

From Our Naval Boys

H. M. S. Tanagen,
Portland, Nov. 2, '15

Dear Father, I deem it my duty to write to you to let you know I am enjoying the best of health. I am here in Portland having the best of a time. We came in from sea on Friday and are now on dock getting things cleaned up. I received a letter from you on Friday, the first one for a long while, the reason being we have been to sea for quite a long time. We have had blustery weather here this last month, it is almost as cold as it is at home only there is no snow, but we must expect such weather now for a few months. I guess you are getting some snow home by this time, but we are not troubled with much over here.

Father, don't worry about me, for I am alright and am having an O. K. time. I generally see a few Newfoundland boys when we come to port. I am the only Newfoundland boy on this ship, but there are two other ships here with us and there are two Newfoundland boys aboard of them. One is a Northover, belonging to New Perleau, and the other is a Balstock from Bonavista Bay.

Well, Father I just came from Church, you know I get there once a month. I might have gone on leave this time but I expect to go the next time, as we get six days leave every two months. I haven't had a holiday since I came over here, but I think I shall get one the next time we come in, as we shall be in again about Christmas.

We are getting lots of clothing given us as far as underwear is concerned, more than I shall wear over here. The only thing we are short of is mitts; we get lots of gloves but they are no good, so if Mother can get me a pair of double mitts she may send me a pair. That is all I want. I am going to post some papers when I go on shore, so you might look out for them. I think I have told you all for the present, don't work too hard and don't leave Abb go away.

I cannot say anything about the war but they say it will be over by Xmas. Some of our chaps are going home when their twelve months are up. But I am not, I will sign on for the duration of this war whether it be long or short.

So don't expect me home before this war is over, and then if God spares me I shall be home, if not don't worry, for I can't die a better death than fighting for the good old flag of old England.

Give my best love to Mother, Will and Abb and all my relatives, also to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ryan and Mericus and all who ask for me. I shall be writing again before I go to sea and every opportunity after. My address is the same. I haven't heard from Cook, but I don't think he is in barracks now, as I was talking to a fellow who came from there the other day.

Good bye.

GEORGE.

The above writer is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barbour or Port Rexton, who is serving on the H.M.S. Tanagen in the English Channel.

READ THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE.

From Friends of "Ours" at Ayr

28 Paris Circus,
Ayr, Nov. 28, 1915.

Mrs. Kenneth Dean,
Botwood, Nfld.

Dear Mrs. Dean, I was very glad to have your letter and so was Mr. McCall to have one from Mr. Dean. I can quite understand how anxious you are about your boy, but as long as he is in Ayr, I don't think you need worry over him. He seems very happy and is always in good spirits. Of course sometimes he will feel far from home and long for a sight of his dear mother, and father of whom he talks so much about, but that is not to be wondered at. His good upbringing will be a great help to him and I am sure wherever he goes he will be a credit to you. He comes out to see us every Sunday evening and we see him now and then during the week. He comes to church very regularly and seems to like to come very much. He is looking well and seems quite fit and able for all his drill.

I think the Newfoundlanders have been very fortunate in being sent to Ayr. It is a nice town to live in and very healthy. I have said quite a lot about Normau but I know you will like to hear of him. I do hope he will be spared to go home to you again safe and sound.

My eldest son is out in Rhodesia, and my second boy who is only 18 left last week for the Dardanelles. He is a Lieut. in our local regiment (The Royal Scotch Fusiliers) and has gone out with a draft of 60 men. I have another boy at home but he is only 10 years, and I have two daughters also at home, so that is my family.

We are having pretty hard frost and a good deal of snow just now, but I expect you will be quite used to frost and snow in Newfoundland. I will be pleased to hear from you again and I will write occasionally to let you know how Norman is getting on. I know you get lots of nice postcards from him, but he hasn't much time to write long letters. He was for a motor drive yesterday with us and we had a photograph taken. I will be sending you one later.

With kindest regards in which Mr. McCall joins.

Yours sincerely,
FLORENCE G. McCALL.

WEDDING BELLS

WELLS IVANY.

