

Nfld. Schooner Foundered at Sea.

Crew Landed at Sydney--Railway Wreck in France--12 Persons Killed--Russian Army Surrounded.

DISABLED STEAMER REACHES HALIFAX.

BOSTON, Nov. 4. The Shipping Board steamer Hoxie, which was partly disabled on Oct. 23 by loss of propeller blades, has reached Halifax, according to a radio message received here to-day. She was bound from Brest for New York.

RUSSIAN ARMY SUBROUNDED.

LONDON, Nov. 4. The claim that North-western Russian army of General Yudenitch, which has been attacking Petrograd, had been surrounded by the Bolsheviks, is made in Soviet Government wireless despatch from Moscow, dated to-day.

PARLIAMENT DISSOLVED.

MELBOURNE, Nov. 4. Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth has been dissolved. Elections for its successor will be held on Dec. 13.

RETURNING TO WORK.

YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio, Nov. 4. The Brier Hill steel Company reported opening of open hearth furnace to-day, while all mills gave out statement of men returning to work in greatly increased numbers.

RAILROAD WRECK IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Nov. 4. Simplex express, while at a standstill between Pontsur, Mons and Saas ten o'clock last night, was run into by train bound for Geneva. Twelve persons were killed and thirty injured.

NEWFOUNDLAND SCHOONER FOUNDERED, CREW RESCUED.

SYDNEY, Nov. 4. Seven seamen and four passengers from the foundered Newfoundland schooner Nerette, of Bonavista, landed here this morning by steamer Germanicus, from Holland bound to Montreal. The Nerette was dismasted in Thursday's gale, sprang a leak and was abandoned early Monday morning, the Germanicus with great difficulty lowering a boat and rescuing all on board.

ANOTHER FRENCH COMMANDER IN COURT.

PARIS, Nov. 4. Brig. Gen. Fournier, who commanded the French fortress of Maubeuge at the outset of the war, appeared to-day before a special court martial to answer for the surrender of the fortress to the Germans in Sept. 1918, during their great sweep southwest toward Paris in the first stage of the war. A large audience, comprising many generals and higher officers, were in attendance. The Government

applied for an indictment which was against the objection of the defendant.

JAPANESE NAVAL PROGRAMME.

HONOLULU, Nov. 4. An eight-year naval programme costing \$24,000,000, has been decided upon by the Japanese Government, it was announced here to-day by the Japanese Government in a message to the Shimpou, a Japanese daily newspaper. The programme includes the construction of four 40,000 ton battleships of the Nagato class, four battle cruisers, twenty light cruisers, eighty destroyers, seventy submarines and thirty other craft.

CURFEW REGULATIONS FOR IRELAND.

LONDON, Nov. 5. A government proclamation imposing curfew regulations in certain districts in Ireland, is expected immediately, according to a Dublin despatch to the Evening Standard. The measure is intended to prevent raids by masked bandits and also night drilling. Permits will be issued to persons having legitimate business during the night hours.

FINNS MAY JOIN IN OFFENSIVE.

LONDON, Nov. 3. Negotiations for Finland's participation in the Petrograd offensive have taken a favorable turn, according to Reuter's advices. It is stated that the decision may be expected in a few days.

BIG LABOR GAINS IN ELECTIONS.

LONDON, Nov. 3. Further Municipal election results emphasize the completeness of the labor victory. The party captured 39 seats out of 42. Even in fashionable Kensington six laborites were returned. Nine were elected in Chelsea. Labor is the largest party in Bradford and Leeds municipalities. Only about a quarter of the electorate voted throughout London.

To Fortify the System Against Grip

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets which destroy germs, act as a Tonic and Laxative, and thus prevent Colds, Grip and Influenza. There is only one "BROMO QUININE." E. W. GROVE'S signature on the box. 30c.—oct-27

From Cape Race.

Special to Evening Telegram. CAPE RACE, To-day. Wind east, blowing strong with light snow squalls. The steamer Terra Nova passed in at 6.50 a.m. Bar. 30.12; Ther. 42.

My Neighbour's Cat.

Only in This Case it Was the Wrong Feline That Got It, so to Speak, in the Neck.

