Sunshine and Shadow

Born? With the advent of each "little stranger" happiness increases, but so does responsibility. A child has been called "a bundle of big possibilities." But these will not be realized if poverty comes in as a consequence of the father's death. Every birth is an unanswerable argument for a Mutual Life Policy—each child is "an accredited agent" of the Mutual.

Married? Every man who assumes the responsibilities of marriage requires ample life insurance protection. The husband will maintain his home in the greatest comfort while he lives. Should the unexpected happen and should he be called away, who will keep that dearest spot on earth? Elbert Hubbard said: "Life insurance avoids the necessity of leaving things to the neighbors."

Died? Whenever we hear of the passing of any acquaintance who had helpless dependents, instantly the question arises: Was his family provided for? Is not this query another unanswerable argument for life insurance protection? Every birth, every marriage, every death, advertises the benefits of sound life insurance such as the Mutual issues.

The Mutual Life of Canada WATERLOO ONTARIO

A. S. RENDELL, Gen. Agent. W. J. PIKE, Spec Agent
St. John's, Newfoundland

89

Home Defence.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—Now that the war has been brought nearer to our own doors, would it not be a good plan for the Government to raise a company of volunteers for Home Defence from those who have been "turned down" from the Army and Navy.

They could be given three or four nights drill per week for a couple of months, and then sent around to the wireless stations and different important points around the Island.

By doing this they would release a lot of men for active service, and at the same time enable those who have been "turned down" to do a little towards keeping the old flag flying.

Trusting the authorities will give this their earnest consideration and thanking you for space, Mr. Editor, I remain,

Yours truly,
PRO PATRIA.

St. John's, Nov. 25, 1916.

Here and There.

ADVENTIST.—Subject: "The Gospel of the Kingdom." All welcome. Evangelist D. J. C. Barrett.

VOLUNTEERS' PARADE. — Tomorrow morning the usual parade to Divine service will be held by the volunteers.

FLORIZEL COMING.—It is expected that the s.s. Florizel will get away from Halifax to-night for this port, bringing a full cargo.

FISHERY INTERRUPTED.—Owing to the strong wind and heavy sea raging at both places yesterday, fishermen at Bonne Bay and Bay of Islands were unable to haul their herring nets.

THE LATEST PATRIOTIC SONG.

"When Your Boy Comes Back to You," words and music by G. V. Thompson, author of "I want to kiss Daddy Good-night" and "When Jack Comes Back." Each post paid for 25c. in stamps. We have all the latest and popular patriotic songs. GARLAND'S BOOKSTORE, St. John's.

SOMETHING GOOD THAT IMPROVES WITH AGE.

NEWMAN'S Celebrated Port Wine.

ELLIS & CO., Ltd.,
203 Water Street.,
Grocers and Wine Merchants.

We have recently purchased

18 Hogsheads of this CELEBRATED PORT WINE,

Equalling nearly
1000 Gallons,
or 450 Cases of 1 doz. each,
or 5400 Bottles.

We are now booking orders for immediate delivery, or within the next 2 months, for Cases, Gallons or Bottles. Now is the time to avail of this opportunity and purchase while there is yet time. It improves with age and keeps on improving.

Also, remember our stock of

WINES—Sparkling and Still.
Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, Ales, Stouts and Liqueurs.

have all to be disposed of during the next

2 Months.

Don't Neglect Ordering Now,

and not leave till too late.

The Matter of Furlough

The Story of One of Our Wounded.

Race Course, Ayr,
Scotland, 8|10|16.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—Please allow me space in your columns to ease my temper by saying a few words to the public about my experiences, etc., etc.

By the time that I am finished this little letter you will very well know that I am a member of the 1st Nfld. Regiment. I think I have a very good reason for saying that I am one of the first battalion, as I have been away from England ever since the 1st Battalion left Aldershot in August of last year.

