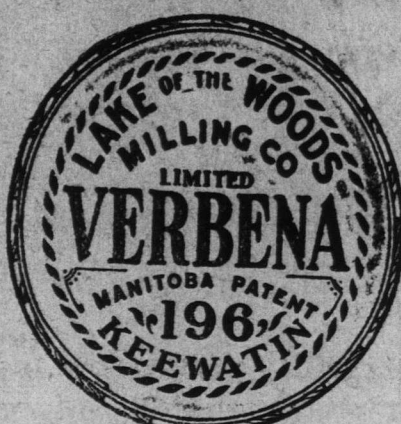


A JUST WAR



Has been waged and won against Mills that lower the Standard of their Flour.

The Victory has been decided overwhelmingly in favor of

Verbena Flour.

Evening Telegram.

W. J. HERDER, - - - Proprietor
W. F. LLOYD, - - - Editor

MONDAY, October 19, 1914.

Another Naval Exploit

The news from Secretary Harcourt to the Governor that four German destroyers were sunk on Saturday, is gratifying. The British casualties were slight, one officer and four men being wounded. The British forces engaged consisted of the cruiser "Undaunted," Capt. Fox, and four destroyers of the L class, viz., Lance, Commander Egerton, Lennox, Commander Allison, and Loyal, Commander Burgess. The "Undaunted" is one of the new Arethusa class of 4,000 tons displacement with a speed of about 30 knots. They burn oil exclusively and are lightly armored. They are a type intermediary between the destroyers and the small protected cruiser, a kind of scout class. The "Undaunted" was built at Fairfield Co.'s yard and completed this year. The destroyers engaged were of the 1912 type, the Laertes class, which did such excellent work in Heligoland Bight some time ago. There are 20 in the L class. They burn oil exclusively. No information has been made public, so far as we are aware of the armaments of the cruiser like the "Undaunted" or of the L class of destroyers. They were built under the new regime, which endeavors to keep as much information about war vessels from enemies and prospective enemies as possible. By their works, however, we know them and the work they did in Heligoland Bight some time ago, and along the Dutch coast on Saturday is most gratifying.

This is the second time Captain Fox has distinguished himself during this war. He was in command of the Amphion which destroyed the German mine layer Koenig Luise at the beginning of the war and which was destroyed immediately afterwards after rescuing the survivors from the German mine layer. He was given command of this new cruiser and has again distinguished himself.

To-Night's Lecture.

Writings on the Autograph Portraits of the President and Ex-Presidents of the United States of America to be uncovered by His Excellency the Governor in the Grenfell Hall this evening at 8 o'clock - 19 Oct. 1914.

"For the International Grenfell Association with best wishes for its continued great success."

WILLIAM H. TAPP, President of the International Grenfell Association with all good wishes from

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

McMurdo's Store News.

MONDAY, Oct. 19, 1914.

We shall have open in a day or two our stock of Dutch Bulbs, consisting of Hyacinths, Narcissus, Tulips, Crocuses, Daffodils, Snowdrops and other popular ones. These bulbs produce very beautiful flowers, which add greatly to the beauty of the home or garden; and are very suitable for grave plots. The prices of this lot, considering their remarkably high quality, will be very moderate. We should be glad if those who wish to purchase these bulbs will order them a day or two before they are required, as they require some little time to unpack, etc.

Have you seen our new line of Soap? First class soap and a good variety. Price 5c a cake.

Captured Captor.

How a Cosack escaped from captivity, captured a Ulian officer, and upheld his reputation as a horseman, is told by the "Retch" of Warsaw. The Cosack was captured near Litz, and with his horse was taken to Petrofok, where man and beast were objects of curiosity.

A Ulian officer tried to put the horse through its paces, but it declined to budge. "Let me get on with you," suggested the Cosack. There were too many German soldiers about for escape to be dreamt of, so the officer laughingly complied. As soon as the Cosack was in the saddle he uttered a couple of words, and the horse dashed off through the astonished German at full gallop. No one shot at the Cosack because of the officer. That night the Cosack joined his company with the Ulian captain as a prisoner.

Funeral of His Grace Archbishop Howley. Remains Interred at Belvidere - A Solemn and Impressive Ceremony.

The funeral of the late Most Rev. Michael Francis Howley, D.D., Archbishop of St. John's, and Metropolitan of Newfoundland, took place from the R. C. Cathedral where the remains had been lying in state since Thursday night last. Thousands of citizens of all ranks and denominations attended to pay the last tribute of respect to the most distinguished son that Newfoundland has yet produced. The spacious Cathedral was filled to its utmost capacity, and the Cathedral grounds were filled with citizens who were anxious to pay tribute to the deceased Prelate.