On Wednesday, Dec. 16th at Christ Church, Port Rexton, Rev. A. Pittman united in marriage Miss Matilda A. Wells, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wells of English Harbor, T.B., to Mr. Jesse E. Ivany, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Ivany of Port Rexton, T.B. The bride was neatly dressed in light blue serge, trimmed with silk and over-lace and hat to match and wore a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids and bridesmaids were as follows: Miss Mary E. Wells, chief bridesmaid and Mr. Mark Barnes, father-in-law, Miss Nellie Ethridge and Fred Penby, Miss Rebecca Penny and Jos. John Penny, Miss E. Ivany and Mark Fowling, Miss Daisy Stockley and Herbert Piercey.

The bridesmaids wore white embroidery dresses with hats to match. After the ceremony a dainty lunch was served at the groom's residence, where many of their friends had an enjoyable cup of tea. The bride and groom received many beautiful presents. At 10 o'clock dancing commenced in the groom's new house, and after everyone had a while dancing syrup and cake was served by the brideboys and every one proceeded towards home after spending a very enjoyable night.—Com.

HAS CONSCRIPTION BEEN AVOIDED.

Whether Great Britain has succeeded in avoiding conscription will perhaps be made known in the coming week. The prayer will go throughout the empire that Lord Derby has found his recruiting plan meets with all the requirements of the British secretary for war in the matter of men. It would be a glorious fact in history to recall that when the empire's need was measured.

SAYS CHURCH UNION LOST.

Rev. Dr. A. B. Baird, Principal of Manitoba College, who in all probability will be the moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, when it meets in Winnipeg next June, said that the Church Union cause was lost. Dr. Baird has been for many years most devoted to this great proposal and his deep regret when he announced the failure of it was apparent.

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

Sunday in the Trenches On Gallipoli Peninsula

A minister at present acting as chaplain to the troops at Gallipoli in a letter home, states that to the uninitiated a rest camp is a delusion and a snare. Perhaps its chief value lies in its name, for a tired man's fancy can so play with the word "rest" that he comes very near to the enjoyment of the peace and felicity which it suggests simply by hanging round the gallery of his imagination aluring pictures of himself in various attitudes of repose. He sees himself it may be, in an arm-chair by some comfortable hearth, or he takes his ease on some downy couch, having soothed his weary limbs in a hot bath, or—to such heights will his fancy occasionally soar—he beholds himself back once more in civilized society, and sojourned by the sweet ministrations of a community devoted to his care and happiness. But when once a man has lived in a rest camp on this Peninsula he will never again indulge such dreams of it.

It is, I believe quite possible for our soldiers to experience such comforts and amusements in France, but the conditions here are very different. There is no village to which they can retire, and the nearest town is Constantinople, where the only welcome they would get is from the enemy guns. No, no; the very best that a rest camp here can offer is but a change of work. In the trenches the soldier's vigilance he must exercise, while in the rest camp the tax on his vigour is imposed by the physical labour to which he is set. There is, indeed, the very minimum of drilling; but there are so many "fatigue duties" and "working parties" (I never can quite understand the distinction) demanded of a battalion when in its rest camp that it is always a debatable point with the soldier whether the trenches are not to be preferred. Especially is this so when you remember that our rest camps, though beyond the range of the Turkish rifle fire, are yet exposed to his shell fire, and as things are just now there is, perhaps just as much or as little danger from the one as the other. And so, you see, there is never a complete rest for our men, either physically or mentally.

Now it is chiefly—indeed, I may say entirely—among the men in the rest camps that my work falls to be done. As far as possible we try to make a difference for them between a Sunday and the other days of the week; but it is by no means easy, for the exigencies of the situation require the work to go on without regard to the character of the day. Still, no Sunday goes by without an opportunity being given to the men for public worship, and it is seldom that I do not hold at least two services.

A Strenuous Sunday. Let me take last Sunday as an illustration of how I spend my Sundays usually. In the morning at 10.30 I had a service for the men of the Field Ambulance in a little nullah which lies just at the back of my dug-out. There were present probably 60 or 70 men, and we gathered in the large dug-out which serves as our sick bay for the ailing and less seriously wounded. It is impossible to take a service in this place without realizing the elements of pathos in the spectacle, and being touched with that spirit of compassion which has its spring in Him who on a Sabbath morning long ago was drawn to that place where lay a great multitude of impotent folk, there to exert His healing power on their behalf.

