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NS, LTD.,
Dept. 'Phone 11.

"PACKETS OF XMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS.

cannot be found. All new designs
to suit all tastes and classes.

- Box of 12 Cards, only 5c.
- Box of 12 Cards, only 7c.
- Box of 12 Cards, only 10c.
- Box of 12 Cards, only 15c.
- Box of 12 Cards, only 20c.
- Box of 12 Cards, only 25c.
- Box of 12 Cards, only 30c.
- Box of 12 Cards, only 40c.
- Box of 12 Cards, only 50c.
- Box of 12 Cards, only 70c.
- Box of 12 Cards, only 80c.
- Box of 12 Cards, only \$1.00
- Pkt. of 12 Cards & Envelopes, \$1.20
- Box of 8 Cards & Envelopes, 25c.
- Box of 8 Cards & Envelopes, only 30c.
- Box of 10 Cards & Envelopes, 35c.
- Box of 10 Cards & Envelopes, 40c.
- Box of 10 Cards & Envelopes, only 45c.
- Box of 10 Cards & Envelopes, only 50c.
- Box of 10 Cards & Envelopes, only 60c.
- Box of 12 Cards and Envelopes, 70c.
- Box of 12 Cards and Envelopes, 80c.

A Choice Selection of
Cards and Calendars,
G.S. STAMPS and SEALS.
ICES TO WHOLESALE BUYERS.

S & Co., Ltd.,
SELLERS and STATIONERS.

News. Here and There.

Nov. 19, 1918.
A full stock
of two
of course a
one of the
Price 35

NOTICE—The G. F. S. Can-
didates will meet on Saturdays
at 11.30 a.m., at the Synod Hall,
Queen's Road.—Nov. 19, 11

AT GIBRALTAR.—Messrs. Bates,
Johnston & Co. received word today
that the schooner A. J. Stirling and
Lawson had arrived at Gibraltar and
proceeded up the Mediterranean.

NOTICE—The G. F. S. Rec-
ognition Room will open each even-
ing, from 7.30 to 10 o'clock, in the
Pupil Teachers' Home,
Queen's Road.—Nov. 19, 11

BORN.
On the 11th inst., a daughter to Mr.
and Mrs. John Miller, of Topsail.

you want Roast Beef,
Roast Mutton, Roast
Turkey, etc., etc.,
write to ELLIS.

ARRIVES.—The ex-
press is at 5 o'clock this morn-
ing.

COULD YOU risk a postage
stamp to learn more about
coffee?

BRAND COFFEE

How to make it? How to equal
the most famous chefs?

Perfect Coffee—Perfectly Made, write
to ELLIS.

Write for it.
MONTREAL

Sugar Problem.

of the business men in-
volved in the import of sugar for
the island at the Food Control
some thirty being
Mr. F. T. McGrath, who pre-
sented a message from
Washington stat-
ing that all dried fruits, ex-
cept apples and prunes, had
been placed under control
and then took up the
question.

A meeting was called a year
ago for the purpose of making
arrangements for sugar importations
and only nine business men had
been given to these men. In
the year 1917 only 2,500
barrels of sugar were imported
but only 2,500 barrels were
taken. In February an
offer of 2,000 barrels was made
and 600 were placed, the plea
being that the sugar was cheap
and that it was not worth
the trouble of getting it. Now we
can get but 2,000 barrels
monthly from the States, while
the demand has practically
doubled. The fact, even now we are
almost twice as much in pro-
cess as the people in the States
besides molasses. The de-
mand should not be so great
and the government should
observe the conservation
of sugar. Dealers, moreover, should
be charged an exorbitant
price when competition was keener.
The complaints of the dealers
for their trade, but
the sugar is going in a mystery
land. It has been charged
that dealers are selling sugar
who are not regular custom-
ers to get their trade, and
it is alleged that others refuse
to sell at the same time. It is
said that a rationing or card sys-
tem have to be adopted. Every
one is being made to distribute the
sugar to the best advantage of
the island. A general complaint was
made that the sugar was not
sufficient to supply the
demands of their customers.
Mr. Steer that he had
charged 30 cents per barrel over
the price will be required to do
so. No one present could give
any reason for a lengthy discus-
sion was decided to leave the whole
in the hands of the Board, who
are to be doing their best under
the circumstances. The shortage was
caused by some to the fact that
the sugar was not being used
more than ever before and that
the full amounts allow-
ed were being purchased from more than one
source, thus depleting the stocks. The
supply of 2,000 barrels per
month is guaranteed for an indefinite
period.

Arrested for Vagrancy.

