George Neal.

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Half a Million GUNCAPS

Gold Lined,
Double Waterproof,
English Manufacture,
Military and Fowling.

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Wholesale Only.

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Bonds maturing in 1919 or 1920 may now be sold advantageously, and the funds reinvested in longer term securities. The benefits of present high interest yield rates may thereby be secured for a period of ten years and longer.

We shall be glad to offer suggestions.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED
CANADA LIFE BUILDING
MONTREAL London, Eng.

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

FIRE INSURANCE. FIRE INSURANCE.

SCOTISH UNION & NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.
GENERAL ACCIDENT, FIRE & LIFE ASSURANCE CO., LTD., OF PERTH, SCOTLAND.

The above Insurance Companies carry on a successful and extensive business, and always have maintained the highest character for the honourable and liberal discharge of their obligations.

Our first aim in every policy we issue is to ensure the holder complete protection, our second to grant that protection at the lowest possible rate. Write or phone us.
Nfld. Labrador Export Company, Limited,
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Newest and Best



Majic Dye Soap Flakes melt the moment you throw them into hot water, and make a rich creamy lather which immediately dissolves all dirt, and instantly dyes silk, cotton, wool and linen fast true colours without rubbing, boiling, straining or spotting.
Large package retails at 15 cents. Will be handled by up-to-date stores.

Sole Agent for Newfoundland,

Robert Templeton,

333 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S.

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Immediately to Rent, a good sized

OFFICE SUITE OR STORE.

Preferably on Water Street, Ground Floor. Lease necessary. What have you to offer?

Write L. L., care this Office.

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WHAT WOULD IT BE LIKE?

Those who never had
A PIANO-PLAYER,
A PIANO, AN ORGAN,
A BRUNSWICK GRAMOPHONE,
cannot realize the pleasure they miss.

CHARLES HUTTON,
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are now offering to the trade the following

English and American Dry Goods.

English Curtain Net,
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White Nainsook,
Children's White Dresses,
Misses' Colored Dresses,
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White Curtains,
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Also a very large assortment of SMALLWARES.

SLATTERY'S DRY GOODS STORE,

Duckworth and George Streets.

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Used—WANTED FOR CASH—Used.

We want to purchase for cash any quantity of Used Postage Stamps of Newfoundland, especially Caribon 1918 now in use, and will pay the following prices—

1c. value per 100 25c.
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4c. value, each 4c.
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For higher values we will allow one-third each of the face value and take any number of these at above prices.

Stamps must be in good condition, not torn, damaged or too heavily cancelled.

We will also buy for cash all other values, issues, etc., of Newfoundland Postage Stamps.

Send us all the stamps you have and we will remit promptly on receipt. We also buy West Indian Stamps. Price list free on request. We are the Oldest and the Largest Dealers in Postage Stamps in British North America.

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Expert Work in all Branches.

We are specialists in extraction. Our improved method renders the extraction of teeth absolutely painless. We also make the best artificial teeth in Newfoundland, at the most reasonable rates.

Painless Extraction 50c.
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(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, Garretson Hospital of Oral Surgery, and Philadelphia General Hospital.)
176 WATER STREET.
(Opp. M. Chaplin's.)

dec31,91

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A shipment of

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Retailing at our usual low prices.

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Kippers, Kippers, Kippers—The Real Thing. Have you tried our delectable Kippers? If not, you have never tasted a real kipper, for their equal has never been sold on this side of the Atlantic. We have had twenty years' experience in the kipper trade in Scotland and ours is the real kipper—the most delicious and appetizing of all foods—try them, friend, for breakfast or tea. Only one dollar per dozen. Cash with order. Try a dozen. After that your family will see that you order more. A. FLETT & COMPANY, Herring Curers, Curllins, Newfoundland. nov7,12

Every Saturday evening after 7 o'clock, Choice Ends of Beef, at cost. ELLIS & CO., LTD., Mutton, Lamb, Pork will be sold 203 Water Street. nov29,12

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARTER IN COWS.

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NOTICE!

This Company will endeavour as far as possible to forward all freight via North Sydney and Port-aux-Basques, but reserves the right, whenever circumstances in the opinion of the Company require it, to forward freight, originally billed via North Sydney and Port-aux-Basques, and designated steamers:—

Via Halifax, or

Via Louisburg, collecting extra charges over the Sydney and Louisburg Railways.

And also the right to forward same by any steamer owned or chartered by the Company from North Sydney or Louisburg or Halifax, direct to St. John's or Newfoundland Ports other than Port-aux-Basques.

Shippers or Consignees, when effecting Marine Insurance, should bear this in mind and have their policies cover accordingly.

Reid-Newfoundland Company.

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To our many customers and friends who have made it possible for us to march into the front rank as the Leading Clothing Manufacturers of Newfoundland.

OUR LINE FOR 1920

will be just as irresistible as our 1919 line.

THE WHITE CLOTHING MFG. CO., LTD.

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If you're not insured, you're a loser. Take time to see about your policies. We give you the best companies and reasonable rates.

PERCIE JOHNSON,
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Good Values

to offer you that you won't strike everywhere, and still have some to-day, despite the ever advancing American market and the extra ten per cent. exchange we are "soaked" for the privilege of paying them our good coin.

Floor Coverings.

CONGOLEUM—
2 yards wide; the best of the American Floor Cloths.
Special Price,
\$1.89 yard.

Men's Overcoats.

BEST AMER. TWEED COATS—Unlined, but heavy, and tailor finished. Reg. \$25.00 for \$17.50.
(Just to turn the stock into money.)

TRENCH COATS—Value a surprise to everybody, only \$15.00 to \$20.00 and upwards.

Blankets.

COTTON BLANKETS, from \$2.69 pair only.
WOOL NAP BLANKETS, full sizes, at \$6.90 and \$7.70 pair.
WOOL BLANKETS at the lowest prices.

Flannels and Flannelettes.

STRIPED FLANNELETTES at 37c. and 39c. yard.
WHITE WELSH FLANNELS.
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