

A List of Fresh Supplies
Just Received.**ELLIS & CO.**Limited.
Family Grocers and
Delicatessen Market,
203 Water Street.

Fresh Oysters.

Choice
Fresh Turkeys.
Choice
Fresh Chicken.Finnan Haddie.
Kipperd Herring.
Smoked Cod.Something Nice for Tea.
HAM & TONGUE.
VEAL LOAF.
SPICED BEEF.
MEAT LOAF.
OX TONGUE.
BRAISED PORK.
BOILED HAM.

ARRIVED AT LAST.

Fresh Shipment

"SAVORYS"

Celebrated

CIGARETTES.

Special Straight Cuts,
in boxes 100's, 50's, 25's.
No. 3 Turkish Plain,
in boxes 100's, 50's, 25's.
No. 1 York Brand Egyptian,
in boxes 100's, 50's, 25's.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

Ladies' and Gent's Suits
or Overcoats dyed, pressed
and altered.Great Coats dyed, altered
and pressed.
Special attention given
outport orders.

D. J. FURLONG,

Dye Work, Cleaning and
Pressing.
5 New Gower Street.

Grove Hill Bulletin

TOMATOES!

CUT FLOWERS,
LETTUCE, PARSLEY,
WEDDING BOUQUETS,
WREATHS & CROSSES
at shortest notice.
DUTCH BULBS.
Prices on application.

J. McNeil,

Waterford Bridge Road.

Now Landing

A Choice Cargo of

BEST SCREENED.

North Sydney

COAL.

Selling at

\$15.00 per Ton.

M. MOREY & CO.

At THE BEE-HIVE STORE,
27 Charlton Street: Cooking
Butter, 43c. lb.; Choice Cream-
ery Butter, 45c. lb.; Blue Nose
Table Butter (quality brand),
45c. lb. - c.m.t.

Published by Authority

His Excellency the Governor
has received the cablegram, as
under, from the Rt. Hon. the
Secretary of State for the Col-
onies. It is desired that the
people of Newfoundland shall,
at 11 a.m. on Tuesday next, 11th
November, suspend all normal
activities for the space of TWO
MINUTES, during which time
all thoughts will be concentrated
on reverent remembrance of the
Glorious Dead. In St. John's
the gun at Cabot Tower will be
fired at the hour above named,
as a signal.

J. R. BENNETT,

Colonial Secretary.
Col. Secretary's Department,
Nov. 7th, 1919.Code Telegram from Secretary
of State:

(Received 7th November, 1919.)

I am commanded by H. M. the
King to send you for immediate
publication the following mes-
sage which is addressed to all
the peoples of the Empire.

"TO ALL MY PEOPLE."

Tuesday next, November
11th, is the first anniversary of
the armistice which staved the
world wide carnage of the four
preceding years and marked
the victory of right and free-
dom. I believe that my people
in every part of the Empire fer-
vently wish to perpetuate the
memory of that great deliv-
erance and of those who laid down
their lives to achieve it."To afford an opportunity for
the universal expression of this
feeling, it is my desire and hope
that at the hour when the ar-
mistice came into force, the
eleventh hour of the eleventh
day of the eleventh month,
there might be for the brief
space of two minutes a com-
plete suspension of all our nor-
mal activities. During that
time, except in the rare cases
where this might be imprac-
ticable, all work, all sound and
all locomotion should cease so
that in perfect stillness the
thoughts of everyone may be
concentrated on reverent re-
membrance of the glorious dead.""No elaborate organisation
appears to be necessary. At a
given signal, which could easily
be arranged to suit the circum-
stances of each locality, I be-
lieve that we shall all gladly in-
terrupt our business and plea-
sure, whatever it may be, and
unite in this simple service of
silence and remembrance."

GEORGE R.I."

