

## To Fishermen and Builders

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## TO THE READING PUBLIC!

To keep in touch with the War, Politics and the many other questions of present moment, the Outport man needs a good paper, a daily paper to report the news, a weekly paper to interpret the news. The weekly edition of THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE, official organ of the Fishermen's Protective Union, will be sent to any address in Newfoundland and Canada, from now until the end of 1916 for FIFTY CENTS.

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**Fishermen's Union Trading Co., Ltd.**

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

## HOW THREE HUNDRED MEN SPENT FOUR NIGHTS IN THE TRENCHES

Through a Hissing Rainstorm They Crawl On Hands and Knees Until the Trenches Are Reached—Three Blasts of a Whistle Means the Enemy are Coming and Every Man Takes Cover Whilst the Hissing Horror Comes Rushing Towards Them

LONDON, Oct. 26.—"After four time the men have crouched close, every man feeling continually along in the darkness to make sure his cartridges are safe. 'Then an officer shouts, 'They're coming, boys; give 'em hell!' and a stunning fusillade bursts from the hitherto-silent trench. Dimly in the distance, it now and again clearly by star-shells or Verrey lights, the Germans are seen advancing in fours, but disappear suddenly in batches as the machine-gun sweep them out of life."

"They had gone in five nights before, crawling on hands and knees in a tremendous rainstorm, until they reached the comparative security of the trench. Even so, in the pitchy darkness and the hissing rain, a sniper some 200 yards away found their Adjutant, who was leading his men and was creeping some few yards ahead, who dropped, not mortally hurt, but with his sphere of usefulness closed for some months to come. Then for the troops followed days and nights of strain. They had gone in some 1,000 strong, if not exactly gaily, yet with a quiet personal confidence and determination of achievement, yet a couple of days were on each a year long to the harassed men and nothing had happened except the constant sound of ripping silk through the air, as the great shells came tearing on, and the quietly hurrying feet of the stretcher-bearers."

"The nerve strain had become intolerable, and although there was some satisfaction derived from the fact that all day long the shells from our side were in hissing flight towards the unseen enemy, yet it seemed so useless. There were no fighting at all; they had never seen a German—and their friends were dropping all around them. They were doing their duty, that they knew, but where was the enemy? Was this all there was—to hide in a trench until the inevitable shell came and destroyed them? Yet the officers were cheery enough, and the stew came along at twelve o'clock regularly, the sun shone mildly, the silver melody of the larks rippled down in little crystal waves, and, except for the harsh rending of the air by the rushing projectiles, all Nature seemed peacefully at peace."

"Here's Another!" "Suddenly the words 'Here's another!' run along the line, and the shivering sound of a huge shell is heard quite near. Every man lies close as the great projectile, with a dull crash strikes the earth some twenty yards behind the trench. But with a gasp of relief it is noted that no explosion followed, and after an interval, in the gathering darkness, a party of engineers creep out with spades and unearth the monster of destruction."

"From the mechanism and the indicator, the engineers find the exact range from which the shell is fired. This is 'phoned-along' to the batteries and in a few minutes a storm of shells of all descriptions is bursting over the gun, whose faithful messenger had revealed the priceless secret of its situation."

"The conversation about this dissipates some of the weariness, but the interest flags, and a tasteless, sullen dissatisfaction settles down, and only a few disjointed remarks punctuate the silence. 'The trench is some eight hundred yards from the nearest German redoubt, and the whole of the level plain between is littered with bodies. It looks impossible for the Germans to come all that way over the open in the face of a tempest of rifle and machine-gun fire, and naturally, we could not attack from the same reason.'"

"And men yawn and talk about 'state-mate' only clutching in close when the whistle blows. Three blasts on the whistle means 'take cover' and every man lies up close whilst the hissing horror comes rushing towards them. The German fire suddenly develops—and from left to right just beyond the trench the great shells begin bursting with regular precision."

"They're Coming, Boys." "The shells continue until the whole line has been treated, and the word flies round that the Germans will attack. It is half-past two in the morning, and the shell and rifle fire over and about the trench blends into a continuous roar. For over an hour the hellish din continues, and suddenly stops to be followed by the swish of a heavy rifle fire. All this

## Postal Telegraphs

(Editor Mail and Advocate) DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me space in your valuable paper to make a few remarks respecting the Postal Telegraph affairs here at Bishop Falls and a few "so-called" lady aristocrats who daily hang around the Post Office private department.

First, We would like to ask if it is really true that about sixty dollars (\$60.00) in wages is paid per month by the Government to run this little post office here besides the services of a messenger boy.

Making an approximate estimate we presume there is not more than a half dozen telegrams sent and received per day on an average, and we can truthfully say that there is not sufficient work to take up the attention of more than one fairly competent operator.

We have two operators here and one messenger boy; one operator has been at Grand Falls for some time we presume relieving the operator up there, the other doing the work alone during her absence.

We wonder if the folk at St. John's know there is a post office in the place or if they know just what work there is to do in this office, and how it compares with the work in some other offices, where the operator probably gets \$33.33 per month, and has to support a wife and family out of that magnificent figure.

We wonder how long do they intend to allow this sort of thing to continue. We do not wish to say much about the obliging young ladies who work in the post office, but we really think it's time they went somewhere to work, for during the summer months especially it is one continuous holiday for one operator or the other. Are the heads of the Postal Telegraphs aware of it or were they not?

Secondly, We have always been under an impression that the operating room of any Postal Telegraph office was strictly a private one, but we fail to see where in this office is private, for it is generally has a lady visitor or two and sometimes men (we will not make mention of gentlemen visitors this time) and we would suggest that those ladies who gossip and hang around the private department of the post office, who think they are "it"—(we don't think) would do well if they procured a Text Book on "Domestic Science" to take up their waste time, instead of making morning calls to the post office, as apparently they have very few home duties to attend to.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, we beg to say that the people of Bishop Falls are getting tired of this state of affairs, and we have no hesitation in saying that if it continues in the way it has been going the past two or three years we shall ask you to publish the names of those "gossips" and "hangers on" who spend a great deal of their time in the private department of the Postal Telegraph Office, and to ask the heads of the Postal Telegraphs, through the columns of your paper to look into the matter—more anon.

—LOWER FIVE.

Bishop Falls, Oct. 26, '15.

(No person is permitted to enter the private room of a Postal Telegraph Office. Any operator allowing outsiders to enter the inside room is open to dismissal, according to the rules of the Department.—Editor.)

That the Russians are in retreat before the Germans, we are forced unwillingly to admit, but we take great pleasure in saying that in many homes hordes of Germans are in full retreat before White Russian Soap. Try it. It is equally good for both laundry and bath. The Cleveland Trading Company are agents.—aug31,1915

Office. It requires about two days to get such documents from Washington to Berlin.

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