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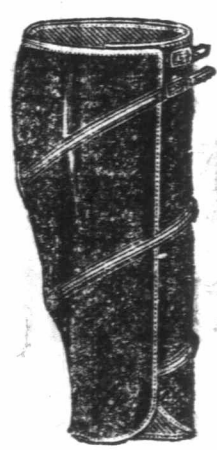
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1 BUCKLE GAITERS
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THE SHOE MEN.

Complaint About Lumber Camps

Badgers,
Dec. 18th 1916.
Dear Mr. Editor:—
This is my first time writing you, and if you would please make a space in your valuable paper for those few remarks, I would be glad.
There is quite a number of men in this camp, working for the A. N. D. Co. They are paying their men per month, \$24.00, they think that is some- thing large for men that will take their axe and swing it from daylight camp to dark, and then look around and see the boss, he don't know but that and bunks comfortable, with mattress- he is a commander of a dreadnaught, and sometimes he is only boss of what for such and if the companies do not they call a camp, covered with felt, provide the requirements according to and when that was put there they law the Inspector's duty is to give 10 were not as particular about it as they days' notice of the complaint now are, for you can see the skylight and if not remed, action before the anywhere out through, and when it Court becomes necessary.
comes to rain, imagine how it is with necessary. We regret to find numer- only one stove to give any heat, and We regret to find numer- to dry the men's clothes. The camp- ous complaints about camps. It is 0 ft. long, so you see there is poor shows Mr. Yates, the Inspector, of the comfort there. I am not going to say, camps, is not doing his duty. If the

much, but I can say a good bit. Just look around our camp, and see, the splendid bunks that the men have to sleep in. But I think if a man gets \$24.00 per month lying on a mattress, the man that lies on boughs should get \$28.00 and would not be paid then for his suffering, but the A. N. D. Co. don't care as long as they get their work done. This is the lumber wods, and as things are now men should get paid for their labour.
Wishing the readers of the Mail and Advocate a glad New Year.
H. M.
[We draw the attention of the In- spector of camps to the above com- plaint. It is his duty to see camps to dark, and then look around and see the boss, he don't know but that and bunks comfortable, with mattress- he is a commander of a dreadnaught, and sometimes he is only boss of what for such and if the companies do not they call a camp, covered with felt, provide the requirements according to and when that was put there they law the Inspector's duty is to give 10 were not as particular about it as they days' notice of the complaint now are, for you can see the skylight and if not remed, action before the anywhere out through, and when it Court becomes necessary.
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THE FIRST PAIR

DON'T make any mistake this year. Let your first pair of Rubber Shoes be BEAR BRAND. Times are too hard for anyone to take chances of being out of work for two or three weeks with a cold which could have been avoided by getting satisfactory Rubber Shoes. The good old BEAR BRAND Shoes, which are becoming more widely known every day, are being sold in St. John's by
John Anderson,
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Nicholle, Inkpen & Chafe, Ltd.
Royal Stores, Ltd.
F. Smallwood,
Steer Bros.
Jesse Whiteway.
Wholesale by
Cleveland Rubber Co.,
men will write Mr. Coaker direct, giving clear information of any neg- ligence on the part of the Inspector or of the companies in living up to the law. he will have such brought to the notice of the proper authorities.—Editor.]

Hymns of Red Cross Man Service's New Poems.

It was as a writer of swinging, graphic verse that Robert W. Service made his reputation, which has suffered a little in recent years through his ventures into rather common- place prose. Now he has returned again to his first literary medium, and in "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" (Briggs) he demonstrates that his pen has not lost its cunning. Mr. Service served with the Red Cross at the front in France, and these poems are the result of his experience there. It seems appropriate that the volume should be dedicated to a Canadian soldier who gave his life for his coun- try, his own brother, Lieut. Albert Service, killed in action in France last August.

In the early "Sourdough" and "Cheekako" poems of Robert W. Service, he showed a gift for vivid al- descriptive writing, his verse being al- ways flowing and easy. He established himself as a word painter of marked ability, whose chief defect was that in striving for atmosphere he fre- quently became unnecessarily sordid and brutal. The poet has found full scope for his descriptive powers among the fighting men in France. He always writes at his best when treating of primitive things and the feelings of men when stripped of the conventions and placed close to vital experiences. His "Rhymes" of the soldiers are as manly as were his "Songs" of the Yukon, and they bring out a more attractive side of man's nature. Sometimes Mr. Service's lik- ing for stark, daring description ex- erts itself, and his pictures of the horrors of war become almost too strong for imaginative persons to read, but he gives many suggestions of the humor as well as the tragedy of the life of the trenches. There are a number of the "Rhymes" that al- most sing themselves, they are very easy to read. A characteristic Service poem is "The Man from Athabaska," and for that reason it may be quoted in part as a sample of the work con- tained in the volume.

