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ADMIRAL SIR JNO. JELlicOE

A Personal Study of the Man Who Made Von Scheer Run Away

A few years ago one of our best-known admirals said to the writer, "Fisher is the one man we have got who can be compared to Nelson. If Britain were involved in a great naval war, Fisher could achieve as great a feat as that of Lord Nelson." If to-day for Fisher we substitute Jellicoe, there are few who would quarrel with the statement; and certainly no man who wears the uniform of the King's Navy.

They all love "Jack."

Indeed, there is a strong similarity between the two great sailors. Physically, it is true, Fisher and Jellicoe are almost as wide apart as the poles. One is solidly and squarely built, as sturdy as an oak tree, with a grim, inscrutable face; the other is slight, almost boyish in figure, with a face ready at any moment to brighten with a smile. But essentially they are cast in very similar moulds. Each is a man of few words, a postmaster in the art of silence; each has a will of iron, a born gift of command, a tireless activity and a boundless enthusiasm for and knowledge of his work; each has the same genius for inspiring absolute confidence; and each bears that inflexible hallmark of personal affection—he is "Jack" (behind his back), as much to the ordinary seaman as to his intimates and equals.

Father and Son.

If ever a man were cradled for the sea it was John Rushworth Jellicoe, for he first opened his eyes within sight of it at Southampton, and had for father as typical and thorough-going a "sea-dog" as you could have found in England half a century and more ago. As officer of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's Fleet, of which in later years he became Commodore and Director, Captain J. H. Jellicoe was as keen and clever a sailor as ever trod a deck; and before his son, the Admiral-to-be, had mastered the Rule of Three, there was little that he did not know about the ship and the life of the seafaring man.

Before he had put on his first pair of knickerbockers he had resolutely made up his mind that he would be a sailor and nothing else, a decision which the "Skipper" heartily closed. And thus it was that, after a few years' schooling at Rottingdean, during which the youthful John was regarded by his masters as "a pupil of much more than average intelligence and promise," he found himself at thirteen a full-blown cadet on board the Britannia, little dreaming, we may be sure, that one day he would command the greatest fleet the world has ever known in the greatest war of all time. There, with his hammock and sea-chest and his tenth share of a servant, young Jellicoe was ideally happy. It was the life on which he had set his heart, and he meant to make it a success. He proved himself a perfect glutton at his studies, from mathematics to navigation; and had the satisfaction of passing out of the Britannia at the head of the examination lists. Not that he allowed his studies to interfere with his love of recreation and sport for he won not a few laurels as an athlete, and, it is said, had no superiors among his fellow-cadets in a football "scrum."

Special Prize for Gunnery.

Appointed, as middle, to a sea-going ship Jellicoe was in his element. That was at last the real thing the goal of his dreams; and he flung himself into the life of actual seafaring with such zest that he was quickly spotted by his seniors as a boy of quite exceptional promise. In every branch of study from seamanship to pilotage, and especially gunnery, he eclipsed all his fellow-midshipmen, and, when he had reached nineteen, carried everything before him at his examination for sub-lieutenant, securing the special £80 prize for gunnery in addition to three first-class certificates.

From this period Jellicoe's career was both assured and rapid. Wherever he served he was recognized as one of the smartest officers of his age, a man marked out for a great career. His first taste of active service came in 1882 when, as lieutenant on the Agincourt, he "smelt powder" in the Egyptian war. Four years later his career, so full of promise, nearly came to a tragic end. His ship, the Monarch, was engaged in target practice in the Mediterranean on a boisterous day in 1886 when a vessel, the Ettrickdale, of Glasgow, was sighted, stranded off Europa Point on the Spanish Coast, with heavy seas breaking over her and in imminent danger of being dashed to pieces.

Brushed with Death.

Volunteers were called for; and at his urgent request Jellicoe was placed in command of a rescue party of seven sailors. Scarcely, however, had the cutter been launched when she capsized, and her crew found them-

selves struggling for life in the mountainous seas. Fortunately every man had taken the precaution of putting on a cork jacket; and, after a terrible and almost hopeless struggle, all were washed ashore more dead than alive. Jellicoe, for this gallant if unsuccessful feat, was awarded the Board of Trade silver medal, which he was fated to lose seven years later when he had a still closer brush with death. That was on that ill-starred day in June, 1893, when Admiral Tryon's flagship Victoria was rammed and sunk in the Mediterranean, with the loss of three hundred brave lives.