I left Aldershot with the 1st Battalion on August 21st, 1915, and proceeded to Egypt on a ship called the Megantic. After we had spent a few weeks at Cairo in barracks and camp, to get used to the hot climate, we were sent to the Dardanelles (Gallipoli Peninsula). After being there for some time I was taken very ill and when I could not walk about I was sent to hospital for treatment. First of all I was carried in a boat on board the hospital ship Dover Castle to Alexandria; from there I was sent by train to a very nice hospital known as Giza Red Cross Hospital which is about 7 miles from the city of Cairo. After I was there for two weeks I began to get a bit better, so with the kind permission of the matron I was allowed to go into the Zoological Gardens and a kind lady helped me there. I stayed there for some two hours and had to be carried back to the hospital on a stretcher. I was in terrible agony all through the night; I rapidly grew worse and in the morning I could not speak, after vomiting up some milk, the only thing that I could drink for all the day previous. I was then taken away in my bed and put into a quiet room (ward), as they thought, to die, but I did not die; if I had died then I would not have been obliged to write this letter. For thirteen days and nights I was lying on my bed in the ward mentioned above (the quiet ward) living on absolutely nothing but milk and soda water, with doctors and nurses watching over me all the while, and all those long thirteen days and nights I could not move hand nor foot. After that I recovered, but I owe my thanks to a good Englishman, Dr. Pane, he saved my life. After spending some time at Boulace Palace Convalescent Home, I was sent back to my depot which was then at a place called Sidi Bishr. My battalion was then at the Suez Canal. After asking several times to get back, I was sent with a bunch of men; although I went back I was not at all feeling well, but I asked to go because I wanted to be with the other boys doing my bit. I was not there long before I contracted pneumonia and was sent to hospital at Port Tewfik. I had double pneumonia while I was there and the doctors thought that I was going to peg out but I recovered and when I was well enough I insisted on getting out of hospital. I was spitting and vomiting blood for a long time while I was in hospital at Port Tewfik. After I began to recover from my illness at Port Tewfik I was visited several times by a very kind lady and was also invited to her house. This kind lady of whom I speak is Mrs. Davidson, a sister-in-law to Sir W. E. Davidson, the present Governor of Dear Old Newfoundland. Yes, Mrs. Davidson was so kind, she often brought oranges and cigarettes and lots of other things that she thought I needed.

It will take too long to tell all about what I have gone through since I left home: this is part of it. After everything was put right with me. I was sent to France and joined my Batt. again at B——, I was there until July 1st, and was one of the men to go over the top on the morning of the attack, where I had a perfect right to be. After watching hundreds of men fall, from either side of me, I was hit with an explosive bullet through my right forearm; I was no more good to fight as both bones in my arm were badly smashed and I was bleeding quite a lot, so I was compelled to fall into a little shell hole just in front of the enemy's barb wire and had to stay there for some twenty hours, I thought it was as many months; there were six of us in and around the one little shell hole, so we did not have room to move in any way, no, not even our feet, bits of lead was flying in abundance in every direction which was possible to come from the enemy's lines; that was not all, shells were hurtling through the air and dropping everywhere around us, hundreds of our wounded were sent hurtling in the air after falling in some shelter; yes, hundreds were killed by the enemy's shell fire after they had been hit with machine gun bullets. The Germans took delight in shelling the wounded. Before I could get a man to bandage me up I nearly bled to death, and when I tried to stand on my feet to walk back to our trenches the next morning I fell down twice through weakness, but the third time I succeeded in getting in safe. A man named McNevin fell in the shell hole and died lying across my legs, he never spoke after he fell but died quite easy. After going through this and much more which I have not got time to mention now, I arrived at the old spot (Wandsworth Hospital) on July 4th, was operated on on July 20th and had several pieces of bone extracted from my arm. After receiving the necessary treatment for some two months or more I was sent to Esher Red Cross Hospital for over a month. On being discharged I was granted ten days furlough and spent that time in London. When my furlough was over I came to my Depot here and I have been here ever since. I was only here two days when I was presented with a rifle to do manual exercise with but I could not use it owing to my right arm being so weak; this is the way that they treated me here which I do not think is quite fair, while other men who were not wounded half as much as I was are being sent home on furlough. I can name one man in particular who was in the same ward as myself in Wandsworth Hospital with only a flesh wound in his arm, his arm was not fractured and for that reason he would be fit for the front long before myself. That man of whom I speak is home this very night. But why is it that they will not let me go home? I can easily get there and back before my arm will be strong enough for active service. I will not be so personal as to give any name this time, but if this thing continues I will let the public know all that I think is reasonable for them to know. My father is dying at home and I may never see him again, for if I go to France again I may never return. If I had been allowed just one glimpse of home this time, I would go back to the front quite happy, but as I have seen everything as I have stated it makes my blood boil, it makes me angry to see some men, to watch them leaving for home when others who are equally as bad and worse have to stay here and think it out.