Oh, my wife she tried to tell me that 'twas nothing but the thrum- ming
Of a woodpecker tapping on the hollow of a tree;
And she thought that I was fooling when I said it was the drum- ming
Of the mustering of legions, and 'twas calling unto me;
'Twas calling me to pull my freight and hop across the sea.
And a-mending of my fish-nets sure I started up in wonder,
For I heard a savage roaring and 'twas coming from afar;
Oh, the wife she tried to tell me that

it was only Summer thunder,
And she laughed a bit sarcastic when I told her it was war;
'Twas the chariots of battle where the mighty armies are.
Then down the lake came Half-breed Tom with russet sail a-flying,
And the word he said was "war" again, so what was I to do?
Oh, the dogs they took to howling and the missiles took to crying,
As I flung my silver foxes in the little birch canoe;
Yes, the old girl stood a-blubbing till the island hid the view.

Says the factor, "Mike, you're crazy! They have soldier men a-plenty. You're as grizzled as a badger, and you're sixty year or so."
"But I haven't missed a scrap," says I, "since I was one and twenty, and shall I miss the biggest? You can bet your whiskers—no!"
For I joined the Foreign Legion, and they put me for a starter
In the trenches of the Argonne with the Boche a step away;
And the partner on my right hand was an apache from Montmartre;
On my left there was a millionaire from Pittsburg, U.S.A.
(Poor fellow! They collected him in bits the other day.)

But I'm sprier than a chipmunk, save a touch of the lumbago;
And they call me Old Methoosalah and plague me night and day;
'm the exhibition sniper, and they work me like a Dago.
And they laugh to see me plug a Boche a half a mile away.
Oh, I hold the highest record in the regiment, they say.

There are many others with a ring similar to these verses, such poems, for instance, as "A Song of Winter Weather" and "The Whistle of Sandy McGraw." There are others that have a more sentimental coloring like "Tri-color" and "Milk Time," and there is a poem called "On the Wire" that for sheer horror surpasses al- most anything that we have read about the war. It describes a man who kills himself because he is caught in a wire entanglement. Then once at least the poet becomes bitter and a little cynical in "The Twins":

There was two brothers, John and James,
And when the town went up in flames,
To save the house of James dashed John,
Then turned, and to his own was gone.
And when the great World War began,
To volunteer John promptly ran;

Lloyd-George vs: Kaiser

A Hohenzollern Arrayed against Man Born of the People.

The immeasurable power exercised by Wilhelm II. is in his hands, as he often assured the world, by divine birthright; because God put it there as a circumstance of paternity, says the New York Sun.

This one man power has served God's purposes, according to the in- terpretation of its possessor, by plunging Europe into the most fright- ful of all wars, the extent and end of which no seer can yet see.

Against this one man power Great Britain has now set up another in the person of a War Minister of demo- cratic election, commissioned under an unwritten constitution, practically a war dictator, chosen because he is believed to be in individual quality the fittest to energize and concentrate and direct the forces of the nation in its great emergency.

Was there ever since history began a more impressive contest—William of the Hohenzollern purple and his antagonist, David Lloyd George, born of the people?

Saved by a Dream

A dream saved the life of Mrs. Small, of Birkenhead, whose husband a mining expert, died on his way home from West Africa, and who had arranged to return home with her daughter from Greenore by the Con- nemara. The day before, however, she dreamed that she had sailed in the Greenore steamer on a stormy night and that the vessel was wrecked. She regarded the dream as a warn- ing, and refused to sail by the Con- nemara, thus saving her life, for this was the ship sunk by collision with the Retriever.

And while he learned live bombs to lob,
James stayed at home and sneaked his job.

John came home with a mising limb:
That didn't seem to worry Jim;
But, oh! it set his brain a-whirl
To find that James had sneaked his girl.

Time passed. John tried his grief to drown:
To-day James owns one-half the town;

His army contracts riches yield:
And John? Go search the Potter's field.

Fortunately, the poems of that tenor are the exceptions in the book. On the whole Mr. Service shows hu- man nature to an advantage, and "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" con- tains some of his best verse.

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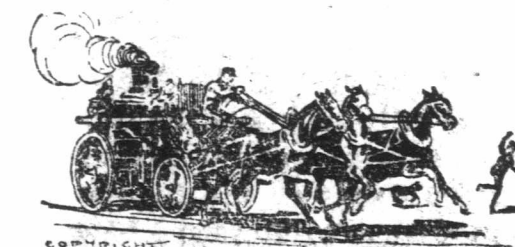
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