

The True Peace Policy.

(Lloyd's Weekly News.)
 The situation in certain quarters of the Near East has been seized upon as an opportunity for a vitriolic attack on the British Prime Minister. In furtherance of this campaign a flood of irrelevant criticism has been let loose that the real point at issue is becoming more obscured.
 What we have to bear in mind is that the freedom of the Dardanelles at the Bosphorus is threatened by the actions of Kemal Pasha. With memories of 1914 still with us, it would be madness to suggest that freedom of those Straits is no longer of Great Britain. Not only is Britain affected, but the peace of the world would be jeopardized if the nation were allowed to command the Straits.
 The one who wants to fight. The world of Great Britain is suffering too grievously from the effects of the last war to want to take part in any other strife if it can possibly be avoided.
 Great Britain's policy is essentially one of peace, but the acceptance of peace at the moment, but inevitably a worse war in the near future. The world must be assured of peace, then, at the worst, naval and military measures become necessary, and that alone, is the true peace.
 Maximalism, the personal attacks on Lloyd George are as ridiculous as they are unjust. To suggest that a man with such a unique record of achievement in the interests of world peace and the restoration of Europe and the Premier possesses, after all, a "war monger," shows a lamentable misunderstanding of the ability of the British public.
 Handkerchiefs, dainty and useful at Cathedral Parish Bazaar.—Oct. 9, 11.

Anniversary of Big Gale.

ANY LIFTS AND VESSELS LOST ON LABRADOR.
 Today, Oct. 9, is the 55th anniversary of the great gale that date on Labrador, when thirty-seven lives and twenty-seven sailing vessels were lost. This date is also notable from the fact that Captain William Jackson was responsible for the rescue of twenty-seven persons, mostly sailors, from drowning at Gallant Head. It is said that this gallant effort brought the people, on his return from their wrecked vessels, a raging surf, to safety.
 On Friday next the anniversary of the Big Gale of Oct. 13, 1866 the Telegram will publish a most vivid and interesting description of this hurricane and loss of life from the pen of H. F. Shortis, Esq.

Come and be one of us at the U. F. Hall, Monday and Tuesday, 8.30-11.—Oct. 9, 10.

Confirmation at R. C. Cathedral.

SCHOOL CHILDREN OF THE PARISH ENROLLED.
 The sacrament of Confirmation was administered at the R. C. Cathedral yesterday afternoon to a large number of boys and girls, pupils of the different Catholic schools in the Cathedral Parish. The ceremony began at 10 a. m. The Archbishop being present, Rev. Mgr. McDermott and priests of the parish. At the conclusion of the ceremony his Grace addressed the young people on the value and importance of the sacrament.
 A good dinner deserves a good appetite, a bad dinner needs a good appetite. Let your choice be CUB.

Firemen Called Out.

VERY LITTLE DAMAGE DONE.
 The Central and West End fire alarms were called to the Cross Street at 12.30 p. m. to quench a blaze at the residence of Mrs. Saturday on Southside. The fire, which started in a chimney, was put under control before much damage was done. All out signal sounded at 12.40.

Prizes for the Kiddies at Cathedral Parish Bazaar.—Oct. 9, 11.

Fads and Fashions.

Insertions of pleated blouse from trim a velvet blouse in a...
 There is quite a vogue for that of silver in daytime and street...
 Black crepe de chine gown shows flowing sleeves tied at the...
 All kinds of black and colored velvet extremely good for fall and...
 One-piece dress of yellow crepe with a wide girde of crystal...
 Underwood Typewriter, \$155.00.

Don't Miss this Special Programme at the NICKEL!

The Picture Magnificent
Where is my wandering boy tonight?
 A dramatic thunderbolt that hits straight to the heart.
 The big, superspecial Photodrama of tears, smiles, pathos, joy and laughter.



SEE "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" and see in this giant drama of human hearts how beautiful and how wonderful is mother love—see the picturization of the age-old song—see Broadway after dark—see the broad line on the Bowery—see the tremendous head-on collision between two giant locomotives—see the back stage of a famous New York theatre—see the vamps and the chorus girls—and the lounge lizards—and the simple country folks—see this beautiful story of a mother and her wayward boy—direct from its successful Broadway run at the Criterion Theatre—TO BE SHOWN.

