

Grand Falls Exhibition

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir—The Annual Exhibition in connection with the Grand Falls Gardening and Industrial Association took place in the Town Hall, Thursday, Sept. 26th.

The Show was even better than last year, especially the display of Potatoes and Beet Root, and considering the very unfavourable weather, have had this year, this was very remarkable.

There were Four Hundred and Sixty Exhibits, Three Hundred and Sixty Seven Agricultural, and Ninety Eight Industrial.

In the absence of Professor Shaw of Truro, N.S., Mr. E. Powley, Farmdale, acted as Judge of Agricultural Section, and Mrs. Simpson, Miss Berteau and Miss Finn of Industrial Section.

The show opened to the public at 2 p.m., and was kept open until 3 p.m. when Mr. T. F. Jones called upon Mrs. Lamb to present the prizes.

Great credit is due to the members of the Show Committee, and the ladies who took charge of the Industrial section, also to the people generally for their patriotic action making the Exhibition such a success.

Yours very truly,
G. E. SANDERS,
Hon. Secy. Grand Falls, Oct. 2, 1918.

PRIZE LIST.

Pot Plants.

Fuschia—1st, Mrs. Cobb; 2nd, Mr. W. Taylor.

Geranium—1st, Mrs. W. Taylor; 2nd, Mrs. E. Waugh.

Begonia—1st, Mrs. Sanders; 2nd, Mrs. Stanford.

Fern—1st, Mrs. W. R. Down; 2nd, Miss Scott.

Hydrangea—1st, Mrs. C. Shum; 2nd, Mrs. Bury.

Cut Flowers.

French Marigolds (12 blooms)—1st, J. Ballen; 2nd, W. Frew.

Asters (6 blooms)—1st, Miss I. Porter; 2nd, J. Ballen.

Gladioli (4 blooms)—1st, W. Frew; Carnations (6 blooms)—1st, Barnes.

Sweet Peas (20 Stalks)—1st, Frew; 2nd, Mrs. Brain.

Pansies (20 blooms)—1st, H. Shum; 2nd, Mrs. Cornick.

Bouquet Annals (Open Air)—1st, W. Frew; 2nd, Mrs. M. Davis.

Bouquet Wild Flowers—1st, G. Power.

Vegetables (Potatoes).

3 sorts (White)—1st, T. O'Neill; 2nd, G. Hickman; 3rd, Mrs. Hatt.

3 sorts (Coloured)—1st, N. Wall; 2nd, W. Frew; 3rd, W. G. Goodyear.

2 sorts (White)—1st, C. Haynes; 2nd, J. Burke; 3rd, G. LeMoine.

1 sort (White)—1st, G. McPherson; 2nd, A. G. Ogilvie; 3rd, A. Noel; 4th, J. McKensie.

6 heaviest (any colour)—1st, Porter; 2nd, O. Olson; 3rd, G. LeMoine; 4th, O. Olson.

Cabbage (early)—1st, G. Way; 2nd, G. Goodyear; 3rd, H. C. Hanson; 4th, J. Frost.

Lat—1st, G. Way; 2nd, J. Goodyear; 3rd, A. Simmons; 4th, R. H. den.

Turnips (Swede)—1st, F. H. den; 2nd, W. Wollon; 3rd, J. A. House; 4th, A. G. Ogilvie.

Parsnips—1st, G. Wingrove; 2nd, J. Goodyear; 3rd, J. Porter; 4th, J. House.

Carrots (Short)—1st, J. A. House; 2nd, W. Brain; 3rd, E. Forward; 4th, M. Anthony.

Carrots (Long)—1st, J. Ballen; 2nd, J. Porter; 3rd, J. Goodyear; 4th, Dr. Kendal.

Peas—1st, J. Ballen; 2nd, J. Porter; 3rd, J. Goodyear; 4th, J. House.

Marrows—1st, A. Noel; 2nd, A. Noel; 3rd, J. McKensie.

Celery—1st, W. Brain; 2nd, J. McKensie; 3rd, F. Harris; 4th, W. Moore; 5th, G. Wingrove; 6th, E. James.

Collection of Vegetables.

5 of 8 named—1st, A. J. Mar; 2nd, J. A. House; 3rd, G. Wingrove; 4th, J. Porter; 5th, W. Frew; 6th, J. Porter.

