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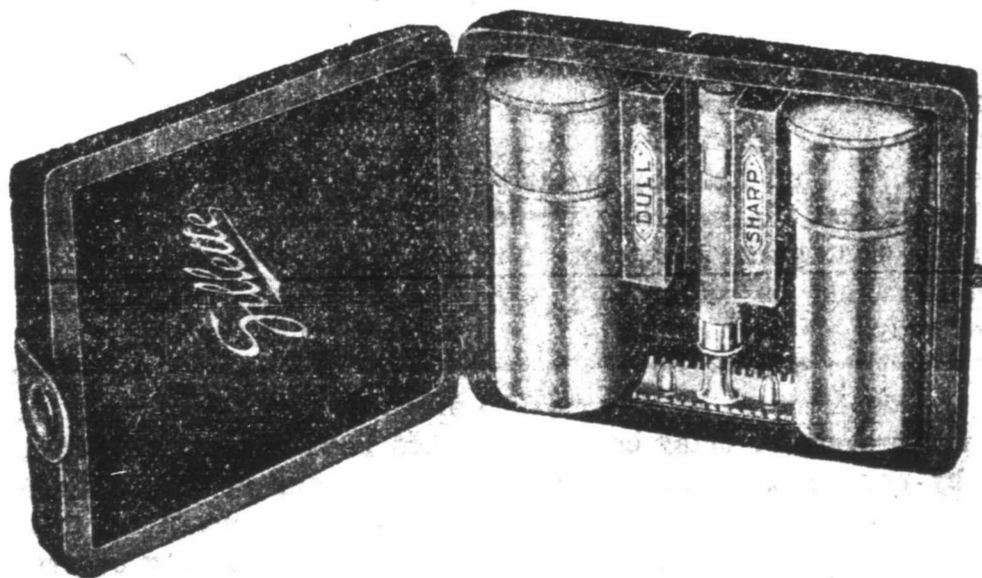
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NOTICE!

The **FIFTH Annual Meeting of Trinity District Council of the F.P.U. will be held at Winterton, Dec. 17th. All Councils in Trinity District are requested to be represented by Delegates.**

J. G. STONE,
 Chairman.

Catalina, Dec. 6, 1915.

INSPIRED BY THE DEAD

French Officer's Heroism in the Trenches—The Psychological Experiences of a Young Lieutenant Who Had "Risen Into High Mystery by the Invisible World of Heroes and Gods."

An episode which is already among the classic stories of the war, says a Central News message from Paris, stands revealed in a new and remarkable light in an article which M. Maurice Barres, the well-known French writer, contributes to the "ECHO de Paris." The hero of the affair, who has been mentioned in the army orders, is Lieut. Pericard, a man whose summers number only thirty-eight, but whose hair is already white. His story of what occurred, as related by him to M. Barres, is given below, and as will be seen, is of particular value to students of battlefield psychology.

My section, with three others from different companies, was ordered to attack a German trench, says Lieut. Pericard. It was a stiff fight, and we had many killed and wounded; all night through we kept up the action with bombs under a torrential down-pour of rain which drenched us to the skin, but we held the trench, and I experienced a great exaltation and dilation of spirit. I felt that life was extraordinarily intensified, and I had a laugh on my lips. On two occasions a torpedo knocked me over, covering me with earth and wreckage, and I picked myself up laughing as if at a good joke. In the morning we were relieved, so that we might have a rest and we went into a second-line trench and tried to sleep. Poor sleep! Towards midday we were woken in a hurry. The Germans had just counter-attacked with an avalanche of grenades and torpedoes. They were repulsing us. It was panic. Not only had they retaken their own trench, but they were reaching ours. Already our men were pressing into the communication trenches, shouting, "The Boches! The Boches!" Those terrified eyes, those convulsed faces, those twisted mouths! It was the only deroute I have seen, and a terrible spectacle it was. All the officers were wounded; only the narrowness of the communication trenches held back the fugitives, who were crowding one on the other. I had a moment's hesitation. After all, it was not my turn to attack, and then, my men were very fatigued. Then I pulled myself together. I made my sacrifice, and decided to die to stop the Boches.

