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The Mail and Advocate

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A NATIONAL CALAMITY

THE beautiful Parliament Buildings of Ottawa have been destroyed by the fire fiend; and there is gloom everywhere throughout the Dominion over what must be regarded as a national calamity. Six people lost their lives in the disaster; and the monetary loss to the Dominion cannot be adequately estimated. We have received the details of the catastrophe from an eye witness who declares it the wierdest and most tragic scene imaginable.

The fire occurred whilst the House of Commons was in session on the evening of February 3rd, and fortunately, owing to other appointments, a large number of the members were otherwise engaged, or there would have been one of the greatest holocausts on record. It is said, that had the House been in full session, few would have escaped, as the galleries would certainly have been filled to capacity, as is customary when there is anything of an extraordinary nature in progress. Premier Borden was to have brought down a series of Resolutions during the evening, chiefly matters dealing with the War situation; but for some reason, happily, the tabling of the Resolutions was postponed.

The members who were in attendance had great difficulty in making their escape; many of them were badly injured, the Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Mr. Burrill, seriously. The loss of life is deplorable; but it is a matter for gratitude that it was not greater.

We sympathize deeply with our younger and larger sister Dominion in the great calamity which has befallen it; but we feel convinced that this serious blow will not alter its course nor deflect it from its purpose in doing service to the Empire. It has done noble work; and it will continue to do it, despite this great blow.

It is now generally believed that the fire was the work of an incendiary; and there is a well-founded suspicion that Hun emissaries are responsible for this dastardly outrage. It is on par with the destruction of Louvain and the killing of innocent women and babes elsewhere. Two women and several

MOSDELL'S BOOMERANGS!

IT was the old, old story of of horny-handed Sons of Toil being made a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the middleman who marketed his produce abroad.—MOSDELL, in The Advocate, Dec. 0, 1913.

FOR what isolated individual or groups of individuals found impossible of accomplishment was soon brought about when the great armies of Unionism entered the industrial field, and did battle for what is but the common right of humanity.—MOSDELL, in The Advocate, Dec. 20, 1913.

HAVING the knowledge of the need; having ideas and schemes to accomplish the Work; having faith in himself (Coaker) and confidence in the ultimate success of his (Coaker's) great undertaking he (COAKER) BOLDLY LAUNCHED HIS (Coaker's) HUMANE ENTERPRISE.—MOSDELL, in The Fishermen's Advocate, December 20, 1913.

MEN SCOFFED AT COAKER, BUT THEY WERE MEN WHO DID NOT KNOW HIM.—MOSDELL, in The Advocate, December 20th., 1913.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA

INTERESTING AND USEFUL TO THE FISHERMEN OF THE COLONY

DISTRIBUTION OF BULLETINS

THERE is possibly no class of operatives to whom the theories of the scientist appeal less than to fishermen generally, and our fishermen particularly; and the reason is that we have so many fakirs abroad in the land, some of whom have been subsidized by Government funds.

But the fact remains that there is no sphere of activity in which the teachings of the scientist and the results of experiments have been so beneficial as in the fishing industry.

If we wish for proof of this assertion we find it in the results which have been achieved by Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Scotland. In consequence of attending to the scientific aspect of their fishing these countries are to-day finding the best markets for their fish products and consequently the fishermen are better off than they were elsewhere.

Let us take the matter of herring, for example—the Holland and the Scotch pack are far more valuable than ours, not because the fish are of better quality; but simply because the packers have attended to the scientific treatment of the raw material. Or, to put it in other words, they have

The Parliament House (just destroyed) is known as the Central block; there are two others known as the Eastern and the Western which contain the Departmental Offices. The three buildings present a very massive appearance, being of the style known as pointed Gothic. The Central block contained the House of Commons and the Senate. Its front facade measured 472 feet; it was three stories high, the basement being entirely above the ground line. The central tower was some 160 feet high and was surmounted by a crown and flagstaff. When the tower fell on the night of the fire people went to see the crowning feature of the beautiful pile become a prey to the flames.

The Parliament Building has been for nigh half a century the glory of Ottawa and the pride of its citizens; and it was the Mecca of thousands of tourists who came to the city with no other end in view but to visit this magnificent structure. From the top of the tower the most beautiful panorama in Canada was outstretched to the gaze of the onlooker. That this will be rebuilt is beyond doubt; and we know that the Canadian people will rise to the occasion and restore the Parliament building to its pristine beauty and grandeur. We sympathize with them in their loss, and we do so as a sister colony of the Empire.

GLEANINGS OF GONE BY DAYS

FEBRUARY 12

ABRAHAM LINCOLN born 1809. Chief Justice Carter born 1819. Resolution in House of Assembly, asking that rents paid by fishing property, which hitherto went to the Crown, be given to the Colony, 1823.

Destructive fire at Bay Roberts, in houses of John and George Badcock; a girl 8 years old burnt to death, 1891.

General Sherman died, 1891. A man named Squires, and a girl named Noseworthy, went astray in storm; their bodies were found on ice at Windsor lake, 1891.

