

The Famous "COAKER" MOTOR ENGINE

4, 6 and 8 H.P., and is sold only by us.

We are also Sole Agents for the
COAKER OIL ENGINE.

This Engine can be started in three minutes. It consumes only Kerosene and Crude Oils. No batteries, magnetos or coil boxes needed. A 7 H.P. now on Exhibition at the F.P.U. Store. Sizes: 7 H.P. Single Cylinder; 14 H.P. Double Cylinder. The most perfect engine on the market. We also have a few 4 and 6 H.P. FRAZER ENGINES, fitted with Brass Kero Oil Adaptors.

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A splendid Weather-Resisting Roofing---costs a little more than the ordinary felt but is much cheaper in the end. Manufacturers' guarantee One-Ply for 5 years; Two-Ply for 10 years; Three-Ply for 15 years. This Felt can be painted or tarred

Sundries

- Galvanized Water Buckets, in sizes 12 in., 13 in., 14 in.
- Galvanized, Glass and Wood Wash Boards.
- Hearth Brooms and Wisk Brooms.
- Varnish, Stains, Paints.
- Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil, in 5 gallon Drums.
- Solignum (special preservation for wood).
- American Tar, Gas Tar, in brls. & tierces.
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- Wood Stoves, in Improved Success and No. 2 Wellington.

Cordage of all kinds

- Hemp Lines and Twines, White Cotton, and Steam Tarred Lines.
- Cotton Herring Nets, Gill Nets.
- Cotton Twine & Hemp Twine in all sizes.
- Pitch, Rosin, Cutch, Oakum.
- Felt Nails, Felt Tins, Wire and Cut Nails, Motor Engine Supplies.
- Trimmed Sole Leather.
- Kero Oil, Gasolene, Lubricating Oils.

Purity, Vinola | FLOUR | Victory, F.P.U.

Provisions and Groceries

- Best Molasses in puncheons, tierces and barrels.
- Granulated Sugar, Cube Sugar.
- Ham Butt Pork, Fat Back Pork.
- Beef Cuttings, Special Family Beef.
- Tinned Corned Beef, Roast Beef.
- Cattle Feed, Bran, Oats.

- Beans, Peas, Rolled Oats, Oatmeal.
- Coffee in 1 lb., 2 lb. and 10 lb. tins.
- Taylor and Mott's Cocoa.
- Cinnamon, Allspice, Nutmeg, Pepper.
- Yeast, Cream-of-Tartar, Bread-soda, Salt in bags.
- Condensed Milk, Hops, Coleman's Starch.
- Washing Soda, Lye, Sun Paste and Stove Polish.

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Box Biscuits

- In Lemon Cream, Coffee, Soda, Lunch, Currant Top, Five-O'clock Tea, Pilot, Ginger Snap.
- Sweet Biscuit in barrels, Butter Biscuit in barrels.
- No. 1 and 2 grades Hard Biscuit in bags and half-bags.

Toilet and Laundry Soap

- Lime Juice, Syrups, Evaporated Apples and Apricots.
- Tinned Apricots, Peas, Peaches and Pine Apples.
- Raisins, Currants, loose and cleaned.

Fishermen's Union Trading Co.

THE MEN WHO WILL NEVER BE WHOLE AGAIN

General M—, the head of the Belgian Army medical service, who had escorted me, touched him on the arm, and he looked round without interest.

"For conspicuous bravery" said the general, and showed me the medal he wore on his breast.

However, the young officer's face did not lighten, and very soon he turned again to the sea. The time will come, of course, when the tragedy of this mutilation will be less fresh and poignant, when the Order of Leopold on his breast will help to compensate for many things; but that sunny morning, on the deck of the hospital ship, it held small comfort for him.

We went below. At our appearance at the top of the stairs those who were convalescent below rose and stood at attention. They stood in a line at the foot of their beds, boys and grizzled veterans, clad in motley garments, supported by crutches, sticks, by a hand on the supporting back of a chair. Men without a country, where were they to go when the hospital ship had finished with them? Those who were able would go back to the army, of course. But what of that large percentage who will never be whole again? The machinery of mercy can go so far, and no farther. France cannot support them. Occupied with her own burden, she has persistently discouraged Belgian refugees. They will go to England probably—a kindly land but of an alien tongue. And there again they will wait.

