

To Motor Boat Owners SPECIAL NOTICE!

THE undersigned, who holds Newfoundland Patent No. 209 on COVERS FOR MOTOR BOATS AND OTHER BOATS, is now prepared to license the use of same to fishermen and others requiring it. This covering can be put on a Boat in about two or three minutes and removed in less time. When on Boat no water can enter it, not even rain, except a small space at stern reserved for steersman.

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Hindenburg's March into London

Translated from German by L. G. Redmond Howard.

All day long Berlin has been a prey to pleasant yet secretly worrying restlessness—a feeling which precedes proud achievements.

Early in the afternoon the special newspapers carried the superscription:—

"BEFORE THE GATES OF LONDON!"
The Commander of the army has announced that a great battle, promising a favourable issue, is developing on the North Downs. Whoever has ears to understand Hindenburg's language knows that the life is cast.

At half-past eleven Wolff's Bureau issues the information that the gigantic armada of all available German airships has overwhelmed the City of London with bombs, and the salutes of our "42's" have been thrown into the town. The Tower and two bridges over the Thames are in ruins.

Berlin shouts with joy! The streets become a many-coloured fairland of flags. The waves of enthusiasm are surging high. The multitude increases by leaps and bounds.

The church steeples announce midday as new specials are issued:—

"The Lord Mayor of London has surrendered the keys of the Mansion House to Hindenburg, and has begged him to spare the City."

Hindenburg London's Overlord! This information is the signal for a delirium of delight surpassing Germany's joy in the days of August 1914 and the autumn of 1915.

Britain's Army Surrenders.

"Germany, Germany over all!" Like a mighty wave it roars in multitudinous chorus up to the starlit sky.

When the clocks have rung out the second hour of the night the motor cars of the great newspapers again pass through the streets. New specialities are thrown to the crowd. Joyous voices carry the news in all directions:—

In order to save London from the threatened destruction, the English Government has accepted Hindenburg's demand, that the entire English Army wherever it may be, is to lay down arms without delay!

Till daybreak shoutings of "Hurrah!" and patriotic songs are heard through the streets. When the songs are started—"In the Homeland, in the Homeland, there we meet again!"—the singing reaches a joyous, jubilant height. For soon Germany will have her brave sons back again!

Why Britain Fell.

In the late hours of the afternoon on the following day the invading army hold a stately parade march at Croydon, three hours south of London expecting their Marshal, who has called them together for review and a short army service before he directs their ceremonial entry into London.

It is a memorable moment for Hindenburg with his staff comes riding up the hill, and sees from the heights south of Croydon the steeples of London for the first time! A town of 7½ millions is lying at his feet—the capital of a country which has been able to subdue one-fifth of the whole human race and the extent of whose colonies spread over a surface equal to 32 German Empires!

The sound of hymns borne across the field, and then the army chaplain ascends the green pulpit.

"Comrades, the Lord has done great things!" he cries. "He has blessed our arms and has given over to us the proud town before whose gates we now gratefully lift up our hands to God."

"In such mighty hours of fate we do not stop to think of the inscrutability of God's intentions, but look for connections which make his wise actions clear to us. And thus we ask to-day, Why has the Lord God so deeply chastised the great and proud nation in these days, when He gave such rich blessings at other times, and when He had let it rest under His sun of grace for so many centuries?"

"I answer this question with the words of the Scripture, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what can man give in order to redeem his soul?'"

"The English were not content with the treasures given them by God; the desire for pleasure and always greater possessions and unlimited world power, poisoned and impoverished their souls until they had no souls left."

"God's mills grind slowly. Comrades, it is something precious and holy that God should have chosen you for His instruments, that He made your words write in the English soil: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world?'"

The March Through London.

The streets and squares, round London Bridge Station on the following morning are a huge military camp. "Hurrah!"

Hindenburg has entered the station grounds. At nine o'clock sharp he mounts on horse back. He rides between Ludendorff and Count Zeppelin. The battalions unfurl their flags. To the strains of the "Entry Into Paris" March of 1871 the troops proceed to London Bridge.

There on the left bank of the Thames, where clouds of smoke are still lowering like a storm over the ruins, the Tower had stood for 900 years up to the day before yesterday. But one of the thirteen 42-cm. guns sent into the City had transformed into rubbish and ashes this historic citadel.

The Arsenal, with its walls and proud battlements, is now a heap of sweepings. The Bloody Tower stands out as a dismal token amid the stones of the ruined fortress.

The goal of the troops is St. James' Park. They cannot reach this place by the shortest way, as between Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street a tremendous fire is raging, which filches from the business houses goods worth millions, and sends them flying up in black clouds of smoke!

By the side of the Piccadilly girls in best attire, may be seen ragged, slouching figures which have been eaten by vice and hunger. Honourable citizens and smart young sportsmen look at the military spectacle with a sullen gaze. Gentlemen and foppish mongrels all clench their fist in their pockets against the Germans.

Let them hate us if they like, provided they fear us!