Onions—1st, W. Frew; 2nd, G. W. grove.

Beans (Broad)—Special, J. Goodyear.

Industrial.

Hooked Mat—1st, Mrs. R. M. M. 2nd, Mrs. W. J. Cooke.

Socks—1st, Mrs. Elias Goudie; 2nd, Mrs. Isiah Hann.

Mitts—1st, Mrs. Newhook; 2nd, Mrs. Hickman.

Embroidered Table Centre (White)—1st, Mrs. W. Locke; 2nd, Mrs. McKezie.

Table Centre Crochet—Special, J. Petrie.

Embroidered Table Centre (Coloured)—1st, Mrs. Petrie; 2nd, Mrs. Power.

Bureau Scarf (Drawn Thread)—1st, Miss Effie Andrews; 2nd, Mrs. Taylor.

Five o'clock Tea Cloth (Cord-trimmed)—1st, Mrs. Hanson; 2nd, Mrs. McKensie.

Bureau Scarf (Crochet)—Special, Mrs. Petrie.

Preserves.

Black Currant—1st, Mrs. McVay; 2nd, Mrs. Petrie.

Bakeapple—1st, Mrs. Shroat; 2nd, Mrs. Hanson.

Raspberry—1st, Mrs. A. O'Flynn; 2nd, Mrs. Noel.

Blueberry—1st, Mrs. Petrie; 2nd, Mrs. Ballen.

Squashberry—1st, Mrs. Petrie; 2nd, Mrs. J. Burke.

Preserves, Jellies (Extras) Squashberry—1st, Mrs. Frew; 2nd, Mrs. J. leny.

Gardens.

Cultivated (Over one year)—1st, Brain; 2nd, M. Furlong; 3rd, C. H. ward.

Cultivated (One year)—1st, P. Willis; 2nd, C. Shroat; 3rd, S. B. sell; 4th, N. Carter.

Flower Gardens—1st, W. Frew; 2nd, Miss I. Porter.

NOTE OF THANKS.—Mr. and Mrs. George Simmonds and brothers wish to thank all those who sent presents to adorn the casket of their mother, Mrs. John Clarke, Mrs. C. Moore, Mrs. Thos. Crotty, also John Fitzgerald, Mrs. Levi Simmonds for their kindness, and all who in any way assisted them in their sad bereavement.—adv.

Because of the purity and high quality of the ingredients of Magic Baking Powder, its leavening qualities are perfect, and it is therefore economical.

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Great Britain Kneels.

BY THE RIGHT REV. H. G. RYLE, D. D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."—Psalm xxxiii. 12.

Once again, in every church and chapel throughout the land, the people has dedicated itself to a sacred cause.

Great Britain kneels. It is no formal gesture. She kneels in penitence for many things of shame. She kneels in proud thanksgiving for the dear lives so cheerfully laid down for her sake.

She kneels in passionate intercession for those dear loved ones, risking all, enduring all, for her sake. She kneels to renew the solemn vow to contend for right and truth, for humanity and liberty. And in her heart there rises up the great sobbing dejection of the curse of war.

The author of the "Hymn of Sacrifice" that we have sung this afternoon in the Abbey has put in strong and simple words the thought of our country's act of renewed self-dedication.

Let me quote to you the lines:—

To-day within His ancient House—
The Hallowed courts our fathers trod—
She seeks the altars of her God
To make renewal of her vows.

[High vows for truth and honour sworn,
The sword she drew for righteousness.

Again she asks that He will bless
These—and her heavy crown of thorn!]

Her heart is fixed; before her lies
The inexorable road of death and pain.
The stormy heights of sacrifice.

But she must follow truth and right,
For truth and right they guide her still.

Like hoarsons on the distant hill,
Or trumpets calling through the night,
The night shall pass; and she behold
Above her, at the break of day,
The Hand that led her on her way,
Outstretched in mercy as of old.

Not All Rights True.
I believe that it is a fine conception

of the true patriotic spirit. Not all that figures as patriotism rings true. There is a type of so-called patriotism which is intent only on personal profits to be made out of a time of war, and in the enjoyment of security and growing advantages ignores the solemn purpose of the conflict, and scarce gives a thought to shattered lives, and crippled limbs, and desolated homes, and the captivity almost worse than death or wounds.

