

To The Mistress Of The House

DEAR MADAM,

Do you ever realise the increased comfort to the entire household—yourself included—that would be secured by the adoption of gas fires?

Have you ever contemplated the amount of labour spent, to say nothing of the time wasted, by your maids in carrying coals, cleaning grates, laying fires, coaxing stubborn fires into a blaze and keeping them going when lighted?

If you adopt gas fires, you will not only lighten the household work immensely, but your rooms will be cleaner, healthier and more comfortable. You can exactly control the heat required at any given time in any given room.

Bedrooms become pleasanter (and safer) resorts in bitter weather. The half hour's dressing for dinner, the undressing at night after leaving a cosy sitting room, can be done in comfort and safety—and at leisure.

To economise in the gas consumed is easy. When, after dinner, you leave the dining room, you go to the fire, to be lighted in the drawing room, or study or billiard room. And so, throughout the day, the fire "travels from room to room" by the simple turning on and off of taps.

Consider how habitable these gas fires make every room in the house!

Half the dust in your living rooms comes from the coal fire—there is no dust with a gas fire.

No work is entailed—no fire irons, coal scuttles or shovels to trouble about, no smoke, dirt or ashes to cause annoyance—no noisy poking or replenishing to disturb and irritate. That is why the gas fire is ideal for the sick room.

Certainly the gas fire is the housewife's best friend—it's only rival the gas cooker!

We are, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

St. John's Gas Light Co.

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It's patented, too—but we don't charge for that

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Top Notch Rubber Boots look different and are different from the boots you have always worn. And they will give much better service.

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DO NOT FORGET that before you tell your customers that you cannot get what they want, that we have large supplies of everything pertaining to our line of business. We suggest that you always write or telephone us enquiring what we have in stock before admitting that it cannot be obtained.

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Ireland and What it Has Contributed to the Army

London Chronicle Correspondent Sizes Up the Recruiting Problem and Feeling Against Conscription.

The London Daily Chronicle has had a staff correspondent in Ireland on a study of the recruiting situation. In a recent article in that paper he dealt with the agitation which has arisen in London for the extension of conscription to Ireland. He shows that the movement is unsupported in that country, and that Irish conscription would be disastrous. Apart from the peculiar political situation in Ireland, it is predominantly an agricultural country, and the withdrawal of a considerable number of men, in addition to those who have already joined the army, would diminish the food supplies of the United Kingdom.

DUBLIN—By common agreement Ireland was excluded from the operation of the Military Service Act. That exclusion was a recognition by the cabinet of Ireland's distinctive ethos and special position. Most of our difficulties with regard to Ireland have arisen from our failure in the past to distinguish between it and the predominant partner. To the last syllable of recorded time Ireland will be Ireland, and not a mere province of the United Kingdom. Its spirit is different from England's, its traditions are different, its religion is different, its heroes are different, its civilization has developed on different lines. It has chafed for centuries under English domination—a rule that was often harsh, never sympathetic. The ameliorative measures of the past half century have wrought a great and beneficent change in the economic condition of the country.

This and the genuine desire of the British democracy that Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas have done much to efface bitter memories. Since 1886 a new spirit of concord on both sides blunted the edge of the old Anglo-Irish animosities. But the differentia of Ireland remained, and the coalition cabinet wisely recognized that it would be wrong to apply conscription to Ireland in the teeth of the hostility of the Irish representatives in parliament. English, Welsh and Scottish M.P.'s all but unanimously accepted conscription as, in the last resort, an inevitable necessity. Irish members, warm though they were in support of the war, were equally unanimous in resisting its application to Ireland.

Mischiefous Partnership.

Oddly enough the clamor for applying the Military Service Act to Ireland comes from people who have always been relentless enemies of the Irish national cause. Do these blind, venomous partisans realize that if Ireland had been hostile to us in this war, our difficulties would have been greatly intensified? Instead of hostility we have had from her precious help. In his evidence before the Hardinge Commission last May, Mr. Birrell, the ex-chief secretary, said: "150,000 Irish volunteer soldiers are fighting on the side of Great Britain. To me it is marvelous."

