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**EVERYBODY IN GERMANY HAS  
 BECOME WEARY OF THE WAR**

They Cannot Understand Why Allies Persist—Enemy Citizens Talk as if Their Country Were in Possession of Huge Cheque Which it Could Not Cash

**FORTY-SEVEN ZEPPELINS ARE SAID TO  
 HAVE BEEN LOST, CHIEFLY BY ACCIDENT**

**Kaiser's Train Bombed by British or French Aviators and Several Servants Killed—Interesting News Smuggled Out of Germany Through Neutral Countries**

By W. A. WILLISON  
 Staff Correspondent of The Daily News in Great Britain.

LONDON, June 29.—Periodically The London Times is in receipt of letters that have been smuggled out of Germany through neutral countries. The following are extracts from a private communication addressed by one neutral to another which have reached that paper by a circuitous route. The accuracy of the last communication of the kind was admitted by the German press. The extracts read:

We are all becoming vegetarians, and I am sure that our diet would meet with the enthusiastic support of the frequenters of Mr. Eustace Miles' London restaurant. So far, though there is much grumbling and a good deal of discontent—and in some cases illness and some suffering among invalids—we personally cannot complain. The consumption of meat in Germany in the last quarter of a century has increased enormously, and it is doubtful whether any of us would have imagined two years ago that the steadily growing pressure of the British fleet would have brought about such an entire change in our diet. We now get a ¼ lb. of meat and two eggs per head per week. This sounds very dreadful, but on the other hand vegetables are abundant and asparagus cheaper than I ever remember it. The fish supply is still excellent though there is not much butter or oil to cook it in. People of means as yet suffer little.

**Deals Out Small Portion.**  
 When I happened to go to Cologne last week there was an excellent wagon restaurant dinner of fish, meat, sweet, cheese and dessert for 84 cents; but the difference between now and six months ago is that whereas the waiter formerly handed you the dishes and let you help yourself, the practice is now for the waiter to deal you out a small piece of each course, much to the discontent of some of my fellow-passengers. The maintenance of this railway restaurant service is, of course, intended for the edification of travelling neutrals.

Berlin, to outward appearance, is just as gay as ever. The long summer days caused by the introduction of summer time have been added by beautiful weather. All the race courses have been active and I believe that as much as a million and half marks a day have passed through the pari-mutuel. Golf, for which the Germans have found no German name, and lawn tennis are popular. I hear that the rubber difficulty has affected the supply of balls badly. "What have you to grumble at?" you may ask. We grumble because everybody not in the official world is weary of the war—utterly weary of it. Germans cannot understand why the Allies persist. This week we are all flagged on account of the defeat of Italy, which is supposed to be "finished." There is news, too, that Sweden is likely to be active.

**Cannot Cash Cheque.**  
 All this good news, however, does not affect the desire for the end of the war and the realization of German victory. Our German neighbors speak as though Germany were a man in possession of a huge cheque which he is unable to cash.

The belief is universal that we shall have a victorious peace before the winter, and the poor, of whose disaffection you have heard, have only that consolation for their poor conditions are trying, even to people accustomed to live poorly. Their talk is always of Knappheit (scarcity).

It is said that 22 submarines have been turned out of the Schwartzkopf factory in the last eight months, and that there are plenty of Zeppelins and Parsevals can be gathered from the number that fly over Berlin each fine day. They are so numerous that the public no longer take any notice of them. I have heard it whispered that since the beginning of the war 47 Zeppelins have been lost, "chiefly by accident." I have also heard it said that the new Zeppelins cost \$825,000 each.

You need not believe all you read in the German newspapers about fashion restrictions. Laws may be passed, but I see no signs of any change, and the ladies in the Unter den Linden in the mornings seem to

be dressed (making allowance for German vagaries of taste) rather like those in the Paris fashion plates, which we get from Switzerland.

War talk and war rumor are the chief subject of German conversation everywhere. How the Kaiser's train was lately bombed by English or French aviators and several servants killed; how the naval authorities are puzzled what to do with the Fleet, but all are agreed they cannot divide it—it cannot operate in the Baltic and in the North Sea at the same time; how Swedish officers are being trained in Berlin for Finland; how the import of all objects of art, Oriental carpets, pictures, etc., has been prohibited; and how Verdun, where the losses were at first great, proceeds steadily on now as an artillery wall with comparatively few casualties.

We hear nothing from England directly, but we get the English, Swedish and Swiss newspapers, and making allowances for the censorship imposed by all these countries and for the German censorship, we believe we are fairly well informed as to what is going on. Much is expected from America's intervention. Even nobody wants or expects a third winter in the trenches.

Call for Bigamy.

The Flirt—"I wonder how many men will be made happy when I marry."  
 The Homely One—"How many do you expect to marry?"

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**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, out goes 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.**

**AND THEN THERE'LL BE NONE.**

(W. A. N., in Vancouver Province)  
 Ten little colonies far beyond the Rhine.  
 New Zealand got Samoa whacked and then they were nine.