I once heard of a man who hated a certain cat which was the treasured pet of his wife. She loved the beast till she had no affection left for him. For eighteen years he waited for that cat to die. At length, sick of a miserable and unloved existence, he shot himself, or did something equally foolish. On the following day the cat came to a sudden end with the help of a motor car.

This story, which might quite easily be true, recalls the sad case of Clodhammer's cat that caused the bother. He was a most respectable and highly cultured animal, with a pedigree as long as one's arm. It rarely ventured further than the garden gate, and was in all respects a most admirable ornament to any home.

But the man next door boasted a cat which, although resembling Clodhammer's animal in physical tributes and marking, was in every other respects its exact opposite. It was a lady cat, and its chief delight, when not engaged in scratching up Clodhammer's geraniums, was entertaining lovers on Clodhammer's window-sill. It did so with clockwork punctuality every night between the hours of twelve and two.

At twelve o'clock precisely the cat, contending to arrive, in double column, and the waiting lady would give the roll-call in the most ear-splitting language. Clodhammer, dreaming blissfully of excess profits, would leap from his bed and fling open the window.

Whereupon the serenaders would immediately take up a new position on the front doorstep. It went on and on until Clodhammer could stand it no longer.

"Martha," he said, "this infernal nuisance will have to be put a stop to!"

"Well, go and see the owner," urged Mrs. C. on each occasion. "Exercise your rights as a respectable citizen!"

In the end Clodhammer called on his neighbour and poured out the measure of his woe. The neighbour was rude, and not only rude, but extremely aggressive.

He told Clodhammer in the most unmistakable language to go to the deuce, that his cat had a perfect right to sit on Clodhammer's window-sill and sing, and that if Clodhammer's musical taste was defective it wasn't his fault, and so on and so forth, until Clodhammer's ears burned with the flow of words.

The serenades that evening was worse than ever. And to bring matters to a crisis, Clodhammer went in to his garden the following morning, to find the place in utter ruin, with the unmistakable marks of the fenshish cat on every side. That settled it. He began to see red.

He went to the chemist's and demanded a shilling's worth of the most deadly rat poison in stock. He came away with his package, and on his way home called at the cats' meat shop. Later, in the privacy of his study, he prepared the deadly dope.

It was just getting dark when he spread the beautiful poisoned meat in a spot where he knew the neighbour's cat would see it. He went indoors with a chuckle of joyful anticipation. Martha was upstairs, but he saw the black figure of Tom lurking in the gloom, with his eyes shining a horrible green. It suddenly occurred to him to take no risk with the beloved Tom, who might easily take a fancy to the choice dish prepared in the garden. With a swoop he gathered up the cat and locked the reluctant animal in the coal cellar.

That night there was no catty gathering on the window-sill, and no unearthly sleep-breaking noises. Delicious peace reigned everywhere.

"It's very strange!" exclaimed Martha.

"Very!" agreed Clodhammer, with a ring of triumph in his voice.

He wanted to keep the matter dark, for he was not quite sure that Martha would approve of such drastic measures. Early the next morning he crept downstairs and into the garden. There, sure enough, spread out stiffly on the ground, was the dead cat.

"Good stuff, that!" he muttered, referring to the poison. And, taking the animal by its lank tail, flung it into his neighbour's garden, and carefully buried all signs of what remained of the poisoned meat.

During breakfast he cracked jokes, and generally displayed unusual merriment. Martha was completely mystified.

Suddenly a loud wall came from the coal-cellar. Something in that wall made Clodhammer turn green. Martha went out to the coal-cellar and came back with the neighbour's hated cat struggling violently in her arms.

"No wonder we missed her last night!" she cried. "She's been locked in there all night—the brute!"

Clodhammer stood up and reeled. Everything seemed to go black. He gurgled something, and then suddenly sat down.

"What shall we do with her?" queried Martha.

"Do with her!" he gurgled. "I don't care what you do with her, but never mention her to me again!"

She put the animal through the window and set down to her unfinished meal.

"Why, I wonder where Tom is?" she suddenly remarked.

Clodhammer gulped, but made no reply. There are limits to all kinds of human courage.

When you want Roast Beef, Roast Veal, Roast Mutton, Roast Pork, try ELLIS'.