So it is to everyone familiar with the mournful story of Anglo-Irish relations. The real cause for wonder is not that Ireland has done so little in the war, but that she has done so much. If there were good reasons for exempting Ireland from the Military Service Act in 1915, those reasons apply with ten-fold force today, when the country is quivering under the shock of the rebellion.

Pride in Irish Deeds.

A more excellent way would be to work out an attractive scheme for the stimulation of voluntary recruiting. Everywhere in Ireland I find evidences of pride and joy in the valor of the Irish regiments. I have not met a single Irishman, whatever his political views, who is not at heart anxious to keep those splendid regiments up to strength, and who does not feel a twinge of remorse when he reads that the gaps in them caused by the wastage of war can't be filled. Ireland owes a sacred duty to support its brave sons at the front. God forbid that it should fail in that duty.

Ireland is essentially an agricultural country. A large number of those of its 250,000 peasant owners and their sons who are of military age could not possibly be spared from the land. Note in this connection that Ireland produces vast quantities of food for Great Britain. In the year of 1915 the exports of cattle, sheep, pigs, bacon, poultry, eggs, oats, butter and potatoes from Ireland to England amounted in value to £37,700,000. These remarkable figures testify to the prosperity of farming in

Ireland, and to her importance as a source of food supply for England. It must be admitted that as a class Irish farmers are averse to their sons joining the army; but in this respect the Roman Catholic farmer in Munster and Leinster is, I am informed, in no way different from the Presbyterian farmer of Ulster. The towns of Ireland have yielded proportionately far more men to the army than the rural areas.

Stream Not Dried Up.

In the old regular army the number of Irish Roman Catholics greatly exceeded that of the Irish Protestants. The same was true of the reserve. Of the voluntary recruits who have joined in Ireland since the war began the Roman Catholics are in the majority, though not a very substantial one. Ulster, as was to be expected in view of its large urban population, has furnished nearly half the total number of Irish recruits up to date. Ulster's contribution, be it remembered, includes an appreciable Nationalist and Catholic element.

Thanks to Lord Wimborne, recruiting was beginning to revive last spring, when the fair promise of the rebellion of Easter week. Since last April recruiting in Dublin has almost come to a standstill. It has been paralyzed, too, in other areas. But, taking the country as a whole, it has by no means ceased. Every month's record shows an inflow of men. The stream has not dried up though its volume needs to be substantially increased if the glorious Irish Divisions, the 10th, the 16th and the 36th, are to keep up to strength. To suppose that this can be done by imposing conscription is an idea worthy of Bedlam. Such a proposal could never be carried into effect, but the mere attempt would arouse in Ireland a fierce, implacable spirit that would poison the relations between the two countries for years to come.

After conversation with all sorts and conditions of men, I have only found two who favor conscription for Ireland. Of these, one, who had lost two sons in the war, frankly stated that what influenced his judgment was the feeling that other Irish families ought also to bear part of the heavy burden of the war. The other thought conscription risky, but possible. For the rest, everybody with whom I have spoken is utterly opposed to the idea—Unionists and Nationalists, mugwumps and detached intellectuals.

Conscription Impossible.

"To impose conscription on Ireland," said one, "would be the climax of English folly since the rebellion." "It would provoke a storm in every parish," said another. "It would kill the constitutional movement," was the view of a third. An Independent Nationalist expressed the opinion that Ulster's threatened resistance to home rule would be as nothing compared to the resistance of all Ireland by conscription. People here are aghast that any responsible person should give serious countenance to such an idea. No one could do so who had any understanding of Irish conditions and the Irish temperament.

A Military Service Bill for Ireland would be bitterly opposed in the House of Commons at every stage by the Nationalist members. Were it carried in spite of them, there would be a determined campaign in Ireland to make it a dead-letter. Every conscript whose time had arrived to be called up would have to be dragged by force from his home—a grim prospect this for the authorities, civil and military. Supposing the man was eventually secured, of what value would he be to the army, his heart ablaze with hatred and resentment? Let there be no illusions: Conscription will never work in Ireland.

A LINE OF TALK.

