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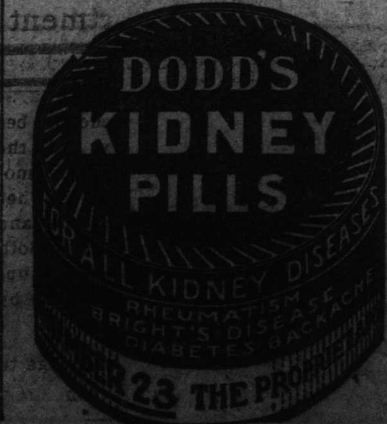
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anecdotes of Henry Ward Beecher

Beecher's Retort.

Beecher once received the following letter:
Dear Sir,—I journeyed over from New York hotel yesterday morning to hear you preach, expecting, of course, to hear an exposition of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Instead, I heard a political harangue, with no cohesion in it. You made use of yourself.
That's to the point," commented Beecher with a smile; and then, turning himself at his desk, he turned the sheet over and wrote:
My Dear Sir,—I am sorry you



could have taken so long a journey to hear Christ preached, and then heard that you are polite enough to call a political harangue. I am sorry, too; that you think I made an ass of myself. In this connection I have but one consolation: that you didn't make an ass of yourself. The Lord did that.
A Temperance Story.
Beecher was attacked for preaching temperance and drinking beer at his own table. He did not mind, but his friends urged him to answer the charge. He refused. "Friend," a good fellow," he said.
"But he ought to be broadened," persisted the friends.
"Well, now," said Mr. Beecher, "that isn't always possible. For instance," he continued, as that intangible merry twinkle came into his eyes, "some time ago Friend—criticized me for something I had

said. I thought he ought not to have done so. He persisted, and I felt the only way to treat him was as I would an unruly child. So I just took hold of him, laid him face down over my knee, and proceeded to impress him as our fathers used to do of old. And do you know, I found that the Lord had not made a place on him for me to lay my hand upon." And in the laughter, which met this rally, Mr. Beecher ended with, "You see, it isn't always possible to broaden a man."
There is going to be a big sale of Cotton and Wool Blankets this week at BISHOP'S. Keep your eye on their Dry Goods Department windows for quality and prices.
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Grove Hill Bulletin.

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J. G. McNEIL.

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Pink, White and Green.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—With your permission I would like to reply to my learned friend, and gentlemanly opponent, Mr. G. W. B. Ayre, B.A., President of the Newfoundland A.A.A. I wish to thank him for his complimentary remarks to myself. But, Sir, I want to come to the point of my contention regarding the colours of Newfoundland, and its make-up of pink, white and green. In my last letter I stated some cold facts to prove that our men should wear these colours and now, Sir, I am going to give some more which can be proven. When His Gracious Majesty King George V. and Her Gracious Majesty Queen Mary visited our Island home as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, the children from all the schools sang "The Flag of Newfoundland" and waved the Pink, White and Green in the Prince of Wales Rink in 1897. If you will make inquiries you will find that on another occasion a gallant son of Newfoundland, who was born at Brigus, was given a dinner in his honor at New York by some ladies and gentlemen of the land of their birth—Newfoundland—and he was presented with a silk flag by the daughter of a Newfoundlander. The colour of the flag was pink, white and green. This took place previous to the sailing of the S.S. Roosevelt with Admiral Peary and he was asked to plant it in the Far North.

And still more. If you remember the home-coming of the great U.S. Admiral Dewey, there was in that parade another Newfoundlander. His name was Mr. McGinn, brother of Mr. Patrick McGinn of the East End Fire Station, this city. He too, was presented with a silk handkerchief of pink, white and green by the Newfoundlanders of New York, as a token of their esteem for him as a Newfoundlander. Now, Sir, when the Old Home Weekers made their visit to the land of their birth in 1904, they, too, wore the colours of Newfoundland, Pink, White and Green. Mr. Ayre says that black and white is typical of our race and I say it is not, and it is illogical of him to contend that it is. When I am speaking of Newfoundland I do not mention either Orange or Irish. It is not that, it is Newfoundland Colours. I shall now treat you to a Poem that was written by the late lamented M. A. Devine, and on the cover of the Cabot Number you will find it.

OUR FLAG.

In ancient days, so hoary legends run,
The spirit of the Mighty Deep arose
And gazed upon our island in repose,
"Nearer the first kisses of the morning sun,
Here shall in after years brave deeds be done,
When men shall have the billows for their foes"
And go to battle with the icy seas.
And here 'ere yet their history has begun,
I'll weave their banner from the morning scene,
The pink foreground by the sunlight made
Shall join the background of the hill-side green.
Then pure snow shall be the center shade
And thus he spoke and vanished from the scene—
Long wave our banner of Pink, White and Green.

And if those Newfoundlanders who reside in foreign lands thought so much of their Native colours, then surely we, of our Island Home, should also think the same and see to it that when going to compete in Halifax or anywhere else it is not black and white to wear, but for Newfoundlanders the pink, white and green. As a native of the country my colors are pink, white and green, no matter what others say or think. I shall always uphold it. I shall now close my discussion on this subject and leave it to the general public to judge between black and white or pink, white and green. Hoping that my fellowcountrymen will return victorious, and that our champion runner, Jack Bell will honour his native country by wearing Pink, White and Green. I now leave the subject to some able pen than mine. Thanking you for so much space, I remain, Mr. Editor,

Yours truly,

E. J. WHITTY.

Sept. 23, 1921.

NOTE.—(So far as the Telegram is concerned, this correspondence, which after all is only personal, must now cease.—Editor.)

Brick's Tasteless can be purchased at J. Brown's Grocery Store, Cross Roads, West End. Price \$1.20 per doz. Postage 20c. extra.—sept 15/21

What is a Spudget?

Many curious words are in common use in this country, particularly in the outports. In Bonaville Bay especially the word "spudget" is used, and many are inclined to think it is of local origin. In Cartwright's Diary, published in 3 volumes, about the year 1750, and now very rare, the word occurs frequently, and is used to indicate the long handled scoop used in baiting out a boat. "Tailing a trap" is an expression much in local parlance. This expression is also used many times by Cartwright in his Diary, and probably originated amongst the men from the West of England, or Ireland, who in these far off days came out to fish or hunt on Labrador. The word means to set or bait a trap.

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