I doubt if any man in the Nfld. Regiment has suffered more than I have myself on the whole since I left England for active service, but just because I have no influence in the Nfld. Regiment, I must remain at Ayr until I am fit again, and then I will be sent out to France again without the least consideration whatever. I could find enough to write about, if I was to stay writing until daylight, but I am too angry to write any more just now. If the public at home would consider these lines, I think everyone would be treated alike, and if they do not intend to send all the men who are unfit for any five or six months; if they do not intend to let them all go home, it's up to the public to kick against it and see that nobody at all gets home. This is business. But as we are under the orders of the British Army we are not in a position to say anything as regards that; and again all of us Nfldrs. who are over here have too much respect for ourselves to kick against anything especially in a strange country. I say again to all readers of my letter please consider this case for the benefit of those who are far away, and under the thumb of others.

Thanking you for space, Mr. Editor,

I am,
A Soldier Who Tells the Truth.—J.S.

Xmas, 1916

KODAK

A Nice Gift for Him or Her---

A KODAK ALBUM

¶ You keep taking pictures, but how do you keep the pictures you take?

¶ Pictures neatly mounted in a KODAK Album are safe against loss or injury and, appropriately displayed, on the Album page, both in interest and effect.

¶ We have just received a new shipment of KODAK Albums. What you want is here.

¶ We have also many other lines of nice, appropriate gifts, both for HIM and HER. You will be well rewarded by a visit to our store.

TOOTON'S,
THE KODAK STORE.
Representative THE EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N.Y.
Importers of Cameras and Photo Supplies.
320 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

Fads and Fashions.

The long bar pin is in fashion now.

Modish hats for children are very plain.

Fur shoulder capes have standing collars.

Charm is the essential quality in a gown.

Metal belts are worn over chemise dresses.

Ornaments for the hair have high, lacy tops.

The sleeves of evening gowns are very various.

Some of the latest hats have very high crowns.

Artificial orchids are among corsage bouquets.

The good-looking Cossack hat has many devotees.

The latest dancing frocks have pointed bodices.

Turbans are made entirely of breast feathers.

The top coats all have a decided flare at the bottom.

SOARING PRICES.

Ah, nothing could be sadder than is the "high cost" fake, which stingeth like an adder, and biteth like a snake. The records just examine, and you will understand it was no year of famine in this star-spangled land. The country's barns are bursting with wheat and corn and rye, while sufferers are thirsting for bread and pone and pie. And while I write these stanzas, which lack the 'customed stilles, the farmers out in Kansas have wheat stocked up in piles. Dame Nature, in her bounty, has done a kindly turn, and every western county has wheat and hay to burn. Yet when we seek the grocer, and ask him for some meal, he says, "I s'pose you know, sir, the price is raised one wheel? The war in Asia Minor has shut off the supply, and hence the extra shiner you cough up when you buy." The wolf is drawing closer, and shorter grows the kale; I slay the nervy grocer, but what does that avail? I seek the floral spieler, to buy a buttercup; "The war," remarks that dealer, "has sent the prices up."

A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent On Trial To Prove It

Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer

Even Soldiers from the Trenches of Europe Write to Tell How the Wonderful Brooks Appliance Cured Their Ruptures, Sound and Well. Sent on Trial to Prove It.

From the battle front in Europe comes a letter written by Private John Carter, whose home address is No. 2 Shaw View, Elixton, telling of his complete cure of rupture from wearing the Brooks Appliance.