COMING—Elsie Ferguson in "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE," and Thomas Meighan in "CONQUEST OF CANAAN."

The Thrilling Railroad Smash-up

You'll see—

You'll see a terrific head-on collision between two locomotives, the most thrilling punch ever registered on the screen.
 You'll see—the famous New York Bowery after dark.
 You'll see the famous Bowery, the down-and-outers that crawl into the daily bread line.
 You'll see—a thrilling jail delivery in which a score of desperate convicts search their way to liberty.
 You'll see—Main Street, Broadway, dance halls, small cabarets, a little church, a mother and her wayward son, a country lass and a chorus girl.
 You'll see—the back stage of a New York theatre and what goes on there after performances.
 You'll see—how vamps lure their victims to ruin.
 You'll see a dancing cabaret scene finer than you've ever seen before. Glittering New York night life.
 You'll see—a wonderful Xmas Eve celebration.
 You'll see—small-town life as contrasted to the thrills of the throbbing metropolis.
 You'll see—underdressed women and over-dressed men in wild revelries.
 You'll see—never forget, based on the old song—"Where is my wandering boy tonight?"
 You'll see a tremendous heart-punch drama of smiles and tears, of joy and happiness, of pathos, poignancy, and the triumph of a mother's love.

Chanak and the Neutral Zone.

The two forts of Medjedieh and Chemlik, one mile apart, between them fifty or sixty comparatively modern houses and some twelve hundred houses in varying stages of ruin and dilapidation—bearing silent testimony of the skill of our naval gunners in 1915—and you have the town of Chanak, which bids fair to become an important place during the next few days.
 Situated on a hill behind Medjedieh for is the Florence Nightingale Hospital, which for the past two years, has been the home of the small British garrison, whose duty it had been to preserve law and order in the Sandjak of Chanak. How efficient this has been done can be realized by a visit to Medjedieh fort, where one sees a collection of two or three hundred of the most villainous-looking ruffians. They are Chettas, or Kernalist brigands, who have been captured by our patrols and are undergoing various terms of imprisonment.
 These Chettas have infested the Chanak area for the past two years, and have from time to time perpetrated the most terrible atrocities in the Greek and Armenian villages.
 The Sandjak of Chanak (i.e., the neutral Dardanelles zone), extends to the southwest as far as the town of Ezine, until lately occupied by Greek troops, but now occupied by the advance guards of Kemal. Ezine is thirty nine miles from Chanak, and there is a very good German metalled road adjoining them—no good, in fact, for that part of the world, that last year an enterprising Englishman started a motor car service between the two towns.
 But he found the Chettas too much for him, and had to abandon the enterprise.
 Travelling along this road from Chanak to Ezine one passes the ruins

Good Manners Needed in Modern Shopping.

In an old-time book on good manners, one of the first instructions given to the young woman when she shops is to remind her that it is not good form to "cheaper" the goods she wishes to buy. She may politely tell the salesman or the merchant that the price is too high, if it really is, and many make as if to go away; then, if the salesman sets a price she likes better, she may make the purchase, if she likes. This apparently is quite good form, but deliberately to dicker with the merchant was not considered worthy of a "perfect lady."
 It is unnecessary to remind women nowadays not to cheaper goods, because almost everywhere prices are fixed so that it would be impossible to cheaper if we wished to do so. But there are things that the shopper should bear in mind.
 It is very inconsiderate—and anything that is inconsiderate is bad form—to treat the salesman or saleswoman as if he or she were personally responsible for the fact that the goods offered are not what you want. Usually, the salesman has nothing whatever to do with the selection of goods, and to assume a sneering attitude to him because you do not like his wares is ridiculous.
 Very often we are tempted to feel personal resentment for the salesman because of the high price of the merchandise. When eggs went up to 80 cents a dozen, dark were the looks and unkind the remarks directed by many housewives at the grocer clerk who sold those eggs, just as if he had anything to do with the price of eggs.
 Some women have a habit of handling all goods they think of buying, and even some goods they have no intention of buying. To be sure, if you are selecting a piece of linen or silk you probably will need to appraise the texture of the various pieces of-

Ivory Islands.

