

# TREMENDOUS SALE!

BLUE PUTTEE HALL, Saturday, Nov. 30th, and two following weeks. Open from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

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350 of the very latest styles. No two alike, in Melton, Velour, Broadcloth, Silverton Serge. Only  
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## Some War "Spy" Stories

The recent publication of stories of German spies who tried to obtain information regarding our defences and military and naval plans, recalls many strange incidents which occurred in the early days of the war. On one occasion a certain large town in East Anglia was receiving a great deal of attention from the "Zepps," and during that time thousands of troops were stationed on a heath situated on the outskirts of the town. Try as they might, the Zeppelin commanders could not locate the camp, and eventually one of Germany's agents had to come to the rescue. The first intimation that something was wrong was at the moment that a Zeppelin was steering direct for the camp, when from the dark, lonely heath a rocket mounted into the sky and burst. The result can be imagined, but although many bombs were dropped, none succeeded in hitting the camp.

For nine successive nights this was repeated, during which time a trap was set to catch the firework merchant. Watch was kept to locate the spot from which the rocket was discharged, and the following night a circle of men was placed round it. No sooner did "Mr. Zepp" appear, than up went the rocket from the centre of the circle of men, who—as pre-arranged—closed in. Great was the speculation as to how many spies would be caught napping, but a meeting at the centre found nothing. The gentle spy was too clever to be caught by such a simple trap, but had our authorities watched during the day, instead of at night, the result might have been reversed, as it was quite clear that the rockets were set during the day and fired by secret means during the night.

Perhaps what might rank as one of the smartest tricks played on a spy was also carried out in East Anglia—the happy hunting ground of German agents. At a lonely spot on the Wash, a sentry had cause to report the mysterious doings of an equally mysterious individual dressed as a clergyman. As an officer was not immediately available, a senior N.C.O. circulated the man's description to the surrounding Constabulary, who very soon laid the suspect by the heels. Having secured his man, the N.C.O. wired to his Brigade headquarters that he had "caused the arrest of a suspected spy," to which came the reply "Identify your prisoner." Gathering his witnesses, the N.C.O. began his cross-examination, and the supposed clergyman very soon admitted

to telling lies. By this time the missing officer commanding the garrison—who was at one time a Secret Service man—arrived, and took matters in hand. After a few questions, the suspect was considered to be a spy, and arrangements were made for his removal to Brigade Headquarters, but the general there—who had not heard one word of the evidence—cancelled the O.C.'s order, by wiring "release your prisoner." Thunderstruck at such an order, the O.C. could but obey the general, but being a man of brains, he soon outwitted his superior officer.

Proceeding to the detention room where the prisoner had been lodged, the O.C., with apology written all over his face, craved the prisoner's pardon, and, in fact, did everything to recompense the man for any discomfort he had been put to. As a parting act of regret, he confided to the man that there was only "one road which could be travelled between A. and B. as the other two were alive with sentries and police," which would mean hours and hours of delay if not spending the night in a cell. Grateful for the hint, the supposed clergyman mounted his cycle and rode down the "clear" road; but, no sooner had he got away from the camp than the officer sprang to the telephone and rang up the Chief Constable at the nearest town.

This is what passed over the wire: "Is that the Chief Constable of N—? Good! Well, there's a clergyman coming your way down the main N— road. Riding a push bike with a small wicker carrier in front. Clean

shaved; looks simple, but has got a bad memory. Can't touch him myself. Don't thank me, thank my general."

The result is obvious, but had the O.C. done exactly as ordered, the spy would have had a clear road to freedom. I found out afterwards that the general had got all his promotions through "influence"—whether German or through family connections, I can't say. But he never ought to have a responsible job.

## The Earnings of Famous Billiard-Cueists.

It is far more difficult to earn a living as a professional billiard player or cricketer. Players of the first rank, and they number about a dozen, earn incomes which equal, if not exceed, the salaries of Cabinet Ministers and judges, while players of the second rank may make anything from £1,000 to £2,000 a season. Besides these two classes, there are men whose fame is confined to some provincial centre. They can be described as third-rate players, and their incomes may be anything from £200 to £500. As a rule the provincial professional's earnings are mostly derived from private lessons and exhibition games. It may come as a surprise to many persons to know that several professional exponents of the game have worked their way up from the position of ordinary markers in the billiard-rooms of public houses. As markers they were

paid at the rate of 15s. to 25s. per week in addition to the tips they could manage to secure from their customers. Now, as professionals, their average earnings amount to something like £500 a year.