At the time of the collision, Commander Jellicoe (as he then was) was lying in his cabin prostrated by a severe attack of fever. When the crash came, however, in spite of his great weakness he staggered up on deck clothed only in his pyjamas, and took up his position on the bridge, with flags in his hands ready for signalling—awaiting what seemed to be almost certain death as clamorously as he were at manoeuvres. When the great ship took her plunge into the deeps, he was drawn down with her into the vortex of seething waters; and when, after what seemed an eternity, he rose to the surface, he had lost consciousness. Fortunately at this moment he was seen by a young midshipman, who swam to his rescue, and supported him until together they were picked up.

With the Naval Brigade in China.

Nor was this the last occasion on which the "Nelson" of the years to come has looked death in the face. In the Egyptian war, for which he wears the medal and the Khedive's bronze star, he had had his share of peril; but this was child's play compared with his experiences on that ill-fated expedition of the Naval Brigade to relieve the Peking Legation sixteen years ago. As flag-captain to Vice-Admiral Seymour, Jellicoe was placed in command of the force of 2,000 seamen and marines which set out one day in 1900 on its perilous journey from Tientsin to Peking, through a country infested with hordes of fierce Boxers.

Day after day the gallant little band struggled forward, beaten back again and again by the withering fire of rifles and the onslaught of bayonets, and fighting stubbornly for every mile of ground, until at last their stores almost exhausted, the railway wrecked both before and behind them, they were compelled to abandon the trains and retire along the bank of the Pei-ho river. It was during this retreat, running the gauntlet of a tornado of concealed fire from each flank, that Captain Jellicoe, while leading his men to the capture of a rebel village, fell with a bullet through his lungs and was carried in what seemed a dying condition to the refuge of a native house.

During the remaining five days of that march—one of the most terrible in history—although he was suffering agonies of pain and his life was despaired of, he had, to quote one of his officers, "no thought for himself, his only anxiety was for his men and their fate. Tientsin, he sprang up into a sitting position and then sank back, with a groan of pain and despair: "Oh, God!" he gasped—"and I can do nothing!" But the gallant Brigade and its heroic leader both "won through," and within a few months Captain Jellicoe was well enough to be invested with the Companionship of the Bath.

In Command of the Atlantic Fleet

Sir John Jellicoe's later career is better known to the world. Five years after he had won his C.B., and the Kaiser had rewarded his gallantry in China with the Order of the Red Eagle (a recognition which he hopes the Kaiser will soon have better cause than ever now to regret), he was doing excellent work as Director of Naval Ordnance, an office much to his taste, for he has always had a passion for gunnery. So wonderful indeed, was his work in his new post that within a year he had raised the average percentage of hits from forty-two to seventy—a progress unapproached by any other navy in the world. At forty-seven, Jellicoe, who was now a K.C.V.O., had blossomed into a Rear-Admiral of the Atlantic Fleet; after two years' admirable work as Controller of the Navy, he was appointed to the command of this fleet in 1910.

Such in bald outline is the later career of this great sailor, who at every stage of it won the highest opinions by the zeal and conspicuous ability which he displayed.

Like all our greatest sailors—Fisher, A. K. Wilson and Jackson—Sir John has few interests apart from the work which is his life. If he has any hobbies, his friends know nothing of them. Although equipped more than most men for social success, he is

seldom seen in the haunts of fashion, and prefers the simple pleasures of his home-circle to the most splendid entertainments to which society vainly tries to lure him.

Home Life.

Sir John, indeed, is particularly fortunate in his home. In his wife—a daughter of Sir Charles Cayzer, the well-known shipowner, whom he married fourteen years ago—he has an ideal companion and helpmate; and he has for children three pretty and charming daughters who simply worship their distinguished father.

"It is," said a friend of the writer, who has known Lady Jellicoe from childhood, "the most delightful home I have ever been privileged to see. The keynotes of it, as becomes the home of a sailor, are simplicity and a genial and generous hospitality. And equally striking and pleasing is the atmosphere of affection and harmony and pervades it. Nowhere could you find a more charming host than the great Admiral. He is as simple and frank as a schoolboy, and keeps his guests in roars of laughter with his jokes, which no one enjoys more than himself. He is devoted to his wife, who is one of the most charming and cultured, and at the same time homely women I know; while to his little girls, the eldest of whom is only twelve, he is just a big and beloved brother and playmate."

