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June 27, 1917, N. F. A. 6m

Latest Official Statement Concerning Destitution in Western Asia.

The two-day conference on Western Asia, called by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, in New York City, September 11th and 12th, 1917, attended by 139 persons, including American Consuls and other American officials in Turkey, teachers from American Colleges in Turkey, Physicians and Missionaries, practically all of whom have returned to America since the beginning of the war, many of them within the past few weeks, and of whom 44 had spent 809 years in service in Western Asia, present the following statement:

After close comparison of official cablegrams recently received by the committee and the later information brought personally by American consuls, teachers and missionaries just arrived from Turkey and Syria, the committee consider the following a conservative estimate of the number of persons in Western Asia now actually destitute and in need of daily food:

Region	TL. number of whom destitute	Orphans
Asia Minor	500,000	200,000
Syria (including Palestine)	1,200,000	75,000
Caucasus	330,000	100,000
Persia	90,000	23,000
Egypt		
Southern Mesopotamia		
Totals	2,140,000	400,000

The above figures do not include refugees in Egypt and Southern Mesopotamia concerning whom details are not at hand.

The cost of sustaining life varies in different areas from \$3.00 to \$16.00 averaging throughout the entire field not less than five dollars per person per month. Many of these people are now living on the charity of their Moslem neighbors, whose scanty food supplies are nearly exhausted. The committee is convinced that to prevent widespread death by starvation during the coming six months of winter, at least \$30,000,000 is needed.

In addition to this, for repatriation and rehabilitation, an additional \$15,000,000 should be planned for, of which \$3,500,000 are needed at once in the Caucasus and Persia.

So God sends meat they say, the Devil cooks.

OUR SERIAL STORY

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN

By MRS. GRAIK

(Continued)

CHAPTER VII.

He came back with ill news. The lane leading to the tanyard was blocked up with a wild mob. Even the stolid, starved patience of our Norton Bury poor had come to an end at last—they had followed the example of many others. There was a bread riot in the town.

God only knows how terrible those "riots" were; when the people rose in desperation, not from some delusion of crazy, blood-thirsty "patriotism," but to get food for themselves, their wives, and children. God only knows what madness was in each individual heart of that concourse of poor wretches, styled "the mob," when every man took up arms, certain that there were before him but two alternatives, starving or hanging.

The riot here was scarcely universal. Norton Bury was not a large place, and had always abundance of small-pox and fevers to keep the poor down numerically. Jem said it was chiefly about our mill and our tanyard that the disturbance lay.

"And where is my father?" Jem "didn't know," and looked very much as if he didn't care.

"Jael, somebody must go at once and find my father."

"I am going," said Jael, who had already put on her cloak and hood. Of course, despite all her opposition, I went too. The tanyard was deserted; the mob had divided, and gone, one half to our mill, the rest to another that was lowed down the river. I asked of a poor frightened bark-cutter if she knew where my father was. She thought he was gone for the "milling" but Mr. Halifax was at the mill—she hoped no harm would come to Mr. Halifax.

Even in that moment of alarm I felt a sense of pleasure. I had not been in the tanyard for nearly three years. I did not know John had come already to be called "Mr. Halifax."

There was nothing for me but to wait here till my father returned. He could not surely be so insane as to go to the mill—and John was there. Terribly was my heart divided, but my duty lay with my father.

Jael sat down in the shed, or marched restlessly between the tan pits. I went to the end of the yard, and looked down towards the mill. What a half-hour it was! At last, exhausted, I sat down on the bark heap where John and I once sat as lads. He must now be more than twenty; I wondered if he were altered.

"O David! David!" I thought, as I listened eagerly for any sounds abroad in the town; "what should I do if any harm came to thee?"

This minute I heard a footstep crossing the yard. No, it was not my father's—it was firmer, quicker, younger. I sprang from the bark heap.

"Phineas!"

"John!"

What a grasp that was—both hands! and how fondly and proudly I looked up in his face—the still boyish face. But the figure was quite that of a man now. For a minute we forgot ourselves in our joy, and then he let go my hands, saying hurriedly, "Where is your father?"

"I wish I knew! Gone for the soldiers, they say."

"No, not that—he would never do that. I must go and look for him. Good-bye."

"Nay, dear John!"

"Can't—can't," said he firmly, "not while your father forbids. I must go." And he was gone.

Though my heart rebelled, my conscience defended him; marveling how it was that he who had never known his father should uphold so sternly the duty of filial obedience. I think it ought to act as a solemn warning to those who exact so much from the mere fact, and name of parenthood, without having in any way fulfilled its duties, that orphans from birth often revere the ideal of that bond far more than those who have known it in reality. Always excepting those children to whose blessed lot it has fallen to have the ideal realized.