NOTE OF THANKS. — Mrs. Roll wishes to thank Dr. Cowperthwaite and Dr. Carnell, and also Sister Lerner and day and night nurses of Cowan Ward for their kind treatment to her daughter, Hannah, while in the General Hospital.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS'—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

OPPORTUNITY. — A message to the Marine and Fisheries Dept. yesterday gave the prices of codfish as:—New, 35¢ per gal.; Old, 70¢.

When you want Steaks, Chops, Cutlets and Collops, try ELLIS'.



A SALE! A SALE!

A GENEROUS
Mark - Down Sale
OF
LADIES'
WINTER COATS.

Comprising the pick of the prettiest styles from England and America in
**Tweeds, Cloths, Plush, Sealette,
Caracul, Silvertone & Velour, etc.**

Every Coat This Season's Style.

The very Coat that perhaps caught your eye earlier in the Season and which you considered beyond your reach is now available at a reduction in price that you little dreamed of. Have a look through our immense stock; it has lost none of its grandeur. An overstock is solely responsible for these reductions now. Why not avail of the opportunity. Knowing ones will quickly respond to this announcement.

Note the Price Cuts.

We mention herewith a few prices for your guidance, but remember there are many other prices in between that are correspondingly reduced.

PRICES:

Regular \$16.00	Now \$13.48
Regular \$20.00	Now \$16.98
Regular \$25.00	Now \$22.48
Regular \$30.00	Now \$25.78
Regular \$36.00	Now \$29.98
Regular \$40.00	Now \$36.98
Regular \$45.00	Now \$39.98
Regular \$50.00	Now \$44.98
Regular \$58.00	Now \$52.98
Regular \$65.00	Now \$56.98
Regular \$68.00	Now \$59.98
Regular \$75.00	Now \$65.98



MAJESTIC THEATRE

Wednesday and Thursday,
Sessue Hayakawa, the Great Japanese Artist, in
"The City of Dim Faces."

"Waitress Safe," Comedy.
'Among the Murderous Moros,' a Burton Holmes Travelogue.

MRS. F. J. KING will sing in aid of the Presentation
Convent Bazaar Fund.

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Ladies' Wear.

Hats.

We have just received another lot of Ladies' Black Velvet and Velveteen Hats in very smart shapes, at

\$3.50 to \$7.00 each

Also a range of Hat Shapes in up-to-the-minute styles.

Blouses.

Smart Silk Blouses in Black, White and Pink.

Black Silk Poplin Blouses in medium and large sizes.

Tussore Silk Middy Blouses and Skirts to match.

Pull-On Sweaters.

Smart American styles in fine wools, sleeveless, with sailor collars, only

\$5.00 each.

Cashmere Underwear.

in Stanfield, New Knit and other good makes, in Vests, Knickers & Combinations.

HENRY BLAIR.

The Voice

demanding protection

LADIES' LOW AND HIGH CUT LONG RUBBER BOOTS GAITERS AND MAN

Full range

Side by Ruth

AN ANTIDOTE

Did you ever have some one whom you never met, perhaps someone who was dear years before you were born, rise up and rebuke you when you were complaining because you could not have things just the way you want them? Here's the secret of it. I find myself complaining because I am so often interrupted when I am trying to work. Jane Austen rebukes me.

"How Can a Woman Accomplish Anything?"

I have been interrupted for the fourth time in an all too short morning by the coming of an express messenger. I go back to my typewriter and find that the latter half of a sentence came, has entirely departed. I have no more idea of what was going to complete that sentence than if someone else had written the first half. I feel a sense of irritation and exasperation and wish I had been born a man with a man's respected work hours. How can a woman accomplish anything anyhow. I ask myself and then enters the thought of Jane Austen.

I remember how she did her work—sitting in the big family living room at the parsonage, surrounded by the whole family, which often included several nieces and nephews writing on a table in her lap, ever ready to stop and talk with the grown-ups or play with the children.

One Woman Who Did.

And then I remember what she wrote.

And I blush inside me at the presumption of me, in thinking that I need seclusion for my small efforts or pitying myself because I cannot write.

There is no surer cure for any kind of self pity than to read the lives of men and women who have mounted to something. The disapp

ME THE EIGHT HE OWES ME, WOULDN'T HAVE TRY TO EARN FIVE DOLLARS