The waiting of the hospital will become the waiting of the refugee. The Channel coast towns of England are full of human derelicts who stand or sit for hours, looking wistfully back toward what was once home.

The story of the hospitals is not always gloomy. Where the surroundings are favorable, defeat is sometimes turned to victory. Tetanus is being fought and conquered by means of a serum. The open treatment of fractures—that is, by cutting down and exposing the jagged edges of splintered bones, and then uniting them—has saved many a limb. Conservation is the watchword of the new surgery, to save whenever possible. The ruthless cutting and hacking of previous wars is a thing of the past.

I remember a boy in a French hospital whose leg bones had been shattered. Eight pieces, the surgeon said there had been. Two straight incisions, connected by a center one, like a letter H, had been made. The boy showed me the leg himself, and a mighty proud and happy youngster he was. There was no vestige of deformity, no shortening. The incisions had healed by first intention, and the thin, white lines of the H were all that told the story.

As if to offset the cheer of that recovery, a man in the next bed was dying of abdominal injury. I saw the wound. May the mother who bore him, the wife he loved never dream of that wound!

I have told of the use of railway stations as temporary resting places for injured soldiers. One is typical of them all. As my visit was made during a lull in the fighting, conditions were more than usually favorable. There was no congestion.

On a bright afternoon late in February I went to the railway station three miles behind the trenches at E—. Only a mile away a town was being shelled. One could look across the fields at the changing roof line, at a church steeple that had so far escaped. But no shells were falling in E—.

The station was a small village one. In the room corresponding to our baggage-room straw had been spread over the floor, and men just out of the trenches lay there in every attitude of exhaustion. In a tiny room just beyond two or three women were making soup. As fast as one kettle was ready it was served to the hungry men. There were several kettles—all the small stove would hold. Soup was there in every state, from the finished product to the raw meat and vegetables on a table.

Beyond was a waiting-room, with benches. Here were slightly injured men, bandaged but able to walk about. A few slept on the benches, heads lolled back against the white-washed wall. The others were paying no attention to the incessant, nearby firing, but were watching a boy who was drawing.

He had a supply of colored crayon, and the walls as high as he could reach were almost covered. There were priests, soldier types, caricatures of the German Emperor, the

arms of France and Belgium—I do not remember what all. And it was exceedingly well done. The boy was an artist to his finger tips.

At a clever caricature of the German Emperor the soldiers laughed and clapped their hands. While they were laughing I looked through an open door.

Three men lay on cots in an inner room—rather, two men and a boy. I went in.

One of the men was shot through the spine and paralyzed. The second one had a bullet in his neck, and his face already bore the dark flush and anxious look of general infection. The boy smiled.

They had been there since the day before, waiting for a locomotive to come and move the hospital train that waited outside. In that railway station the boy had had his leg taken off at the knee—"Saturday Evening Post."

Wrinkles

Don't mind wrinkles, if they're sunny; Don't mind crowsfeet, if they're made

Of life's laughter—they're the money That for life and love you've paid. Don't mind heartache, if its aching

Day by day and then again In the service that you're taking For your suffering fellow-men.

Wrinkles, happy wrinkles,

That are made by smiling years! Don't mind wrinkles if they're laughter's

And have helped to dry some tears. In the corners of your eyes, eh? Growing deeper,—yes, 'tis so; But they're wrinkles of the sunshine; Let them deepen, let them grow!

Don't mind wrinkles, if they're merry;

Don't mind furrows, if they're glad With the tender things and cherry That have touched the dark and sad;

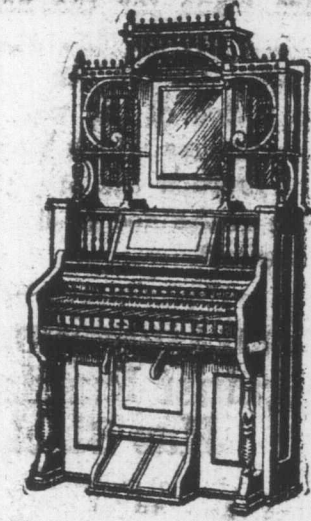
Don't mind wrinkles when you've won them,

In the smiling things you've done To fill other lives with gladness And light other hearts with sun.