At 10 a.m. the sacred Office for the Dead was sung, and was followed by a Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass, at which His Grace Archbishop McCarty, of Halifax, Rev. Frs. Maher and O'Flaherty, Deacon and Sub-Deacon, respectively, and Rev. Fr. Donnelly, Assistant Priest. Those in the Sanctuary were: Rt. Rev. Bishop Power, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Roche, V.G., Rt. Rev. Mgrs. Veitch, Reardon, St. John, Very Rev. Dean Roche, Rev. Frs. McGrath, O'Callaghan, Rawlin, Phippy, McCarthy, Renouf, Kelly, Rev. Frs. Whelan, Kitchener and Greene, Rev. Frs. Doyle, E. O'Brien, J. Whelan, Gough, P. O'Brien, Wilson, Nangle, Sears, McDermott, O'Driscoll, Doughty, Vereker, McCullagh, Sheehan and Tierney.

FUNERAL ORATION.

After Mass His Lordship Most Rev. M. F. Power, ascended the pulpit and delivered the funeral oration in beautiful and eloquent language. Many were the tears shed and some expressed by the congregation as they heard from the lips of the orator, the beautiful characteristics of the Prelate, so much beloved. The text of the discourse was "Well thou too good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of the Lord." After thanking His Excellency the Governor, the Government, Municipality, the different religious denominations of the city, the Press, and citizens generally for their deep expressions of sympathy, he reviewed briefly the life work of the late Prelate. He was in every sense the word, a true patriot, a patriot, and a great man. His loyalty to the See of Peter, and his deep faith that reminded him of the full significance of the text, "I will build My Church, etc." Though at all times and at all places his faith in his Church was manifest, he at the same time respected the opinions of others. He was not ashamed to proclaim the truths of his Church to the world. The doctrines of the Catholic Church were as ably practised by him as they were preached. From the pulpit of his Cathedral he at all times told the simple truth in a simple manner that told the deep rooted faith of the Church. The hardships of his early missionary life proved his devotion to his sacred calling and of his work in the interest of the Church it was only necessary to look around and see the beautiful monuments of his zeal and untiring devotion to duty. The restoration of the Cathedral and the erection of the many church buildings throughout the country told the story of his life work more eloquently than words of the most gifted biographer. As a patriot he had no equal in Newfoundland, and well might Newfoundland feel a just pride in his gift to her. It was his first "Plum" from the Flag of Newfoundland, and the beautiful words of the song composed by him, which furnish ample testimony to his patriotism. "Nobody loved his country more than he; he knew her history, her geography, her topography and her nomenclature. He loved to write of her crags and peaks, her hills and rills, and his patriotism has found its expression in the most beautiful poems of our island home. He was also a true son of the Empire and admired the institutions known as the Charters of our liberty. In his last public utterance, which was to the Newfoundland Volunteers, he showed his faith in the Empire, and exhorted these pre-

sent to be loyal to their God, their King and their Country. He was also interested in all political questions, and gave his opinions freely, and in all sincerity. To some these opinions may have seemed entirely wrong, but when the prejudices, that usually arise out of the discussion of all public matters, are obliterated, none will dare say that whether he was right or wrong in his opinions, he had not the interests of his country at heart. His suggestions were given for the good and progress of his native land.

As a man his simplicity was a particular characteristic of his great man. His love of children was a beautiful trait in his character. He was also very charitable, and this charity was exemplified in the marked degree when on his death bed. The profound humility that marked his dying moments was characteristic of the great man who has gone to his reward. Many an eye grew moist when His Lordship addressed a farewell greeting to all that were mortal of the late Prelate. He then exhorted his congregation in accordance with the teachings of the Catholic Church, to pray fervently for the eternal repose of the soul of their beloved Archbishop.

The following, who attended Mass, occupying prominent seats in the church were: The family relatives of the deceased, the Christian Brothers, His Excellency the Governor and suite, Chief Justice Horwood, Judge Emerson, Judge Johnson, Dr. Burke, the French Consul, Lieut. McDermott of R. M. S. Calypso, Mr. J. M. Kent, K.C., Lt. Col. Conroy, members of the Executive Council and of both branches of the Legislature, L. G. Sullivan, City Commissioner, and the officers of the various Catholic societies.

