

"Lend A Hand!"

THE SALVATION ARMY, like the Knights of Columbus and the Y. M. C. A., has been devoting most of its social service energies during the last four years to war work. In that splendid kinship of effort on behalf of the soldiers and their dependents it has engaged in friendly and humanitarian rivalry with the other two great outstanding organizations.

And now that the war is over, the Salvation Army is taking up with renewed vim its great mission of bringing aid and comfort to all who are in need, of securing the suffering, of making the path of life smoother for the masses and of helping along towards the great ideal of a reconstructed world in which the good things of life shall be brought within reach of the great majority of the people, instead of being virtually a monopoly of a privileged few.

In Eastern Canada this energetic and popular organization is just now conducting a whirlwind campaign for one million dollars.

Toronto city has already raised over a quarter of a million dollars. The city of Montreal has made a promising start at the task of raising a like amount. Halifax is hustling towards its objective of over one hundred thousand dollars.

These great funds are to be expended on hostels and on other institutions designed to benefit the common people. There is to be nothing of denominationalism about the application of the money to public needs. Provincial governments and municipal authorities are showing their approval of the work of the Salvation Army, their faith in the ability and disinterestedness and broad-mindedness of the organization and their approval of its work and record by voting large appropriations of money to aid in the achievement of its plans.

And the Salvation Army proposes to help the citizens of St. John's solve one of their biggest problems. It proposes to help St. John's secure a maternity Home, even as it is conferring the same privilege on the city of Halifax.

The Salvation Army asks every citizen, whatever his standing, his creed or his means, to give this project his practical support so that this institution may be erected and equipped. The estimated cost of such a Maternity Home is set at fifty thousand dollars. And a considerable portion of this amount will be applied to the amplification of that splendid rescue work in this city that has now outgrown the limitations of the present institution maintained for this purpose.

That is the citizens' part of the project. On this side, the Salvation Army guarantees that, once the proposed Maternity Home is erected, the institution will be properly and continuously maintained, whether its upkeep is provided in whole or in part by this city or this country; the Salvation Army is also prepared to place the governance of this institution under an advisory board to be representative of all religious denominations and of the city and the general government. For the Maternity Home will not be denominational in name, in administrative conduct or in its aims, objects or methods.

The Salvation Army has had many years of experience, successful experience, in this branch of social service, which is conducted entirely distinct from its religious activities. It has great Maternity Homes in Canada, in the United States and in the Old Country. The organization specializes in this work and offers its splendid services to the city of St. John's. The whole world endorses these activities of the Salvation Army. Testimonies in favor of its methods and of its abilities come from great men of all denominations, of all classes and of all nationalities. Tomorrow we shall publish a glowing endorsement of Salvation Army maternity work, made by virtually every registered practitioner in St. John's. Our own local doctors urge upon our citizens the great advisability of embracing the opportunity the Salvation Army places within our reach. They urge the need of a Maternity Home and they plead for support of the Salvation Army project designed to meet that need at once.

The citizens of St. John's will be false to their own interests if they let such an opportunity slip. The citizens of St. John's will set back the progress of their own city if they do not give this project their enthusiastic and practical support. They cannot, they will not refuse the helping hand extended to them by an organization of wide experience, farlung activities, proven benefit and endorsed ability such as is the Salvation Army.

Presently it will be shown how every citizen can help along this splendid and necessary work. First, though, it will be shown that the need exists and that the Salvation Army makes just the right proposition for meeting that need. Our own professional leaders admit the necessity and endorse this means of coping with it. Just watch for proof of this.

And when the subscription lists are opened it is anticipated that our citizens will maintain their record for liberality. They must, in all fairness to themselves. The motto of this campaign must be

"LEND A HAND"---Give Even More Than You Can Spare!



Our Ghost.

I now relate happened in the that we occupy. I can offer explanation, scientific or purely naive.

Two months ago our black Persian cat developed a peculiar habit. She refused to bring up one of her kittens and attacked a grey one, the only one of that colour in the house. When the next litter of kittens arrived she promptly killed them. From a domesticated creature she changed into a snarl-mouthed fiend. We decided with reference that the cat should be destroyed, and she was mercifully despatched by a veterinary surgeon and interred.

A few weeks afterwards a young man and his wife came as visitors to our house. They were given the room in which my wife and I sleep. It is a room that not the most agile of cats can enter with both windows and the door shut. Our friends kept the door closed during the night.

The morning our visitor, Mrs. H., a my wife where the cat was. "I have no cat," was the answer. "Very remarkable," said Mrs. H. "I had a cat a month or so ago." "But we had to destroy it," she said, "but we had to destroy it killing her kittens and going to the grave."

Mrs. H. shuddered. "What was that like—a black one?" "She was a black Persian," I answered my wife. "She was the most extraordinary!" exclaimed our guest. "Extraordinary!" echoed her

husband. "Make one feel creepy." "What is the mystery?" we inquired of our visibly astonished friends.

"Well," said Mrs. M., "in the middle of the night I woke up suddenly and saw a big black cat with yellow eyes, sitting on my chest. I am not fond of cats, but I did not push it away. There it sat looking at me with its big, yellow eyes. Then, presently, the cat slowly stretched out a paw and gently patted my cheek. I took no notice of this. The next thing the cat did was to touch my lips softly with its paw. Again I gave the cat no encouragement, and presently it sprang off my chest on to the floor. Then I went to sleep again, and when I woke up I told my husband that a friendly cat had visited us in the night and had stroked my face with its paw. How it got into the room was a mystery to us. There was just enough light for me to see the cat plainly."

I must explain that Mrs. H. is a normal, healthy person, in full possession of her visual faculty, not of a superstitious nature, and not accustomed to see spectres. The cat of her apparition conducted herself exactly in the same manner as our dead Persian.

Almost every morning, in the small hours, the cat on returning from nocturnal hunting, came to greet my wife. It used to spring upon the bed, stalk on to my wife's chest, and sit and watch her face for a few minutes. If her mistress did not extend a hand to stroke her the cat would endeavor to attract her attention by softly patting her cheek. Always expecting some sign of welcome, the cat would try to make my wife speak to her by a gentle touch on the lips. This was before she reverted to her ancestral

ferocity and developed murderous inclinations.

Usually, after this early morning salutation between the mistress and her pet, which I have frequently witnessed the cat would either curl round and go to sleep at the foot of the bed or make another expedition in quest of birds at dawn.

Mrs. H. asserts that she was not dreaming. She was awakened fully by the cat jumping on to her. She did not know that we had kept a cat. When the cat appeared to her, she surmised that it was our cat, and that it was accustomed to come into the bedroom.

Our visitor records this apparition as a fact. She affirms that everything occurred exactly as she told us. Can anyone suggest a rational explanation?

I know that it is easy enough to dismiss the testimony of Mrs. H. as a dream or a delusion. But admitting this possibility, why was the cat—"ghost" a black Persian, and why did it act precisely in the same manner as our dead cat was wont to do? I am awaiting the next nightly visitation of our sable friend.—Walter M. Galliehan, in London Daily Mail.

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