A White Man.

Nor is he less appreciated outside his home than in it. He has as singular a gift of winning affection as of commanding respect and obedience among his subordinates. "He is a 'white man' if ever there was one," said a naval officer who has served some years under him—"as straight as a gun and the very soul of honour and fairness. He has not a scrap of side about him, and is as genial and accessible to the handyman as to the captain of a super-Dreadnought. Indeed, the lower ratings simply worship him, for they know that he cares far more for them than for himself. Like so many of our greatest sailors, from Nelson downward, he is a little man; but no little man ever carried a bigger brain or a bigger heart than Sir John Jellicoe; and, unless I am much mistaken, he will be as great a national hero in the years to come as Nelson himself."

When Soldiers Come Home on Leave of Absence

Even in Germany They Want to See Their Women Folk Look Attractive

BERLIN, July 3.—The campaign of the Munich police president, of various generals commanding home departments, and of thirty-five women's clubs against women who dress too modestly and conspicuously does not meet undivided approval. Many newspapers have been printing editorial and letters from their readers protesting against the effort to modify feminine dress. One of these protestants is an officer of a battery of artillery in France, who writes:

"He who has experienced for himself at the front something of the much discussed 'gravity of the times' does not wish at any price to see all the beauty and joy of life destroyed by an ashengray Puritanic mood. We think with gratitude of the women whose beauty our soul delighted in during a short rest at home from the burdens of the war, and we forbid with all the straightforwardness of the soldier at the front, that anyone, even in his thoughts, accuse these women of lacking a proper appreciation of the earnestness of the war. You should ask the furloughed men, from general down to private, whether they would like to see Germany populated merely with spectacles from those thirty-five women's clubs.

Some Never Do.

"We have taken in boarders this summer."

"Have they found it out yet?"

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Brusiloff, Russia's Military Genius

(North American Review)

General Brusiloff was one of the few men in Russia firmly convinced that the war must come, and come soon. In 1911, he was Corps Commander at Lubin, and while there laid enormous stores on aeroplane scouting, so that it was no uncommon thing to see half a dozen airmen soaring above the town. Then his high attainments led to his transfer to Warsaw, as the danger centre, but, after a few months' service with the high command there, he was transferred, at his own request, to Vinnitza, close to the northeastern end of Galicia. The reason for this request was that he felt convinced that war was coming, and he foresaw that, just at this point, Russia could make the quickest, most effective thrust at the Teutonic forces. There war came, and within a few days, General Brusiloff and General Ruzsky were across the frontier; and, while the equally rapid advance of General Samsonoff and General Rennenkampf, in the north, met with disaster, Ruzsky and Brusiloff gained striking successes, carrying their armies forward to the passes of the Carpathians. General Brusiloff is one of the few generals of the Allies who, for a full year, was continuously on enemy soil. He never lost a battle, and, when the dire failure of ammunition forced the retirement of the Russian armies and brought about the loss of Warsaw, it is on record that not for an hour did Brusiloff lose his serenity and faith. But he is determined now to win back every foot of land then lost—and more—and the spirit of the man is expressed in his recently reported words, as he sent the correspondents to the rear: "You will learn of the Russian advance from the Austrian bulletins."

General Brusiloff is a master of military science who has learned all that can be learned from his allies and his enemies. He has taken part, many times, in the grand manoeuvres on the plains of France, where stern battle now rages; he has stood beside the German Emperor and watched the spectacular development of immense cavalry charges. And, before the war, he practised ceaselessly the handling of the largest bodies of troops, in those great Russian manoeuvres into which he put much of the rigors of war. It was noted, in these contests among the Russian fields and forests, that General Brusiloff always seemed to know what his opponent had in mind to do, and took the needed measure to turn his flank—an art he has not lost in real war.

Saw Canadians Who Were Crucified

(Montreal Star.)

