

Old Perlican Contribution

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—The ladies of Old Perlican held a concert here in aid of the Patriotic Fund. The people turned out in large numbers and spent a very enjoyable evening voting it the best concert ever held here. To Mrs. Jordan Milley, assisted by Mrs. Doctor Pickard, great credit is due. Mrs. Avalon Green, Mrs. Sydney Button, Mrs. John C. March and Miss Winnie March and others with the Boys' Brigade, contributed greatly to its success. The recitations "The way of the British," by Grace Barrett, and "Enlist, Enlist," by Lester Burser, were special features of the evening. It is impossible to mention the names of all who took part, but everyone was beyond criticism. The Tableau "Our Allies" was exceedingly picturesque and brought forth great applause. We are glad to say that the handsome sum of \$45.00 was realized which amount added to a previous collection means \$75.00 towards the fund. We must not close without thanking Dr. Pickard, the Chairman, who was very patriotic and interesting, making such a speech as is seldom heard here.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for space in your valuable paper,
Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM BECKETT.

Old Perlican, Feb. 12, 1915.

CHEAP SPORTS.



So long as all our schemes are winning, we find it easy to keep grinning, to say that life's O. K.; we all are cheerful, blithe and sunny, when we are paking in the money, and cutting lots of hay. We cry, "T h i s world is sweet and cheerful! Oh, why is anybody tearful, why are there sobs and sighs? There isn't such a thing as sorrow, and he's a chump who tries to borrow a pair of weeping eyes." We all are optimists, for certain, when we're with Fortune gaily flirtn', and seldom drawing blanks; we all are singing psalms with ardor, when we have bacon in the larder, and credit at the banks. But when we have a few reverses, ah, then our remnant stock of curses all grouchyly we spring; we cease to boast the world we dwell in, and like a wounded pup we're yellin', we fail to dance and sing. No more like bumble bees we humbly we spend around and groan and grumble, our spirits in eclipse; the world's no more an El Dorado, and nothing can we see but shadow, because we've lost our grips. It's only when our schemes are winning that we go round serenely grinning, like children at their play; cheap sports, the whole blamed push and boiling! We sulk and brood and quit our toiling, when things don't come our way.

RUSSIA WILL SELL HER GRAIN STORES TO WESTERN ALLIES.

London, Feb. 10.—An important result of the conference of the Ministers of Finance of Great Britain, France and Russia in Paris, is, according to an article by Dr. E. J. Dillon in the Daily Telegraph, that the vast supplies of cereals now hoarded up in Russia will be sold and conveyed to Western Europe by way of Archangel and Vladivostok.

The cost of conveyance will be cut down to the lowest limits by the introduction of special freights. This reduction in the cost of transportation, taken together with the low prices of foodstuffs which now rule in Russia, and the exceptionally abundant crops in Siberia, will enable the exporter to sell corn to the Allies at rates which cannot but have a beneficial effect on the markets generally from the consumer's point of view.

"As long as Russia had to keep her foodstuffs within her own boundary other corn-growing countries," Dr. Dillon remarks, "had it in their power to raise prices to their hearts' content. But once the Allies find it to their advantage to draw on Russia's granaries, supply and demand will tend to be equalized and foodstuffs will become proportionately cheaper."

This transaction, which was unanimously agreed upon by the three Ministers, will further have the effect of lightening the burden of Russia's indebtedness and of contributing to a better rate of exchange.

Celebrated "Bengal" Razors, also Homes and Strops, sold at **BOWRING BROS., LTD., Hardware Dept.** Prices 50c., \$1.00, \$1.50 each.—Feb 16, 61

MONGOLIAN OFF.—The Allan Liner Mongolian, Capt. Hatherly, sailed at 10 a.m. to-day for Glasgow, taking a small outward freight and as passengers in saloon: F. Dawe, Mrs. R. C. Grieve, P. C. Mars and K. Blair.

WILL YOU HELP the POOR?

