

Household Coal!
under the powers conferred by clause 9 of the Coal Shipping Act, 1918, that clause which was suspended by him on...

Christian Bros' Collection.
(Continued.)
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Army of Thieves
Gen. Mackensen is dismayed, says a writer in La Revue Romaine, of Paris. The reader will be at a loss to guess the cause, and so we'll let the field marshal speak and the reader will thus better relish the savor of the words which stupefaction draws from him, words reported by a French diplomat just back from Jassy.
"I have led to Roumania an army of soldiers," he said, "and I shall lead them back an army of thieves."
We suspect the field marshal of being master of irony, as we cannot believe in the sincerity of his dismay.
Thief and lying are part of the organization of the German army, and we'll take an oath upon it that there have at all times been in the German barracks hours set apart and devoted to the training of all recruits for pillage and shameless falsehood. If this be the case, we must admit that the pupils do honor to their professors, for one cannot reach greater perfection than they. Indeed, it is within bounds to say that the German army practices the super-theft and super-lie in a manner and to an extent worthy in every respect of the great German empire.
The history of the past aids us in understanding the present. Theft has at all times been so much at home in the German army that when we go back to the lansquenets, the first really organized German troops, we find a corps duly constituted and solely charged with pillage, massacre and incendiarism. Later, when for want of resources the uniform of the lansquenets fell into desuetude, the breeches intended to receive in capacious pockets large plunder. At that time the Germans were still in the infancy of the art; they have since made progress with their wonderful efficiency.
And when Gen. Mackensen pretends not to recognize his soldiers in this army of thieves he is joking; his consternation would be real and sincere if he were to command an army of honest people. I can readily imagine him supervising the pillage with an indulgent and amused eye, even encouraging, if necessary, with a word, like a good father who smiles with tender feelings at the roguish pranks of his children.
Thieves and liars they have been, thieves and liars they will remain, from the highest to the lowest, from the emperor to the last soldier. The emperor steals countries, massacres populations, and has the high-handed operations sanctioned by means of extorted treaties; the officer lays hands on art collections, on precious wines, proud of the high approbation of his lord and master; the common soldier pillages the poultry yard of the Roumanian peasant, and takes away his last handful of cornmeal. This all work in this way, like the apaches for the greater glory and eternal renown of Greater Germany. I jest, and my heart is bleeding at the thought of the awful misery

When the Snow Came.
Says the London Times: People who collect war wonders are recalling one of the best street stories of the war. The tale is that a few months ago a young girl travelling in a London bus shifted her seat to avoid sitting near a shabbily-dressed old woman. "You needn't be so proud," said the old woman; "after all, you've only got eightpence in your purse." The astonished girl acknowledged this was true. "That's very strange," said a man opposite. "Can you also tell how much money I have in my pocket?" "Seventeen pounds, twelve shillings and eightpence," said the old woman, "and five pounds ten shillings in postal notes." The man examined his pocket-book and change. She was right. "Perhaps, since you know so much," he suggested, "you can tell us when the war will be over?" and presently the old woman answered him, "It will end in April in a great battle in a snow storm." Whereupon the man took the shabby's name and address, promising that if the prophecy came true he would send her seventeen pounds twelve shillings and eightpence—all the money in his pocket. As we know, she lost the money.
Potatoes cut in balls are very nice cooked in broth.

This Typewriting Gets On My Nerves. I Wonder Why?
I ALWAYS used to like running the machine, and took a pleasure in turning out good, neat letters.
But I must say I cannot feel that way lately. Hitting the keys seems to jar my whole nervous system, and the noise of the machine annoys me.
I wonder if I am getting nervous. There must certainly be something wrong with me, for I am so tired in the mornings and do not seem to have the energy to transcribe the bunch of letters which I get every day.
Of course, I have been working harder than usual to make up for those who have been away sick. Then I have been helping more at home while mother was sick. I suppose it all helps to tire one out and exhaust the nerves.
But what was that I was reading about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food building up the nerves? Perhaps that is what I need. There was something about worry and anxiety breaking down the nervous system, and I have surely had my share of worry.
That may account for my headaches and sleeplessness, as well as for the tired feelings which I get some of the time. Well, I am going to get some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to-day and give it a tryout.
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is so gentle in action and yet so potent as a restorative that it is a great favorite with women of all ages. It seems to be admirably suited to the needs of their delicate nervous systems, and on this account it has come to be universally used as a means of restoring vigor and energy to a run-down, nervous system.
The healthful color and appearance of people who have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—the elasticity and vivacity of their movements—is the best evidence of the benefits they have attained.
Dr. Chase's Medicines are sold by all Druggists and Dealers in St. John's and the Outports. Wholesale quotations from GERALD S. DOYLE, Water St., St. John's, Sole Agent.

