

## The Voyage of the Eagle

Dear Sir,—I would like to say a few words concerning my long trip to the icefields this spring. It was my first trip to the ice and I sailed in the "Eagle" on March 10th. On Sunday the 21st March, we passed Cape Fogo in clear water, and all expecting to see a white coat. On the following night the wind came up from the north-east, and on Monday, instead of getting out whitecoats, we were packing our bags. Our captain gave orders to put the boats on the ice, for the ice began to rift. After a short while, however, orders were given to get all the boats on board again, and that order put fresh courage in us. In the afternoon, two of the crew got over the side of the ship to go for a walk. After they had walked a little distance from her, one told the other that he was going back, but the other fellow said he was going to get a whitecoat. So he went on till he heard the bawl of the young seal. He killed two, took the flippers and returned to the ship. On the next morning, all the men got out to walk to the seals, but it was only a small patch, and we panned only two thousand. We could not get more owing to the bad ice.

For a while we remained jammed in the ice, but soon a lake of water opened up, through which we steamed about two miles, and got nipped again. There we spent a whole week and everyone had given his spring up. At the end of the week we got clear and made our way towards Cape John at which place we made up ten thousand. When we had got all the seals on board, we started for home. We turned to look for some old seals which our Captain had got, when a message came from the "Bloodhound" saying that she had lost her propeller. About 8 o'clock we were by her side, and the next morning we took her in tow to Pool's Island, at which place we spent fifteen days in "jail." It was a big mistake to take three hundred and seventy men into Pool's Island for 15 days when we might have been in St. John's by Sunday, Apr. 25th. We could have gone in on Saturday by the edge of the ice, where the water was smooth, but, instead of that, we had to go in and spend Sunday. When they came to get out again, they found what a mistake they had made. As far as I can learn, it was Barbour's doings. The Captain told him to be up on Sunday morning and he did not come until Monday morning.

As for the grub on board of the "Eagle" I don't think many can complain of it. For my part, I would say that I got what I wanted.

Before I close I would like to say a word about the ten days Kean put on the sealing voyage, which means that the voyage will not be over by the 26th of April. I don't think there was a man out in the "Eagle" this spring but would agree with me in saying that our wish is to have the ten days taken off again.

This is just a story of the trip as I remember it, so if any of the "Eagle's" crew read it, I would remind them that I did not take a log of it.

Wishing the Mail and Advocate every success and its Leader long life.  
REUBEN BROWN.  
Salvage, May 17, 1915.

## Promised a Post Office

(Editor Mail and Advocate)  
Dear Sir,—Allow me space in your columns to ask a few questions in reference to our so-called post and telegraph office.

Is it right to lock the waiting-room door when the mails are being sorted, and at dinner and tea hours? If a person goes to Lamaline office and it is dinner or tea time, or if the mail has just come in, you have to stand outside in the wet and cold and wait until the door is opened. There is a small porch but the door of it, which was fastened on with leather hinges, has fallen down and there is not much protection from the weather there even if you do happen to get inside.

Two or three years ago, Sir Edward Morris stood in the meadow by the old office and promised the people of Lamaline a new post office, but, like all his other promises, it was never fulfilled. We think the day is not far off when we shall have a new government and a new office too.

We are all determined here to "sink or swim" with Coaker. Wishing The Mail and Advocate every success.

—NOT BLIND.  
Point au Gaul, May 17, 1915.

There are a lot of men in this world, declares Jerome, who have many good traits that you never would suspect if they didn't keep telling you about them.

## THE MOST STUPENDOUS MOTION PICTURE

EVER PRESENTED

Starts at THE NICKEL To-day.

## The Million Dollar Mystery

The first episode of 2 reels will be shown Wednesday and Thursday. A continued story in 46 reels—nine miles of film—by Harold MacGrath. Read the story in the Daily Star every Tuesday night.

IN THIS WONDERFUL SERIAL PRODUCTION YOU WILL FIND MANY STARTLING SCENES ENACTED AT GREAT COST.

IN ORDER TO ENJOY THIS GREAT STORY READ IT AND SEE IT FROM THE START.