Two telephone girls in different country exchanges were having a chat over the wires on the subject of dress. For four minutes, five minutes, ten minutes the topic held their attention, and was still unexhausted when an impatient, impatient, imperative masculine voice broke up the conversation meeting.

"Are you there?" the voice yelled. "Are you there? Hello! Ah, at last! Who is that speaking?"

"What line do you think you're on?" demanded one of the girls, indignant and annoyed.

"Really," came the weary reply. "I don't know, but from the discussion that's going on I think I'm on a clothes line."

LONDON PRESS NOT SATISFIED

Writers Think the Navy Should Have Wiped Out German Raiders.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—Some of the morning newspapers commenting upon the attempt by ten German torpedo boat destroyers to raid the British transport service in the English Channel Thursday night, point out that it was a bold and daring stroke, express some dissatisfaction that eight of the raiders escaped, but declare that the activity of the German destroyers will not be allowed to impede the operations of the British transport across the channel. The Times' naval expert says:

"The boldness and daring of the stroke must be acknowledged and it is to be wished that they had been made to pay more heavily for their audacity. The fact that such a raid could be made seems to point to the necessity for the extended use of mines."

"The Daily Mail comments: 'Germans seem to have scored on points and we cannot profess to be satisfied with the results.'"

The Chronicle declares: "Our efforts to destroy the base at Zebrugge evidently have not been completely successful. With regard to the Germans' channel raid it may be observed that they failed to obtain any real success. Provision cannot be made for every eventuality in war. We may be sure the German destroyer's activity will not be allowed to impede our transport operations." "This new development does not threaten any serious change in the situation in the channel," says the Daily News. "Whatever damage the enemy can do by methods like this will be only casual and they involve great risk to the raiders. That eight of the enemy's ten vessels got away may seem disappointing but it is really a measure of the absoluteness of Britain's supremacy on the seas that anything short of annihilation of the enemy should appear as a disappointment."

The Thames River

Perhaps no river on earth save the Tiber has so much of history hallowing its murky waters as this hard-working English river that flows past London town. The Thames has seen none of England's story in the telling, acted out a stone's throw from its banks.

The most attractive stretch of the river is that lying above the city proper, between Maidenhead and Richmond. Above that stretch the Thames is an inland stream, a river of the countryside, beautiful enough between green fields and hedges, but with nothing to show that this is the mighty Thames. Below Richmond park it plunges into the grim city like a clean-living countryman; it has picked up a variety of things before it emerges from metropolitan existence. Below London it becomes the great tidal estuary, overburdened with ten thousand ships.

In the reach between these limits however, it is a soul-satisfying stream. Its banks are green and smoothly cropped, it flows with an even, silent motion that suggests a river asleep. On either side are the villas of London's wealthy, with their neatly planned gardens, their trimly mown lawns. Pleasure boats rock at anchor, where the river leaps against its restraining barriers of fragrant tarred pilings and graceful willows dip their fronds in the water. The scene is one of nature tamed and curried—nature with all trace of forest wildness gone, but it is singularly satisfying for all that.

On a Sunday plebeian London turns out in force to make holiday. The patient old river is laden with all sorts of boats, punts and skiffs and launches. Young women lie back beneath their parasols, young men row industriously, with an amount of effort that makes the American visitor want to introduce canoes. From the tow-path on the bank a concourse even more plebeian watches the concourse on the river. The boats row to and fro, they crowd the locks and rise gently on the incoming water, here and there some son of Isaac Walton wets a hook. With the descending twilight the river clears again, and in the silence you can hear him muttering and grumbling to himself, like a ruffled old gentleman, as he follows his eternal path to the sea.

More "Rank Socialism."

Victoria Colonist.

The British government has purchased the entire wheat crop of Australia and will transport it to England in government-owned steamers. Some of our old-fashioned notions are getting bad shocks these strenuous days.

HAVING enjoyed the confidence of our outport customers for many years, we beg to remind them that we are "doing business as usual" at the old stand. Remember Maunder's clothes stand for durability and style combined with good fit.



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And there's a heap of comfort in knowing it.

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