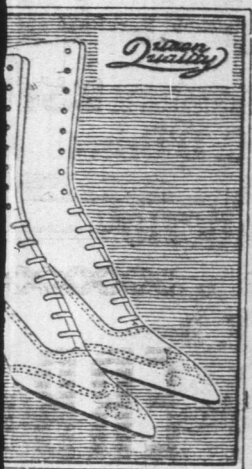
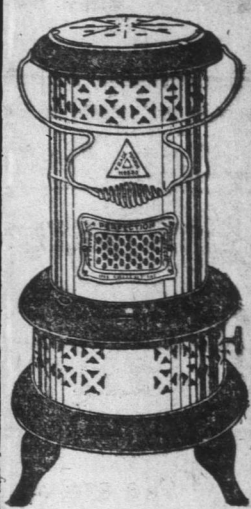


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CIE JOHNSON,
Insurance Agent.

W. V. Drayton.

Complete
New Stock of

Pianos

All High-Class

Player Pianos,
Pianos & Organs

We are offering them at prices which
will appeal to every dollar saver. Terms
as usual made to suite purchasers.

W. V. Drayton,
256 Water St.

HERRING NETS

IN STOCK

TARRED and BARKED

ALL SIZES.

A. E. Hickman & Co.,
Ltd.

WARNER'S
Rust-Proof Corsets!

The value in Warner's
Rust-proof Corsets has al-
ways been one of their fea-
tures. That is why we are
able to guarantee them to
you.

Our new models have ar-
rived and among them are
unusual values, in the lat-
est fashion lines such as
are here shown for aver-
age figures.

We have also many spe-
cially recommended styles
for stout figures and slen-
der—all guaranteed not to
"RUST, BREAK or TEAR".



Price from \$2.00 pair up to \$5.50.

Marshall Bros

Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

Advertise in The Telegram

That Marine Tragedy.

Survivors Story Not Believed --
England's Building Problem.

SURVIVORS STORY.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 17.
A tragic tale of the seas was un-
folded here to-day by four survivors
of the British schooner Onato pick-
ed up while drifting helplessly sever-
al hundred miles from the shore by
the American steamship Zirkel. The
survivors, all from Newfoundland, say
that the captain of the Onato, James
Brushia, and his brother Ernest, first
mate, were crushed to death by the
shifting of the ship's cargo. Stories,
however, do not agree with those told
by Captain Sullivan, master of the
Zirkel, which arrived here today and
all four men were locked up at Glou-
cester Immigration Shed on charges
of mutiny, and also of having killed
the captain of their ship and his
brother the mate. They will be turned
over to the British Consul. Capt.
Sullivan declared that when he drew
near the schooner, he plainly could
see what appeared to be a general
fight raging upon the little craft's
deck amidships, and that one of his
officers said he heard what he believed
to be pistol shots. Survivors Douglas
Nicholl, Thomas Moulton, Lorenzo
Ash and Ernest Frizzard all told vir-
tually the same story, except as to
some details, which the authorities
said were conflicting. They declared
the officers met an accidental
death while the entire schooner's com-
pany of six were battling to save the
craft during a terrific gale. Captain
Brushia and his brother, they said,
went below deck to look after the
cargo and were crushed to death when
it shifted. The crew of the Zirkel
first sighted the Onato about 10.45 o-
clock on the night of October 8th,
when about three hundred miles due
east of Newfoundland. (The name
Brushia should read Brushett. Both
belonged to Burin.)

NEWS FROM SOUTH RUSSIA.

LONDON, Oct. 17.
The latest authoritative news regard-
ing South Russia is that Gen. Deno-
kine's army on the extreme left had
taken Chernigov and advancing
northward along the east bank of the
Dnieper towards Gomel, on the right
they have crossed the Don on a two
hundred mile front. Everywhere it
is driving back the Bolsheviks. In
East Russia the Bolshevik forces owing
to great demands elsewhere are
compelled to adopt purely defensive
tactics.

SHORT OF BRICKS.

