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**Mr. Butler on Canadian & Nfld. Railroad System**

New Glasgow, N.S., Sept. 3rd, 1916.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—Looking over the Canadian and American papers here in Canada one does not want to study much to learn what effect the brotherhood has on railroading in Canada and America when that organization makes a lawful demand for fair play in railroading. To-day four hundred thousand railroad men are on the verge of a nation wide strike and unless the managers of the railroads comply with their demands in granting them shorter hours and more wages there certainly will be a hang-up of railroads unequalled in the history of the world. Imagine a Railroad Brotherhood aggregating four hundred thousand men able to be called out on strike in a few hours if necessary. This would suggest that there is some system among the railroad men in Canada and America and proves beyond question that they have some protection. While the leaders of such a vast Brotherhood are able to cling together in one united host such a stupendous organization as referred to above how much easier would it be to organize a Brotherhood among Newfoundland railroaders if the men employed on the R.N. Co.'s road were only willing to unite for that lawful purpose. Railroad officials in Canada and America cannot use their employees as dogs and make them work like slaves as the elated officials of the Newfoundland road do in many cases. They have a too well organized Brotherhood on the Continent to allow their employers to run them forty-eight hours without rest or dismiss them at the expiration of that period if they kick for sleep when required to run longer by their employers, as has been done on the Nfld. roads. I would suggest that our Nfld. railroad men get the Canadian and American papers for information about such organization in question and get down to business in forming a Brotherhood among railroad men home where it is certainly needed. Here, in Canada, brakemen get \$120 per month, while the brakemen in Newfoundland (home) get \$45 per month (third year's rate), and work almost double the time for that small amount, as the brakemen here work for more than double the amount of money. The good wages here is the direct result of Brotherhood and Unity among the railroaders which should be in Newfoundland, but, of course, on a smaller scale, as it would not be quite reasonable to expect so much wages home as in Canada or America but a considerable rise in wages is due railroad men home in the meantime. Since coming to Canada I was offered a job as brakeman with one hundred and ten dollars per month for a start, but owing to being in a munition factory with a satisfactory job I refused to take it. I may add in the meantime that I had quite an extensive talk with a very intelligent railroad official here who questioned me up pretty good on air-brakes, but at the end of the contest he was quite willing to hire me on if I wished to accept. He also asked me how I came to get away from Newfoundland Railroad and I frankly told him that I was dismissed for refusing to sleep in the open air as I had no caboose on the end of the train. At this open statement he laughed heartily, took my name and told me to call when I desired a job on the road, whereupon I thanked him and walked out feeling satisfied with having conversed with a gentleman railroad official once in my life. In conclusion I wish to state that I know several young men from home who were formerly employed with the R. N. Co., and rated no good, but are now here

**GRAPHIC STORY OF BLOODY STRUGGLE ON SOMME**

From a reliable source the following is a graphic story of incidents in the Somme battles:—

The mellow Irish voice of Lieutenant . . . was the first to welcome me on board the hospital ship that was berthed at Southampton, after breakfast this morning. I was glad to find that very popular platoon commander a "walking case."

"Give us the realities; real pictures; something much more informing than that any of your letters I have seen," I told him, and this is the result:—

What you say about my letters home may be entirely deserved, my dear skipper, but the business of this push of any other important phase of the war, for that matter—is too big for letters. Bedad, it is too big for literature itself.

Why, if you'll believe me, the Colonel of the battalion next ours borrowed a handkerchief from me to blow his blessed nose with, in the middle of one of the bloodiest little shows that ever was. "God a handkerchief to spare," he said in a casual sort of a way. "I used mine, tying up a fellow's arm, back there."

I gave him my handkerchief, and he blew his nose comfortably and shoved the rag in his breeches pocket. "That's better," says he, and hurried on with the advance. He was with the rear company of his battalion, and the way he managed to get in and out among his men, cheering them on, was wonderful. He was rather badly wounded later on in hand-to-hand fighting with four Boches who had cornered two of his men in their second line. But he's all right, I think. Men were dropping all round us in that advance. It was an extraordinarily bloody business, and had been for thirty hours or more before that. But one remains human, you understand. One tries to get a mouthful of grub at certain intervals, and a smoke if possible. And a man wants to blow his nose on occasion, even though all hell's let loose; and—well, some of us prefer to use handkerchiefs for that purpose if we can. You follow me? But how easy to convey an entirely false impression with a picture of a Commanding Officer borrowing a handkerchief and blowing his nose in the midst of a hot advance!

**RESPECT FOR THE DEAD.**  
Suppose I set out to depict something of the shapeless, grisly horrors of it all. God knows there's enough, of 'em. What's the best effect I'll produce; especially on any one who's never been out there? An effect of shapeless, confused, purposeless horror.

