

Anderson's Great Removal Notice.

THIS week we are busy removing our complete stock of dry goods from the Old Stand at Grace Building to our New Modern Store—one of the best lighted stores in the city—just opposite the Eastern End of the General Post Office.

By Saturday, July 10th, we hope to be ready to meet our Customers in the New Store, but of course it will take a few days before our stock will be thoroughly arranged, therefore we will ask you to overlook any inattention on our part during our removal days? Come and see us in the New Store.

Anderson's, Water Street, St. John's

REALLY GOOD NEW GRASS -BUTTER-

Wholesale in 56lb. and 14lb. Boxes and 30lb. Tubs, also retailing at 45 cents pound.

—also—

- 5 cases SPANISH APRICOT PULP, 10lb. tins.
- 5 cases STRAWBERRY PULP.
- 5 cases APPLE PULP.
- 5 cases GOOSEBERRY.
- 25 cases PEELED and CORED APPLES, 1 gallon tins, at 35c. tin.
- 2 cases CRYSTALIZED GINGER, 1lb. & 1/2lb. tins.
- 1 case PARROT FOOD.

W. E. BEARNS HAY MARKET GROCERY
PHONE 379

WHY BRITISH SUITS EXCELL!

BECAUSE:—We produce the best ready to wear suits in that they not only fit and hang well when you put them on but continue to do so until they are laid aside.

To turn out such suits it is necessary to have everyone experts in their line—Knowing their work thoroughly—Having a taste for their work—Qualified by Experience and Observation—and trained to do such splendid work.

Such Experts are to be found only in our Factory trained by a manager who has had over 25 years Experience in the Chief Clothing Centres of the world.

BECAUSE:—We select only the highest grade wool cloths in each particular class having an eye to such patterns and designs as will satisfy each individual taste.

BECAUSE:—We have Expert cutters and give careful attention to Linings, Trimmings, and inner Constructions.

BECAUSE:—British suits are the ones with the best fit and longest life of any suits sold in Newfoundland.

INSIST ON BRITISH SUITS.

THE BRITISH CLOTHING Co., Ltd.
Sinnott's Building, St. John's.

LONDON AS SEEN BY YOUNG BRITISH OFFICER ON LEAVE FROM THE FRONT

Crowds in Great City Seem Strangely Indifferent to Colossal Struggle Taking Place Only a Few Miles Away—Fashionable Restaurants and Theatres Gay With Pleasure-Seekers.

Writing in the London Evening News recently, John Foster Fraser describes the short leave of a young officer straight from the trenches. He writes as follows:

"He went over to France with the first batch. He was a second lieutenant, but he got promotion about the time the Germans were being pushed to the Marne.

"He had been promised a few days leave at Christmas, but it was withdrawn. Towards the end of February he was certain to get away; but he did not. April had come, and he had been through some of the roughest fighting and his company, sagged and reduced had been removed to the rear to rest. Then his commander suddenly exclaimed, 'Atkinson, if you want to go and see if the fountain is still in Piccadilly Circus you can clear out! Report yourself in seventy-two hours.'

"He had gone through his share of the mix-up. He had been in tight corners. Twice he had really thought it was all over with him. But he had not won a V.C., and he had never been mentioned in despatches. He was just one of several thousand young Englishmen who had taken life pleasantly as a bit of a lark, indeed; but when the war came he felt it was up to him to 'do a bit,' and without imagining he was anything of a hero he did want to kill a few Germans.

Before the Call Came.

"A year ago he was in the army, because a fellow had to do something. Besides, you could have a jolly good time in the army. He thought more of the good time than of the serious business of soldiering. He rode well; he loved a few days on the moors after the grouse; in golf his handicap was four; after he had dined at the Carlton he liked to hang about the lounge of the Empire, for an hour. He was quite an ordinary young English gentleman.

"It was good to be in the trenches, bucking up his men. The hell mischief of the shells unnerved him at first, but he got used to it. He got used to many things. He saw pals double up in the death agony. He saw horrible sights which the next morning he fancied he must have dreamt. There had been weeks of four discomfort and inaction, there had been hours of panting thrill. The rack and the strain had changed him a lot—but he didn't know how much.

"And here he was in the train, a free man for seventy-two hours, bound for Boulogne. And there was Folkestone and a devilish long wait on the quay side before the train started. And there was dear old Kent drowsy even in spring time. It was evening, and here was Victoria Station, noisy and mildly distracted. And Atkinson was back in London.

The Hurry-Home Crowd.

"It was the time when half of business London was hastening back to its suburban home. There was a shifting crowd before the bookstall and a rush toward the platform gates. Being a young fellow he noticed the girls, most of them neat and pale who had come from their typewriters and offices—and it was good to see a lot of girls. Many of them were laughing. He felt like laughing; he didn't know why; maybe it was a bit of hysteria. Oh, London, London! At last night, only last night, he stood behind the rapid fliers whilst a bunch of German men were being chivvied out of a wood.

"Nobody took any notice of him. Nobody knew he had come straight back from the fighting. Lots of other khaki men were about, but he could tell from the look in their eyes that they had never seen the real thing. He could tell them a yarn that would tingle their blood; he could—well, it would have been decent to have been met by somebody, somebody that was really pleased to see him.

"The noise of the streets distracted him; he had not heard that kind of noise for a long time. He tried to feel happy when in the great hotel near Trafalgar Square.

"There were folk dressed for dinner; there was mirth; there was a group disputing whether they should go to the Palace or an American Jewish play which a man said was decidedly funny. Yes, yes, he thought, he also wanted a good time; that was what he had come back for. But this jollity, this frivolous gallivanting—heavens, it didn't seem to fit in with what was happening 'over there.'

