The Lantern Exhibit

Quite a large gathering st night at Wesley Sunday om to see the Lanten E hown by Mr. James Vey. The were of an interesting chara were skilfully thrown on the Rev. H. Royle, as condu himself master of the diffic assigned him. The duet by Taylor and Halfyard, assisted Adey, was much enjoyed. Miss delighted all present with he swinging. During the interva ter Don Whiteway with his bhone added greatly to the candy. A hearty vole of than proposed and seconded by Campbell and Taylor to Mr. Ve H. Royle and the lady pe ing of the National Anthem

McMurdo's Store News

THURSDAY, Feb. 18, 1915 ng new arrivals we note Wo ury's Facial Powder-a cosm reputation. Without his powder as "the best ev would say that its popularity in United States and Canada is ptive evidence of its value. hat it well merits a trial. Price Acme Corn Silk is popular as a co

aure because it gives almost in relief, and because without any it is one of the most efficient of c cures. Easy to apply, no chance ourning the surrounding skin, low price, 10c. a pkg.

Reported Change

of Steamers. We understand that the Black Dia. ond Line steamers will disco unning in the Nfld, route and that eir ships will be engaged, at leas his season conveying the products the Sydney mines to British no lso it is said that another con re contemplating to run ste ere from Montreal in the su and from Boston in the winter will be remembered that the Bla nond Company lost two ship st year, the City of Sydney and Ca-

The domestic who appeared in the trate's Court yesterday charg stealing a sum of money and : ded, was arraigned bei ght again this forenoon. ded "not guilty" but from ce disclosed His Honour Wa ed that she was "guilty." He.n conviction aganist the (ended sentence. When His Honor had finished essing the domestic, she tul nd and pointing towards Cons Neill called out "stung."

fully clouded, oval shape; and others

in Black, assorted shapes. 32c

"Stung."

THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, FEBRUARY 18, 1915-11



DRESSES,

Values to \$22. Special \$10.

intercession. -1-4 (By Alfred Noyes.)

ow the muttering gun-fire dies, Now the night has cloaked the slain, Now the stars patrol the skies, Hear our sleepless prayer again! They who work their country's will, Fight and die for Britain still. Soldiers, but not haters, know Thou must pity friend and foe. Therefore hear. Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Thou whose wounded Hands do reach Over every land and sea— Thoughts too deep for human speec Rise from all our souls to Thee; Deeper than the wrath that burns Round our hosts when day returns; Deeper than the peace that fills All these trenched and waiting hills Hear, O hear, Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Pity, deeper than the grave. Sees, beyond the death we wield. Faces of the young and brave Hurled against us in the field. Canon-fodder! They must come. We must slay them, and be dumb; Slaughter, while we pity, these Most implacable enemies. Master, hear,

Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

They are blind, as we are blind, Urged by duties past reply. Ours is but the task assigned. Theirs to strike us ere they die. Who can see his country fall? Who but answers at her call? Who has power to pause and think When she reels upon the brink? Hear, O hear, Both for foe and friend, our prayer

Shield them from that bitterest lie Laughed by fools who quote their mirth.

When the wings of death go by And their brother shricks on earth. Though they clamp their hearts with steel.

Conquering every fear they feel, There are dreams they dare not tell, Shield, O shield, their eyes from hell. Father, hear, Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Where the naked bodies burn, Where the wounded toss at home, Weep and bleed and laugh in turn, Yes, the masking jest may come. Let him jest who daily dies, But O hide his haunted eyes. Pain alone he might control, Shield, O shield his wounded soul, Master, hear, Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Peace? We steel us to the end, Hope betrayed us long ago. Duty binds both foe and friend, It is owr to break the foe. Then, O God, that we might break This red Moloch for Thy sake, Know that Truth indeed prevails, And that Justice holds the scales. Hear, O hear, Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

The "New Idea"