This will be published in the
press here to-morrow morning.
Arrangements are being made
for the general observance of
the two minutes' silence at
eleven o'clock next Tuesday.
Trains will be stopped on the
railways, traffic on the streets,
ships as far as possible at sea,
and every effort will be made
to get work suspended every-
where, in schools, shops, mines
and factories and to ensure
complete silence. His Majesty
hopes that your Ministers may
be willing to arrange for a sim-
ilar observance.It is, of course, impracticable
owing to distance, that the
ceremony should synchronise
throughout the Empire. It is
therefore suggested that eleven
a.m. local time should be adopt-
ed everywhere. Similar mes-
sage is being sent to India and
to every Dominion and Colony
in the Empire.

MILNER.

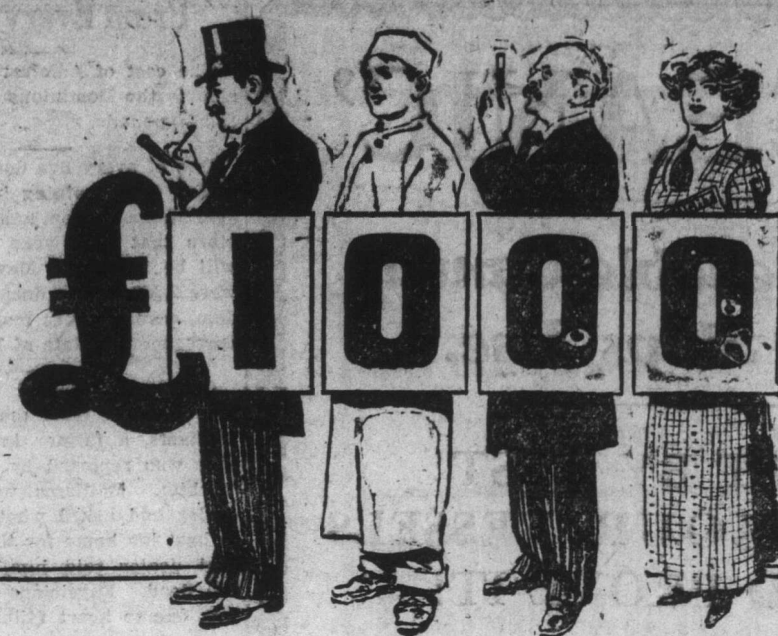
nov8,21

Newfoundland
Postage Stamps.We want to purchase for cash any
quantity of Used Postage Stamps of
Newfoundland, especially Caribon 1919
now in use, and will pay the following
prices:-1c. value per 10025c.
2c. value per 10025c.
3c. value per 10025c.
4c. value, each1c.
5c. value, each1c.
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 can-
celled.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 re-
ceipt. We also buy West India
Stamps. Price list free on request.
We are the Oldest and the Largest
Dealers in Postage Stamps in British
North America.MARKS STAMP CO.,
429 Spadina Avenue,
Toronto, Canada.
11/8, f.p.t.Coughs and Colds are very
prevalent at present. Try Phor-
atone at STAFFORD'S, Theatre
Hill. -oct6,11

Drama in Parliament.

