

Teas!

The well-known brand
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Dempster TEA,

Regular price 50c. per lb.
During the month of
February,

40c.

per lb.

FLANNELETTE.
Remnants of Striped Flannelette. Regular price 14c.
February Price 9c
yard.

MARSHALL'S FEBRUARY OFFERINGS!

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GENTS' HANDKERCHIEFS, fancy border. Regular 5c
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Men's President Braces!

Only 4 doz. left of the original PRESIDENT BRACE.
Regular price 55c. February Price 43c

Linen Collars.

20 dozen Men's
WHITE LINEN COLLARS,
fashionable shapes.
Regular prices 15c. and 20c.
February Price, 8c. each.

NIGHT DRESSES

LADIES' FLANNELETTE NIGHTDRESSES
in Pink, Cream and White.
Regular Price 75c. each. February Price . . . 65c. each
Regular Price 90c. each. February Price . . . 75c. each
Regular Price 1.20 each. February Price . . . 1.00 each

Men's Fancy Shirts

Job Line of
MEN'S FANCY SHIRTS,
with striped front, plain body with
soft collar fastened with stud.
Regular price 65c. each.
February price 55c. each.

Ladies' White Handbags.

Regular Prices 20c. and 40c. each
February Prices 5c. and 10c. each

The Above
Prices are
Strictly Cash.

Marshall Bros

Lace Curtains.

140 PAIRS

WHITE

LACE CURTAINS

(JOB),
3 yards in length. Value
for \$1.20.

FEBRUARY PRICE,

90c.

per pair.

WHITE SALE PRICES
CONTINUE DURING
FEBRUARY.

The Get-Together Bureau.

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON

Oh how I wish every town and every city in this country might have a get-together bureau!

What do I mean by that? Well, let me tell you a little incident. A young working woman was taken ill. The doctor ordered her sent to a hospital as she could not receive proper care in her boarding house. She lived some distance from the nearest hospital and to have an ambulance would cost her fifteen dollars. She was not absolutely poverty-stricken, but she was not a five dollar-a-week girl, perhaps she made fifteen dollars a week, but even on that it isn't particularly easy to save and fear of the many expenses of illness made her look carefully to her board. Besides, she was saving for her trousseau. So instead of taking the ambulance she drove to the station, took a train and then drove to the hospital. The extra exertion was the last straw. She is on the dangerous list. And she needn't have been, the doctor says, if she could have been brought in comfortably.

They Didn't Know and There Was No One to Tell Them.

Now, here's the point. In a city at this time there must have been a dozen people who would have been glad to put their automobiles at the service of this girl for a few hours, if they had only known the need. But they didn't know and there was no one to tell them.

That's the kernel of the whole matter. They would have been willing. But they don't know. And there was

no one to tell them. The world is full of such miserable little needn't-have-been tragedies. And what's more poignant, our little neighbourhood and my little neighbourhood are full of them.

Bringing the Lift and the Need Together.

Now my idea of the get-together bureau is this, a committee with which people who have things they would give if the need arose—time, the occasional services of a machine, old magazines, a tumbler of jelly, the loan of a library, flowers, the loan of a music machine—in short anything no matter how small or how large, could register their willingness to give. To that same committee the people who needed something could bring their need, and the get-together bureau would put them in touch with each other just the way the telephone girl thrusts in a plug and completes a call.

Perhaps the best part of it all is that no one would put himself definitely in either class for all time. One might give one thing and need another. For instance a woman might register her willingness to send a tumbler of jelly to an invalid occasionally and the same woman might some day have a convalescent child for whom she might ask the bureau to find an occasional empty seat in someone's machine. Or a man might offer the services of his auto and some day find himself lonely and sick and ask the bureau for someone to read to him or to send him a home-made pudding.

A Big Clearing House for Kindness. Don't you see it all just as plain as day, friends—not charity, not anything formal putting the giver on one side of the fence and the recipient on the other, just clearing house for kindnesses of all sorts.



Fresh Goods for Lent!

Fresh Frozen Halibut.
Finnan Haddies.
Bloater Herring.
Prime Salt Codfish.
Boned Codfish,
2 lb. blocks.
Fresh Cod Steak, tinn'd
No. 1 Lobster, tinned.
Sardines in Oil and Tomato.

Soper & Moore.
Phone 456.

Why couldn't it be done? Get your Woman's Club to take it up or your Church (only of course it must have no denominational lines). Get a few energetic women to form the nucleus of your committee; put a story about it in your local paper.

The season of seedtime is at hand. Wouldn't it be wonderful if this seed, too, should take root and bring forth who knows what beautiful fruit of brotherhood and love.

Red Cannon

Menace of Alienism.

(New York Evening Post.)

It would be difficult to take seriously the threat of some particularly belligerent German-Americans to organize for aggressive action "to break the power of England upon our Government, our public servants," if it were not that these fellow-citizens have been guilty of so many errors of taste as to warrant the fear that their judgment may once more be "submerged by their emotions." A great movement, we learn, is under way to organize the German-American element and all German and Austro-Hungarian sympathizers to baulk "the attempt to deliver the United States into the keeping of England by the Tory element," which controls the American press in New York and occupies seats in the cabinet of President Wilson.

This undertaking, it appears, has thrilled the "great mass of non-Anglian American citizens, bone and fibre, and opened many eyes to the horrible danger which threatens our country if this intolerable state of affairs continues. Indeed, the manifesto assures us that it is already too late to prevent the attempt, and that we are as "dependent upon England for our place and privilege in the world," as in 1812. This they propose to end in order to "assert and maintain our dignity as citizens of the United States."