For the return of every **MASTER WORKMAN** tag (bearing the imprint of the **British-American Tobacco Co., Ltd.**) and every **Sickle** tag we will contribute to the relief of the poor 1 cent for every tag sent in to our office from this date to April 30th, 1915. The entire proceeds provided in this way will be handed over to the fund for the relief of the needy and suffering poor.

A list will be kept of all persons turning in tags and a receipt given. These receipts will have the same value as the number of tags turned in when presented at our Premium Office for the redemption of any premium in our new Catalogue, to be issued in a few days.

Help the poor at home by smoking **MASTER WORKMAN** or **SICKLE** tobacco and returning the tags to us.

Remember, Every Tag Means 1 cent.

Imperial Tobacco Co.
(Newfoundland) Ltd.

RUSS BARRIERS MAKE WIRE CUTTER USELESS.

Petrograd, Feb. 11.—The inventiveness of the Russians is shown in their wire entanglements. All soldiers carry instruments to cut wire but the Russians now make an entanglement in which poles, 20 feet long, are combined with wires to make the barriers impenetrable unless the enemy is provided with axes as well as wire cutters.

The Russians also have a new form of shield which proves invaluable when circumstances permit its use. It is of light, hard steel, strong enough to stop rifle and maxim bullets, and covers six men abreast. It runs on wheels and is superior to the German shields.

The German armoured motors are quite outclassed by those in use by the Russians. The German moving

fort weighs ten tons, a fatal defect on Polish roads in the present condition, whereas the Russian motor weighs only two tons.

Farewell Post Cards.

Of N.F.L.D. Second Contingent, including Section Groups.

Farewell Dance, Boys Leaving on Neptune, On Board s.s. Dominion, and other interesting pictures, only Five Cents each at **PARSONS' ART STORE.** Feb 18, 15

NEEDHAM'S MINERAL BELIEVER NEURALGIA.

Here and There.

VICTORY FLOUR.—Fresh and sweet while the loaf lasts. **FRANKLIN'S AGENCIES, Ltd.**—Feb 12, 15

MORWENNA GONE.—The s.s. Morwenna sailed at 7 o'clock this morning for Halifax and New York.

Satina Starch and La France Laundry Tablets. Two helps for the housewife, 6 cents each. Feb 11, 15, 15

FLORIZEL UNLOADING.—The S.S. Florizel is unloading part of her coal cargo at A. Harvey and Co.'s premises.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take **LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE** Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Economy

GAS COKE yields 44 per cent of radiant heat, whereas coal gives only 19 per cent. under the same conditions.

GAS COKE is clean to handle. **GAS COKE** is smokeless. **GAS COKE** gives a clear red glow. **GAS COKE** lasts longer than coal. Light the fire with paper and sticks and a little coal. When once burning, make it up with Coke, the cheapest solid fuel.

For a limited time only, the St. John's Gas Light Company will deliver in any part of the town at \$8.50 per ton, or \$5.25 per half ton. Feb 11, 15

The Panama hat will come forth in unusual shapes, even in military effects.

"OURS" THE CLASSY WEST END THEATRE.

Great audiences at the West End Theatre last night. The church has by no means prohibited Rossays. They intend giving up their profits also, as was announced at the performances the beginning of the week, and a monster benefit concert will be held on Feb. 26th, to provide bread for the poor. Bread they must have and bread they will have, if the public will rally round and help the good work. Rossay has always been first in the field where help was asked.

ORGANS.—Shipment just received. We are showing two new styles of Needham Organs at our way down prices. **CHESLEY WOODS, 140 Water Street (upstairs).**—Jan 14, 15

It is said that the polypuses of 1875 will mark spring tides for 1915.

Amazing Truces

WHEN SOLDIER ENEMIES HAVE HORNBOBBED TOGETHER AS THE GERMANS AND OURS DID RECENTLY IN FLANDERS.

