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Telegram.

"Let Your Light So Shine."

By BETHEL.

Newfoundland in the past has been much misunderstood, and entirely wrong impressions have been created by a try of small writers, who made our island home their happy hunting ground and after receiving profuse hospitality from our townfolk—who do so love a stranger—they returned to their Canadian or American homes laden with material for the grotesque stories which they turned out ament Newfoundland and its people.

Some of these journalists no doubt, piled their trade with all earnestness and good faith, nevertheless they have been an actively mischievous factor because they have taken no pains to understand us, or to know us as we really are, consequently their fancy tales not being based on actual facts, but merely the results of prejudice or accident, have tended to create towards us a more or less contemptuous attitude of mind on the part of our neighbors the Americans and Canadians.

The war has, however, let in upon us a flood of light which has revealed to the world that this backward and ancient island has made a very solid contribution to the common cause, and that though art, literature and science are in the hands of the few, it is the glorious privilege of the common people to have produced and maintained an heroic band of soldiers, who by their untiring record have at one stroke attained and secured for their island Home a place on equal footing with the sister dominions, a position hitherto undreamed of. The chief work of the rising generation will consist in keeping secure this proud heritage and endeavoring to make prosperity still more prosperous.

The most perplexing question here as elsewhere is the prevalence among the laboring classes of that epidemic which we call unrest, and for which there is no reason at all. Because of the solid fact that never before in our history, were the fishermen, the small tradesman, the day laborer in such comparative affluence, for they have reaped a rich harvest from the war, with the result that "Jack" is really "as good as, and often better, in a financial way, than is his master," a condition which is sure to work out in a way prejudicial to the best interests of this community, chiefly because in this din of battle between labor and capital, the great middle class are being taxed out of all proportion to their earning powers. When I say taxed I do not refer altogether to those taxes levied by law, but to those taxes levied upon them because of improvements in education, and general social reforms. These taxes are met largely by the rich and the middle class and that is my reason for asserting that the salaries paid, even with increased pay, are yet finding it hard to make both ends meet in the matter of money obligations.

We have another class of people of which we do not hear enough. I refer to the very poor, who between poverty and misfortune, continue to remain crushed beyond hope of ex-

pansion. We are apt during the festive season to expend a good deal of pity, but unless pity remains with us as a motive we are not likely to do much good in the world of suffering. I would that it were possible to convey to the minds of those in authority, some record of facts directly relating to the poor of this town. There is need of exposure of some of the bald facts of life as it is lived in our back streets. Written words, no matter how vividly one may portray a picture of squalor fall short of reality; but any visitor to our back streets in the dreary dusk of a winter evening will at once realize that there is dire need for steps to be taken to eliminate these terrible pest holes of St. John's. And after destruction of a policy of construction ought to make it possible that in a very short time all the poor and disabled of this town would be decently housed and fed.

This town is literally belted with gold, and it is a shame to come face to face with aged poor folks looking out through hungry eyes, to meet young children, stunted in body, poor in mind, and empty in purse. These sights are all the sadder because at this glad season congestion of good things is the rule—congestion of food, congestion of amusement, congestion even in church. Maybe it is not quite gracious to trot out ones pen at Christmas tide to find fault, but perhaps I am justified because of my object, which is to draw attention at a time when people's hearts are usually soft, to the wrecks of humanity who drift about among us in our happy holiday life. Each of us might do a little to uplift those poor creatures, young and old, who have become debased by social neglect. A little kindness will often go a long way towards producing that happiness which at Christmas ought to be everybody's right. Sympathy is just as much needed as the tangible gift; do not wait for the New Year but begin to do a little for God's suffering ones while the old year is dying, then when the joy bells ring out the old and the new we shall have joy in our hearts because we have done our best to make some others happy and so promote "Peace on earth, and good will amongst men."

Christmas, 1919.

Susu Does Good Work.

Messrs. Fred H. Ellis & Co. received a message yesterday from Capt. Roberts of the S.S. Susu saying that the ship had succeeded in cutting up the ice in Fogo Harbor and thereby releasing the schooners Esther Hankinson and Novelty. Both these vessels are fish laden for market, and but for the good work of the Susu they would not have been able to get away before next spring. The vessels are now on their way, having been towed off the land. The schooner Optimist was also cleared by the Susu and towed to Seidom. In the three vessels released there is about 25,000 quintals of fish.