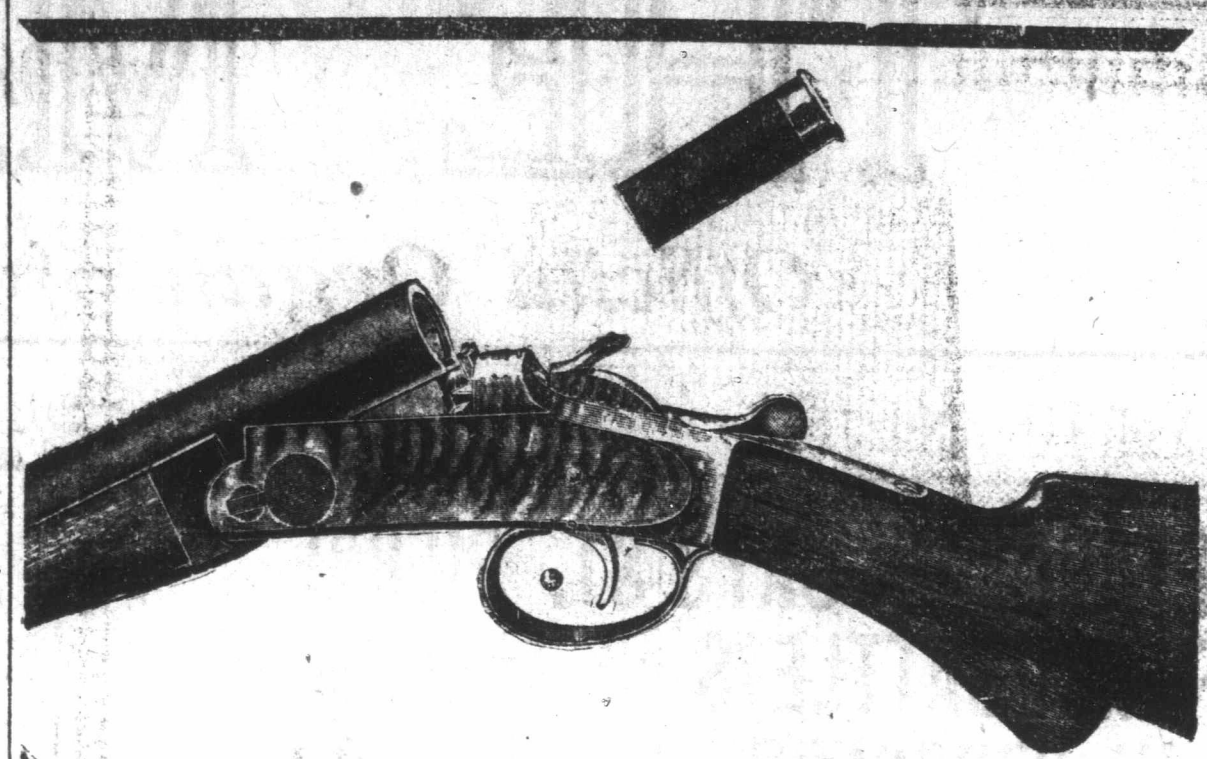
The first authentic proof of the crucifixion of Canadian soldiers is shown in photographs taken by Staff-Sergeant James William Smith, D.C.M., who is in Montreal, invalided home from the front. These pictures, which were taken by Sergt. Smith himself show the crucified men and several others around as witnesses. A number of the witnesses are in Montreal at the present.

Sergt. Smith says that in all four Canadians were crucified, two at Guiseppe farm, about a mile and a half from Langemarck, and two at a house between La Basse and Neuve Chapelle. He had seen the four and had photographs taken of them. Fifteen others, he says, who also saw them, are in Montreal at present, of whom two are shown in the photographs. In taking the picture, Sergt. Smith got as many witnesses into each as he possibly could. These men in Montreal, he says, will verify the truth of the assertion and will identify one of the men crucified, who was an N. C. O. in a Highland battalion from this province which went to the front with the first contingent. The first crucifixion was in the last days of March, 1915, and the other on April 22.

Both were the deed of the First Prussian Division, affirms Sergt. Smith. The victims were bayoneted through the wrists and the calves by four boys. This was done while the victims were still alive, or at least while their bodies were yet warm, as the blood flowed freely from the wounds. Not content with this, the Hun's further mutilated the bodies, tearing them open with innumerable bayonet thrusts and pounding the skulls with the butts of their rifles.

The photographs are at present in the possession of the Returned Soldiers' Association Committee, and will be sworn to by several returned by soldiers.

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