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## Most Interesting Letter From Mr. Frank Summers Now With the 1st Nfld. Regiment in Scotland

Fort George,  
Feb. 16, 1915.

Dear Mr. Morine—As I write a memory of my school days recurs to me—a verse—that by dint of the leather and the ruler, was indelibly impressed on me. It runs something like this:

"My heart's in the Highlands,  
My heart's not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands,  
A chasing the deer."

I will thought at that time that it would be my lot to see the Highlands of Old Scotia. I haven't had a chance to follow the deer yet, but I can tell you that the men have not lost any time, but it is the "deer" that they are following. They are mighty hunters at this sort of game.

It might be interesting for you to know about our daily routine.—At 7 a.m. the Reveille is sounded. This is the most unwelcome of calls. It tears one away from the blankets and sweet slumberland with its pleasant dreams to the sterile reality of the day. Wash up next, and at 8 the welcome call of "Come to the Cook House Door, Boys" sounds. Breakfast is made short work of, and after it, the men get ready for the "Fall In" which is at nine. For the last month the two companies have been going through their musketry. It is now finished. The allowance was 75 rounds per man, and shooting was on the whole very good.

There was very keen rivalry between the two companies. B. Co. is 16 or something like that behind A. Co., and with 12 more men to shoot, so as the B. Co. men say, it is a dead cinch for them. They will win hands down.

The morning parade lasts till about 12.30. It is taken up either by a route march, covering about 14 or 15 miles, or by company drills. Dinner is at 1. At 2 fall in again. Different work is gone through, field work, outposts, entrenching, skirmishing, etc. A regular schedule has been drawn up for each week, and they are kept pretty hard at it.

Lectures also take place three or four times a week. Tea is at 5, except when there is late drill, when it is at 6. By 6.30 practically the day's work is over. The men are at entrenching now, and they are as happy a looking bunch as you want to see marching off with their picks and shovels.

The R. N. Co. or the Municipal Council need never be short of men for this class of work in future. The nights are lonely enough here, but we manage to pass them good enough. Impromptu concerts are held by the members of the different rooms, and thus time passes quickly enough. All lights are out by 10.15, and the windows have to be darkened by 10. This is merely a precautionary measure. Thus the days pass uneventfully, but we are progressing slowly but surely towards that time when the call comes for us to go overseas and prove our mettle. That that time may not be long, and that when it comes it will find us ready to show our manhood, and to do honour to our native land, is our earnest wish and prayer.

A gloom was cast over the Regiment some time ago on account of a rumor to the effect that we were not going to be sent to the front. This damped us for a while, but it was only a rumor, and we were not down-hearted for long.

Wednesday of every week is coal fatigue. All the men turn out with their buckets to draw coal for the week. This does not take very long, and the balance of the afternoon is spent in different amusements. Saturday, drill is over early, and many avail of the opportunity of getting a week-end pass to spend Saturday and Sunday at Nairn and Inverness, both pretty towns, about an hour's run from the Fort.

Inverness is the capital of the Highlands, and is a historic spot. There are very many interesting buildings there, Mary Queen of Scots' house, six miles from Inverness is the famous battlefield of Colloden, where the gallant Highlanders gave their lives for the Stuart cause. The graves of the different clans are marked by status, the Clan Mackintosh, the Clan Fraser, the Clan MacGillivray, the Clan Stuart, etc. A large cairn of stones has been erected to their memory, and every year on the anniversary one old warlock, a faithful adherent to his cause goes there, and places wreaths on the monument. He delivers, so I am told, a speech in Gaelic. His wreaths, withered by the sun and broken by the wind were still there when I paid it a visit. He is an old man now over 80 but the fire of patriotism and

enthusiasm still burns young in his veins, and the ardor of his love has not been dimmed. I only hope that I may have the pleasure of witnessing the ceremony this year.

Just outside of Nairn is the celebrated Cawdor Castle, famous for the murder of King Duncan by Macbeth. King Duncan's bedroom is the same as when he slept in it, that is if you believe the guide book.

The old fort itself has historic associations. Its erection was commenced shortly afterward Cottoden for the purpose, I presume, of having a garrison stationed in a central spot in order to overawe the Highlanders should they give trouble, so we are fixed up with an historic event.

A short distance away from the Field of Colloden is the stone on which the Duke of Cumberland stood during the progress of the battle. From the summit of this stone he could command the whole field. The English troops who fought are buried near the field, but there are no graves to mark their resting place. The field is tilled and the only mark is a stone saying that here are buried the English. Here ended the first lesson.

Edinburg Castle,  
April 18, 1915.

After two months, I take my pen in hand again to write. Much water has passed under the bridge since I first started this rambling letter. I have sat down often and often to finish it, but had to give it up in despair. However, as this is a Sunday afternoon, I cannot do better than try.

