

NOTICE!

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Supreme Council of the Fishermen's Protective Union of Newfoundland will be convened at Catalina on the morning of November 14th next. Every Local Council and District Council of the F.P.U. should endeavor to be represented. Every Chairman of a Local Council and all the Officers of District Councils are members of the Supreme Council and in event of such Officers not being able to attend, Councils may appoint a substitute.

By order of
W. F. COAKER,
President F.P.U.

St. John's, Oct. 4th, 1914.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Fishermen's Union Trading Co., Ltd., will be held at Catalina on the 16th day of November next.

By order of
W. W. HALFYARD, Secretary.

St. John's, Oct. 1st, 1914.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Union Publishing Co., Ltd., will be held at Catalina on the 16th day of November next.

By order of
W. W. HALFYARD, Secretary.

St. John's, Oct. 1st, 1914.

NOTICE

The Annual Convention of Trinity District Council of the F.P.U. will be held at Catalina on the 14th day of November next.

By order of
J. G. STONE,
District Chairman.

Catalina, Oct. 1st, 1914.

NOTICE

The Annual Convention of Fogo District Council of the F.P.U. will (by special permission of the President) be held at Catalina on the 17th day of November next.

By order of
W. W. HALFYARD,
District Chairman.

St. John's, Oct. 1st, 1914.

NOTICE

The Annual Convention of Twillingate District Council of the F.P.U. will (by permission of the President) be held at Catalina on the 17th day of November next.

By order of
W. B. JENNINGS,
District Chairman.

Moreton's Hr., Oct. 1st, 1914.

NOTICE

The Annual Convention of Bonavista District Council of the F.P.U. will (by permission of the President) be held at Catalina on the 16th day of November next.

By order of
R. G. WINSOR,
District Chairman.

Wesleyville, Oct. 1st, 1914.

Stories Of The Fighting As Told By The Soldiers

"The blessed shells," said one wounded dragoon, "were screaming like—well, like no thing you ever heard before. All we could do was to keep on firing. Our officer stood up in the trenches and clapped his hands like as if he was clapping a star turn at the Empire. 'Good boys,' he yelled. 'Good boys, stick to it!' That was all he said. The next moment a piece of shell had crumpled him up. The next in command ordered us to retreat and we pelted back.

"On the way we passed a deserted Maxim. There was a Lancashire chap there who knew how to work it. 'So long boys,' he shouted and made a dive for the gun. A few moments later I looked back. There he was pump in lead into the mass of 'em, laughin' for all he was worth and yellin' out: 'Look at em droppin', boys, look at 'em droppin'.' That was the last I saw of him."

The women of France, more especially the peasants, are little afraid of bullets, and are visiting the trenches of the Allies nightly, carrying food to the soldiers and helping to care for the wounded, according to letters arriving here from the front. Some of them follow:

"The French women seem to think that the best cure for shrapnel or bullet wound was a bottle of wine and a raw egg. On the Wednesday night the women brought hot potatoes and new bread right into the trenches and firing line. I can assure you they are the bravest women I have ever met."—Rifeman Cedric Fischer.

"A woman said laughingly to me, 'if you kill the Kaiser, you shall marry my daughter.' I replied that I could do that all right, and she could have a hair of his moustache."—Private R. Coombe.

"If singing could wipe the Germans out they would all be dead by now."—F. Bannison, R.A.M.C.

"I have had the narrowest escape of my life. The horse I was riding got knocked out altogether by a shell, and while I was getting another one to put in his place, a shell came and cut three of us out of action. I managed to scramble out of it for about two miles, when I dropped unconscious and the next place I found myself was in a French hospital, with enough bandages round my head to make a girl a dress. You ought to see the sight of a battlefield. It is just like the Crystal Palace on a firework day, but for the horses and men droppin'."—Driver T. Tyler, R.F.A.

To an army there always attach themselves a certain number of unauthorized camp followers doing various odd jobs, writes Hamilton Fyfe, in the London Mail. It would be impossible to keep them away, and, as a matter of fact, they are often useful. A French Maxim team picked up the other day a village boy of fifteen, who looked after their mules while the gun was in action.

