



**MOTOR BOAT F.P.U.
For Sale!
Motor Boat
F.P.U.**

Built for R. H. Silver, Esq., at their premises, Greenspond, in 1912. Used by President Coaker the last two summers during his cruises North. Boat is fitted with a 27 h.p. Fraser Engine, which has given splendid satisfaction. The boat is 40 feet long and 9 feet wide, and would make an ideal mission boat. She contains sleeping accommodation for four, and tanks for 250 gallons of fuel. Nineteenth of the fuel consumed by the engine is Kero oil. The reason for selling is, the boat is not large enough for the purpose she is now used for. The boat cost about \$1800, and is well fitted in every respect. She is provided with sails. She would make a fine boat for collecting bait or for fishery uses. Apply to

W. F. Coaker.

**For Sale!
A 6 h.p. Stationary Engine**

Master workman make, suitable for running a Stave Mill or Machine Shop. Engine is fitted with a Patent Clutch Pulley and regulated with a Governor, and is in first-class condition. Price \$150. Apply to
Fishermen's Union Trading Co., Ltd.

**Ladies' and Children's
JOB COATS**
Just Opened.
Fit Out Your Boy and Girl for School.
Boots, Caps, Bags, etc.
BEST VALUE.

The West End Bazaar,
51 Water Street West.

**Buy Your
Furniture
-and-
Mattresses
-at-
Pope's
Furniture and Mattress Factory,**
Waldegrave and George Sts.
Est. 1860 Phone 659

**ENGLISH LADY
IN WAR ZONE**

Tells of Conditions As She Observed Them—Helping the Wounded

IN a letter to a relative in London, dated Sept. 9th, an English lady staying at Onistrebaen, near Caen, writes: "Here we are isolated and can not get back to Paris. Our neighbors are getting nervous of the Germans raiding the towns and villages around here, and I can see from my bed-room window that they are digging a second big hold in their gardens to bury their provisions and wine, &c. It is difficult to get provisions. We are glad to have our bicycles to cycle to Caen to bring food back. We all have to show our passports and permits, and are constantly stopped by sentries.

Brought Nurses
"Two days ago a beautiful white yacht, the Medusa, came into our port, bringing hospital nurses. It arrived late at night, but we took our electric pocket-lamps and went to the jetty to shout 'Vive l'Angleterre!' They were English nurses in charge of Lady Bagot and the Church Army Hospital. Today we heard the yacht was returning along the canal from Caen, taking the wounded Belgian soldiers back to Ostend, so we got on our bicycles and took a large basket of fruit and cigarettes to give them. Half way along the canal is a magnificent old chateau. We saw there the ambulance brigade—Englishmen unpacking things for the Red Cross nurses, and carrying them into the splendid old castle. I went in to help and as I can speak French and German they will be glad of my help next week.

Talked With Wounded
"We cycled along to the little villages right and left to talk with the poor wounded soldiers, who are able to sit along the sea-wall to get the good air. Their uniforms are all ragged and torn, and some are on crutches, others all bandages. This small place is full of refugees. They don't know where to find a lodging. You meet whole families walking about the roads with their arms full of clothes and their most precious belongings. They had to fly from the Germans; many people are leaving here and going farther along the coast, because one fears the Germans will come to Havre, Rouen, and Caen.

Hotels Requisitioned
"The hotels are requisitioned by the French Minister of War and turned into hospitals. We get very little news; all papers are several days late. I receive my English letters sooner than those from Paris. We are all hopeful as to the final result. I'm running about the garden selecting a few nice places to bury my silver toilet things and my money, and to hide some provisions, as soon as we hear the Germans are nearer. "Last night a military train arrived full of wounded. We all went to see them taken out and put into automobiles and driven to the two hotels and the Casino. We helped them along—those who could hop on one leg—as well as we could, aiding the way with our pocket electric lamps. What a terrible sight! Pages could be written about their condition. Some almost without clothes, others with both arms broken. One has four fingers cut off, another the hand. They came straight from the battlefield, where first aid was given in some cases. We have just come back from visiting them.

"I took a bundle of military post-cards, feeling that they would be glad to let their dear ones know where they are, and gave each poor creature one and helped some of them to write it. The soldiers are on their way to Ostend to fight again in Belgium. Some are not yet without their crutches, and others have their arms in slings."