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Bean stew with little odd bits of meat added is nourishing.
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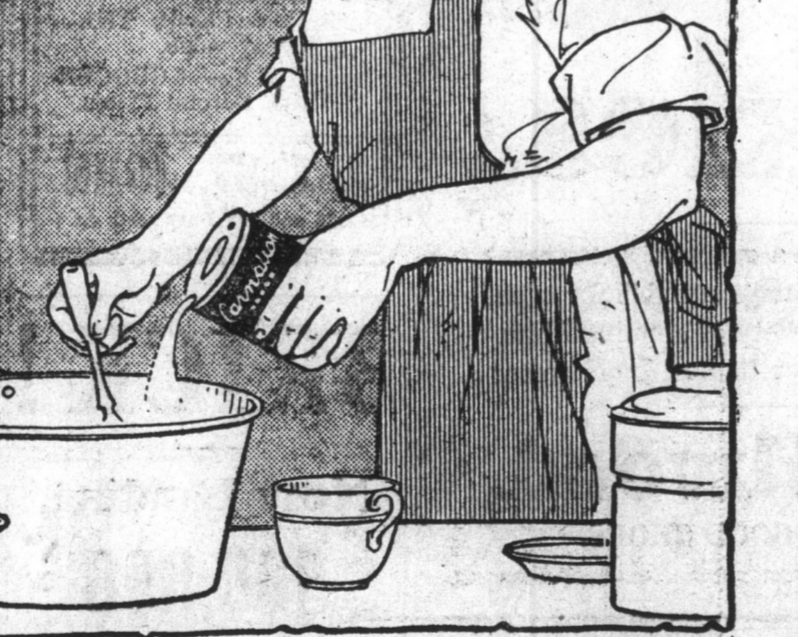
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under which the Roumanian peasant succumbs. He needs so little, so infinitely little, for his living, and the German has hardly left him enough on which to die. It seems that, under the German heel, Roumania, already so far from all those she loves, has moved further back, very far, to the end of the world, where no consoling word can reach her, and from that Roumania, cut off from all communications, come only these two certainties: That of hatred, a ferocious hatred of the Roumanians toward Germany, and that of their indomitable loyalty to the cause for which they suffer every instant of their sad existence, and also this mournful chorus: "Roumania a starving to death."
Germany has already commenced in bitterness to harvest what Field Marshall Mackensen's army of thieves has sown in that most fertile Roumanian land.

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A Small Quantity North Sydney Coal.
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NAMARA,
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A Fine War-Time Dish
Macaroni with Cheese and White Sauce
1 pound macaroni, 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 1 cup Cream Milk, 1 cup water, 1/2 to 1 pound cheese.
Boil macaroni in small pieces and cook in boiling water until tender. Make white sauce of the butter, flour, seasonings, milk and water. Grate cheese and stir into the white sauce until melted. Drain the macaroni, mix it with the white sauce, put in baking dish, and cover with bread crumbs. Bake in the oven.



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YOU'LL be proud of the wonderful deliciousness Carnation Milk adds to your favorite dishes.
It gives a richer, more appetizing flavor to soups, sauces, gravies, and creamed vegetables—you add its quality to everything you cook.
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Order a supply with your groceries—your grocer is the Carnation Milkman.

Hr. Grace Notes.
The schr. Saffron, Sheridan, master, arrived from Bell Island on Saturday with coal.
A regular snow storm raged here on Saturday so much so that very few people were about.
One of our oldest citizens, Mr. John Whiteway, passed away on Friday morning after a short illness, at the advanced age of 84 years. The funeral took place yesterday and was attended by a large number of citizens including the members of the Conception Bay British Society, of which he was one of the oldest if not the oldest members. Mr. Whiteway leaves three daughters to mourn their loss.

Bad Accident.
Mr. W. J. Walsh, M.H.A., received a message from Fr. O'Flaherty, Trepassey, that a young man named Rogers, had blown off one of his hands by the explosion of a gun. The injured man arrived to-day, as through the efforts of Mr. Walsh, the Reid Nid. Co. consented to send a train to Trepassey for the purpose of bringing the wounded man, who in the meantime had been looked after by Dr. Giovanetti, into town. He was sent to the hospital on arrival.

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Call and see them and be convinced of value. Special Prices to wholesale dealers.
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