"He knew a restaurant near Piccadilly Circus where there was a crowd and music. That would brace him up a bit. The place was thronged and the air was heavy with hot food and the babble of tongue. He had to stand till a frock-coated Italian overseer hoisted his eyebrows as a signal he had found him a place. 'Sorry, he could not get him a table to himself; so busy; but, but—and the soldier found himself at a table for four asking the other three if they minded? They made a grimace.

"Two men and a woman, and whilst the woman was eating fruit, the men were discussing the drama. Play acting! A spasm of anger came to him. He would like to have interrupted and told them about the real drama. But he kept quiet. He went on with his dinner.

"London had not altered—at least, this crowd had not altered. Puffy men and powdered women were gulping food in the old indulgent way. Waiters scurried to fill the gourmands' claims.

"The band whacked out the old rag-time airs and flushed folk nodded their heads in rhythm. There was 'The Allies Selection.' Nobody took any notice of the Belgian or Russian anthem. A few individuals stood up when the 'Marseillaise' was played and looked self-conscious for doing so. But there was a springing to the feet at 'God Save the King,' with applause and a swift descent upon the dishes.

"The man opposite turned the pages of an evening paper. 'Anything fresh?' the other asked. No, just the same old yarn—but there's a lot of casualties. 'Oh, I'm fed up with the war,' said the woman pulling the skin from a banana.

"In the heart of the soldier was a desire to stand up and tell the crowd some of the things he knew. But that would be making an ass of himself, and he refrained. He ordered mutton.

The Club Smoking-Room.

"The next morning he felt brighter. What was there to do? He might go to his club, but the old fellows there were not in his line. He knew there were several houses where he would be received joyously at lunch or dinner. But his leave was so short; besides he had run oved to London to have a ripping, gaudy time all on his own. The scheme seemed to have missed fire.

"In the smoking-room after breakfast two men were discussing the war. Ah, it was likely to be much longer than was anticipated. Pity somebody had made rather a mess of things at Neuve Chapelle. Well, it couldn't be said our men had shifted the Germans much during the last three months. And when was Kitchener's army going out? Must be a hitch somewhere, or why this delay?

"He really could not help it. He blurted that the men over there were putting up a good fight. Ah, yes, of course, good; but the pair rather resented the interruption.

Wanted the Details.

"I've just come back,' said he. Very interesting! Was he wounded? No, he had come back on short leave! They were surprised. But was life in the trenches as bad as the newspapers said, and was the bursting of shells unnerving, and—and how many Germans had he killed? He didn't know; he hoped he had assisted in killing a good many, but he had never been at close quarters. They were disappointed.

"One his heart beat strong. It was when a battalion of recruits, fully equipped, went marching along, smiling and singing. They were of the right stuff. But he didn't like the way Londoners stood on the kerbside and sheepishly stared at them. Why didn't they cheer? Why didn't they say, 'Thank you.'

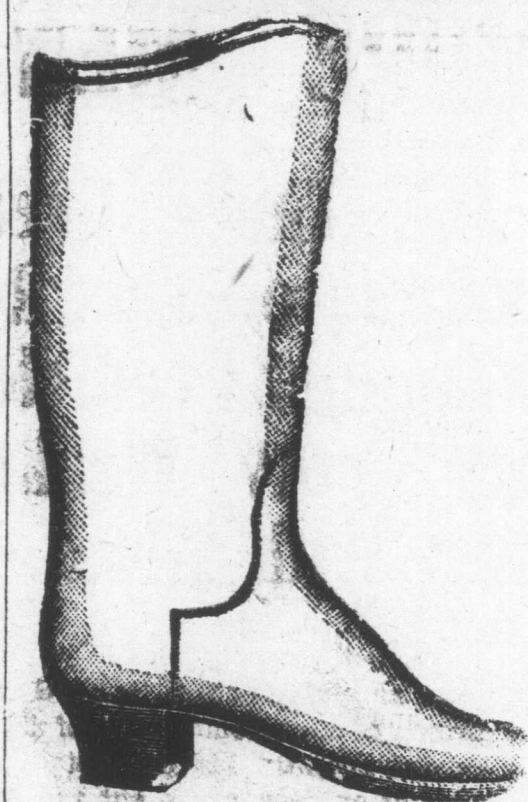
He reported himself to his commanding officer before his seventy-two hours were up. 'Well, Atkinson, how's London?'
"Much as usual, sir."
"Had a good time?"
"Well—er, I had an interesting time, sir."
"Bet you had; all the girls after you, eh? Suppose it does you good to go on the spree for a couple of days. Don't blush. I've been a youngster myself and I'm not asking particulars. But don't be asking for any more leave for a long time."
"No, sir, I won't," said the man fresh from London.

Japan Suffers From Corruption

Tokio, June 30.—A searching judicial investigation has been ordered following the arrest of two members of the house of representatives on charges of political corruption. The arrests have caused a sensation throughout Japan. The press declares the men accused are suspected of accepting bribes to desert the Seiyukai, or Conservative, party and vote for the government's bill providing for increasing the size of the army by the addition of two divisions.

Toronto, June 28.—Dr. R. D. Rudolf, of Toronto, a member of the University of Toronto medical staff who arrived back in Toronto today from the town of Normandy, France, where No. 2 Canadian base hospital, of which he is an officer, is stationed, says that out of hundreds of cases of poisoning from gas handled by the hospital, none proved fatal. If the gas is chlorine with admixture, and is inhaled in moderate quantities, a victim should be able to recover completely without after-effects. Dr. Rudolf's hospital did not handle the most serious cases but he stated that neighbouring hospitals had very few deaths.

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- CHILDS' and MISSES' WHITE LAWN and FANCY BLOUSE ROBES, prices from 70c. to \$3.60.
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