



Nothing is too good for the Baby This Xmas.

Every New Baby and a whole lot of the older ones will have to have a High Chair or a Rocking Chair this Xmas. We have a nice line of Chairs to show you.

**Pope's Furniture Showrooms**  
George & Waldegrave Sts., St. John's.

## Are YOU Getting YOUR Share?

of the Outport trade, or do you think you should have more?

No matter what your trade, you must attract the Outport buyer. Let us advise you as to the best means to that end.

You admit, you want the Outport trade, then you must advertise in a paper that is read by the people whose trade you want. That paper is **The Mail and Advocate Weekly Edition**.

The **Mail and Advocate Weekly Edition** is read by fifty thousand people. It has a circulation of six thousand, and next year will greatly exceed that number. Avail of this splendid medium and you will thank us for this advice.

The **Mail and Advocate Weekly Edition**, the best advertising medium in Newfoundland.

## BOLINDER'S

**DIRECT REVERSIBLE CRUDE OIL ENGINES.**

First in 1893 Foremost in 1914

Built in sizes from 5 B.H.P. up to 320 B.H.P.

Nearly 100 vessels fitted with Bolinder's Engines for towage in the British Isles, the object of Messrs. Bolinder's design being for large Propellers at low revolutions and consequent efficiency. As an example mention might be made of the "MIRI" (160 B.H.P.) which tows regularly at Sea a 1500 Ton Tank Barge.

The Bolinder will run light indefinitely without any load whatever, and without any recourse to the Blow-lamps.

The Bolinder will run at any load down to a speed which only enables the engine to just turn over, this manoeuvring is carried out by a special device which entirely does away with the necessity for the Blow-lamps.

Bolinder Engines reverse in under 3 seconds—according to the power of the engine—and what is more reverse without a failure and without a strain on the crankshaft.

**Alex. McDougall,**

McBride's Cove, St. John's, N.F.

Telegrams: "McDougall, St. John's."

Telephone 180 P.O. Box 845

Advertise in The Mail and Advocate

## On a German Troop Train Thru War-Scar'd Belgium

American Correspondent Paints Vivid Picture of Some of the Sickening Sights of War—Civilians Shot on One Pretext or Another—German Brutality to the English Prisoners



Brussels, Sept. 3 (by mail).—While the German cavalry sergeant was telling me his story on the train, which carried about 1,400 soldiers, was creeping along, and making long stops every few minutes, it seemed. There were two German sentries every one hundred yards along the railroad and a patrol at the end of every mile. We got to Louvain just in time to see the end of a sickening thing.

They said we would stop some time, so the German sergeant and I got out to stretch our legs. Of course it was a funny thing to see me, a civilian, with the Belgian and American colors in my buttonhole, on a troop train, but the company of the sergeant saved me from investigation. One soldier on the platform looked at me and grinned and said in first-class English:

"What are you doing here?"  
"On my way to Brussels," I answered.  
"What are you doing?"  
"Oh, I'm going to have a go," he laughed.

We walked through the station, filled with wounded, and saw a house burning, with big clouds of black petrol smoke rising from it.

It seems a German sentry had been found dead. One arm was hacked off by a reaping sickle. The commandant investigated and as a result seven Belgians were arrested.

Just before we got in they had put the seven Belgians in that house and boarded up the doors and windows. Then the soldiers threw lighted petrol bombs in on them. I was glad to get away from there.

### WHAT WAR HAD DONE.

Outside of Louvain we saw more and more of what war had done. The Belgians had put up a strong fight when they retreated, and hundreds had been buried in shallow trenches. Heavily artillery, going over the soft ground had partially dug up the dead. There were arms and heads with caps on them still. We had to shut the windows of our compartment.

There were broken cannon at the sides of the roads, and a good many lead horses. Engines had been turned over in the ditches. Ter-le-monde was utterly ruined. Sometimes you'd see a peasant woman sitting in the sun, maybe with a little bundle, and her children playing with bits of brick and stone. The women all looked and acted alike. They'd sit staring straight ahead, and if it happened to be toward the railroad of course they saw our troop train. Then they'd ask on such a look that it made the drivers go all over me. I never saw a woman look at any living thing the way those peasants did at the soldiers, but they kept quiet. They'd learned they had to, I guess.