Our German Americans who are citi-

ens, and not merely sojourners among us, were supposed, when they took out their naturalization papers, to have abandoned their allegiance to Germany, and to have sworn fealty to our institutions. Now many of them are acting as if they were never Americans at all, but merely Germans who live here for convenience. They are looking at this whole question, not from the American point of view, but the German. When they demand that all shipments of arms to Europe be stopped it is because they favor Germany, and are working in her interest. When they say they desire to elect congressmen who shall "compel the administration to enforce strict neutrality," they mean that, since the laws, by reason of British control of the sea, happen to favor the Allies, they wish those laws changed. If they happen to favor Germany we should hear not a word from the German-Americans. They are judging thus upon what will help Germany; how it affects the United States they care not at all. They are, for instance, outspoken not only against England, but against Japan; for Germany's sake they are playing upon the string of racial prejudice and are apparently quite willing to intensify the misunderstandings between the United States and the Mikado's people, without thought of the peril.

For the first time they have raised the question of the loyalty of foreign-born citizens, not their loyalty in time of war, but that deeper, firmer and nobler allegiance to our institutions which we have a right to expect of true Americans. . . . The course they are threatening to pursue leads straight toward bitterness, sectionalism and disorder in our political life. It is as if they sought to make themselves feared and disliked. As ex-President Taylor of Vassar College has put it: "This is not patriotism; it is pure alienism." It goes without saying that some of the charges made by those who deem this new political organization necessary are unfounded and hysterical in the extreme. Thus they solemnly accuse Mr. Wilson of "contributing to the destruction of the German squadron under Admiral von Spee, because of the order prohibiting wireless service, while allowing English warships the full use of the cables." If this is true, what explanation is there of the German victory off Coronel? Did Mr. Wilson win it for them? Others of their contentions have been swept away by Mr. Bryan's letter to Senator Stone explaining just what the government has done. It is really painful to read this appeal for organization, with its confusion of thought, its inconsistencies and its complete misconception of what constitutes neutrality and justice, of what is the duty of loyal Americans.

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VIGOROL, the Great French Tonic, is opposed to disease; therefore it finds its way out and drives it away. Your nerves are toned up. Your bowels made healthy and strong. Your blood purified. The kidneys and liver cleaned. Headaches, biliousness, and that heavy, tired feeling, will go. You will feel like a new person. Don't be fooled—get VIGOROL, and you will never regret it. Sold at all drug stores.

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Give the Miller His Due, Mrs. Housewife

If he selects his wheat—
Washes, brushes and scours it—
Grinds it 20 times, so the granules are all alike—
Sifts it 10 times through silk, so you get only utterly perfect flour—
Then bakes a batch from every lot before it leaves the mill—
He deserves Recognition.
It is fair to you and fair to him that you specify his flour.

That's why we tell you of Gold Medal Flour.

We do it to better your baking—to give you more for your money—and to win a bigger place.

And, because we have done it, more homes use Gold Medal than any other flour in existence.

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Sold Wholesale,
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Things Seldom Just "Happen."

There are sound reasons if you look for them. Homestead Tea is as distinctive in cup quality as it is in name. This didn't just "happen." The reason is that in Homestead we use a proportion of the rich, strong teas of Northern India—teas grown in the district of Assam, where the tea bush is said to have had its origin. These teas when blended with the finer sorts of Ceylon teas give that rich strength and pleasing flavour possessed by Homestead.

Ex s.s. Portia:

Fresh Chilled Halibut.
Fresh Codfish.
Fresh Cod Tongues.
Freshly Smoked Kipper Herring.
No. 1 Salt Herring.
Fish Soups.
Smoked Caplin.
Cranberries, 40c. gall.
Evaporated Apples, 14c. lb.
Finnan Haddies.

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of the MULE is not proverbial it is that millions of tried SUNLIGHT Soap to use any other

Sunlight

as their ally, can look forward to wash-day without dread, for they are assured of a quick despatch of all dirt.

TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT WASH.

LIFE IN

A prominent South American politician recently returned from a somewhat lengthy visit to Berlin, and wrote a letter to the Times, describing what he saw and heard, and telling his opinion he had formed of the German situation in general. His letter makes most interesting reading:

Life in Berlin is not very agreeable, chiefly on account of the absence of news and the great difficulty which exists of communicating with the rest of the world. The foreign element has almost disappeared from Berlin hotels. The traffic of motor cars on the streets has diminished, and the aristocratic Unter den Linden is less frequented; the avenues of the Tiergarten are similarly abandoned. At every turn one runs against people in mourning or else soldiers who are wounded, isolated or in groups of eight or ten, accompanied by Red Cross nurses, who take them for walks in the parks, etc. People in the meanwhile frequent the cafes, theatres, etc. more or less as usual, but the dancing saloons have been closed, dancing being prohibited. Any French is tabooed, and really Berlin is deprived of the "chic Parisien" and the "English correct cut" is not an enchanting spectacle. Nowadays the foreigner in Berlin hardly experiences a sense of absolute security; to tell a foreign tongue is to attract immediate attention.

But if superficially life in Berlin goes on as usual one should not fool only as far as this to judge of the effect of the war on Berlin; to do so would be to judge of a corpse by its apparent tranquility without taking into account the decomposition taking place below the surface. In the midst and source of all her power, her industries, her enormous foreign trade Germany is being slowly bled to death. Banking transactions with the outside world are paralysed, and it is only by talking with business men that one can realise what Germany is losing or judge of the enormous labor waste the British Navy has accomplished for the benefit of the Allied cause. Germany is beginning to run short of many much-needed articles, among them copper, rubber, nitrate, etc., for which high prices are offered; all motor tires, for example, are now commandeered for Government use.

All this explains the great and ever growing hatred for perfidious Albion, which has reached such a pitch that the hatred against France tends to



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