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE FOR BEST RESULTS

"BEAR BRAND" RUBBERS

will be on sale in St. John's at the following stores of the following firms:—
MONROE & CO.
STEER BROS.
NICHOLLE, INKPEN & CHAFE, LTD.
JESSE WHITEWAY.
J. M. DEVINE.
W. R. GOOBIE.
If you want to get a pair of rubbers that will last longer than any rubbers you have ever worn, go to one of these stores, and ask for "BEAR Brand."
LOOK FOR THE BEAR—TIS ON EVERY PAIR.

**WERE SHELLED
OUT OF HOSPITAL**

And Briton Says Experience Was Appalling One

The following is an extract from a letter to his parents at Beech Hill Park, Waltham Abbey, from Captain Guy G. Edwards, of the Coldstream Guards, who was wounded in action on September 14:

After I was hit I retired, and got bound up in a temporary hospital about 1½ miles behind. I remained there for twenty-four hours. Soon after daylight on the 15th the Germans commenced shelling the hospital, and we had to clear out of it without any kit, and only half-dressed, and walk about five miles along the road to another village. I have never seen anything quite so appalling—wounded men hobbling along, shells bursting, and mortar and bricks and slates flying about. Some poor fellows got blown to bits. It wasn't shrapnel, but their big guns firing lydite shells—great big shells three feet long.

The German infantry won't wait for us now at all. They simply throw up their hands and surrender directly our infantry get close to them. I cannot see how the war will go on for very much longer. I believe the Germans are nearly starving. They have fed our troops wonderfully regularly and well up to the present; we have had no sickness at all, and every one is in splendid spirits.

**THEY BURIED HIM
ON BATTLEFIELD**

Honourable End of a Brave Scotch Laddie

FROM day to day the welkin rings with the heroism of the British soldier. Here is one of the latest stories on that topic which has come to hand.

The Germans were still in possession of La Perte-sous-Jouarre. A German patrol, consisting of twenty of the famous Death's Head Hussars, essayed a reconnaissance of the position occupied by the British, whose artillery, under cover of a wood, was raining shells so heavily on the enemy as to dislodge him.

Espying the approach of the Hussars, a small party of Scottish cavalrmen made straight for them and drove them off. In the height of the pursuit a Scotsman, rocking little of himself when the enemy was within his grasp, suddenly found himself alone.

Already six of the Germans had been laid low, but, finding at last that they were being pursued by a solitary horseman, the remainder rallied at the edge of the wood, and met him with a fusillade.

The Scotsman fell, mortally wounded, but with the strength still left to him he managed to fire three shots, killing one of the Hussars and wounding two others. His companions, when they came up, buried him on the spot where he fell, in the face of the enemy. His horse they buried on the opposite side of the road.

**Wonderful Results
From the A. I. C.,
The World's Cure**

When everything else fails to cure you give our medicine a trial and be cured. We have scores testifying to its curative value. Hear what Mrs. Aron says about it:

July 7th, 1914.
Nineteen months I have been suffering with heart disease, until I hear of A.I.C. I took a pint bottle and now I am perfectly cured. I tried all doctors and medicine, but A.I.C. was the only cure I could find.
MRS. HENRY ARON.
Southside, Carbonear.

Another cured at St. George's: June 29th, 1914.

I have been a sufferer for eighteen months. I tried all doctors, but all failed to cure me. I took two bottles of A.I.C. and now I am perfectly cured. If anyone doubts this statement, write or see me personally.
MRS. MARY FRENCH.
St. George's.

Manufactured by Saunders & Mercier, Shearstown, Nfld.
Price \$1.25 and \$2.25.

Don't Be Content
To have your garments patched by inexperienced workers; have them retailed as they should be done by
C. M. HALL,
Genuine Tailor and Renovator.
243 THEATRE HILL

**TOOK REFUGE
IN FOWL HOUSE**

The Many Adventures and Narrow Escapes of Two Britons

SERGEANT BIRD and Private Woolgar, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, have now returned to Newport Barracks after many adventures and narrow escapes.

It was when we were sent out under General Allenby to help the left wing, which was hard pressed, that our misfortunes began. Our horses were shot under us, but we struggled after our men as best we could until we picked up some German horses, all of which bore the mark K 4 on the reins.