A 16-year-old lad named Gilling-
ham, of Deep Mr. French Shore, was
arrested last evening by Detective
Whelan for vagrancy. For over a
week he had been wandering around
aimlessly, like our Premier, and
had no friends in the city. He will be
looked after by the authorities until
his relatives can be communicated
with.

City Club Celebrates.

The members of the City Club held
a big meeting of their members last
night to celebrate the signing of the
armistice. The celebration of smokes
was presided over by the President,
Mr. H. E. Cowan. The chief speak-
ers of the evening were Mr. W. B.
Grieve, O.B.E., the French Consul
Suzor and U. S. Consul Benedict;
while the following made the time
more pleasant by entertaining those
present with vocal selections: Capt.
Campbell, M.C.; C. H. Hutton, F. J.
King, C. Trapnell, T. H. Griffiths, M.
Bidel, G. W. B. Ayre, A. Williams and
T. P. Halley. After a most enjoyable
evening the celebration was closed by
singing the National Anthem.

Is This Neglect?

The sea captains sailing both to
and from this port want to know why
it is that the weather proba. are not
now forwarded on to Cape Race, as
was done formerly. Instead of re-
ceiving this valuable information they
are informed that the Cape has not
received a report. If this is due to
negligence, let the master be in-
vestigated at once. In the meantime
continue the service, which is of in-
calculable value to mariners.

Posthumous Honor.

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir,—A message has been re-
ceived from the Pay and Record Of-
fice, London, stating that the late
Capt. Rupert W. Bartlett, M.C. and
Bar, has been made a Cavalier of the
Order of the Crown of Italy by the
Government of Italy.
Yours faithfully,
J. R. BENNETT,
Minister of Militia.

Hr. Grace Notes.

Thanksgiving Services were held in
the different churches yesterday in
connection with the peace after war
that we are now enjoying.

The S. S. Flash arrived on Satur-
day evening from the north with a
load of lumber for the Shipbuilding
Company.

The Epidemic.

Miss Isa Whitman, daughter of Mr.
J. A. Whitman left town on Thursday
last for Halifax, where she will be
married to ex-Sgt. Arthur Webber,
M.M. of the Royal Nfld. Regiment.
The best wishes of all their friends
accompany this popular young cou-
ple along the matrimonial way.

The schr. Saffron, Capt. Sheridan, is
now landing a cargo of coal at the
public wharf.

Potatoes are now selling in town
at \$4.00 a barrel. Nearly all the
varieties grown here this summer have
now been sold, the price realized
being \$2.00 per barrel.

The sad news was received by wire
yesterday by the family of the late
Michael Tobin, of Stretton's Hill, that
their brother, Pte. John Tobin, of the
C. E. F., had been killed in action in
October. John Tobin before leaving
here worked as foreman carpenter
with his Lordship Bishop March, and
was one of those young men that to
know was to admire and love. We
had the pleasure of knowing him, and
we take this opportunity of expressing
our regret for his early death and our
sincere sympathy with the bereaved
brothers and sisters.

The Ladies of Christ Church will
hold their annual Sale of Work on
Wednesday and Thursday in the
Church Hall, Harvey Street.

Mr. James Gorman, the local super-
intendent of the U. T. E. Company,
has just been appointed general super-
intendent in place of Mr. H. F. Strapp,
who owing to poor health resigned his
position, and returned to Boston,
where he hopes his health will im-
prove. We wish Mr. Gorman much
success.

The C. of E. Parsonage, South Side,
is now being fitted up for Rev. Mr.
Cracknell, the new incumbent. Rev.
Mr. Cracknell is to be married in the
near future to Miss Wills, of St.
John's. We tender our congratu-
lations in advance.

Personal.

Rev. Charles Lench of Bonavista is
in town and will spend a few days
with his friends.

The Greatest Bargains In Our History.

Our Annual Fall Sale is Now On

We are offering Exceptional Values in

Ladies' Coats and Men's Suits

and will mention the following reductions:

Ladies' Coats at	Men's Suits at
\$ 9.50; now \$ 8.00.	\$12.50; now \$10.00.
16.50; now 13.90.	16.50; now 14.00.
21.00; now 18.00.	19.50; now 16.00.
29.50; now 26.00.	25.50; now 23.00.
35.00; now 30.00.	32.00; now 28.00.
40.00; now 34.00.	39.00; now 34.00.

These Ladies' Coats are of the very latest design and up-to-date in style and finish.

Made with Military Collar, Belted and Patch Pockets, and are extra good value at above figures.

The Gent's Suits are of the best material, well finished, and come in Pinch and Plain Backs and Kitchener Styles.