The other afternoon I came mighty near puking, in a warren of Boche trenches we took outside Longueval. Nothing much; we've all seen worse things. A little heap of four dead Boches. They were decently buried an hour later. It just happened that I was about the first of our people to see this particular shambles. You know how careful our chaps are, with their kindly sense of decency. Their first thought is to cover a dead Boche's face; give him some decent dignity; even if they're not able at the moment to give him decent burial. English, Irish, Scots, Canadian, Australian, South African—all the British troops are like that. Well, they hadn't had time to "clean up here; and these particular Boches had been done up pretty nasty, as they say; very nasty indeed. Some of our heavy stuff earning a wage of five dollars per day and, lastly, I may add that the Canadian papers know of the condition and system of railroading home in defiance of the public plea for a better state of affairs.

M. L. BUTLER.

must have landed right among 'em. They were in the mouth of a dug-out. Two minutes later I came upon as homely a little picture as you'd find in the neighbourhood of any peaceful Irish or English village—three of our lads crouching over an old brazier, on which they were making afternoon tea, if you please, frying a scrap of bacon and boiling the water for tea at the same time, and stirring in their own lovable Irish blarney with the cooking all the time.

I took it in, and passed on, pondering the queerness of the whole business. I wasn't more than sixty or seventy paces away when three Boche shells arrived, like a postman's knock, somewhere close behind. Just three and no more—one of the fukes of the day.

**WHAT THE "PUSH" IS LIKE**

Something made me turn back and go to take another look at the tea party. One of its members had been instantaneously killed, his head smashed to a pulp. Another had been terribly mauled about the loins, and was already being attended to by a couple of stretcher-bearers who had been resting in a dug-out within sight of the party, and themselves had been covered with earth and dust from the shells. I lent a hand and they very soon had the poor chap on his way down to the dressing station. But I feel sure one won't ever see him again. You know that hopeless yellow pallor. It was . . . of No. 7, and the man killed was . . . of No. 5. I was back that way within a quarter of an hour, and there was . . . of . . . 's own section, you know, rolling a cigarette in a bit of newspaper, having just finished the bacon. His half-filled canteen of tea was alongside the brazier, which lay now in its side, upset, no doubt, when the shells came; indeed, it was half-buried. But . . . told me the bacon had been saved, and, in some queer way, the tea. So he had had . . . 's whack, and . . . 's as well as his own; and as he rolled his cigarette in the scrap of a newspaper he was humming, "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

"What's the 'Push' like? It's like everything that ever was, as well. It's all the struggles of life crowded into an hour; it's an assertion of the bed-rock decency and goodness of our of our people, and I wouldn't have missed it for all the gold in London town!

You can't describe it, but I wouldn't like to be out of it for long. It's hell and heaven, and the devil and the world, and, thank goodness, we're on the side of the angels—decency, not material gain—and we're going to win.

**Believe Huns are Preparing Shorten Their Lines**

NEW YORK, N.Y., September 1.—The London correspondent of the World cables as follows:—Inquiries in financial and other quarters, in close touch with Holland, have elicited the fact that the belief prevails in well-informed quarters there, that Germany probably will shorten her line in the West before long.

There are two possible lines to which she might retire, one as far back as Maastricht (in Holland, north of Liege) but the belief is that if the pressure in the East becomes a serious menace, Field Marshal von Hindenburg will recommend a withdrawal to the line of Antwerp, Namur and Mezieres (that is, surrendering about half of Belgium and nearly all North-

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Now that the holidays are over the boys will need a new suit for school.

**We Can Supply Them.**

**NORFOLK**—2 garment, belted suits, Tweed and Serge. Sizes 1 to 8. . . . \$2.40 to \$4.50.

**SUFFOLK**—3 garment belted, Tweed and Serge. Sizes 1 to 8. . . . \$2.70 to \$4.50.

**RUGBY**—3 garment suits, Tweed and Serge; Short pants. Sizes 4 to 12. . . . \$3.00 to \$7.60.

**YOUTHS' SUITS**, long pants. Sizes 7 to 12. . . \$4.50 to \$8.00.

**CONWAY SUITS** for little boys, 3 garment, Tweed and Serge, with detachable linen collar. Sizes 000 to 2. . . \$2.50 to \$5.20.

**SINGLE PANTS**, lined and unlined. Sizes 1 to 12, from 70c. up.

**SINGLE COATS**, all sizes, from \$1.50 up.



**STEER Brothers.**

ern France, and standing on the line of the Meuse) on which she has been very busy, in the last four months, especially about Namur and Antwerp, whose fortifications have been strengthened in every direction. By such a withdrawal military critics here say, Germany could possibly release 750,000 men for the East, but the Allies front in the West would be shortened to the same extent, and more effective concentrations of the great forces at their disposals could be made in further pushes, so the German strategic situation would be hardly improved.

There is no doubt a big crisis in the war has been reached although it is not believed here it can possibly be finished, so far as Germany is concerned until another Summer campaign.

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**HENRY BLAIR.**

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**LABRADOR SERVICE.**  
S.S. NEPTUNE will leave the Dry Dock wharf at 6 p.m. on Thursday, Sept. 14th, calling at Hr. Grace Carbonear, Trinity, Catalina, King's Cove, Wesleyville, Twillingate, Battle Hr. and the usual Labrador ports of call, going as far North as Hopedale.  
Freight received up to NOON on Thursday, Sept. 14th.  
**Reid-Newfoundland Co.**