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NOTE—Friday night the Grand Double Contest. Tickets for reserve seats on sale at The Rossley Theatre every day. Early door Friday night at 6.45. BE ON TIME.

## THE CRESCENT PICTURE PALACE

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A comedy with John Bunny and Flora Finch.

"BY THE OLD DEAD TREE"—A capital Biograph melo drama. "TOO MANY HUSBANDS"—A 2 reel special comedy feature with Sidney Drew, with a real and pretended husband. Mrs. Brown finds herself and Mr. Brown in a pretty pickle, the pretender marries, and everything is explained. "MELODY AND ART"—A fascinating love story.

Mr. Delmonico sings Al. Jolson's great Winter Garden success "TENNESSEE I HEAR YOU CALLING ME."

## Union Affairs At Herring Neck

(Editor Mail and Advocate)  
Dear Sir,—The union is still increasing here. Mr. Alfred Hussey is carrying on the business here and I think he is doing great work for President Coaker and the F. P. U. Most of the men are in the union here, they are taking great pride in the union and Mr. Coaker. We congratulate Mr. Coaker, and I think he's the right man in the right place. We have brothers and uncles in the union.

My chum and I are very fond of reading the Advocate and also Aunt Jane's letters. I would like for Aunt Jane to keep writing to the Advocate. They have begun to build a union

hall at Green's Cove. We would like to be members of the F. P. U. ourselves. There are two young men volunteered for to fight for their King and country. It is a good thing that the young men are so brave and willing to go and face the Germans.

Wishing the Mail and Advocate and President Coaker every success in the future.

TWO HERRING NECK LADIES.  
Herring Neck, April 30, 1915.

Everybody's doin' it now. What? Selling Elastic Cement Paint. Your dealer sells it in 1, 2, 5 and 10 gallon tins, also in barrels.—ap14, eod

## PURITY FLOUR

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"Purity" flour may cost a little more, but is more than worth the difference. Try it. Watch results both for quality and yield.

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Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich, Brandon.



## STEER Bros.

## Disgusted With Premier Morris

(Editor Mail and Advocate)  
Dear Sir,—Kindly allow me space for a few remarks in reference to the opening of the Legislature.

In a recent issue of The Mail and Advocate I read with interest that so called iniquitous proposal of the New Reid-Wilson Co. which to my humble opinion is one of the most contemptible and barefaced propositions ever placed before the electorate of this Country. Is it any wonder that Mr. Coaker and his associates would criticize Morris for introducing such a notorious scheme before the House. Morris cared little for the sufferings which would be borne by the people of the Country if such a scheme were inaugurated and allowed to pass unheeded.

We are disgusted with you Morris as a leader and we will not tolerate your wrong doings without resenting it through our honest and loyal representatives in the House of Assembly.

Do Morris and Reid recognize that they have control of this Country and can extract from the people the few acres of land remaining of the people's heritage? Millions of dollars worth of land and water power have already been taken by them (but that is a thing of the past). Nevertheless, while we have men in the House whom we can trust to look after OUR interests, they will not fail to crush all damnable schemes which tend to prove disastrous to our Country.

Very soon the House will close and so far nothing has been done towards opening up avenues of employment. At present there are hundreds of men anxiously waiting for work to open up and are useless to the Country so far as their earning power is concerned, and many, indeed, "very many," are absolutely facing starvation.

It is time the Government should wake up to their senses

and try to do something to ameliorate the poverty and destitution which prevails in St. John's and the outports. It is true we are confronted with a great European War, but nevertheless this is the time when every loyal subject of our King should be up and doing.

We have already seen numbers of our brave lads voluntarily responding to the call of the Mother Country, and who have gone forth to sacrifice their lives for their King and Country and for the preservation of those at home. But while we should feel proud that Newfoundland is sharing her burden for such a noble cause, we must not forget that we owe a debt to those at home and it is to the Government that we look too to help us to adjust that debt.

We sincerely hope that the Government will consider the labour question and adopt measures for the opening of avenues of labour so as every man can earn an honest dollar.

—ONE INTERESTED.  
Rencontre, May, 18, 1915.

## Letter From Naval Reservist

The writer of the following letter is John Soper of Lady Cove, an F.P.U. man. He was delegate to the Supreme Council Convention in 1913.

