

## Evening Telegram

W. J. HERDER, - - - Proprietor  
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FRIDAY, July 28th, 1916.

## Beaumont-Hamel.

The last English mail has fulfilled expectations and brought us much fuller and more definite information of the great action in which our Regiment won such glorious distinction. We now know that the scene of their advance was the little hamlet of Beaumont-Hamel. A glance at the map is sufficient to explain to us why our men were set a task relatively more difficult than at most parts of the line. Beaumont-Hamel is well to the north of Thiepval, and the latter place really represents the northern extremity of the British advance. In other words, it was only to the south of Thiepval that the British were able to advance at all, and it is there that practically the whole of the subsequent fighting has taken place. Our men, therefore, were stationed over against one of the most strongly defended parts of the German line. In doing what they did, they achieved, in the words of one observer, the almost impossible.

Many in the city have received letters, chiefly from those wounded, describing the different phases and fortunes of the day's battle. They all agree upon the fine performance of the advance, the steady bravery of the men in the face of a fire so intense as to be actually visible. We published some days ago portions of a letter from Corporal Ralph Herder, who was wounded in the first moments of the attack; the following extracts from a letter written by his brother, Sergeant Arthur Herder, will give a good idea to our readers of the morale of the Regiment:

"As to the Regiment, it was magnificent. Every Newfoundland ought to be proud of its fighting spirit. His own performance, in descending the pluck it must have called for. Still more vivid was his account of the leaving of the ship, the explosion of the shell that wounded him almost mortally, and his sensation as he drifted away clinging to a log of wood. It was to this immersion in the sea that he alluded, and his healing effects upon his wounds, that he probably owed his life. He concluded his narrative by a short reference to his stay in hospital and final valedictory, and by paying a warm and sincere tribute to the work of the Red Cross, for which he appealed earnestly for support. His account of the interesting relics of his terrible experiences—the trousers which he wore, perforated in many places by shell fragments; many of the fragments themselves, extracted from the wounds; and the eye-glasses and case which in all probability saved his life.

The lecture was brief, but full of interest from the opening words. It was clear-cut and sailorlike, most pleasant to listen to. At its conclusion, His Excellency the Governor moved a vote of thanks, eloquently voicing the sentiment of all present in his praise of the brave and modest officer. The vote was carried by acclamation.

REPORT FROM LAMALINE.—There is a good sign of cod and squid at Lamaline.

## Buying Suggestions

## At DEVINE'S.

Men! We have a few dozen Soft Felt Hats in stock, assorted shades. Reg. \$2.00. Now . . . . . \$1.50

Men's Strong Tweed Working Pants. Reg. \$1.80. Now . . . . . \$1.39

Men's Outing Shirts, turned down collars; colors Cream and White. Just the thing for holiday wear. Reg. \$1.00. . . . . 79c

Boys' Blouses, to fit from 6 to 15 years . . . . . 40c

## LADIES' SPECIALS.

Ladies' Am. Costumes, New York's latest designs, from . . . . . \$6.00

Ladies' Embroidery Dresses, attractive patterns; reduced prices to clear.

Ladies' White Hose . . . . . 25c pair

Ladies' D. & A. Corsets from . . . 75c. to \$1.80

Ladies' Mackintoshes—Here's the best chance for the season to secure one at the very low price . . . . . \$3.00

## J. W. DEVINE,

RIGHT HOUSE.

Corner Water and Adelaide Streets.

## The Navy in the Dardanelles.

LIEUT. COMMANDER HOWLEY'S LECTURE.

All who attended at the College Hall last night, and they were a good number, were amply repaid. Commander Howley's lecture was all too brief, but no other fault could be found with it. Coming onto the platform after songs by Mr. Cyril Fox and Mrs. King, and a recitation by Mr. Chas. Hutton, which were much enjoyed, the lecturer was received with great applause. He prefaced his address with an explanation that it must necessarily be somewhat egotistic, and an account of his personal experiences; yet his audience would willingly have forgiven his offending more than he did in this respect, so entertaining were the personal touches of his narrative. His first brief sketch of the experience of his ship, H. M. S. Irresistible, in the opening months of the war. Moving from Sheerness to Weymouth, she was engaged for weeks in the fatiguing work of patrolling the English Channel, from which her crew were glad to earn a respite. When the naval attack upon the Dardanelles was undertaken, the Irresistible was one of the British ships selected to be a unit in the fleet. The Commander's description of the operations there, the bombardment and reduction of the Turkish forts, the perils of mine-sweeping, the daring pluck of demolition parties and many other incidents of a like nature, was extremely clear and vivid, and was lit up every now and then with light touches of humour which delighted his hearers.