There is another type that uses the war as a pretext for every excess of folly and extravagance, of wastefulness and self-indulgence, and pleads in excuse that relief is needed from the strain and gravity of war conditions.

The True Patriot.

The true patriot is one whose heart is fixed upon his country's highest welfare. For her sake he shrinks not from any sacrifice. The question that thrills him is not what can I get out of my country, but what can I give for her.

There are thousands of mothers and wives and sweethearts who have given and lost their dearest, and now are an example and an inspiration to the fellow-countrymen by the fortitude, the firmness, the intense reality of their love for their country glorified by suffering and grief.

Great Britain will to-day also be offering her thanksgiving in remembrance for the splendid comradeship of the American Republic. Her whole-hearted interposition is the greatest event of the last twelve months. In a true sense it is the greatest event in the world's history, that a whole continent should arise in an armed conflict, urged, not by motives of self-interest but in the cause of righteousness.

Lord Bryce has said, "Nothing but Christianity can eventually secure the world's peace." You approve; but do you believe it?

This solemn Remembrance Day emphasizes the same thought. We are to take our religion sincerely for daily life. Before the war, men thought it fine and clever to try and do without it. The agony of the war has revealed the barrenness of Mammon worship and the hollow sham of modern counterfeit cults.

And while to-day we are praying that during the coming twelve months there may be restored to the world the blessing of peace, let us be on our guard against the old pagan idea that God is one who safely may be forgotten in prosperity and remembered in trouble. God is with us at all times. Shall not the tragedy of this four years' continuous agony have compelled us to understand how God pleads with us; how slow we have been to realize the Divine call to service, the Christ-like glory of sacrifice, the power of the unseen and the spiritual value of religion. Why have the King and Queen, the Peers and the Representatives of the people, the Houses of Parliament, the greatest and the simplest, been joining in worship with us to-day? They and we feel the need of God in our lives. We confess how far astray we have gone. We come back in our weakness and danger, as we shall in the hour of death, to the thought of the Cross of Christ. We pray to be brought back into the old paths. We have gone after other gods—pleasure and money and self-indulgence, frivolous distractions and wealth. And we are guided back by a way of suffering to seek the God of our salvation in truth and purity, in practical love of our fellow-men, in willing service for others.

Two Ideals in Collision.

There are, I believe, now in collision two ideals, that of Paganism and that of Christianity. There is no alternative civilization. The spirit of Paganism was in the old days denounced by the Hebrew prophets. It is typified in the figures of Assyrian kings which you can see cut out in the imperishable marble of the monuments. See there the monarchs, depicted in more than mortal stature, seated on their thrones while before them 'dilettante processions' of tortured captives of subjugated races, to gratify their insatiable love of despotism and their arrogant confidence in the superior civilization of a more mighty military organization. There is no difference between the Sennacherib of Nineveh, the Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, Frederick of Prussia, the Napoleon Bonaparte of France, and the Wilhelm of Berlin. They embody the same debased appeal to selfish violence as the test of true greatness.

My brethren, we follow another ideal. It is that of the Cross of Christ. His emblem is on our country's banner. The Cross of St. George, the Cross of St. Andrew, the Cross of St. Patrick are blended in one. The flag of our country stands for suffering in behalf of the weak. It stands for sacrifice in resistance of the strong. It stands for the blood of our fathers, and it has become hallowed for us to-day by the blood of our brothers who have laid down their lives for their homes and yours, and for the overthrow of the world-empires of materialistic force. The Cross stands for a more enduring world than that for which the German Kaiser has plunged the populations of the globe into mourning and misery. Suffering is not God's last word. It was not for Christ Himself. It shall not be for us.

My friends, right is right, and wrong is wrong. Four years do not alter it. Difficult as it may be for those who do not know Germany and German institutions to realize, yet it is, in my belief, indisputable that a wrong peace hastily made now would lead in a few years to a more terrible conflict and, too probably, to the piecemeal destruction of European liberties by an enemy who has never ventured to trust its people, and whose bureaucratic rule is militarism transported into municipal control, lowering social life and invading the liberties of private citizenship.

Our brothers have died. Their sacrifice must not have been made in vain. Their blood cries to us from the soil of France and Flanders, from the rocks of Gallipoli and Salonica, from the sands around Gaza and Baghdad, of Palestine and Mesopotamia, and its cry is: Finish the work that we have gladly died to begin.