Following Bishop Power's sermon the congregation repaired to the Cathedral grounds, where the remains of the late Prelate were interred. Myrick and staff removed the remains, which were enclosed in a handsome casket, of the late Archbishop from the city citizens general and the officers of the Cathedral in the centre of the church to the hearse outside, where a dense crowd of people were assembled. Then the procession lined up in the following order:

C. C. and Officers, Cross and Acolytes, Christian Brothers, Choir Boys.

The Hearse, with a Guard of Honour of Officers of B. I. S. Family and Relatives.

His Excellency the Governor and Suite, Officials.

Officers of the various Catholic Societies in order of seniority. Bringing up the rear were thousands of people prominent in church and state, including clergymen of the various denominations, the French Consul, members of the Executive Council, members of the Legislative Council, and Assembly, members of our Civic Government, and many other persons who had distinguished themselves in the country. On leaving the Cathedral grounds, the hearse proceeded to the cemetery, where the remains of the late Prelate were interred. The "Dead March in Soul," which added sorrow to the solemnity of the occasion. In addition the clergy and acolytes chanted the "Benedictus" en route. The sad procession moved in its way slowly on, viewed by a multitude of people, who were eager to witness for the last time the casket that contained all that was mortal of the late illustrious dignitary, and many were moved to tears. The police and contingents from the C. C. C. were kept busy keeping back the crowd.

On arriving at the Cemetery the De Profundis was sung by the priests and altar boys while the remains of the deceased Prelate were placed in the ground in the clergy plot, as it was a special request of His Grace before he died to be buried beside his beloved priests. Thus saw the close of a beautiful ceremony and the last of a great man.

Requesant in Pace.

ROYAL YEAST
MAKES PERFECT BREAD

Reids' Boats.

The Argyle leaves Placentia for the westward this afternoon.

The Bruce leaves North Sydney to-night.

The Glencoe left Burin at 11.20 a.m. yesterday going west.

The Lark left Lark Harbor at 8.30 a.m. to-day going north.

The Sagana arrived at Battle Harbor at 6.30 p.m. yesterday coming south.

Desperate Chauffeur.

Grim End to a German's Duress.

Paris, Sept. 24.—This is one of the most ghastly stories I have heard among all the grim incidents that have so far marked this savage war. It would take a Zola to relate its horror fully. I will not give names or places, not because every detail is not available, but because if the man concerned in the story were again to fall into the hands of the Germans his manner of death might be made unpleasant.

There is a French chauffeur in the employment of a rich young man living in a district recently occupied by the Germans. When the young master went to the war he was left without work. However, he received an offer to drive some refugees to a town in the south of France. He was away ten days, and when he returned he found the part of the country from which he had set out in the hands of the enemy.

Almost at once he met a German patrol. The officer in command was a man of enormous stature and evidently of great physical strength. "You mine," he said in bad French and in a threatening tone to the chauffeur, "car mine, March!" And getting in at the back, the officer drew his revolver and placed the muzzle against the chauffeur's head.

So they started, the two together, along the road. It was a bad road and the chauffeur began to fear that the jolting might make the revolver go off by accident. He accordingly ventured to ask the officer whether he would not prefer to sit in front. The giant consented.

Corpses for a Passenger.

Then suddenly a desperate idea occurred to the Frenchman. As if by accident he stopped the engine. Then with an exclamation of annoyance, he got down and raised the bonnet. "I must have a look at the carburetor," he said, and went to the toolbox at the back of the car, behind his captor's seat, to get a spanner. The German did not turn his head.

Then the Frenchman's lips tightened and his teeth set hard. Silently he raised the heavy spanner and with a crash brought it swiftly down on the giant officer's head. The victim half sprang up, then fell forward against the wind-screen, dead.

For a second the chauffeur stood there trembling, surveying his own dreadful handiwork. Then he took his place by the side of the corpse and drove on.

At last the chauffeur came to the place he had in mind. It was a lonely bridge over the Aisne Canal. He stopped the car, and then with a great effort he raised the dead man in his arms. Staggering under the weight (the officer was a man of fifteen stone) he carried the corpse to the parapet, poised the great form there for a second, and then with a push sent it with a single splash out of sight below into the green waters underneath the bridge.

He met no more patrols, and now he has taken up his regular work as a private chauffeur again.

Sulphate of Ammonia.

St. John's Gas Light Company.

Dear Sir,—I have analyzed a sample of Sulphate of Ammonia made at your Works, and I found 20.5 per cent of NITROGEN, Sulphates of Ammonia and Nitrate of Soda are the two principal Nitrogen manures.