Liverpool, March 26, 1915.  
Dear Wife,—I take this opportunity of writing you a few lines as I guess it will be my last chance before I get back from this trip. We have a good ship, good grub and plenty of it, and although we meet with plenty of danger, we are thankful that we have been lucky so far and we trust will continue so. Some of our boys have already gone down and we shall have many such losses before peace is declared, but we must hope for the best, and do our utmost for the dear old Union Jack. I am hoping to see you all again some day. Remember me to father and mother.  
—JACK.

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GEORGE SNOW  
SPRINGDALE STREET (WEST SIDE).

## Slow Fellows In Lamaline

Dear Friend,—I suppose you think I have forgotten you. But I do not forget the Lamaline peaches yet. I am having a great time over here. Stan is left and gone on a yacht, but I do not know when I am going. I guess you miss Stan and I from home it must be awful lonely.

I am sending you a picture of my little peach that I have in Portsmouth. When you write, tell me what you think of her. It is not very good, because Stan is behind the screen making me laugh. I suppose you and the fellows are doing the rush. I must say the young fellows are slow in Lamaline, because over here is the proper place for them. We got one night aboard and one ashore. I was ashore last night and I saw Stan.

I am sending too photos and I want you to give Beatrice one. I wrote to her about a month ago. I hope she has got it by now. I guess you had a dandy time Easter Monday. I wouldn't mind having a dance myself now, but never mind, I hope I will be home again by the Fall. That is the time we will have it. Stan and I got our pictures taken. I am sending them to mother. Give my love to everyone and say me to all the girls, especially Miss Bonnell. I expect it will be a good bit before I see you again, of course I will, if the Germans don't get me. Tell Beatrice I got a man over here for her, but she will have to come to war if she wants to get him. I suppose you hear from Ruby and Dossie quite often. Remember me to them when you write.

I think I will close now, by wishing you good-bye.

LESLIE E. WALTERS.

Portsmouth, Apr. 12, 1915.

## An Astonishing Statement by Minister of Marine & Fisheries

In reply to question asked by Mr. Grimes re supply of Kerosene Oil for lighthouses for the present year, the Minister of Marine & Fisheries has stated that no tenders were called for owing to his belief in the existence of a combine. Consequently, a private arrangement was preferred, which was entered into with George M. Barr for part supply amounting to 850 cases and 2000 cases 150 cwt White Oil at 24c. gallon plus 20c extra for cases to be delivered freight free to all lighthouses named in the list agreed upon.

The astonishing statement was also made that formerly oil has cost the Government about 30c. a gallon on the average owing to freight, cartage and other charges. If the Minister is correct, it shows that something should be done to check an unnecessary waste of money which the Minister could save were he to insist upon the Government purchasing by tender.

## Mine Trawling

H. M. Ship "Reclaim,"  
Ramsgate,  
April 27, 1915

Dear Father,—Just a few lines to let you know that I am well. We were drafted from Devonport Barracks on April 17th and from there went to Dover. As there were not any ship in Dover for us we were sent on here, and are now on board an armed drifter. Charlie and Paddy Roche and Bartley Power are on the ship with me. Wasn't it lucky for us that we were sent together. We are delighted with the change from the Barracks, as this is just what we all wished for. We have four days to sea and two in port. We are just in from a voyage now. We were searching for drift mines, and found sixteen and sank them. Our next cruise will be on the coast of France. Our ship is small, and our crew numbers eleven. We are all good chums, so we are quite at home on board.

Well Father I saw a good bit of life since I left home. I was in London and it would take a week to describe what I saw. Ramsgate is also a fine city. I expect we will be kept here until the end of the war. I sent mother my picture. I hope she got it alright. Tell her not to worry about me. I am alright and will see her some day. Tell all the boys we had the pleasure of viewing the coast of Sunny France from a distance, and also Calais and Dunkirk, where the world's greatest struggle is now going on. Give my kind regards to Uncle Jim, and my sisters and brothers. All the boys from Branch are well and send kind regards to you. Try and write as often as you can, as a letter from home is always welcome. I must close by wishing you a fond good bye.

From your son,  
GEORGE NASH.