All I have written is practically out of date now, for we have moved this long time. Here in Scotland's most famous building we are quartered within the old castle dominating the city we live our days. Little did the old warriors of old think that a strange body of troops from far across the seas would inhabit this spot, and little did we think when we left St. John's on that October day that Edinburg Castle would cover us. Down at Salisbury Plain, we were known as "God's own Pets." I think the wit who coined that was nearer the mark than he thought, for it is a great honor to garrison Edinburg Castle, and a greater honour for Regiments other than Scottish.

We are quite a happy crowd, 1,000 odd men stowed in here. The lights of Prince's Street, one of the favorite streets in Europe, blink up at the Castle, and extend a hearty invitation to come and explore it. The gardens that flank its side with their green grass, floral decorations, and beautifully kept walks, are most restful to the weary.

Here in the Castle are housed the famous Crown Jewels of Scotland, the crown of Robert Bruce; Sword of State and Belt of James IV; Sceptre of James V; Jewel of "Garter" James VI; Coronation Ring of Charles I. of Scotland, etc., etc. Outside the door stands a Newfoundland boy guarding those heirlooms. In the same square is the famous decorations, and its arms and armour dating from the 10th century.

The drill grounds are a good distance away from the castles, and it takes at least half an hour to get there. We have to go through the city, and the people by now are quite accustomed to us.

At the present time, C. & D. companies have no rifles, but they are expected any day. The whole battalion is going to be armed with the Lee-Enfield, the present service rifle. It would not tend to efficiency to have one half of battalion armed with the Ross and the other half with the Lee-Enfield. The sword bayonets, arrived a few days ago, but the rifles have not turned up yet. The rifle is larger than the Ross, and is a better weapon. We are indeed fortunate in getting this rifle, for some of the new battalions of Kitchener's army have not yet got rifles, though formed before us.

There is no sign of any move for us to the front yet. Dame Rumor has put out all sorts of things, and if half were true, we would want to be ten battalions to go to all the places we were supposed to go to. I gather Rumor is just as bad home. All sorts of queer things have got out about us. The "Sealing Lion" is not in it, but I am afraid that the result will be, that if we only leave to go to the front, even before we shell powder, we will be all wiped out home.

No one knows when we are going, or where we are going, except the authorities that be. If it is the intention that we will go as a full battalion, then it will be quite a considerable time, a month or a month and a half at the very least, if the trained men, then any time. It gets

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monotonous sticking around, going over the same old grind day after day, and I honestly think that there will be no more welcome call than "To Arms."

Well, it is time to close down, or I might get a taxed bill like the following:

To perusing yours of date—  
Time wasted in reading same.  
Eye sight spoiled trying to decipher same.

Calmness of mind upset in trying to make sense out of it, and so on ad lib.

With kind regards,  
Sincerely Yours,  
M. FRANK SUMMERS.

A Russian-Jewish legion has been formed at Cairo to fight with the allied forces against Turkey.

Some people are never satisfied. For example, the prisoner who complained of the literature that the prison angel gave him read:

"Nutt'n but continued stories," he grumbled. "An' I'm to be hung next Tuesday."

Mrs. A.—While I was going down town on the car this morning the conductor came along and looked at me as if I had not paid my fare.

Mr. A.—Well, what did you do?  
Mrs. A.—I looked at him as if I had.

## The Kaiser's Personal Fortune

Paris, April 28.—The Kaiser's personal fortune exceeded \$42,000,000 last August, says Jules Guilhem, the famous psychologist, in an exhaustive study of Emperor William's habits and temperament, in which he makes peculiar revelations.

One of the sensational disclosures is that the Kaiser's greatest political ambition of recent years was the establishment of a German protectorate over Turkey. All his plans were laid when, in 1912, the Balkan war completely upset them, the result being to place vigorous warlike nations between the Germanic people and the Ottomans.

Edward VII., who was always amused by the Kaiser's ideas of the divinity of Kingship, said shortly before he died:

"My nephew ought to remember that Kings and Emperors will be compelled to shut up shop in the future."

The Kaiser owns 295 different uniforms, says Duhem, but wears only one out of thirty. In recent years he discarded glittering military outfits in favour of the severe uniform of the first regiment Grenadier Guards. Sixteen valets under the Grand Marshal of the Court take care of the Imperial wardrobe.

The Kaiser uses lawn-colored note paper of huge dimensions bearing a big monogram. The Imperial letters must never be folded. They are therefore delivered in very large envelopes sealed with black wax.

When he rises at 6 a.m., the Emperor reads references to himself in the world's newspapers, magazines and books. The special staff translates these articles from seven languages.

Daily newspaper clippings from Germany, France, Britain and America, are stuck in separate pieces in a gilded card-board, which is placed in a handsome portfolio bearing the Imperial arms and laid on the Kaiser's breakfast table. His personal library is one of the finest in the world, military works being the largest.

Mr. Tennant, Under-Secretary for War, stated in the House of Commons recently that the British casualties up to and including April 11 amounted to 139,347.

The casualties in the South African war, including killed, died, wounded, and invalided, amounted to 129,172. The war lasted two years and seven and a half months.

Two Germans, a workman and a student, have been condemned to two days' imprisonment by the Court of Duisburg for "giving chocolates to prisoners of war at Weasel."

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