Skating carnival at Parade rink, 1890. Rev. J. Rouse preached in C. E. Cathedral in aid of Tasker Educational Fund, 1890.

Robert Hunt died, aged 91, 1870. Alexander LeMessurier married, 1890.

FEBRUARY 13

Brig. Marion Ridley lost, crew saved, 1860.

Hon. James S. Pitts married, 1873.

Requiem Mass in Cathedral for Pius IX., 1878.

Miss Eliza Delancy died, suddenly, 1889.

Second Home Rule bill for Ireland introduced in Parliament, 1893.

First contested election case—Woods and Moores—began before Judge Winter, 1894.

Heavy gale, roof blown from municipal store, Hoylestown, much property destroyed on the Southside, 1892.

Admiral Pravo, father of the British navy died; he was a Halifax man, aged 100 years, 1892.

Capt. Henry Andrews, seal-killer, died, aged 77, 1888.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT

For the credit of humanity, it will be very satisfactory to accept the conclusion of the Canadian authorities that the destruction of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa was the result of an accident. The Germans, however, have themselves to blame if there was a swift assumption that a bomb planted by some of their propagandists had started the conflagration. The building which has been destroyed, or partially destroyed, has long been the pride of the Dominion. Its Gothic architecture suggested the continuation of this continent of the northern European tradition, embodying thus the sentiment both of Britain, and of Norman France. The occurrence of the disaster in the midst of a Parliamentary session, and with actual loss of life, makes it in every way a startling affair. American public sympathy will be strongly aroused by the calamity. The Canadians have met the test of the war with an intense spirit of Dominion as well as Imperial patriotism, and deserved better fortune than to lose the forum of their debates in this manner.—Boston Transcript.

Adam had his faults, but he was never sued for breach of promise.

The man who has money to burn generally has friends to roast.

followed out the advice of experts and have made a success of their business.

The Canadians are doing a vast amount of valuable work for the fishing industry; and a body of scientists, such as Professor Prince, Dr. Hjort (who visited Newfoundland some time ago), Dr. Stafford, Prof. Thompson, Mr. Cowie and others devote their time to the study of fish life, methods of cure, etc. These are working assiduously for the benefit of the fishermen, and the results of their work are published regularly in Monthly Bulletins. These are distributed gratuitously to anybody who may wish to obtain a copy.

We think it would be wise for our Government, too, falling a better means of instruction, to procure some of these Bulletins for distribution amongst our fishermen, especially in the larger fishing centres, where they would doubtless prove very useful.

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OUR SHORT STORY

DAWSON OF DANTZIC

By WALTER LENNOX

THIS story has nothing to do with the European War; nor would an invasion of Dantzic affect the programme of the Entente Powers, as Dantzic is a little creek in the Northland, where turbulent tides and boreal blasts give large toll to the mighty ocean.

Dantzic, however, is old—very old, and before Champlain had founded Quebec, Bretons and Basques gathered finny harvests within hailing distance of the beetling headland which protects Dantzic from the chilling northeasters that bring such havoc to the fishing along the coast.

It has little commercial importance; yet it is redolent of venture, and many stories are told of the bygone days when buccaners foregathered there to celebrate their triumphs on the sea. Of late it has been important because it was

the abiding place of Caleb Dawson and his progeny.

Fletcher and myself were the advance guard of the survey party sent out by the Government to locate the line of the S.S. & W. Railway, through the Langton Peninsula, and we had been badly stalled for some days trying to negotiate a ravine which leads from Mount Silvestre to the sea. So we headed for the coast.

We had clambered down through the largest crop of boulders ever seen this side of Ararat, and we had come upon a splendid sandy beach—just a spit jutting out from the foreshore into a Bay some thirty miles broad. At the western end of the beach, we saw two or three shacks, and then described an old chap seated on an upturned hand-tub, smoking an antiquated "T.D."

In the offing were several dories moored at their collars; in the nearer distance were two jetties piled high with lobster traps.

Our appearance evidently disturbed the old gent from a reverie, for as we approached, we heard him exclaim: "Golamity! what's this?"

Well, we did look somewhat be-

dragged; our habiliment would have qualified us for a special seat at the managerial board of a Hotel de Gink. Fletcher was like an uncooked hamburger from mosquitoes; I wasn't much more presentable; we were desperately hungry, and the camp was eight miles away.

"Morin," says the gentleman on the tub. "Me name's Dawson, Caleb Dawson." He then looked at us rather wistfully. "You fellows ain't Government Inspectors, ya?" We assured them that we were not, just members of a survey party.

He seemed to have a special version to Inspectors!

With this assurance, Caleb thawed out, and became garrulous. "Times is kind o' quiet here now, no fishin'; them Government praisers (here was an ejaculation not found in the Prayer Book) won't give fellers a chance to live."

He squinted up at the sky and remarked: "Looks like grub time, s'pose you fellers is hungry. Come in and have a mug-up."

(To be continued)

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