Our Ladies' Costumes are a clearing lot in Serge only, and at prices ranging from \$12.00 to \$25.00.

We are showing a full line of Ladies' and Gent's Boots and Shoes, Sweater Coats and Jerseys, Blouses and Skirts, Men's Shirts and Pants, all at specially marked down prices.

Make your purchases early, you will then have a much larger selection to choose from.

English & Am. Clothing Co.,

312 Water Street.

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THE LAW REQUIRES

That You Deliver 49 Pounds of
Approved Substitute with each
Barrel of Wheat Flour.

You Must Obey.

QUALITY OAT FLOUR is an
Approved Substitute which
You Can Buy in 49 lb. sacks from

Ayre & Sons, Ltd.,
Jas. Baird Ltd.,
Bishop Sons & Co., Ltd.,
C. P. Eagan, T. J. Edens,
Monroe & Co.,
Royal Stores, Ltd., J. D. Ryan and
Steer Brothers.

Look for the Brand-Quality.

Colin Campbell, Ltd., Distributors.

Correspondent.
Hr. Grace, Nov. 13, 1918.

Out of Uniform.

One of the queerest experiences of
the war has been my return to mufli.
A day or two ago, from the dark-
est region of a "stored" trunk, I re-
suscitated a pre-war mufli suit, and
the appurtenances thereto, donning
same with all my old skill, but with a
sheepish feeling of masquerade.
It was not until evening I summed
up courage enough to venture forth
as an ordinary civilian. Even then I
could not get rid of an uneasy suspi-
cion that at any moment I might
feel the hand of a P.M. or A.P.M. heavy
upon my shoulder. It gave me a naus-
ty sense of furtiveness that was most
disconcerting.

Near one of the great terminal a
Canadian Tommy stopped me uncer-
moniously. "Say, which is the way to
Piccadilly?" For a moment my blood
seethed. Where was the deferential
manner to which I had been accus-
tomed? Why was not a respectful hand
raised to the cap-peak? I was about
to utter a curt and cutting reprimand
when a reflection in the glass of a
shop opposite fixed my attention.
There I saw a man in a grey suit, grey
Homburg, and socks with gay clocks.
Who was it?

The man in the glass was myself!
It was a terrible shock. I was no longer
entitled to extreme deference. Dis-
cipline did not demand that hands
should be raised at my approach. It
was a small thing, but it brought home
more forcibly than many a bigger
thing could have done my sudden
change of "style," and status.

Further on, I passed a group of offi-
cers. They were chatting and laugh-
ing. I knew one of them intimately,
but I passed by absolutely unnoticed.
A sudden spasm of loneliness gripped
me. Not till that moment had I realized
I was irrevocably cut off from the
"knack-knack" brotherhood, whose
freemasonry had warmly cherished
me for so long.

Not only so, but there is my loss of
prestige with shop-people, especially
women, bus-conductresses, and lady
lift-attendants. In the days of uni-
form I was sure to be met more than
half-way with a smile, and the evi-
dent desire to do my best with as
little delay as possible.

A mufli rig, without wound-stripes
or discharge badge—those honorable
advertisements I have not yet been
able to bring myself to don—immedi-
ately breeds suspicion in the femi-
nine breast. I had hoped my limp
would have disarmed criticism until
such time as the war was over, and
we would all be civilians together
once more. I must plead guilty to
accentuating this leg trouble of mine
in the sheer hope of pleasing the
feminine branches of his Majesty's
War Services, but up to the present
it has had no effect whatever.

The girl behind the counter glances
up from the parcel she is tying up for
the last customer. She sees in front
of her a healthy-looking male in a gay
grey suit, with damaged leg invisible.
Invariably her gaze shifts automati-
cally. "Yes, sir? What can I do for
you?" She is speaking over my right
shoulder, ignoring me entirely. There
is no need to turn. I have already
caught sight of a bit of drab whip-
cord. Ignominiously I "fall back,"
and get served when "Madame" wills
—if I have patience left to wait.

No, returning to mufli has not been
my pleasantest experience of the war.
The only compensation I can find in
it at all is a small one.
I can keep my coat unbuttoned in
the hot weather at last!—Ex.

"Over the Edge."

Never in the world's history has
the sea held such horrors and un-
known dangers; never has there
been such countless maritime dis-
asters and never has the "List of
Missing" been so tragically over-
crowded. Ships sail from harbour,
and are seen to go "over the edge."
After that some of them pass beyond
the edge of all things, for they are
never heard of again. They leave no
trace, no sign to show by what means
they met their fate; no survivor
comes home to tell the tale.