This service ended, I was unexpectedly summoned to perform what is always to me one of the saddest of my duties; for a young soldier up in the firing line had that morning finished his task and accomplished his warfare, and it was mine to see him laid in his grave, and to leave him in the wide arms of that mercy and redeeming love, the brightness of whose glory will one day flood the skies which to-day, alas! so dark. It is a long road from the battlefield to the rest camp, but I was back in good time for my next service, which was held in the Nelson Lines at 6 p.m. Far more hurried, however, was my rush from this service to the last I was to take for the night, for I was due in the camp of the Hood Battalion, nearly a mile away, at 7 p.m. This looks a very strenuous day; and yet, but for the funeral, it is quite an average Sunday.

Preaching in Darkness.

I think I told you in a previous letter that, except where we can find a hidden place, like a nullah, these services must be held under cloud of night. Last Sunday at neither of the two services held in the evening could I see the faces of my audience, and whether the men prefer the darkness to the light for their "good works" I know not, but the fact remains that usually the darker the night the larger the congregation. It is true that not very many of them would not

be very "presentable" in daylight; it is also true that most of them are too tired to give either much thought or time to their personal adornment, but their worship, is none the less real and none the less reverent; that they are seated on the ground in front of their dug-outs, clad in garments that would shock civilization. If any one imagines that this war is turning our soldiers into saints, I think a walk through this wide campaigning ground would disappoint him. War's natural effect on men is rather brutalizing than humanizing, and nothing is gained by shutting one's eyes to such an obvious fact. But you and I must work and pray for effects which are not natural, but supernatural. And there is abundance in the experience of every chaplain. I believe, to encourage him in that hope and expectation.

It is God and God only who can bring good out of evil and seldom do I conclude a service without receiving some sure proof that God's spirit is busy in our midst, and made to see that Christ is becoming for more to men in these dreful days than ever. He was in the "piping times of peace." In every camp you will find some "who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb"; meetings for prayer conducted by the men themselves are by no means uncommon. In many a dug-out you will find a lad reading his New Testament, and on the evening breeze in these dark nights there is often carried to my ears the singing of some psalm or hymn which brings joy to my heart, and depends in me the conviction which came to Jacob when he lay under the silent stars far from home, and said, "Surely God is in this place." Let us lift up our hearts, then for the ill that besets us is for our good, and even on these bloody battlefields the glory of the Lord is rising. Mearns Leader.

PROSPERITY AND DEPRESSION

Prosperity and depression always are largely psychological in character. If the man in the street is now confident that prosperity is on the way it will be fast enough. He is, just as strong an influence for prosperity when he has a happy face as he is for depression when he looks glum and begins to hoard whatever he has to hoard.

NOTICE

THE NEWFOUNDLAND AGRICULTURAL BOARD will be placing its orders for Garden and Field Seeds, Fertilizers, &c., early in January. Intending purchasers will therefore please notify the Board of their requirements as early as possible. The Seeds imported by the Board will be of the highest quality and will be sold at cost.