From the Thames the troops have gone through King William Street, the houses of which are blackened by the dark grey London fogs, and the soldiers have now reached the square of the world, where the traffic is greatest—that is to say, the square between the Mansion House, the Bank and the Exchange.

King Edward's War Estimate.

In the sacred rooms of the Bank and Exchange, near which the German troops are now passing, Edward VII. once had an estimate for the big war of 1916 got out for him; which war, by mistake, broke out two years too soon!

The financial experts were able very confidently to call His Majesty's attention to the historical fact that declarations of war in Europe had always been for Old England the most promising industrial securities!

When the troops enter the Strand, the Adjutant calls the attention of Major Sigwart, who is riding close to him, to the fact that here in a small by-street the Tsar Peter the Great had lived when he came to England to learn the shipbuilding trade as a simple dockyard workman. It would be a fine parallel, thought the Major, if the King of England had some day to enlist as a recruit in a Potsdam by-street to study German military science. If King Edward had done so, this world-war would surely have been spared us!

Before Duckingham Palace.

"Here is Pall Mall and St. James' Street with their beautiful Clubhouses, in which the West End millionaires, in as lavish and royal a fashion as Continental Kings, are attended to by an army of pages and footmen."

Towards Whitehall the young gentlemen of the Pall Mall Club goes to the Derby at Epsom. A fortnight later he bets at Ascot. After the race

ing week in Windsor Park he attends the great boat regatta at Henley, and in July he goes to the seaside in a fashionable town on the social level of Scarborough. After a trip to the Bernese Oberland he goes shooting the coveted grouse in August on the moors of England. In September he shoots the partridge. In October and November he attends the great hunting meets, the climax of which is stag-hunting.

In December he goes to Cairo; in January he does not decline an invitation to a tropical hunt, but early in March he finds himself in due time at the gambling table in Monte Carlo.

In April he resides on his estate in the outlying neighbourhood of London. He will soon leave his country house to attend the season in London. When he has rested there in the club armchair he again goes travelling all through the year, having as his only aim three things—sporting, flirting and gambling.

And now the Prussian pointed helmets are marching in.

Round Buckingham Palace the troops erect their tents. St. James' Park, with its delightful groups of trees, allows of a few unimpeded glances at the Government Buildings.

The Great Tattoo.

War invalids from the Scottish Highlands approach with their bagpipes the camp of our troops, and maimed Italian heroes from Isonzo come with their barrel-organs and entertain the German troops to gain a half-penny.

In the evening Hindenburg orders the powerful bell of Big Ben, the tower clock of Parliament Buildings, to be rung. Then all the army bands assemble for the great totto on foreign soil!

Never had the sounds of the trumpets penetrated so deeply in a soldier's heart.

The London mob, gaping round the German troops, witnesses something unheard of. The poor simpletons who had been led by the nose by their mischievous press now hear the anthem "Now Praise Ye God" roaring through Hyde Park, and they ask each other, "Do the Huns believe in God?"

Hindenburg's Farewell Message.

Hindenburg will to-night start his homeward journey to the Continent, but before leaving he addresses to his gallant men a few short words to take with them on the path of life:—

"Soldiers! It has been a hard fight, but you have carried your flags from victory to victory, and have shown to the world that none can set the German frontier ablaze without his own house being burnt."

"When you return to Germany shortly go to church and thank God. And tell your children the great things you have witnessed in these days, and write all this with a firm styllet on your family tablets, so that in the future, if in the course of the next centuries a war-like feeling arise again in Europe, your children's children shall say, to your honour and to the confusion of our enemies—'One of my forefathers once bivouacked before Buckingham Palace after helping to subdue a whole world of enemies!'"

As the great German war hero, whose ruthless "must" on the battlefields extracted from the last man the last atom of strength, now once more rides through the ranks of his battalions, many eyes are filled with tears.

"Now, friends, fall out!"

A veteran returned from the front took the pencil from my hand and said—

"You dreamer, are you not satisfied with all that our glorious arms have already accomplished? If you want to praise, praise then the proud German work of to-day and to-morrow! What are big words and political fairy tales in such golden times of action?"

"There will be no big words," I said. "A fairy tale? The story of England's inviolability; that is a fairy tale! No, here are words of German reliance, as firm as a rock, which will lead the way through London to a world's peace, even quicker than we suspect."

"Then the God who has stood at our side during this severe war of liberation, and given us a Hindenburg who would lead us over the Channel. Who would then not irresistibly follow to the Banks of the Thames Hindenburg's flags, those flags accustomed to victory? Who would not then fall of joyous pride?"

In the shining eyes of the soldier I read the answer.

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NOTICE OF REMOVAL AND PARTNERSHIP!

Hon. R. A. Squires, K.C., LL.B.

ANNOUNCES the removal of his LAW OFFICES to the New BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA Building at the corner of Beck's Cove and Water Street, and the formation of a PARTNERSHIP for general practice as Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries, with

MR. J. A. WINTER, eldest son of the late Sir James S. Winter, K.C., under the firm name of Squires & Winter.

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January 3rd, 1916. St. John's.



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