The Debt We Owe.

And as I say this, I am impelled to ask whether the country realizes its debt of gratitude to our ordinary seamen of the Fleet and to the privates and N.C.O.'s of the Army? For four years they have been incomparable, risking all, enduring all, tough, good-humoured, patient, valiant. They are earning their modest wage; they are not striking in order to take advantage of the people's difficulties. There is no special gala day, no flag day for them. They are taken for granted, condescendingly patronized. They have borne the brunt of it all. A few days' leave is their best reward, just a glimpse of home, and then back again to the weary succession of war's horrors by day and night, in sight and sound and smell, with frequent loss of friends, with utter weariness, and cold and wet, drowned in mud, choking with dust, and covered with filth indescribable.

It is Remembrance Day. I think of the ordinary sailor and the common soldier, and I say to you, as you look back over the four years, remember

We Pray Thee.

Yes; let them bide with us awhile, Who've prayed for them throughout the years; Who've staid upon our yearning hearts Their orphaned memory with our tears.

The old gray mother bent with toll, The sister, blands, you'll let them stay; They are our long desired guests, We want them home for Christmas Day.

But deem us not forgetting quite The homes bereft of stalwart men Who bravely marched into the fight And may not e'er return again.

There lifts a mound by many a glen In France and Flanders far away That hold the laughter and the light That cheered a home on Christmas day.

And yet, more anxiously we pray For those who bide—this we love so dear: Ah! blame us not, 'tis love we own And not the coward streak of fear!

How can we help when they are near, With all our hearts to bid them stay? Hark! a woman's prayer, and let Our boys remain for Christmas day.

Oct. 4th, 1918. NELL.

these men. Remember them in your gratitude for their consummate self-sacrifice, in your thanksgiving for their heroic spirit. Remember them in prayer for their preservation, for their reward in victory, and for their restoration to their homes. Remember them in your own supplication that as their brothers and sisters and I may by God's grace not altogether fall short of their high example in simple single-hearted patriotism and in self-sacrificing service.—The Canadian Churchman.

Barber's Itch

Annoying, isn't it? But you can soon get rid of this form of eczema by applying Dr. Chase's Ointment after shaving.

This soothing ointment heals the irritated skin and keeps it soft and pliable. By its antiseptic influence it prevents the spreading of skin trouble.

You will not suffer from tenderness of the skin if you apply Dr. Chase's Ointment after shaving. It acts as a food for the skin, keeping it smooth and velvety.

"Ethie's" Report.

(Western Star.)

About 50 schooners were at Assizes Harbor on the way southward when the Ethie was there last week inward bound. The Ethie reached Curling on Wednesday shortly after noon. Capt. English reports Sagoons arrived at Battle Harbor on Sunday, going north; and the Seal left there Saturday northward bound. Cod continues plentiful on Labrador from Red Bay northward, but weather has been rough for operations. No cod west of Pinware. Herring plentiful from West St. Modeste to Cape Charles. Some few squid and a sign of cod about Port au Choix and St. John's Bay.

Nine doctors, medical students and nurses from the Grenfell hospitals at Battle Harbor and St. Anthony, and several other passengers came by the Ethie.

The ship sailed for the Belle Isle Straits again on Friday evening.

A Stubborn Cough Loosens Right Up

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, whooping cough, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get 16 ounces—a family supply—of quick better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway Pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "3½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't expect anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Flying side panels are especially attractive on trucks of heavy material. A charming coat is of sea-green velour, and is lined with beige velour.

Some of the heavy top-coats have fish-like collars that end at the belt.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

Pears' Soap

Good morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?

A. & F. PEARS LTD., LONDON.

Convoy Orders. Canned Salmon. Siam Does Its Bit

The convoy system is now an integral part of our naval policy, but it is only after much effort and considerable experience that it has been possible to bring it to its present efficient state. Credit is due not only to the Navy, which escorts our shipping, but also to the masters of the merchant ships which form the convoys, as without implicit obedience on their part and a thorough understanding of what is expected of them, the value of the escort's protection would be much reduced.