While most people are aware that Spitzbergen, four hundred miles north of the coast of Norway, is rich in mineral, and that for some years past the coal has been mined from its cliffs in large quantities, the wealth of other far Arctic islands is by no means so familiar.
 Southampton Island, for instance, which lies in Hudson Straits, is covered with rocky hillocks rich in graphite and mica. Some years ago the whaler Active brought back a number of cases of these minerals. Graphite, the material more familiar to us as blacklead, is becoming scarce in the more temperate latitudes, and is very valuable.
 Gold and various precious stones, particularly amethysts, have been found in various islands off the coast of British North America, and further discoveries are certain to follow.
BONEY PARTS.
 But the treasure islands, par excellence, of the Far North are the New Siberian, with their startling stores of fossil ivory. Few stretches of sea are more dangerous to navigate than those which surround these islands. For eight months of the year the sea is fast frozen, while during the remaining four the shallow waters are subject to violent storms. In 1760 a Yakut, named Eterikan, saw a large island northeast of the mouth of the Lena River, and a furtrader, named Liakoff, visited the new land.
 He found it simply packed with bones and tusks of mammoths. Three years later he travelled a hundred miles farther north and found a new island—Kotelnik—which was also a cemetery of fossil ivory. He was granted a monopoly by the Russian Government, and made yearly visits, his men building huts and collecting vast stores of ivory.
 In 1775 a government surveyor was sent, who said in his report: "It seems as if the whole islands are

Pointed Paragraphs.

All men who stand upward do not act accordingly.
 Don't think that dollars can be acquired without sense.
 The older the trousers the better they are prepared for the fray.
 Why does gold invariably lose its shine when obtained by guile?
 When a man has no faith in humanity, humanity has no faith in him.
 If a girl's father objects to a young man's suit he should change tailors.
 If you have a bad reputation try a continuous treatment of genuine hand made labor.
 You can never tell how a girl looks at the breakfast table by her make-up at the opera in the evening.
 Being of two minds is an unfortunate condition, as neither of them is apt to amount to a hill of beans.
 The man who says one thing to your face and another behind your back has two different points of view.
 Whenever a girl tells a fellow that her dress is made of material that her dress is made of ought to be sufficient.
 Cold water for shaving when he is away, with nobody he dares gold for it, can make a man more homesick than anything else.—Chicago News.
 Eat MRS. STEWART'S Home Made Bread.—apr.6mo

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Underwood Typewriter, \$155.00. oct.4,261

Tobermony Treasure.

Divers Believed to Have Located Keel of Spanish Galleon.
 Search for treasure from the Armada galleon sunk in Tobermony Bay has ended for the present season, and will be resumed in March.
 The divers believe that they have definitely located the ship's keel, which will render next season's work considerably easier.
 The vessel is supposed to be the Almirante de Florencia, which ran into Tobermony Bay to revictual during the fight round the coast of Scotland, but blew up in the day and sank in ten fathoms of water. She was thought to have on board specie and jewels of a present value of anything between a million and three million pounds. So far a considerable amount of plate has been recovered, together with cannon, muskets, and other arms.
 This year's operations, which necessitated excavating 30ft. of mud, were in the charge to Captain Irons, harbour master at Dover, and Miss Naylor, Britain's first woman diver, has been taking part in the work.
 Underwood Typewriter, \$155.00. oct.4,261

Curious Umbrella.

It was a French inventor, with a tender heart for bicyclists, chauffeurs, fishermen and wandering artists, who contrived a form of umbrella for protection against rain or sun, which can be easily and solidly attached to the shoulders so as to leave the arms and hands absolutely free. When not in use it folds up in a conveniently portable form.—Washington Star.

Billy's Uncle.

I wish I were a dilemna Billy—I'm in love with two girls and I don't know which one to marry.
 Well, what's the flag half-mast for this time?
 Don't worry about that—maybe both of 'em wanta marry some other fella anyhow!
 An-me! I spose I'll have to let fate decide!
 That's a punk idea.
 Tell me if fate picks out th' wrong one?



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