—Baltimore Sun.

The man with a grievance never misses an opportunity to mention it.

A fool friend can wield a hammer as effectively as a bitter enemy.



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Stalking, Sreeching Ghost Disturbs Jersey Watchman

Somerville, N. J., July 24—Banshee screeches and a ghostly figure that flits at midnight have been keeping part of Somerville awake for several nights. Thomas Hagan is the part of the population most affected. Hagan is night watchman at the roundhouse of the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

The spectre haunts the railroad yards and has spoiled many nights for Mr. Hagan. At first people scoffed at his stories. Despite the scoffs, the ghost remained faithful, and Mr. Hagan related his harrowing experiences day after day until other people began to listen for the shrieks.

They heard them. People whose homes are fully a mile from the railroad yards have heard them and are awake shivering. The haunting of the roundhouse and the railroad yard became a matter of considerable public moment. Friends of Mr. Hagan kept him company through the night. If only one or two were present the ghost walked. If several of Mr. Hagan's friends dropped in the ghost walked until they had gone.

Last night Mr. Hagan resigned. He could watch a roundhouse without a quiver, he desired, but a ghost would not watch.

Offers of promotion to night watchmen were made to three car cleaners, one after the other. Each declined the honor, saying they shared Mr. Hagan's aversion to ghosts that walked at night. They had been thinking the matter over and were ready to quit even being car cleaners, which they did.

That convinced all skeptics. Car cleaners are not emotional, as a rule, what ever the average of temperament may be among night watchmen. Last night fully 50 people gathered at the railroad station. They listened and watched for hours. They then got tired and went home, and they were barely settled in their beds when the screeches broke out with an infernal din.

Chief of Police Bellis, with policemen and railroad detectives, had gone ghost hunting, too. They were far away when the yells came, and were unable to find the source of the sound.

To-night, despite the most intent listening, only one man heard the ghost. He was Mr. Hagan.

An Example From Belgium

The high prices for all foodstuffs should stimulate every small-holder to grow increased crops. That this is possible is evidenced by the facts given by Viscountess Wosley in her article in "The Contemporary Review" on "The Cultivation of the Land."

In Belgium there are few large landholders; three-quarters of those who farm have less than five acres each and 95 per cent have less than twenty-five acres. It is interesting to see how this works out:

Let us consider how Belgium, a small and not particularly fertile country, less than twice as large as Yorkshire, has been so successful in cultivating land. She is only one-eighth the size of Great Britain, but she has been able to feed her own people with home-grown fruit and vegetables and also to export annually £480,000 worth more fruit and £230,000 worth more vegetables than she imports.

When we remember, too, that most of her exports come to England, it should prove what our market gardeners could do for themselves if they chose. Between 1901 and 1906 the United Kingdom imported, on an average, vegetables to the value of £2,638,787 per annum more than she exported, and the thought of the acres of intensively cultivated gardens that such a sum represents should urge our growers to fresh efforts. Apart from the possibility of blockade, and the delay that might occur in the delivery of food supplies, it indicates a considerable degree of national inactivity that such additional wealth, to say nothing of the health-giving properties of the gardener's profession, should be lightly passed by Belgians who are at present in England assure us that they find it possible in their country to make a very good living indeed upon an acre of land, and they become rich on two or three acres. How is this achieved? Can it be a better climate or greater soil fertility? No; the produce grown by our small-holders and nurserymen in any of the southern counties of England compares favourably with that of foreign countries, so it is not alone sunshine or rich land that is essential. To a considerable degree it is due to that innate love of the land, or land-hunger, so marked a characteristic of the brave Belgians.

There are many things that are conducive to this feeling, but none perhaps more so than the possibility of the poorest working man eventually attaining the ownership of land.