Were Stranded

We had hardly got going again when we had these shot under us by the German artillery, with the result that we were stranded absolutely on our own, and you can guess our feelings as we saw our squadron moving away on the right. We were all more or less injured. One of our chaps had his arm split right open, and calmly said, "I say, boys, do you think I'm hurt?"

We endeavored to get the wounded to a neighboring farmhouse, and succeeded in taking several there, but on going back with the last batch were refused admission, as by this time the occupants could see the Germans bearing down in that direction in force.

Hid in Fowl House

We then made for the fowlhouse and hid there, but our position was very dangerous, as it was not long before the Germans began to enter in order to wash their wounds at the little well in the corner.

It was pitch dark at the time (containing Sergeant Bird), and I found the most comfortable position for me was sitting in a basket, which I realised after a few moments and by certain signs, had contained a dozen eggs in the straw.

The artillery were now in action, and the British seemed to have found the spot, as the tiles of our hiding-place began to fall in, and we found it advisable to put baskets over our heads as well; otherwise they would have been split open by the flying tiles and fragments of shells.

Tried To Escape

When night came we decided to endeavour to escape from our perilous position, and just outside the door we found a German sentry, who seemed to be scouting for British fugitives. We passed quite close to him, but didn't stop to say "Good night." How we did it I can't for the life of me tell you, but we did it, and then made off as we thought towards the British lines, but to our disgust found we were going right into the German lines.

We decided, therefore, to anchor there for the night and get away in the morning. We found this was the German Headquarters Staff, so that we can say we dined with the German generals that night, the only difference being that they were inside and we were outside; they were, etc., and we had swedes and no, etc.

Had To Dodge

In the morning we had to dodge sentries, but found that presented little difficulty. We decided then to travel south-west, with the sun as our guide. To do this, however, was impossible, for in our wanderings we had day after day to dodge German troops, who were continually marching across our tracks.

We can hardly describe what happened during this time, but the harrowing sights we saw will never be effaced from our memories. Our condition was terrible, for we were at one time reduced to five biscuits between three of us, and these had to suffice us for three days. Sometimes we were afraid to drink water because we heard it was poisoned. At last we met the British.

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE FOR BEST RESULTS

**NOTICE TO
SUBSCRIBERS**

Is your subscription nearly expired? If so, why not make your renewal at once, so as to ensure uninterrupted delivery of your paper?

Do not wait till the paper ceases to come. You cannot afford to be without The Mail and Advocate even for one day.

It is chock full up of all the latest war news, and newspaper comment. Remit at once, 50 cents to end of December.

**Satisfactory
Upholstering**

We wish to call the attention of our large circle of customers to our extensive and up-to-date Upholstering Department, which is replete with every thing which goes to make first-class work.

The latest machinery, the newest colors and designs in Brocades, Silks, Satins, Tapestries, Velours, Saddle Bags, etc.; the prettiest and most serviceable Cords, Fringes and Gimps; the strongest and most pliant Springs—these—and the skilled work of men who thoroughly understand their business are a sufficient guarantee of perfect satisfaction.

Don't you think it would be advisable to have your upholstered furniture repaired and renewed now? If you do, why not let US give you an estimate? Our motto:—Reliable Workmanship at reasonable Prices.

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.

The Elite Tonsorial Parlor,

Prescott Street, near Rawlins' Cross,
F. ROBERTS, Proprietor,

Mr. F. Roberts, of the Elite Tonsorial Parlors, begs to announce to his many patrons, that he has installed the very latest Massage machines for face and hair; also that he will carry full assortment Choice Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco.

On and after to-day the Parlors will be open each weekday from 8 a.m. until 11 p.m.

**FERRO Marine Engines
and Repair Parts.**

Meitz & Weiss Kerosene Engines

Silver Star and Royalite Brand Kerosene

—ALSO—
Gasoline & Lubricating Oil

A. H. MURRAY,
St. John's.

**Men's
Jersey SHIRTS.**

A Good, serviceable working
Shirt, combining warmth
with neatness.

\$1.00

In Navy Blue and Fancy Grey.

A cheaper quality at 65c.

Anderson's,
Grace Building.