He then graphically recounted his experiences when the Irresistible closed in to engage the forts and was struck by shells and finally torpedoed. His simple but realistic words transported his audience in imagination to the engine room of the great ship, the Turkish forts, the perils of mine-sweeping, the daring pluck of demolition parties and many other incidents of a like nature, was extremely clear and vivid, and was lit up every now and then with light touches of humour which delighted his hearers.

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REPORT FROM LAMALINE.—There is a good sign of cod and squid at Lamaline.

## The Dash of the Newfoundlanders.

## No Thoughts But to Get Through.

How the gallant Newfoundlanders charged the German trenches during Saturday, was told yesterday by an eye-witness who arrived in London. The way for them was paved by various British regiments, who swept through the first and second lines after a week of terrific bombardment. Then the Newfoundlanders waited for the order to advance, and when it came moved forward in a hall of German trenches as calmly as on parade.

Before the day of attack the division was paraded and the general addressed them, telling them of the great assault that was to come, the odds they had to meet, and the issues that hung upon the success of the advance. The men were in high feather and threw fresh zest into the final preparations.

They were further heartened by a highly successful raid on the German trenches by six of their number under two officers. The first night this was tried they partially succeeded in cutting the German entanglements. The next night they repeated the raid, and careful observation showed that the Germans were ready for them and had fixed machine guns to sweep the paths that had been broken through the barbed wire. But our men were soft-footed and swift.

Before the machine guns could get into action they were sweeping down upon the gunners with bombs. Others leaped into the German trench and some stationed themselves so as to cover the entrances to dug-outs, killing the Germans as they emerged. At one point a machine gun threatened to do some damage, but into that corner went a private named Phillips with a bayonet. "That was the last I saw of him," said one of his comrades, "but that machine gun spoke no more." The Newfoundlanders stayed until their work was accomplished and then came home in triumph, with many souvenirs.

## Frivete Jensen and the Red Cross

Living a little off the beaten track does not necessarily mean that one is quite ignorant of the doings in the great world outside, and when one who gives a prominent part in that world steps aside into our quiet circle, even for a day, we feel that our peaceful calm has been saved from becoming stagnation.

All of which serves to introduce the fact that Private Phil Jensen, just winning fame as a lecturer, recently paid a visit to Sandy Point, Bay St. George, on behalf of the Red Cross. This keen-eyed young soldier in his khaki, soldierly still in spite of grievous bodily injuries, came into our midst with no flourish of trumpets or display of posters. He just stepped quietly off the train one July afternoon, and introduced himself in plain, straight-forward fashion. A few small boys carried the news of his proposal, lecture from house to house, and by the appointed hour, an audience representative if not large, and unmistakably appreciative, was waiting. Even the irrepressible small boy sat still for once to hear about the war.

Many of us had already read of the battles and movements of which he spoke, but it was as a new tale when the living presence of one who had seen them for himself and actually taken part in them was added. This young lecturer is a rather remarkable personality; he is enormously keen, he has a message to bear around Newfoundland, he aims to open the eyes of many to what they did not see before, to bring home to them the responsibility which he feels so keenly. Of course he does not say many words before one says to oneself with a half tender smile, "Thou art a Newfoundland, for thy speech betrays thee." In parenthesis he says (I have been master of a school-er)—one might have known—he bears the hall-mark of the Newfoundlander who knows what it is to command, and thereby the better to obey. He is a man of intelligence, who has read, and has looked with understanding eyes upon the historic scenes of which he read, when he visits them in actuality. But since he does not say "I will tell you what I did," so one must not dwell on the man, but on his message, the cause for which he pleads. If there were those on Sandy Point who believed that because no German soldier has set foot upon our soil, no German gun been fired within our hearing, that the great war and its issues are nothing to us, surely the scales of indifference must have fallen from their eyes that night. If one man said, or that we should exchange one flag for another, a King for an Emperor, and that life, customs and manners would flow on as heretofore, surely he must have been undeceived.

The obligation weighing upon us of providing for "our boys" lying sick and wounded in English hospitals, the utter selfishness of expecting this to be borne by English people no better off than ourselves; how can we self-denial that we may give an adequate bounty, all this was put before us in plain, direct, forcible language. A man of our own country, bearing in his body the pitiful proofs of his story, spoke heart to heart with us, and to the best of our power we will respond and have responded.

God-speed you, Private Jensen! Newfoundland has need of you; may you recover of your wounds to yet do her service for many years.

parapet, and with sloped rifles marched with even greater slowness than usual up the slight elevation that lay between their trench and those of the Germans.