In a few minutes I saw him and my father enter the tanyard together. He was talking earnest-

ly, and my father was listening—ay, listening—and to John Halifax! But whatever the argument was, it failed to move him. Greatly troubled, but staunch as a rock, my old father stood, resting his lame foot on a heap of hides. I went to meet him.

"Phineas," said John anxiously, "come and help me.—No, Abel Fletcher," he added, rather proudly, in reply to a sharp, suspicious glance at us both; "your son and I only met ten minutes ago, and have scarcely exchanged a word. But we cannot waste time over that matter now.—Phineas, help me to persuade your father to save his property. He will not call for the aid of the law, because he is a friend. Besides, for the same reason, it might be useless."

"Verily!" said my father, with a bitter and meaning smile. "But he might get his own men to defend his property, and need not do what he is bent on doing—going to the mill himself."

"Surely," was all Abel Fletcher said, planting his oaken stick firmly, as firmly as his will, and taking his way to the riverside, in the direction of the mill.

"I caught his arm. 'Father, don't go.'"

"My son," said he, turning on me one of his "iron looks," as I used to call them—tokens of a nature that might have ran molten once, and had settled into a hard, moulded mass, of which nothing could afterwards alter one form, or erase one line—"My son, no opposition. Any who try that with me fail. If those fellows had waited two days more I would



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The World's Food Supply

Those are startling figures which Dr. J. W. Robertson, former Dominion Dairy Commissioner, placed before a great meeting of women in Montreal the other evening. He said: "If the world's harvest of 1918 is no better than that of 1916, the starvation of millions of the world's inhabitants is inevitable. The world's reserve stock of food is almost exhausted. Over 30,000,000 men have been drawn from direct or indirect labor on land. There is still the grave menace of the submarines, and the continuous wastage from that source. Canada herself is in no danger. We shall always provide sufficient food for our own consumption, though the price may sky-rocket, but shall we have enough to spare for the countries where production is far below normal?"

He pointed out that the war had been going on for two years before the problem of the world's supply became serious. The harvests of 1915 has been so abundant that there had been little cause for worry. But the harvest of 1916 was poor. Europe, Asia and North America produced 2,000,000,000 bushels less grain than in 1915. Even if the war should stop now, millions of people will be on half rations throughout 1918. "The United States has had such a short crop of wheat this season that if they had continued to use flour as before, they could not have furnished half the amount required of them by the Allies. Their food conservation campaign urging the people to shift from flour to corn-meal and oat-meal is permitting the release of 100,000,000 extra bushels of wheat for the Allies."

Canada's task, like that of the United States, is not so much to save money as to shift consumption from flour, beef and bacon to other commodities.

have sold all my wheat at a hundred shillings the quarter; now they shall have nothing. It will teach them wisdom another time. Get thee safe home, Phineas, my son; Jael, go thou likewise."

But neither went. John held me back as I was following father. "He will do it, Phineas, and I suppose he must. Please God, I'll take care no harm touches him—but you go home."

That was not to be thought of. Fortunately, the time was too brief for argument, so the discussion soon ended. He followed my father, and I followed him. For Jael, she disappeared.

There was a private path from the tanyard to the mill, along the riverside; by this we went in silence. When we reached the spot it was deserted; but farther down the river we heard a scuffling, and saw a number of men breaking down our garden wall.

"They think he is gone home," whispered John; "we'll get in here the safer. Quick, Phineas."

We crossed the little bridge; John took a key out of his pocket, and let us into the mill by a small door—the only entrance, and that was barred and trebly barred within. It had good need to be in such times.

The mill was a queer, musty, silent place, especially the machinery room, the sole flooring of which was the dark, dangerous stream. We stood there a good while—it was the safest place, having no windows. Then we followed my father to the top story, where he kept his bags of grain. There were very many; enough, in these times, to make a large fortune by a cursed fortune wrung out of human lives.

"Oh! how could my father—"

"Hush!" whispered John, "it was for his son's sake, you know."

But while we stood, and with a meaning but rather grim smile Abel Fletcher counted his bags, worth almost as much as bags of gold—we heard a hammering at the door below. The rioters were come.

Miserable "rioters"! A handful of weak, starved men—pelted us with stones and words. One pistol-shot might have routed them all—but my father's doctrine of non-resistance forbade. Small as their force seemed, there was something at once formidable and pitiful in the low howl that reached us at times.

"Bring out the bags! Us men have bread!"

"Throw down thy corn, Abel Fletcher!"

"Abel Fletcher will throw it down to ye, ye knaves," said my father, leaning out of the upper window; while a sound, half curses, half cheers of triumph, answered him from below.

(To be continued)

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