Happenings in Hr. Grace

A happy and prosperous New Year to the Telegram, its staff, and its large number of readers, everyone.

Mr. Amos Martin, who has been in Sydney for a number of years, and who is making good there, returned home on Xmas Eve on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Archibald and Miss Rose Archibald returned home on Wednesday after a nine weeks visit to the United States and Canada.

Mr. H. P. Harvey of Bell Island arrived in town on Tuesday and is spending Xmas week here, being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McKay.

Mrs. Mary Davis, an old lady of the higher levels, died on Tuesday under sad circumstances—poverty and misery. Many of the readers in St. John's will remember the incident of the man and woman and boy who were discovered in such poverty in the West End of St. John's some years ago, when besides being in poverty, they were almost devoured by rats. This is the same poor woman, the husband died last year, and the weak-minded son is left with no person to see to him. Is it not a pity, say a disgrace, that nearly every year about this time some of these poor old dependants on public charity succumb to the cold and die in misery after alone. Who is to blame? Is there any person to blame? I call on the authorities for God's sake and for the sake of humanity to find a remedy for this disgraceful state of affairs. Why talk about Maternity Hospitals, and such like, and collect large sums of money for them while the above painful scenes are enacted every year. Is it so in other parts of the Colony?

The remains of Mrs. Davis were enclosed in a plain coffin and she was laid away out of her misery on Christmas Day.

Christmas Eve was a fairly good weather day up to four or five p.m. when light snow made it a little uncomfortable for shoppers, but still a large number of people were about and good seasons greetings were exchanged from one to another on the street. In the stores and everywhere.

Midnight service at the Cathedral was largely attended as usual. At St. Paul's Church services were held on Christmas Day, when some pretty Xmas Carols were beautifully rendered by the choir.

The children of the Sodality of Mary will hold an "At Home" at the Convent here on New Year's Day. A nice programme has been arranged and the members of the order and their friends are sure of a very pleasant evening.

To-day (St. Stephen's Day), was observed in town as a general holiday. The members of "Rising Sun" Lodge of the Orange Society were to have attended Divine Service at the Methodist Church, but owing to the severe snow storm raging all day the affair had to be postponed. The brethren will attend service on Sunday morning.

Coal is very scarce in town now and not a shovelful can be got here for love or money, as the saying goes. The poor, who can at the best of times, buy only a tub or so at a time are the sufferers as usual. Is it not a pity that some arrangement cannot be made by the Government with the coal dealers, not to give them coal for charity sake as free, but to keep in reserve so many tons as will be necessary for these unfortunate ones who can only buy small quantities at a time. The man of means can lay in a stock, and thinks himself lucky if he succeeds in filling his cellar, but are his thoughts ever on the poor who can only buy a tub at a time, and do such thoughts come more frequently when he knows that there is not a bit of coal to be purchased. Or does his thoughts run this way: "How lucky I was to have my stock in."

It is said that arrangements are being made to get a supply, but many will suffer if hard weather continues, which we must expect at this season.

CORRESPONDENT.

Hr. Grace, Dec. 26, 1919.

Pte. J.B. Croak Won V.C.

(Atlantic Leader.)
For most conspicuous bravery in attack when having become separated from his section he encountered a machine gun nest which he bombed and silenced, taking the gun and crew prisoners. Shortly afterwards he was severely wounded but refused to desist.

Having rejoined his platoon, a very strong point containing several machine guns, was encountered. Pte. Croak, however, seeing an opportunity, dashed forward alone and was almost immediately followed by the remainder of the platoon in a brilliant charge. He was the first to arrive at the trench line into which he led the men, capturing the entire garrison.

The perseverance and valor of this gallant soldier, who was again se-

Was Forced to Quit Work, But Feels Fine Now

"Tanlac Has Simply Made a New Man of Me," Says Michael Barn.

"Tanlac has simply made a new man out of me," said Michael Barn, who resides at 3 Bulley Street, St. John's, Newfoundland, recently. Continuing, he said:

"For the past two years I have suffered something awful from stomach trouble and rheumatism. I had scarcely any appetite to speak of and had to force down every mouthful I ate. I was troubled a great deal with gas after every meal and would have such pains in my stomach they would nearly draw me double for three or four hours at a time. I had the rheumatism in my legs so bad I would just have to quit work altogether and lost a great deal of time on account of it, and the pains which would run up and down my legs would nearly drive me wild. I became so nervous and was in such misery I could get but little sleep, and I would get up in the morning all fagged out and barely able to move. I was so weak and run down all the time that the least little exertion would completely exhaust me and I would just shake and jerk all over, and it was all I could do to get about at all.