April 18th, 1915.
C. E. Brooks,
Dear Sir:
I received your letter by first post this morning. I beg to thank you for your Appliance which was instrumental in the way it cured me of my rupture. I have now been in Kitchener's army seven months, and I have gone through all the training, and I have never felt anything and not had the slightest trouble. I remember when I passed the doctor he remarked "There is nothing wrong with you, young man, you are in the best condition," and he sounded me all over, and I again thank you for the same, and I give my consent to use my letter as a testimonial to anyone, as I have been cured. Hoping you and yours firm much success.
Yours truly,

Wouldn't Take $100 for Appliance

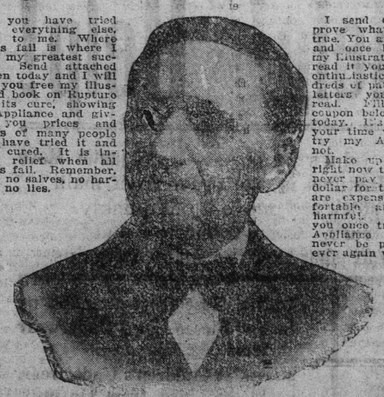
Cranworth, Ont.

Dear Mr. Brooks—I am pleased to write you and let you know what your Appliance has done for me, I think I am all right now, as I have not seen the first sign of it since last fall. I can now run, jump and lift all I like and I would not take $100 for it if I could not get another. I do not wear it except when at hard work. Your appliance is just as good as ever. You can use this letter as you like for the benefit of others.
Yours sincerely,
GEO. KENNEDY.

REMEMBER

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail to-day.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and prices of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him today, at Marshall, Michigan.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It is well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

Make up your mind right now that you will never pay out another dollar for trusses. They are expensive, uncomfortable and actually harmful. And when you once try a Brooks Appliance you could never be persuaded to ever again wear a truss.

Rupture Thoroughly Healed

Ingersoll, Ont., Feb. 6, 1914.
Mr. C. E. Brooks:
Perhaps you will be interested in hearing what your Appliance has done for me. I know without doubt that my rupture has thoroughly healed after a term of sixteen years' suffering, and I attribute my restored and healed condition to the wearing of your Appliance, which held the bowel firmly and painlessly during the healing process. I have not worn it for months—neither do I feel in need of it.
Yours truly,
F. C. NOXON.

Ruptured 22 Years; Now Cured

East Sherbrooke, Que., Jan. 27, 1914.
Mr. C. E. Brooks:
Dear Sir,—I am very glad to hear from you, and happy to be able to tell you that my rupture was cured some time ago by your Appliance. I now need no truss after twenty-two years of torture.
Yours truly,
C. E. LEMAY.

Cured Me Completely

Perth Centre, N. B., April 26, 1914.
Mr. C. E. Brooks:
Dear Sir:—I received your letter regarding the Appliance you sent me. It was a complete success and now I don't know that I ever had a rupture. It has cured me completely and I thank you very much for it.
Very truly yours,
H. A. SISSON.

And here is a letter from a mother who is thankful because a Brooks Appliance cured her boy so he could go out and serve his country.

2, Orchard Road,
Richmond,
Surrey.

April 11th, 1915.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Dear Sir:
A line to thank you for what your Appliance has done for my son. After wearing it from December to the following September I can say he is quite cured and is now serving his country in France at his own trade, horse shoeing smith. You can make what use you like of those, my thanks.
I am, yours,

Mrs E. H. Whittle
(Mrs. E. Whittle.)

Child Cured in 3 Months

Brantford, Ont., Feb. 19, 1914.
11 Richardson St.
Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Mr. Brooks—Just a line to let you know your Appliance has completely cured our little boy and we are very well pleased with it. We had it on him for about three months, and since he has had it off the rupture has not showed at all.
Yours truly,
MRS. G. SUDDABY.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Mr. C. E. BROOKS,
784 State St., Marshall, Michigan, U. S. A.
Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.
Name .....
Address .....
City or Town ..... Province .....