LONDON, Oct. 17.
(Reuter's Despatch.) — Lecturing
before the Society of Architects, Sir
Charles Ruthen, member of the Coun-
cil produced figures as to the country's
housing needs showing that even if
the output of bricks increased 250 per
cent, it would be some fifteen or
twenty years before the present short-
age would be overtaken. At present
time seven million people were im-
properly housed. The fact, he stated,
showed the impossibility of the pro-
duction of brick houses and the cry-
ing need of immediate use of wood in
building. He estimated that if the
housing problem is to be handled in
any degree satisfactorily during the
next five years a grand total of 1,044,-
000 houses must be erected or well
over 200,000 houses for each year.
Calculating 25,000 bricks to each
house this would mean five thousand
million bricks would be required each
year. To secure this amount two and
a half times the number of workmen
engaged in this industry before the
war must be found to meet the de-
mand.

THE DAILY DOPE

BY THE CUB-EDITOR

INDIFFERENCE.

Over my garden
airplane flew,
But nothing there
Either cared or knew.
Cabbage butterflies
Chased each other;
A young wren cried,
Seeking his mother.

Gay zinnias
With heavy heads
Flaunted yellows,
And mauves, and reds.

A humming bird,
On the late larkspur,
Never knew what
Went over her.

Crickets chirped,
And a blinking toad
Watched for flies
On the gravel road.

They don't care
How smart men are—
To go through heaven
In a flying car!

A HOPELESS CASE!

Passing a hand over his forehead,
the worried drill-sergeant paused for
breath as he surveyed the knock-
kneed recruit. Then he pointed a
scornful finger.
"No," he declared, "you're hope-
less. You'll never make a soldier.
Look at you now. The top 'alf of
your legs is standing to attention, an'
the bottom 'alf is standin' at ease!"

A WONDERFUL PLACE!

A worthy countryman, having come
to London for the day, was walking
down the street filling his pipe with
tobacco. He had just replaced his
pouch in his pocket when a boy ran
up to him and said:
"Matches, sir?"
The countryman took a match, lit
his pipe, gave the box back to the
boy, and passed on, remarking:
"What a wonderful place London
is!"

The column writer has a snap:
He never earns his pay;
He grabs a "flier" just like this
And gets six bones a day.

—Hastings (Neb.) Tribune.

When a sailor notices the deck
covered with dew he knows that his
ship is within 30 miles of land. Out-
side that distance dew is not depos-
ited.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

At an army mess for officers a First
Loot was served with two fried eggs.
As the eggs were a light green color
and smelled musty he called the
mess sergeant and said, "Sergeant,
I would like to see the cook who fried
these eggs, immediately."
"Sorry sir," answered the M.S.,
"but he was discharged three months
ago."

A MILLIONAIRE REPORTER.
Cornelius Vanderbilt, the million-
aire reporter of the New York Herald,

has opened a new era in journalism.
He explains that although he had
left his dress clothes at home, when
he went on a hunting trip in the Cana-
dian West, the committee of introduc-
tion absolutely insisted that he must
meet the Prince of Wales. Take
heart, ye brothers of ink! The time
will come when Kings and Emperors
will be glad to crowd into the re-
portorial sanctum and shake our
mighty hands, stained with the pen-
sive juice of the typewriter ribbon,
and although our evening suit may be
in lock and our second shirt in the
wash, we yet shall reign as welcome
guests at the homes of the rich and
proud. Boy, go down and get us five
cents worth of peanuts. We will give
you the nickel next week.

SHE KNEW HER PLACE.

One morning the "Black Maria"
arrived at the police court to take to
jail the prisoners who had been ar-
rested the night before. As they
fled into the van, the policemen were
very much amused to hear an old
woman who was the last of the string,
shout out to a young prisoner in the
van:
"Now, then, come out of there;
you've got my corner." Needless to
say, the old lady obtained her accus-
tomed seat. Then as the door was
closed and the policemen stepped up
behind, she put her face to the bars

T. J. EDENS,

151 Duckworth Street,
(Next to Custom House.)

5 ROSES FLOUR,
Pre-War Grade, barrels and
14 lb. sacks.

ROBIN HOOD,
Pre-War—barrels.