It is, with some disasters, as if the
sea opened up its cavernous depths and
sucked the ship and all aboard down
under without time to appeal to any
human aid. An instance of these
mysterious happenings at sea is re-
corded by the Secretary of the Uni-
ted States Navy, who recently ordered
the collier Cyclops to be struck off the
Navy register and the claims arising
from the loss of the crew to be paid.
The fate of the ship will always re-
main a mystery. She was last report-
ed at Barbados on April 4th last on
her way from South America to the
United States.

Only Supposition.
Popular belief holds that she en-
countered a cyclone, the force of
which sent her to her doom. Fifteen
officers, 221 crew, and sixty passen-
gers perished in this unfathomable cat-
astrophe.

Advantage of Good Copy.

We profit much by reading "Hints
to Operators." Wouldn't it be quite
the most wonderful thing that ever
happened to an operator to have some
employees do the utmost. An editor
has just two elegans for his operator.
—"speed" and accuracy," and then
nine times out of ten falls down on
the job himself.

To have the rural correspondence
re-edited is beyond an operator's wildest
dream! It is done in a few places,
but not in the average small-town
daily shop. On comes the copy week
after week, year after year, written
with a hard lead-pencil on soft paper,
and with a soft lead-pencil on hard-
finished paper; written on the backs
of printed advertising letters, crop
reports, weather reports; on old led-
ger sheets with blue lines running
across and red lines running up and
down and the written items betwixt
and between; written on big, little,
long, and wide sheets—in fact one
never knows just how many styles of
paper there are until the rural notes
arrive.

I worked in a shop once where \$1.00
a column was paid for "Bill Jones
and family took dinner with the Han-
kess Sunday noon," and I used to won-
der why the management did not sit
up and take notice. In a string of
items from one district I found the
phrase "and they sure had a good
time" occur on an average of six
times each week, until I longed to at-
tend their parties and spoil their op-
timism.

But think of paying for a repetition
like that of fifty-two weeks a year,
and—oh well, figure it out for your-
self! Wouldn't it be "shop efficiency"
to furnish uniform-size paper, advise
using a pen instead of lead-pencil,
and each correspondent a printed
slip with information of what real
news is and a few hints on how to
write it, and then manipulate the blue
pencil generously until each corre-
spondent grasps the idea?

But the country correspondent isn't
half as bad as the small-city scribbler.
Contributor! And right here is where
the newspaper office policy could do
some excellent missionary work, be-
sides cutting down on the expense ac-
count. Copy reaches the operator's
desk in every conceivable manner.
Here's a Ladies' Aid notice written in
such fine delicate lines you make a
good guess at the date and hour, be-
cause they usually meet on Wednes-
day afternoon at 2.30, but the hostess'
name is non-committal. The "—" looks
like "H," the "u" like "v," the "e"
like "g" and so on until you've
created a name that looks and acts
like a Bolshevik. Next you pick up
a lodge notice written on an envelope.
You don't mind that so much, but it is
written across and over an old ad-
dress until you see double. Then comes
the rainbow parade—Alice
blue, Helen pink, Irish green, and
deep yellow paper, and if the news
happens to be written with a purple
typewriter ribbon the case of blind
staggerers is acute! I knew of an op-
tician who always brought in his lo-
cals on orange-colored paper, written
with violet ink. Honest! The miller-
er brought in a five-line local on the
grand-opening date, written on a pa-
per hat-bag; a merchant sent in bar-
gain-sale locals written on heavy
wrapping-paper; and, it's a fact, I've
had readers on some farm auction
sale to set, and the copy came to me
just as it had left the job room. How
was I going to place a 24 x 18 sheet
bill on an 8 x 7 copy pan and read the
article without the sheet sticking
either into the first elevator or the
friction wheel? I simply solved the
problem by putting it down on the
floor like an oriental rug, where the
72, 48, and 18 point lines could be
easily read, and then proceeded with
my work.

And all this gets by the copy-pusher
in the front office, while one grows
dizzy watching the electric light meter
go round and round. And then, just
as a fellow gets ready to quit the job,
along comes the city editor's dope,
double spaced, on paper just the right
size, written on a 12-point face type-
writer, and the easy-reading Associ-
ated Press news, and the local report-
ers' neatly typewritten copy, and first
thing you know you're rolled up seven
lines every minute, besides dumping
and feeding the pigs; and you think
you've got a pretty good job after all!

That's just the difference between
good and bad copy furnished one op-
erator on a night shift.—Della Dun-
ham, Rapid City, S.D.

Personal.

Rev. Charles Lench of Bonavista is
in town and will spend a few days
with his friends.