The drama in the House of Com-
mons is nearly always the drama of
the unexpected. Many a time, in the
afternoon question hour, in the
calm evening, or in the pale hours of
approaching dawn, have I seen the
House of Commons at one moment as
placid as the surface of a mill-pond,
and the next moment roaring with
the fiercest storms.It was a quiet afternoon, with a
dead calm in the House, when sudden-
ly I saw Victor Grayson jump up,
break the rules, and go out, inch by
inch, in a dramatic scene which was
ended by Victor Grayson standing by
the exit, turning on the Labour Mem-
bers, with curling lip and blazing
eyes, and shouting "Murderers!"Nothing could have been calmer
than that evening, when the Prime
Minister, Mr. Asquith, was standing
at the table making a long, involved
statement of some intricate financial
problems, when suddenly something
whizzed past his head which just
missed killing him. It was a bag of
four, or other white substance, flung
the whole length of the chamber with
amazing force, and I shall never for-
get my sight of it as it whizzed past
Mr. Asquith's head, fortunately miss-
ing him, and smashed at the foot of
the Speaker's chair.Bonar Law's Quick Whiff.
A little while ago, in the throes of
this session, the House became vehe-
ment and excited, and there was a
threat to hold up the Government, or
bring about a bad defeat in the Di-
vision Lobbies over some matter on
which the House felt strongly.It was on the Transport Bill. What
would happen? The place was tense
with questioning excitement. Would
they endanger the Transport Bill, one
of the greatest constructive mea-
sures of all time? In dramatic silence,
the Attorney General and the massive
pink-faced figure of Sir Eric Geddes
stole out through the shadows behind
the Speaker's chair towards the pri-
vate rooms of Ministers, and in a few
minutes they brought in Mr. Bonar
Law, who weighed up the House, gave
them what looked like a concession—
which did not hurt the power of the
Bill at all—and in five minutes, just
after midnight, the whole thunder-
cloud had been lifted away.George Lansbury was a heavy-
voiced, big-boned, wild-eyed M.P. some
years ago. One day he grew so pas-
sionate over the Women's Suffrage
question that he sprang from his
place, ran up the House, stood over
the sitting form of the Prime Minis-
ter, Mr. Asquith, and, shouting him-
self almost hoarse, he shook his big
fist in the face of the Prime Minis-
ter. Mr. Asquith, of course, took no
notice."Sind for the Guar-r-rds!"
There have been many moments of
drama with Mr. Philip Snowden, rais-
ing his injured form by clapping the
bench before him with his hands, and
hissing out scorn and sarcasm from
his pallid face, thin lips, and blazing
eyes. There have been many dramas
when the big, boy Michael Flavin, of
Kerry, enjoying the excitement with
true Irish relish, has shouted out:
"Sind for the police. Sind for the
Horse Guar-r-rds!"Such wild scenes were usually made
still more picturesque by the wild,
jovous, and soaring skirl of Mr.
Reddy, who loved to haunt one of the
back benches of the Irish Party and
voice Gaelic feelings with a mighty
note that had in it the power of a
steam-siren and the weird, haunting
call of a Connemara spirit.Drama in Parliament has many
sorts and many causes. I have seen
two sprites of the back benches—
two then little-known men—leading a
tremendous attack on Mr. Balfour's
Government, in which the House, a
cauldron of noise, had Mr. Alfred
Lyttelton standing at the table for a
solid hour without being able to get
one complete sentence.Who were these two disorderly
back-bench sprites? One has since
been Home Secretary, Minister of
Munitions, and Secretary of State for
War, in the person of Mr. Winston
Churchill, and the other was a Welsh-
man who has lived to become the
present Prime Minister.

A Short Cut to Fame.

One day, when the House was quiet-
ly droning along, I saw a man climb
over from the Strangers' Gallery to
the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery.
He climbed over the front of the gal-
lery near the clock, and, clutching the
carved woodwork with his hands, he
hung full length downward over the
floor of the House.Several M. P.'s were standing below
his feet, blissfully ignorant of the man
sword of Damocles that hung
over their heads. I saw the man
quiver in the air for a moment."Look out!" cried many members to
those standing a few feet below the
intruder's boots.They jumped aside, the man drop-
ped, fell on his feet, doubled up, and
lay in a heap on the floor. Several
attendants walked him out of the
place, and I believe he afterwards at-
tempted the more usual way of en-
tering the House of Commons—name-
ly, trying to get the electors to vote
for him. But it proved as unavailing
as the other attempt.Nothing could be more still and
drowsy than the moment chosen by
the Suffragettes to chain themselves
to the grille, so that the attendants
could not move them until they had
made a shouting demonstration.For some strange reason they chose
eight-thirty, when nearly every M.P.
was at dinner and some lone member
was drearily monotonizing to empty
benches. It was the worst time to try
to impress the House. Portions of the
metal grille had to be cut away, and
I went along with the women, with
bits of grille hanging to them, to a
committee-room, where their waist
fastenings were cut off. The women
chattered gaily all the time!When Pemberton Billing was turned
out of the House it was a mixture
of drama and farce, members laugh-
ing and enjoying it heartily.One night Mr. Balfour and a large
body of Unionists walked out of the
House in dramatic indignation to show
their feelings towards the Govern-
ment of that day.Another night, in the middle of a
tussle over the eternal Irish question,
Sir Edward Carson swung round to
John Redmond, and made an offer to
try and settle the apparently ever-
lasting political puzzle of the happy
and prosperous Emerald Isle."O. E." on the War-path.
For a moment it looked as if the
opposing Irish leaders were going to
advance towards each other and shake
hands in view of the whole thronged
assembly. Heads craned forward
eagerly along all the close-packed
benches. There was a good deal of
pious expression of desire for settle-
ment, but the time was not yet."Enough of this foolery!" shouted
dear old Campbell-Bannerman, then
Prime Minister, on one occasion when
he was vehement against theFOUR FIGURES
GUARANTEE THE PURITY OF
Sunlight Soap!FIRST the expert Buyer who buys the purest Sunlight
Soap materials.C Next the skilled Workman who exercises cleanliness
and care in the boiling of Sunlight Soap.