NFLD. AGRICUL. BOARD.
dec17.61

WHERE TO GET THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

- The Mail and Advocate can now be had at the following stores:—
 Mayo's—Duckworth Street.
 Mrs. Gallivan—Duckworth St. East.
 Mrs. Peckford—Foot Signal Hill Rd.
 Mr. Gosse—Plymouth Road.
 Mrs. Kelly—King's Bridge Road.
 Mrs. Hayse—King's Bridge Road.
 Mrs. Brien—Colonial Street.
 James Whelan—Colonial Street.
 F. Fitzpatrick—Gower Street (top of Nunery Hill).
 Mrs. Organ—Military Road.
 Mr. Parsons—Catherine Street.
 Mr. E. Parsons—Corner Hayward Avenue and McDougall Street.
 Mrs. Wadden—Pleasant Street.
 Mrs. Ebsary—South Side.
 Mrs. Doughton—Fleming Street.
 Mr. Fitzpatrick—Field Street.
 Miss E. Lawlor—Head of Long's Hill.
 Mrs. Bulger—Head of Carters Hill.
 M. A. Duffy—Cable Street.
 M. J. James—Cookstown Road.
 Mr. Horwood—Baxter's Hill.
 Popular Store—Casey Street.
 Mrs. Tobin—Casey Street.
 Mrs. Cummings—Head of Casey St.
 Mrs. Healey—Corner Water St. and Hutchings Street.
 Mrs. Fortune—Corner Water Street and Alexander Street.
 A. McCubrey—(tinsmith) New Gower Street.
 Mrs. Joy—New Gower Street.
 Mr. Ryan—Casey Street.
 Mrs. Collins—Foot Patrick Street, Water Street West.
 Mrs. Keele—Hamilton Street.
 P. J. Moran—Pennywell Road, Axford's—South Side.
 Chas. Truscott—New Gower Street.
 Miss Murphy—Water St. West.
 Capt. Platt—Cor Gower and Prescott streets.

GROCERIES for Christmas

N WALNUTS 000.88
E ALMONDS
W FILBERTS
TABLE PEANUTS
RAISINS.

GLACE CHERRIES, Dessicated COCOANUT, CITRON, LEMON and ORANGE PEELS.
Hartley's RASPBERRIES in Tins.

CRISCO, Better and Cheaper than Pure Lard.

SHELLED ALMONDS, SHELLED WALNUTS, NONPARIELS, PRESERVED GINGER, LEMON CHEESE, BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER, FRUIT SALAD.

Selected—
TURKEYS and GEESE, N.Y. SAUSAGES by S.S. Stephano.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDINGS, Lge. Bowls \$1.30 ea.
MOIR'S, CADBURY'S & GRAY'S Confectionery.

Steer Brothers

PHONE 617. GROCERY.

Rubber Footwear.

The Serviceable Makes.

THE next pair of Shoe Rubbers that you require—try the brands that we stock.

Here you'll find the good wearing qualities, high and low heel, Storm and Plain Rubbers in the best makes of Canadian and American manufacture, that it is possible to get on the market to-day.

We stock them to fit Men, Women, Children and Infants and price them reasonably. Before you buy your next stock get our prices, wholesale and retail.

ANDERSON'S, Water Street, St. John's.

PLAYTHINGS

PROBABLY no money invested in any way gives such satisfactory returns as that spent in CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. If spent in the right spirit "It blesses him that gives, and him that takes." Our CHRISTMAS STOCK is just as large as ever, but different kinds of things, and with few exceptions the prices are as low as in previous years.

Battle Ship and Submarine, Aeroplanes, Trains, Washing Machines, Motor Cars, Water pistols, Cannons, Guns, Pistols, Swords, Uniforms, Drums, Soldiers, Puzzles, Books, Games, Dolls, Stoves, Houses, Carriages, Tea Sets, Sad Irons, Rocking Horses, Wheel Barrows, Snow Shovels, Blocks, Tops, Steam Engines.

COME AND SEE OUR DISPLAY.

ROBERT TEMPLETON,

333 Water Street.

Advertise in The Mail and Advocate

J.J. St. John

FLOUR, PORK, BEEF & OIL.

Likely to go high.

We can save you
—To arrive—
FIVE ROSES
QUAKER
VERBENA
ROBIN HOOD

Very Choice Ribbed PORK.
Small HOCKS.
Choicest SPARE RIBS.
Best PLATE and N. Y. BEEF.

Everybody is talking of our
ECLIPSE TEA, 45c. lb
as good as most 60c.

Silver-Ware ready to be delivered, so bring along your Coupons from Monday, 27th inst.

J.J. St. John

Duckworth St & LeMarchant Rd


At Lowest Prices

Gasolene "Veedal" Motor Oil

In Casks and 1 and 5 gallon Tins.

SMITH CO. Ltd.

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.



John Maunder

Tailor and Clothier

281 & 283 Duckworth Street