Sometimes at one of the patrol stations, where the Germans were cooking, you'd see a woman wake up with an old petrol can, or any kind of a fish, and hold it out without a word. A big German corporal, maybe, would fill it brimming full with soup and he men would tear their loaves of bread in two and give her half. Other times I saw German soldiers playing with Belgian children. They'd hold out pieces of bread and say:

"Kommst du hier! Essen! Essen!"  
There had just been fighting when we pulled in to Diest, and stopped here for a time. The uhlans said that Belgian civilians had shot two of their men. The burgomaster was mixed up in the affair, but I couldn't find out how or what happened to him. Anyhow, the uhlans caught seven Belgians and shot them.

When we got there the uhlans had made the villagers carry the seven lead to the outskirts of the town and dig a shallow trench and put the bodies in it. There were maybe half a dozen Belgians throwing dirt on the corpses while the Uhlans made a ring around them. One boy, I remember, was barefoot, and the spade hurt him when he tried to press it into the earth. The others were sullen and silent, but the boy argued, and every few minutes a German infantryman would strike him with the flat of a bayonet.

Outside the ring of soldiers were the women of the dead men, wives and mothers and sisters, I judged. They would try to break through—most of them were crying—to get their men's bodies, and the soldiers would shove them back with lances or rifles. One young woman went half mad and clawed at a big private. She tried to strike him in the face. He gave her a push that whirled her around and then he struck her in the back with the butt of his rifle. She fell down on her knees and it looked as though she were hurt pretty bad. The villagers

didn't bother the Germans after that. The next place where anything happened was Scharbeck, a suburb of Brussels. There we saw a goods train filled with French and English prisoners.

### NOTHING FOR THE ENGLISH.

The German sergeant and I walked over to the train. I stopped by the open door of a car full of English prisoners and called out:

"Hello, boys!"  
"Hello, matey!" cried one. Then the others, apparently part of a Cockney regiment crowded to the door.

"Fer the love of 'eaven!"

"Ave he got a fag, matey?"

"Fag" is Cockney for cigarette. I took my bag of tobacco, tied the cigarette papers to it, and tossed it into the car, the sergeant never doing a thing to stop me. But the minute the tobacco went into the car and those poor fellows began to scramble for it a German sentry came running up. He jabbed his bayonet in, scattering the English, and poked the tobacco out. He handed it back to me and said in French:

"Nothing for the English! Nothing at all! But you can give what you like to the French—anything. They are bon camarades!"

I've heard people cuss in several parts of the world and in most languages, but I never heard anything more complete and thorough than the remarks these Cockneys made to the German sentry. There's no use trying to put it on paper. It was good, that's all.

It was about 11 o'clock when we arrived here in Brussels. I was half-crazy to get home and find out if Ka-

therine was all right. The minute I stepped off the train two men in citizen's clothes, but with black and white bands on their arms, came up on each side of me.

"Herr Cantrell?" one of them asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Very well." And they fell into step on each side.

Then I remembered that the commandant at Liege had asked me if I were willing to be shot if what I said about myself proved false. But I was too much worried about Mrs. Cantrell to care a great deal. We took a street car, and the men with me did not pay any fares, but I paid mine.

We got off and reached the Rue Camusel. As we came to No. 54 I was almost running, in spite of my heavy bag. The landlord was just putting up the shutters on the ground floor.

"Is my wife all right?" I yelled at him. He jumped and turned around.

"Yes," he said.

I ran upstairs with the men tight behind me and knocked.

"Who's there?"

"Open the door, Kate! It's I."

The men followed me in, and while the little dog, Bunco, was jumping all over me one of them said:

"Is this Frau Cantrell?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cantrell. The man bowed quite low.

"We beg your pardon," he said, and they both went out.