What President Wilson and the Pope at Rome failed to accomplish, the soldiers fighting in France and Flanders this Christmas—the Tommies, the Plou-Plous, and the Bosches—did of their own accord.

All the world knows the wonderful story by now. How at first one or two men on either side, greatly daring, peeped above the death trenches at one another, and smiled dumb greetings. How, then, by degrees, confidence once established, grew, until both sides were fraternizing, helping to tend one another's wounded, burying each other's dead; and how when these sad and grim tasks were accomplished, they started playing football, shared their little luxuries, forced cigarettes and cigars on each other, and generally had a "high-old time" together.

It sounds amazing strange in these days. But it has often happened aforetime. In the Crimea, for instance, various observers have recorded how, on several different Sundays, a similar truce by consent was arranged.

The Russians had tobacco in plenty which our Tommies lacked. These gave their enemies in exchange tallow candles, which were plentiful in the British lines. The Russians did not want them for lighting. They ate them; sucking and biting the tallow from the wicks, as children do sugar-sticks.

MAJORS IN THEIR BEST CLOTHES.

One of the queerest informal truces on record occurred during the first Maori War. For three days the Maoris, strongly entrenched in one of their stockaded camps, or "pahs," had been firing at the British, who were similarly entrenched behind their own lines, and who, of course, returned the enemy's fire with interest.

On the morning of the fourth day, which chanced to be a Sunday, our soldiers were amazed to see the Maoris, dressed in their best clothes, come trooping out of their pah, unarmed, and making friendly gestures.

Thinking, naturally, that they wished to surrender, an officer hurried forward to meet them, carrying a white flag. But the Maori chief explained that they had no intention whatever of throwing up the sponge. Only they did not wish to fight that day, and hoped that the British felt likewise.

The officer, hardly knowing what to do, demurred at first, but eventually fell in with the suggestion, adding as an afterthought that he was pleased to see that they had so great a respect for the white man's Sabbath. "Oh, it is not that," promptly replied the chief. "The fact is that we have run out of ammunition, and so cannot fight to-day. To-morrow we have a fresh supply coming in. Then we will go ahead again with the war."

"LEND US SOME AMMUNITION."

"Tell you what, though," he resumed, after a moment's pause, struck suddenly by what he evidently conceived to be an exceedingly brilliant idea. "If you will lend us some ammunition we can start again, and the day won't be wasted."

Naturally the officer was obliged to decline this naive proposal, and on reporting the matter he was censured for not at once making the whole lot of them prisoners. His reply was that he would rather be cashiered than take so mean an advantage of a brave and chivalrous enemy, who had trusted him, and who, after all, as their conduct plainly showed, were in some things little more than grown-up children.

Towards the end of the last siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870-71, the custom grew up of observing an informal armistice, of about an hour's duration at sundown, when the hungry citizens, or some of them at all events, used to come out and purchase sausages from the Prussians and Bavarians in the advanced trenches at about ten times their normal price. After a while, however, the custom came to the knowledge of Von Moltke, who effectually and promptly put a stop to it by shooting some half-dozen or more of the amateur truce-makers.

Finally, it may be mentioned that during the American Civil War the commanders on both sides had the greatest difficulty in preventing their men from fraternizing after the day's fighting. Even the sentries, in many instances, used to meet together and exchange gossip and "chaws" of tobacco on moonlight nights. But then for course, these men, though nominally enemies, were really brothers, citizens of the same country, speaking the same language.

Stafford's Prescription "A" cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis, Catarrh of the Stomach and Nervous Dyspepsia. Price 25 and 50c. Postage, 5 and 10c. extra.—Feb 11, 15

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Curtains.

140 PAIRS
WHITE
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REBURY PRICE,
90c.
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RED ARRIVED. — The schr.
Robinson, reached Perna-
Sunday last from this port.

DRY FLOUR. — Fresh and
while the loaf lasts. **FRANK-
AGENCIES, Ltd.**—Feb 12, 15