Sulphate of Ammonia is less soluble than Nitrate of Soda, consequently it is a safer manure to use during a wet season.

Yours truly,

D. JAMES DAVIES, B.S.C., F.C.S., Analyst and Assayer.

Hunting For Wounded Under German Fire.

London, Oct. 9.—The London Daily Express prints the following from a correspondent in Belgium:

"The British field ambulance worked with the convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame at Zele, near Antwerp, as its first aid base, and throughout the afternoon Dr. Sector Munro and his dressers were receiving one motor car, of wounded after another.

Both Dr. Munro and E. Gurney, one of his dressers, made repeated trips into the firing line in a light motor car to look for wounded. Dr. Munro sitting, bare-headed, behind the driver, sometimes propping up an unconscious soldier hit by shrapnel.

"Mr. Gurney went past Grembergen, toward the river this morning searching for wounded, and part of the time had to crawl along low entrenchments practically on all fours. German infantrymen, screened beyond the opposite bank, shot at him every time he dared to show his head above cover.

"Mr. Gurney came back with two badly wounded infantrymen and his courage saved the life at least of one of them who was bleeding to death from a shrapnel wound. In the afternoon he went into the shelled village of Berlaere just before the Germans occupied some houses a few hundred yards away, and again succeeded in bringing away two wounded men."

Divorced Life

By Helen Hanson Fuesco

Trying to Forget Challoner

Marian Winthrop paused in front of an ocean of picture post cards, and selected a handful. Later she slipped into the palatial Marlborough-Blenheim, and dropped into a chair in front of one of the writing tables in the sun parlor. She scribbled postcard greetings to a number of her friends. Presently, hardly aware of what she was doing, she was writing one to Challoner.

"It is odd how lonely one can be in the midst of people without and," she wrote moodily. She signed her initials, and addressed the card to Challoner. Re-reading it later, she smiled, and assured herself that she would not post it. Nevertheless, acting upon a sudden impulse, she dropped this card, along with the others, into the letter slot at the postoffice. She consoled herself with the thought that the card bore no trace of her whereabouts at Atlantic City. Even if it had, she lacked the conceit to presume that Challoner, busy man that he was, would do more than drop her a brief note in reply. She knew men and their ways. Challoner, by this time, regardless of the interest he had evinced in her at Placid Inn, had unquestionably let her slip away into the category of bygone memories.

Life, she reflected, was incessant and merciless change. The friends of yesterday were the faded, dimly remembered impressions of today. She knew the loss of vividness which absence imparts to once intimate objects. She knew that even Frank, her former husband, must by this time be thinking of her only occasionally and no doubt vaguely, if at all.

Marian, let it be understood, had fully made up her mind that it was her duty to forget Challoner. She was glad that she had invaded this welter of humanity, and she believed that

here her impressions of Challoner would automatically blur into indistinct lines and values. This was what she wanted. She struggled hard to overcome the persistent and insistent desire that his fascinating man should come to mean more and more to her, in the wake of any such development, she knew that tragedy could not help trying. She had endured enough tragedy; she had no desire for any more.

After a tonic splash in the surf that morning, Marian returned to her hotel. A rented typewriter had been delivered. She placed it on her trunk and ran a sheet of paper into position. She attacked the keyboard and began pounding the lines and sentences of a new story into form. She knew that hard work would help her to overcome the yearnings for companionship which kept spinning distractingly through her mind.

Tolling on, there were long, dreamy, meditative lapses between sentences. Her thoughts kept running on to New York. She wondered what Challoner must have thought upon reading her brief communication via post card, what he would do. No doubt she would encounter him again some day on her return to New York, but if this occurred, she made up her mind that it must be by accident, not design.

The hour of luncheon came before she had written a page of manuscript. She glanced hastily through what she had written, and tore it up hopelessly. Certainly, she was in no frame of mind to-day for writing anything marketable. That afternoon she attended the matinee of a new Belasco production, and envied from the bottom of her heart the good fortune which had enabled the leading woman to overcome the theatrical obstacles which she herself had failed to master and pass.

To-morrow—The Free-Masonry of the Modern Dance.

sept.26,ed,tf

PATRIOTISM

demands that all things being equal, the products of the local industries should receive preference from the merchants and buying public.

Every local made

Suit or Overcoat

bought during this war season means a helping hand to the employees of the clothing factories. Ask for the goods made by

The Mfld. Clothing Company, Ltd.

STORE OPEN EVERY NIGHT TILL 8.30.

GARLAND'S BOOKSTORES,

177 and 353 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S

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