Over this hillock there lay an expanse of open space, pitted with shell holes, then the broken German trenches, with the coveted third line in sight. But behind that were seemingly innumerable German machine guns, and these began to sweep across the land like a driving rain on a Scotch moor. Men began to drop, but the rest moved on like steady veterans.

"It was curiously void of any feeling except a determination to get through," said one who was in the charge, "and I believe all the boys were the same. The roar of the British artillery seemed but a murmur in that rush, and though the German bullets were sweeping the tops of the grass so quietly as to give an impression of a heavy wind, nobody seemed to care. I now recall that in civil life when I saw an accident I felt a smothered sob, but in this attack I thought no more of falling men than of flicking the ash off a cigarette." "How does it feel to be in a charge?" the boys like nothing at all "you just go forward."

Dying Man's Order. "Captain R—, leading his men, was hit by a bullet in the hand. He sat down to bind it up, but seeing a disposition on the part of some of the men to be scared, he cried, 'Go on with it, boys! I'll be with you in a minute.' Then he calmly stepped back to a dressing station, had his bandage fixed, and in a very short time came doubling back, urging on the men, 'I'll again be with you in another minute.'"

So it proceeded, British pluck paying the price of progress all the way over the first German line and into the fire hurricane that lay beyond. "I was going by the side of my corporal," said a smooth-faced lad, "and he turned to me and said, 'If I go down, you take charge and lead straight ahead. No sooner had he said, so than a bullet caught him square in the breast, and he fell into my arms, but his last gasp was, 'Push on with it! We went on till we got towards the barbed wire. Then I fell, and I rolled into the nearest shell-hole right on top of two officers already wounded and lying there.'"

Right along the line the same grim tale was told. Not a man faltered. London Daily Mail, July 8.

for us in plain, direct, forcible language. A man of our own country, bearing in his body the pitiful proofs of his story, spoke heart to heart with us, and to the best of our power we will respond and have responded.

## Old Memories.

My hair to-day is tinged with grey. My steps go slowly now. My shoulders show a bend And there's wrinkles on my brow. But yet I have a fondness For the faces and the ways Which once I loved in boyhood, In the good old by-gone days.

How oft with chums I gayly went O'Brien's farm to see. Bird-nesting there all day we spent, And climbed the apple tree. No joys like those since then I've known.

Though many friends I've met, Those boyhood scenes, like pleasant dreams, They are clinging round me yet. To Rennie's River oft we went, Its green banks we stood on, And watched its pearly waters As they rolled down from "Long Pond."

And when the sun's rays shone serene In the evenings after school, Near Pleasantville I have a swim In the old "three corner pool." But many ups and downs since then, Have come across my path, Since first we went to Coesey's field To play with ball and bat. And many in a foreign land Since then have gone to toil, And many more are cold in death, Beneath their native shore.

So as I muse on boyhood shows My heart is stirred within, And for the time I hide myself Far from the city's din. Beside fair Rennie's River side, Sit sit me down and sigh, For the boys I knew, the friends so true, In the good old days gone bye.

June 24th, 1916.

DIES AT THE HOSPITAL.—There passed away at the General Hospital early this morning Mr. Andrew Devine, of Long Bay. The deceased was brought to the institution on the 25th inst., suffering from blood poisoning in the knee, and despite the best medical attendance death claimed its victim. He was 51 years of age and leaves a widow and several children, to whom sincere sympathy is extended.

GLENCOE'S PASSENGERS.—The Glencoe arrived at Placentia at 2.45 a.m. to-day with the following passengers: G. Downing, Dr. Reay, G. F. Stevens, H. R. Stewart, Mrs. H. R. Stewart, Sister M. Angela, Rev. C. C. Leach, Mrs. Leach, Misses L. Leach, F. Leach, M. Rose, Mrs. A. Woolgar, Mrs. G. Morris, Messrs R. W. Ricey, H. Scapmore, D. Elliott, A. Woolgar, J. Roske, G. Mellor, W. Browning, O. K. Nelson and 2 second class.

G. KNOWLING'S  
Central Shoe Store.

Our Reputation

G. KNOWLING'S  
Central Shoe Store.

FOR

## Giving BIG Shoe Bargains IS WELL KNOWN,

And we are sure our efforts of to-day to maintain this will be appreciated by the thrifty buyer, as a glance at our Bargain Counters will convince you that the prices on some of these lines which we offer for this and every day sales, while they last, only represents about Half Price.