Wesson's Oil—for cooking,
Margarine,
Mell's Fresh Cakes—Plain and
Sultana,
Currants—Cleaned, Vostizias;
1 lb. ctns.
Durkee's Salad Dressing,
Green Peas—Ex sifted, tins, 20c.
tin.

New York Corned Beef,
Family Meat Forl,
Bologna Sausage.

FISH.

KIPPERED HERRING,
FINNAN HADDIE,
NEW SALT COD.

GREEN TOMATOES,
CRANBERRIES,
GRAPE FRUIT,
CAL. ORANGES,
BANANAS.

FRESH RABBITS,
FRESH COUNTRY EGGS.

T. J. EDENS,
151 Duckworth Street.

JUST IN:

A shipment of

BOVRIL,

Recommended for the sick room.

BISCUITS,
in Small Packages.

BUTTER CRACKERS, ARROWROOT, SOCIAL TEA, OYSTERETTES,
SALTYNE, TOKENS, ZWIEBAEK, OATMEAL, GRAHAM,
SARATOGA FLAKES, ROYAL LUNCH, VANILLA WAFERS,
CHOCOLATE CREAM BISCUIT, SODA CRACKER,
UNEP! A LUNCH, GINGER SNAPS.

AYRE & SONS, Limited

'Phone 11. Grocery Dept. 'Phone 11.

SCHOOL TIME NEEDS

"Teacher, I'm ready," is the boy's call to the opening of
school each week; and, mothers, they certainly need clothes
and boots to be ready with. Let us help you.

Hey Ma! Look Here!

School Boots
for Boys.



Nuther hole in my suit, Ma!
The ol' thing's all worn thin,
an' I can't help tearin' it!

Say, Ma! Can't we go down
't MILLEY'S STORE an' get
me a new suit? Gee! they've
got some dandies with belts,
an' everythin'—

Oh Goodie, Ma! Gee, I'm
tickled; an' I bet Skinny Smith
will be mad when I get a
peachy new suit! Won't he,
Ma?

There's a dandy new suit
here for him.

\$12.95 a suit.

Romping, rollicking young-
sters want to be out of doors
every possible minute. Give
them a pair of these boots and
let them go.

Made to withstand hard
wear and cold weather. Blu-
cher style, 6 holes with two
straps at top.

\$3.29 a pair.

MILLEY'S

It's the Delightful Whiteness and Lightness

of the Bread it bakes

that makes

'Windsor Patent'

so popular!

and said to them in delightfully dul-
cet tones, "Home, James."

Abodefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz. This
short word contains all the wisdom
of the world in its raw or unmanu-
factured state.

THE DAGGOE'S ROMANCE.
Receiving a shipment of stoves from
a Detroit firm, an Italian sent them
the following letter:

"Dear Sirs,—I received de stoves
which I by from you alright. But for
why don't you send me no feet?
Wat is de use of de stoves when he
don't have no feet? I am loose me
customer sure ting by not having feet
and 'dat's not very pleasant for me.
Wat is de matter wit you? You lose

me my trade and now I tell you dat
yo ware a blain fool and no good. I
send you back at wunce your stoves
to moore, for sure because you are
such a blain foolish people—your
respectful, Giovanni Gall, P.S.—
Since I rite this letter I find de feet
in de heaven so you need no send
dem. Excuse to me."

A LONG JOB.

It is something in these times to get
a novel view of the war. Two work-
men were discussing it, obviously
under the influence of a great deal
of unofficial news.

"It'll be an awful long job, Sam,"
said one.
"It will an' all," replied the other.

WILLING TO HELP.

"A quarter's worth of carbolic acid,
please," said the depressed looking
man.
"This is a hardware shop," said the
salesman, regretfully, "so we don't
handle it. But isn't there anything
I can do for you in our special lines
of ropes, razors and revolvers?"