I brusted a passage for myself through the scared crowd, and, still making play with my elbows, called out, "But, no, my friends! But, no! The Boches are not there. They have gone back, the Boches! They have taken to their heels!" These and similar words, passing from mouth to mouth, stopped the retreat a bit. A few volunteers joined me. I leaped forward, and my bomb throwers scattered their missiles among the Boches, who fell back. I was the first man out of the French trench. I was as sure of my death as I was of the sunshine, but what serenity was mine! The serenity of an expiring man, who is dying in a state of grace and sees the angels bending towards him. Still throwing bombs, we reached the enemy trench and recaptured

continued to hurl at the enemy bombs spotted with his blood. For myself, I retain the impression of having had an abnormally taller and bigger frame, the body of a giant, with superabundant and limitless vigor and an extraordinary facility of thought, which enabled me to have my eyes in ten places at once, to shout an order to one while dominating, another by a gesture, to fire a rifle and at the same time protest myself from a threatening bomb. A prodigious intensity of life, with some extraordinary circumstances. Twice we ran short of bombs, and twice we found, at our feet, sacks full of them, mingled with the sandbags. We had moved about over them all day without noticing them. But it was, indeed, the dead that had put them there!

At last the Boches calmed down; we were able to consolidate our barrier of bags, forward in the communication trench. We again found ourselves masters of this corner. All the evening and during several of the succeeding days I retained the religious emotion of that summons to the dead. I felt something like that which one feels after a fervent Communion. I understand that I had lived through hours which I should never experience again, during which my head, by a rude effort, having burst through the low ceiling, had risen into high mystery, amidst the invisible world of heroes and gods. It is the living who carried me along by their example, and the dead who led me by the hand. The cry came, not from the mouth of all those who lay there, living and dead. One man alone could not find that accent. It wanted the collaboration of several souls, aroused by circumstances, and some of them already floating in eternity.

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remains. He is untroubled and fights on like a lion—one against many. I recover myself, shamed by his example. A few comrades join me. The day is coming to its close, and we cannot stay thus. To the right there is still nobody. Some thirty metres off I notice an interruption in the trench in the form of an enormous splinter shield. The trench is full of French dead. I, alone with all these dead! Then, little by little, I pluck up courage. I dare to look at these bodies, and to me it seems that they are looking at me. From our own trench behind men watch me with eyes of fear, in which I read "He is going to his death." Sheltered in their retreating trenches, indeed, the Boches are redoubling their efforts; their bombs are tumbling down, and the avalanche is rapidly approaching. I turn towards the extended corpses. I think "Their sacrifice, then, is to be of no avail; they will have fallen in vain. A sacred fury gripped me. I have no recollection now of my exact actions or words. All I know is that I shouted something like this, "Up with you! What are you doing on the ground there? Get up and let us go and kick these pigs out of it!"

"The Dead Answered Me."

Debout les morts! A touch of madness? No, for the dead answered me. They said to me, "We follow you." And rising at my call, their souls mingled with my soul and made of it a great incandescent mass, a wide river of fused metal. There was nothing now that could astonish or stop me. I had the faith that moves mountains and the exaltation of the thaumaturge who works miracles by his will. But there is a gap in my recollection. I have simply a vague impression of a disorderly offensive, in which, always in the front rank, Bonnot stands out. One of the men of my section, wounded in the arm,

Justice of War Is Affirmed by Italy

ROME, via Paris, Dec. 6.—Premier Salandra Saturday answered in the Chamber of Deputies the different members who spoke on the statement of policy made by Baron Sonnino, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on Wednesday.

The Premier said that he had no doubt left of the final victory, as the whole Italian people was convinced of the necessity and justice of the war which, besides giving Italy her natural frontiers and the civil hegemony of the Adriatic, would allow other peoples to have their share on the coast of that sea. By this last the Premier was understood to mean Serbia.

Premier Salandra promised to punish with inflexible severity frauds in the furnishings for the army.

Relief to Soldiers.

Relative to the relief granted by Italy to the families of the soldiers, the Premier said it surpassed that given by France, Austria and Germany, being inferior only to that of England.

Discussing the censorship he admitted its inevitable defects, but assured the Deputies that the censors always were inspired by impartiality. He added that if the day came in which a section of the press should attempt to weaken the combative spirit of the country and the resistance of the people then he would use the censorship to the extreme limits, assuming even this terrible responsibility. The whole Chamber applauded this, only the Intransigent Socialists protesting.

Premier Salandra concluded his speech with praise for the civic virtues and endurance of the Italian race.

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