In one engagement the mules wandered away from the shelter of a hill where the boy had been left with them. As soon as he saw they had strayed, the little fellow went after them, taking no notice of the bullets that were falling. He caught them, scolded them and led them safely back. "Weren't you afraid?" the men asked him when the time came to pack the Maxims on the mules again. "I hadn't time to think about that," he said. "If I had let the mules go you would have sent me away. That would have been worse than getting killed by a bullet, you know."

Another non-combatant who has distinguished himself is a little fellow, employed as a waiter in the inn of a village near Mulhouse (Alsace). A young officer of the German scout corps called 'Melde-reiter' dashed into the village and, having set outposts to keep watch, ordered lunch at the inn. "Immediately," he said, and laid his sword on the table with a threatening frown.

The little waiter bustled about, and when he had set a plate and glass and a napkin, laid on the table beside the sword a bay-fork.

"What do you mean by that?" the officer roared.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the waiter answered humbly. "I thought that was your knife, so I brought the nearest thing in forks I could find to go with it."

This feeling of comradeship between all ranks makes the men respond readily when a special effort is demanded of them. They know that their officers spare them as much as possible. The Germans, on the other hand, though they follow their officers bravely, and though the officers expose themselves to danger in the luckiest, coolest way, do not feel themselves to be much more than machines to be worked to their utmost

capacity. The state of weariness into which many of them have fallen during the battle of the Marne is pitiable.

Some French troops entering early in the morning a village from which they thought all the Germans had retreated were greeted by a peasant woman with a "hush! If you are quiet you can catch about thirty of them sleeping in that barn." The barn was surrounded, and then the Germans were summoned to surrender. No reply save loud snores!

The French soldiers roared with laughter. "Get up," they shouted. "All change here. Breakfast is waiting." But it was some time before they could waken the thirty Germans with all their loud shouting. One of the sleepers, who spoke a little French explained that they had had no rest for three days. They were only too glad to make prisoners—and were allowed to drop off again.

I came across a little boy in Alsace the other day in a train. For my benefit he was put through this performance:

"Now, Hansi, ask the gentleman your riddle."

Hansi: "Monsieur, can you tell me the difference between an accident and a misfortune?"

Myself: "Let me see now! No, Hansi, I'm afraid I can't. You must tell me."

Hansi (looking round at his parents with delight): "It is an accident, monsieur, if a Prussian falls into the water. It is a misfortune if he is pulled out."

One of the most curious incidents in the war so far was the capture of 200 Prussians by a French Hussar private who was actually a prisoner in their hands himself.

It happened in Lorraine. The Prussians were occupying a village. The hussar, captured that day, was with them. Suddenly two battalions of French artillery opened fire from hills near by. The Prussians were naturally alarmed. They were helpless. Not far away a body of French infantry could be seen advancing under cover of the guns.

The hussar saw his chance. "Take me to your senior officer," he said "and I can save your lives." The officer was in terrible perplexity. Shells were falling thickly. The French infantry were coming on. "Unless you surrender," the hussar said, "no one will be killed. Our men will bayonet the lot of you. Surrender to me and I promise that you shall escape death."

"But we shall be shot if we are made prisoners," objected the officer. "Rubbish," replied the hussar. "We treat our prisoners properly, according to the laws of war."

"Very well," the officer agreed. "I surrender."

So he and his men marched out with the hussar, waving a white flag, at their head and were proudly handed over by him to the French forces.

In the list of officers and men mentioned in despatches there is the story of Bugler Martin, of the 14th (French) Hussars. He was with a patrol that came into collision with a squadron of the enemy's lancers. The French lieutenant in charge of the patrol was wounded by a thrust. Martin saw him reel in his saddle, pushed his horse alongside, put his arm around him, and steadied him. Then he guided the officer's horse toward a place of safety.