Nine little colonies, singing hymns of hate;  
 German New Guinea fell, and then they were eight.

Eight little colonies, praying hard to heaven;  
 The Bismark Archipelago was bagged—leaving seven.

Seven little colonies up to German tricks;  
 Australia seized the Marshall Isles, and then there were six.

Six little colonies trying to keep alive.  
 Kaiser Wilhelm's Land changed hands and then there were five.

Five little colonies, for help began to roar;  
 Japan smashed Kiachohau, and then there were four.

Four little colonies were left beyond the sea;  
 But France and we took Togoland, and then there were three.

Three little colonies, the German colors flew;  
 And so we captured Cameroon, and then there were two.

Two little colonies from Botha tried to run;  
 Until Southwest Africa was caught—leaving just one.

One little colony remaineth to the Hun.  
 But General Smuts will soon have that, and there will be none.

**Von Moltke is  
 Dead, Former  
 Hun Army Chief**

**Nephew of Famous Leader of War  
 Of 1870 Dies of Apoplexy**

AMSTERDAM, June 23, via London.—Lieut-General Count Helmuth von Moltke, chief of the supplementary general staff of the army, died of heart apoplexy yesterday afternoon during a service of mourning in the Reichstag for the late Field Marshal von der Goltz, says a Berlin telegram last night.

Lieut-General von Moltke was a nephew of the late Field Marshal von Moltke, the great strategist, who directed the victorious movements of the German armies when they achieved their memorable triumph in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

During the fall of 1914 announcements of Gen. Moltke's illness were followed by reports that he had been superseded as chief of the general staff. These, however, proved unfounded, but in December of that year he retired from the post, his failing health, it was said, preventing his return to the front. He was succeeded by the present head of the general staff, Gen. von Falkenhayen. In January following he was appointed chief of the supplementary general staff.

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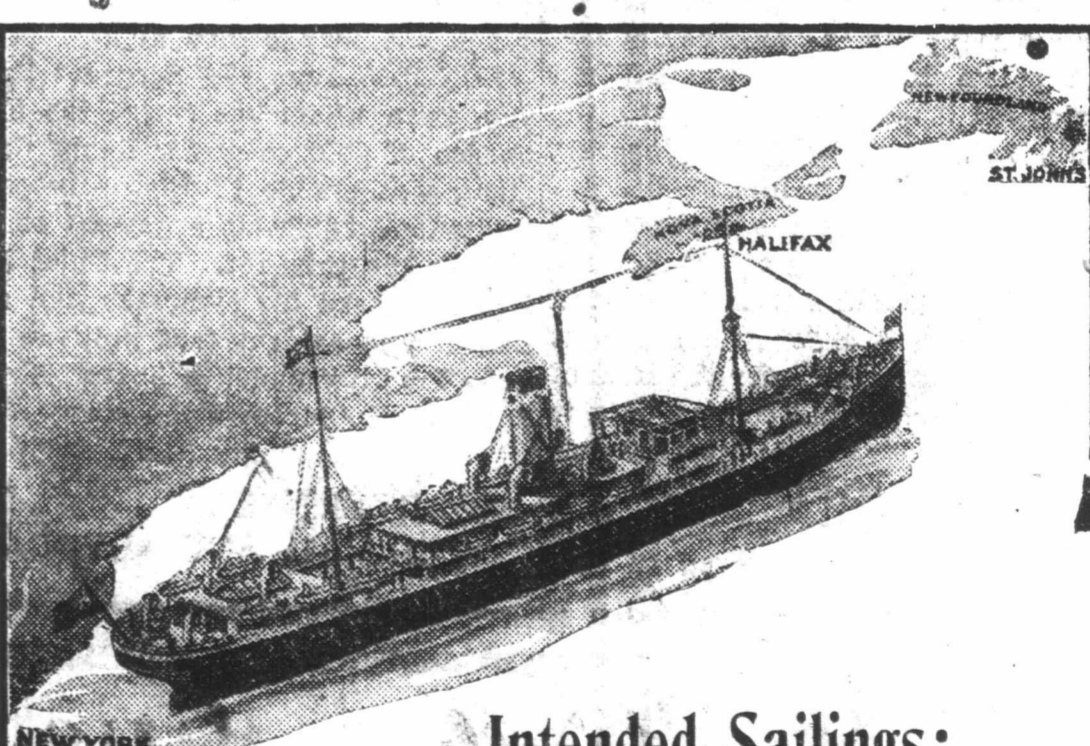
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- 120 doz. MORTON'S ESSENCES.
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- 75 cases MOIR'S SYRUPS.
- 25 cases BANNER AMMONIA.
- 30 tubs CANADIAN BUTTER, extra quality.

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FROM ST. JOHN'S FROM NEW YORK  
 FLORIZEL, June 27th. STEPHANO, June 27th.  
 STEPHANO, July 6th. FLORIZEL, July 8th.

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