## WOMEN'S TAN CALF PUMPS—

Goodyear welled; sizes 2½, 3, 5, 5½ to 7. Value up to \$4.50. Sale Price . . . . . \$1.80

## WOMEN'S TAN VICI BUTTON BOOTS—

15 Buttons, high Cuban heel, Fair-stitched, nobby toe. A regular \$3.50 Boot. For this Sale, only . . . . . \$2.40

## WOMEN'S TAN VICI KID LIN'D SHOES—

Rubber Soled. Value \$2.20. Sale Price . . . . . \$1.60

## BOYS' TAN CALF SCUFFER BOOTS—

Solid leather, nice soft mellow calf. Regular \$2.60 value. Sale Price . . . . . \$1.90

## BOYS' GRAIN LACED BOOTS—

Sizes 1 to 5; a good strong Boot for the romping boy spending his holidays that can stand the hard knocks. Sale Price \$1.85

We have also placed on our Bargain Counters all odd lines that cannot be replaced owing to the scarcity of raw material. These lines are priced very low to clear.

G. KNOWLING,  
CENTRAL SHOE STORE.

G. Knowling

G. KNOWLING,  
CENTRAL SHOE STORE.

July 21, 25, 28, Aug 1

BLOUSES!  
DRESSES!  
MILLINERY!

A Lot of  
AMERICAN BLOUSES  
in wide stripe effects, and some  
very dainty White Blouses,  
FOR 70 CENTS EACH.

This week-end we again offer  
you Two Big Specials in  
WHITE READY-TO-WEAR  
HATS at  
55 and 85 CENTS EACH.

A Lot of  
GIRLS' WHITE DRESSES,  
to fit girls from 6 to 14 years,  
FOR 90 CENTS EACH.

A Lot of  
WHITE LAWN KIMONOS,  
dainty looking,  
FOR 40 CENTS EACH.

EXTRA SPECIALS:  
Children's Rompers, for 35c.  
Ladies' Vests, for 10c.  
Middy Blouses, for 80c.

See Our Windows.

## S. MILLEY.

KYLE'S PASSENGERS.—The s.s. Kyle reached Port aux Basques at 7.30 a.m. to-day with the following first class passengers: Cyril Pike, Lady Whiteway, John M. Gargas, Mrs. H. H. McKay, Geo. Fregnell, Geo. L. and Mrs. Marshall, Chas. J. Hartley, Miss J. King, Mrs. H. Burt and three children, W. and Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. D. Buntin, Mrs. H. Park, H. A. R. McQuibby, Frank Pike, T. J. Twentymen, and the remains of Philip Edwood, Burnt Islands.

FLORIZEL'S ORCHESTRA AT THE NICKEL.—The orchestra of the Red Cross Liner Florizel at the Nickel Theatre last evening attracted immense audiences, the building being full. The Florizel's musicians have great reputations and last evening they were up to expectations. Their selections—works by the great masters—were given in a manner that appealed to all. St. John's loves good music and the audiences last evening showed their appreciation by thunderous applause. The orchestra will be present again this evening and will render a new programme. The great serial "The Diamond from the Sky" begins to-day. It is a wonderful picture and all patrons of the movies should take it in.

LEFT BARRADOS.—The schr. Dorothy Baird left Barrados this morning for this port with a cargo of molasses.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURED HIS

Special  
This  
At Price

LADIES' BLOUSES—A beautiful assortment of Blouses in Plaid, Voiles, Linens and new designs with long sleeves. Reg. \$1.50 each. Friday & Saturday . . . . . \$1.00

LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS—Lace and hemstitched brocaded, muslin, and lawn; size 12 x 12 10c. each. Friday and Saturday . . . . . 7c

LADIES' UNDERWEAR—With wide embroidery of fine English Long Princess Underskirts \$1.25 each. Friday and Saturday . . . . . \$1.00

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING—Of Plain Cream, good washing material, able for present wear 45c. each. Friday and Saturday . . . . . 35c

Boys' CLOTHING—Made of American mings; sizes to fit. Friday . . . . . 40c

Window CURTAINS—White greens and flowers, 6 inches wide. Curtains, Reg. 22c. and Saturday . . . . . 15c

MADRAS MUSLINS—Plain and frilled, assorted flowers, to choose from. Reg. 15c. Friday and Saturday . . . . . 10c

Women's SHOES—LADIES' S. Caberetta, Blouse, leather tips, heels and slippers, \$2.25 pair. Friday and Saturday . . . . . \$1.50

LADIES' HATS—Ribbed and high spliced hats. Reg. 50c. Friday and Saturday . . . . . 35c

LADIES' SHOES—Black and 7 9 and 9½, wide ankles, high sp. Worth 30c. pair. Friday and Saturday . . . . . 25c