An important part of a convoy's organization is the conference, which has been found invaluable and always necessary in the case of large ocean-going convoys. This conference is really a lecture which the master of each ship about to sail in the convoy has to attend in order to receive his instructions for outwitting "Fritz" during the forthcoming voyage.

Picture to yourself a smallish room with dirty whitewashed walls and a long deal table running down the centre. At one end is a raised platform facing a large blackboard covered with little discs; at the other is a small table littered with multifarious documents, guarded by a Naval Reserve officer.

Grouped round the table, some sitting, others standing, are about 40 masters of all ages; jovial-looking, fair-haired Swedes are mingled with tall and serious-looking Norwegians and Danes, while the remainder are obviously British. Some are attired in well-cut blue suits and "bowler" hats, others are content, with a suit of "reach-me-downs" and a muffler, but the stamp of the sea is clearly marked on each face.

A corner of the room contains the commanding officers of the escort vessels, and in front of the platform stand the port convoy officer and the senior officer of the convoy itself.

The port convoy officer, who is a captain R.N., mounts the platform and gives his audience the general instructions for the voyage. Each ship is assigned her place in the convoy, which is shown in miniature on the blackboard. Emergency signals are explained and the importance of darkening lights at night and keeping a good look-out by day are particularly emphasized. Most of the masters are "old hands" used to convoys and the orders are not new to them, but nevertheless not a word or a shuffle interrupts the lecturer.

All the neutral masters speak and understand English perfectly and have unbounded confidence in the Navy, which enables them to follow their livelihood with a daily increasing degree of safety.

For four years now these men have sailed in submarine and mine-infested waters with but little personal gain, knowing that their lives are in the balance on each voyage; but they never shrink from their work and carry on for the good of their own country and ours.

Notes are taken as the lecture proceeds, and finally the masters are asked if everything is quite clear and whether they have any questions to ask. One master is not quite certain of his procedure in the event of sighting a torpedo heading for his ship; this is at once explained to him. Another apologizes for dropping astern during a previous voyage, explains how he was let down by inferior coal and hopes he will be able to maintain the convoy speed in future.

The naval officers remain behind to discuss the final plans for the protection of the convoy at sea and the matters troop down to the dock-head wondering, perhaps what the approaching voyage has in store for them—a speedy reunion with their family or a sudden explosion and oblivion.—H.E.S., in Daily Mail.

Every Saturday evening after 7 o'clock, Choice Ends of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Pork will be sold at cost. ELLIS & CO., LTD., 203 Water Street.—nov25.

The canned salmon situation, as it develops, offers plenty of opportunity for conjecture as to the likely quantities to be available for civilian consumption this year. The government requisition has gradually been increased so that it now includes practically the entire pack, but it is questionable whether or not the entire pack, estimated at 7,500,000, can be used in feeding the army and navy if there is to be one ration of salmon per week during the year. The opinion seems to be logically taken that there will be an overplus of canned salmon for governmental purposes, and that considerable quantities will be available for domestic use. It would seem that 4,000,000 cases ought to cover the requirements of the army and navy, and that would leave 3,500,000 cases as the estimate given for other purposes. This is not the time to take too serious a view of the situation. There may yet be canned salmon for everybody, even if it is in smaller portions than in happier days.—N. Y. Fishing Gazette, September 25.

Our store is full of opportunities if you are looking to increase your savings account. Ladies' Fall and Winter Coats, \$17.50 to \$35.00. W. R. JOOBIE is just opp. Post Office.

Siam is not an important state but it is of sound heart. Fifteen months ago little Siam declared war upon Germany and Austro-Hungary. People read the announcement in the papers, perhaps smiled a bit at it, then forgot it. Siam did not forget that words without deeds count for little. Six weeks ago a force of Siamese troops landed at Marseilles and has now been joined by its commanding general and his staff. These eastern soldiers will soon be in the line against the enemy, adding that much more to the Allied strength. The assistance Siam is thus giving the Allies may not be great; a few thousand men make up the force; but it will be counted to the honor of the little eastern kingdom that what it could do against the foe of liberty was done. Siam is greater in spirit than mighty Germany.—Sydney Record.

Having purchased the greater portion of Mr. J. J. Strang's stock of Tweeds and Serges, we are now offering one of the finest stocks of Tweeds and pure Indigo Serges. See us about your next suit. SPURRELL the Tailor, 365 Water Street. sep24,eod,tif

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