The German leader made for them. He fired his revolver. No shot took effect. He bore down upon them with his sword raised to cut them both down. Shielding the



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QUEEN SENDS KINDLY LETTER

To the Soldiers' Wives At Aldershot

The Queen has sent from Buckingham Palace a womanly letter to the soldiers' wives at Aldershot, whose husbands are at the front, with a gift of dress material. Her Majesty's thoughtfulness has deeply touched all hearts. The letter was addressed to the Hon. Lady Haig, and is as follows:

Dear Doris—I am sending you 200 yards of stuff as a gift from me to some of the soldiers' wives at Aldershot to make into clothes for themselves. I wish them to feel I am thinking of them in their great anxiety, and that I admire their pluck.

Will you, therefore, distribute the material with my message? Believe me, yours affectionately,
MARY.

A dress length from the gift has gone to each unit in the Aldershot command. In some cases the wives of the men of the regiment raffled for the material, and in others it was unanimously agreed to cut the length up into pieces, so that each woman should possess a piece sufficient to trim a hat or make an article of personal adornment. Copies of the Queen's letter were also distributed.

Heutenant with his body, the bugler waited till the German officer was close, then shot him through the head. After that he was able to get the wounded lieutenant away.

Another brave rescue of an officer is set down to the credit of Trooper Philippe, of the 2nd Chasseurs. Under heavy artillery fire, bullets and shrapnel falling thickly, he brought his captain in, and then went out eight times more to take water to the wounded. He was of great service, also in helping his major to rally the squadron, which had been dispersed by a sudden attack.

I wish I could tell such stories of our own troops. I know there are many to be told. But the refusal of the War Office to allow correspondents to be with our force and the strict orders given, alike to men and officer, "not to talk," make it doubtful whether the nation or future ages will ever know what splendid examples of courage and coolness are being given by British soldiers in this war.

Here is one, however, which an inhabitant of Cambrai tells. In a grocer's shop a section of Highlanders had taken up their position. They were part of a force covering the main body's retreat. Just as the Germans came in sight the sergeant noticed a glass case full of chocolate. "Noo, ma wee mannie's," he said, "pick yer men and shoot straight. Every hit wins a cake of chocolate."

Many cakes were won, but few, alas! eaten. Almost all of those cheery Highlanders fell.

PREPARE FOR THE WORST.

Are you prepared for a fire? Most folk are not! One of my liberal policies will make the calamity easier to bear. It will cost you nothing to ask for a low rate and very little to be perfectly secure with Percie Johnson's insurance agency.

You can't prevent the rain but you can prevent the leaks. Use Elastic Cement Roofing Paint. It is easy and ready to apply. It is not affected by heat or frost. P. B. COWAN, Agent.

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Two Good Reliable Coopers to make drums, etc. For terms apply to MANAGER OF COOPERAGE, Cupids. —oct12,tf

FOR SALE

One Motor Boat, about 22 feet long, equipped with new Ferro 5½ h.p. Engine with Kerosene Adapter and Reverse Gear. A snap for a quick sale.—oct1,tf

NOTICE.

A meeting of the LICENSING BOARD will be held at the Magistrate's office on Saturday, the 17th instant, at 4 p.m., to consider applications for Licenses for the ensuing year.

A. W. KNIGHT,
Secretary Licensing Board.

oct9,6i

A SPLENDID OFFER

We will mail the daily issue of *The Mail and Advocate* to any address in Newfoundland or Canada from now until the end of 1915 for the sum of \$2.00.

We will mail the weekly issue of *The Mail and Advocate* to any address in Newfoundland or Canada from now until the end of 1915 for the small sum of Fifty Cents.

The weekly issue of *The Mail and Advocate* offers splendid opportunities to business men for advertising their goods as it is read by 50,000 persons every week.

The daily issue of *The Mail and Advocate* has the largest outport circulation by 100 per cent of any daily paper in the Colony. It has only been published nine months, yet its outport subscription list exceeds by 100 per cent the circulation of any other daily paper.

The weekly issue of *The Mail and Advocate* has subscriptions all over the Colony and is the cheapest weekly paper issued in the Colony. We give our advertisers good value for their money. They appreciate this fact and continue their patronage from year to year. Others should note this fact and advertise in the paper that is read by 50,000 persons.

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