## How People Carry Money.

It is marvellous when one considers the number and variety of things in which national characteristics manifest themselves. In the care of money, for instance, the average Englishman carries his gold, silver and coppers all loose in his trouser-pocket. When he desires to pay any given amount he pulls out a handful of mixed coins. The American citizen carries his "wad of bills" in a long, narrow pocket-book, in which the greenbacks lie flat. The American business man soon becomes an expert in the manipulation of this book. The Frenchman generally makes use of a plain leather purse with no particular distinguishing characteristics. The German, on the other hand, uses a fancy purse, embroidered in silks. The half-civilised capitalist from South America generally carries his dollars in a belt with cunningly-devised pockets. The Italian of the poorer class ties up his little fortune in a gaily coloured handkerchief, which he hides about his clothes. A similar course finds favour with the Spaniard, while the lower-class Russian exhibits a preference for his boots or the lining of his clothes as a hiding-place for his savings.

## Remarkable Rents.

One of the most curious rents in existence is that paid yearly to the King by the Corporation of London. This consists of six horse-shoes, sixty-one nails, and two faggots—the annual rental for a moor in Shropshire and a forge in St. Clements Dunes. Another strange rent is paid by the Duke of Marlborough in connection with his Woodstock estate. According to the ancient laws, the duke must send a new flag, embroidered with the fleur-de-lys, every year to the Sovereign of England. To fail in this respect would cause the estate to lapse to the Crown. Long ago St. Olave's Grammar School in Tooley Street, let a field in Horsleydown for a red rose, to be presented on Midsummer Day, annually, for several hundred years. Some three hundred years have yet to pass before this rent can be stopped. Some time since

one of the London Borough Councils instituted a rent as remarkable as those in past years. A military band was permitted to practice twice weekly at a certain place in the borough in return for four free performances yearly in the local park.

## THERE IS ONLY ONE GENUINE ASPIRIN

Only Tablets with "Bayer Cross" are Aspirin—No others!



If you don't see the "Bayer Cross" on the tablets, refuse them—they are not Aspirin at all. Your druggist gladly will give you the genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" because genuine Aspirin now is made by Americans and owned by an American company.

There is not a cent's worth of German interest in Aspirin, all rights being purchased from the U. S. Government. During the war, acid imitations were sold as Aspirin in pill boxes and various other containers. But now you can get genuine Aspirin, plainly stamped with the safety "Bayer Cross." Aspirin proved safe by millions for Headache, Toothache, Earache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Colds, Neuritis, and Pain generally.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—also larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark (Newfoundland Registration No. 761), of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic acid. The Bayer Co., Sue, U.S.A.

## Shipping Notes.

The schr. Mattawa has cleared from Wood's Island, for Halifax, taking 874 bbls. herring from E. Baggs. The S. S. Rosalind is scheduled to leave New York for this port on the 13th inst.

## In a Nutshell.

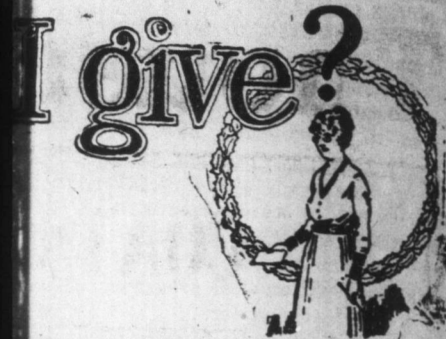
Like the sun, the modern gas fire warms solid objects—such as the furniture of a room or its occupants—without appreciably raising the temperature of the intervening air. At the same time the products of combustion in their passage up the chimney flue keep the atmosphere in a healthy motion. That is gas fire science and gas fire hygiene in a nutshell. Further information from ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT CO. Oke Building.

There's something really fascinating about the nut-like flavor of **Grape-Nuts**. The strength and nutrition gleaned from this wheat and malted barley food make it a most sensible breakfast cereal, while its low cost adds true economy.

REMOVED TO HOSPITAL.—A sailor on board the S.S. J. A. McKee, showing symptoms of typhoid fever, was removed to hospital yesterday afternoon.

For telephone, lighting or ignition purposes, Reliable Batteries are lively and long lasting. They give 100 per cent. satisfaction. — Nov. 5, 8, Dec. 9, 10, 11, Jan. 5

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Mother likes pretty things too, even if—well, even if she does say she'd rather have something sensible. And here are things pretty and sensible.

- DRESSING JACKETS.
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work and patent leather applique has a closely fitting sleeve cut in one piece with the cape back. Buttons run from the throat to the hem of a smart gown of Poiret (will the collar, turn-back cuffs, slit pockets and hand-bound buttonholes belong of duvetyne.

## From Cape Race.

Special to Evening Telegram. CAPE RACE, To-day. Wind west, light weather, fine; S.S. Lady of Gaspe passed in at 8 a.m.; Ber. 30.82; Ther. 34.