C Then the Analytical Chemist who tests each boiling.

C And lastly the Sunlight Girl who stamps, wraps up, and
gives the finishing touch to every bar of Sunlight Soap.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

Opposition, which was fighting him
tooth and nail. It was a dramatic mo-
ment. And I remember, too, his fist
being raised above his bent, snowy
head as, after the Lords had thrown
out one of his Bills, he roared: "A
way will be found by which the will
of the people will be made to pre-
vail!"Perhaps the greatest piece of drama
that I have ever seen in the House
was in the early days of August, 1914,
when the world was a tip-toe with
war excitement, and everybody was
asking, "Will Britain be plunged
into this terrible conflict?"Mr. Asquith, who had already se-
cretly taken measures which saved
Britain, rose quietly and said that we
had despatched a cablegram to Ber-
lin, saying that certain things must
be done, and we would consent to
nothing else.

The Dawn of War.

The Prime Minister, his lips pur-
sued tight, the strain of the mighty re-
sponsibilities showing in the tense
line of his face, was just about to
vanish from his place when he said
gravely: "We have asked the German
Government for a reply by midnight!"The House was dumb. Many knew
that we were face to face with the
greatest and strongest armies in the
world's history. It was no time for
further talk.When midnight struck our country
was at war.—C. T. King in Answers.

A Contrast.

In Birmingham, the London &
North Western goods manager and
the railway's local horse superin-
tendent fed, watered, and attended to
the whole stud of 600 horses on the
first day of the strike. Since, obvi-
ously, it was impossible for these two
men alone to continue doing the
whole work, an appeal was made at
one of the local churches on Sunday
morning, with the result that the
minister and thirty men of the con-
gregation went straight off and at-
tended to the animals. This appears
to have awakened some of the strik-
ers to the realities of the situation,
and they there and then went to their
own depots.

Soulless Strikers.

The British have, as a rule, a re-
putation for kindness to animals, but
it would certainly be hard to beat
the heartlessness which left horses
in their stables and sheep and fowl
on the railways untended and un-
watered for two whole days. No in-
dividual man among the whole of
the railway workers, acting on his
own device, would have been guilty,
of such cruelty, but corporate action
appears at times to blunt the higher
feelings and to make men, who would
not willingly hurt a child, give their
assent to a policy which endangers
the welfare of whole populations.TINNED FRUITS AT THE
BEE-HIVE STORE, 27 Char-
lton St.: Strawberries, Grapes,
Cherries, Peaches, Apricots, Ap-
ples, Plums, Pineapple, Bake-
apples. -c.s.m.t.BIG ARRIVAL
BOOTS & SHOES,

IN SAMPLES AND REGULARS.

Your footwear is most important to you. A
neat boot denotes refinement and taste, and
above all it protects your health.Our fall stock just arrived will give you an
unlimited variety to choose from. Neat styles,
fine qualities, and above all the most reasonable
prices.Our stock of Boots and Shoes for Ladies,
Gent's, Girls and Boys are packed on two full
floors—separate departments for each.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

THE AMERICAN BOOT AND
SHOE STORE,

333 WATER STREET.

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