That was last night. Now that I'm back and find Mrs. Cantrell safe I wish we were both out of the country. It's got to be done somehow. The war zone is no place for women and children.

## The S. S. Portia

will leave the wharf of

### Bowring Brothers, Ltd.

ON WEDNESDAY, 30th December, at 10 a.m.

- calling at the following places:
- |                |              |              |
|----------------|--------------|--------------|
| Cape Broyle    | Ferryland    | Fermeuse,    |
| Trepassey      | St. Mary's   | Salmonier    |
| Placentia      | Marystown    | Burin        |
| St. Lawrence   | Lamaline     | Fortune      |
| Grand Bank     | Belleoram    | St. Jacques  |
| Harbor Breton  | Pass Island  | Hermitage.   |
| Gaultois       | Pushthrough  | Richards Hr. |
| Francois       | Cape LaHune  | Ramea        |
| Burgeo         | Rose Blanche | Channel      |
| Bay of Islands | Bonne Bay    |              |

Freight received until 1 p.m. on THURSDAY. For freight or passage apply to the Coastal Office of

## Bowring Brothers, Ltd.

TELEPHONE 306

### Write For Our Low Prices

- Ham Butt Pork
- Fat Back Pork
- Boneless Beef
- Special Family Beef
- Granulated Sugar
- Raisins & Currants

—and—  
All Lines of General Provisions.

## HEARN & COMPANY

St. John's, Newfoundland.

## Just Received

Ex S.S. Morwenna,  
**500 Sacks**  
**Black Oats**

**Colin Campbell**  
85 Water Street.

## Christmas Groceries, Fruit Etc.

We are booking orders for Turkeys and Geese, Choicest Stock.  
Sausages, Savory, Sage, etc.  
Olives, Queens, large btl. Ginger Wine, 35c. per btl.  
Olives, Stuffed, 45c. btl. Morton's Syrups, Ho-  
Olives, French, 20c. btl. gath's Syrups, pts. & qts.

- HEINZ GOODS.**
- East India Chutney . . . . . 35c. btl.
  - India Relish . . . . . 35c. btl.
  - Sweet Mixed Pickles . . . . . 35c. btl.
  - Euchred Pickles . . . . . 35c. btl.
  - Tomato Chutney, Chili Sauce, Tomato Ketchup, Mustard Dressing . . . . . 20 cents.
  - Prepared Mustard.
  - Lazenby's Preserved Ginger . . . . . 35c. Jar.
  - Morton's Preserved Ginger . . . . . 35c. Jar.
  - Lemon Cheese, 1 lb. Jars.
  - Fresh Eggs, Cranberries, Heinz Mince Meat.

- BIRD'S EGG POWDER, 13c. PER TIN.
- Bird's Custard Powder, 13c. Pkg.
- CRISCO For Frying.
- 30c. Tin. For Shortening.
- For Cake Making.

- New Table Raisins, 3 lb. Boxes
- and 1 lb. Packages.
- Bernese Alps, Thick Cream, 40c. and 80c. per tin.
- Tunis Dates, Anchor Dates, 1 lb. Pkgs.
- Crystallized Cherries.
- Knox's Gelatine.
- Nelson's Gelatine.
- Dessicated Coconut.
- Fresh Naples Walnuts.
- Fresh Brazil Nuts.
- Fresh Almonds.
- Fresh Barcelonias.
- California Oranges.
- Valencia Oranges, Almeria Grapes. . .

## STEER BROS. GROCERY

'Phone 647

## Slaughter Sale

### Furs! Furs!

Commencing to-day (MONDAY) 21st instant, We offer without reserve balance of FURS, consisting of

### Muffs, Scarfs, Ties & Sets

Also, Special Line for Cabmen, in Caps, Collars and Gloves to match  
3 Pieces for \$6.50.  
Sale Room Open Daily, from 2 to 6 o'clock p.m.

## ROYAL FUR Co. Ltd.

JOB'S COVE.

dec. 21, 22, 23.