"I hear so many people talking about Tanlac, how good it was and how so many people were being helped by it, I decided to try it, too, and while I have only taken three bottles, the good it has done me is simply wonderful. Why, I have such an appetite I am hungry all the time, and everything I eat agrees with me, and I am never bothered with gas or those terrible pains in my stomach. The rheumatism has left me entirely, and I never have a pain now of any kind. I sleep just like a log every night and always get up feeling good, and I have not lost a day from work since I began taking Tanlac. I am so thankful for the good Tanlac has done me I want everybody to know about it."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, under the personal direction of a special Tanlac representative; in Harbor Street, by Thomas Wakely & Sons, in Piacentia, by James Murphy & Son, and in Topsall by J. K. Bursell—advt.

verely wounded, and died of his wounds were an inspiring example to all.—Official Record.

By CAROLYN CORNELL.

The mists hung low over the corn fields on the morning of Thursday, August 9, 1919, when the allies prepared their last great drive for victory. Behind this curtain the infantry moved into the assembly trenches, the tanks meandered into position, the cavalry halted their horses on the highways behind the Amiens front, and the great guns, the range trained to a fraction of an inch on points behind the German line, made ready for the opening barrage, which was to announce Great Britain's last word on the German war. That word came at 4.30 o'clock, just before sunrise. Four minutes after the opening of the barrage the infantry went over the top, and sixteen minutes later the first prisoners were coming back. The attack was a complete surprise to the Hun and avenged his surprise attack on the same front from the spring before.

The Canadian frontage reached from the Amiens-Roye Highway on the south to the Amiens-Chaulnes railroad on the north, a distance of 7,000 yards. The country over which the corps were to advance was rolling ground but diagonally by the little River Luce, now almost dry. There were few trenches after the main system at the German front, and not a great deal of wire. At the end of the first day's advance was the old 1918 defence system built by the French but now reinforced by the Germans. These and machine-gun nests in the wood scattered over the hillsides, were the principal obstacles in the way of Haig's men.

The Canadians opened the attack with the 13th Royal Highlanders of Canada in the centre of the wedge, flanked on the right by the 16th Canadian Scottish and on the left by the 14th Battalion Royal Montreal regiment. Led by their pipers, one of whom was astride on a tank, the Highlanders sprang from their trenches in Hangard Wood. So complete was the surprise that they cleared the wood, passed through Hangard Wood east, in which the Germans were entrenched, and were out in the open country almost before the enemy was aware of it. Most of the crops had been harvested but an occasional field left standing was trampled under foot of the advancing line. About a mile from the start the Can-

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Opposite Bank of Nova Scotia.

adians came to the support line of trenches. When they had got through the trench, Pte. Croak, of the 13th Battalion, found himself alone.

The rest of his section was nowhere in sight. Ahead of him was Ring copse, and in the edge of the wood a machine gun post from which a spray of bullets was directed on the lone man advancing towards it. But Private Croak was equal to the occasion. He stood at a distance, and threw bombs into the midst of the crew. When he had stopped their fire he jumped into the post and captured gun and crew. The Canadian was severely wounded in the right arm, but refused to be evacuated.

He rejoined his platoon which was now approaching the heavily garrisoned trenches on the upland north of the River Luce. The men were forced to take cover. Croak seeing an opportunity to get close to the gunners, rushed forward alone, followed almost immediately by the other men of his platoon. Led by Croak, the men plunged into the trench. Three guns were captured and the whole crews killed or made prisoners. While engaged in clearing out the trench, Pte. Croak was killed. He was buried with his comrades near the spot where he fell.

John Bernard Croak was born at Little Bay Mines, Newfoundland, in 1895. He came with his parents to live in Cape Breton, when he was four years old. At the time the war broke out he was working in western Canada. He joined the 15th Battalion in October, 1915, and was drafted to the 13th Battalion overseas.

Every Saturday evening after 7 o'clock, Choice Ends of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Pork will be sold at cost. ELLIS & CO., LTD., 203 Water Street.—nov29,20

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