

ANDERSON'S

THE HOME OF QUALITY AND VALUE.

NECKWEAR.

Tie on to our Flowing End Scarfs

—IN—

Black and White Stripe, Blue with White Spot, Plain, Grey, Green, White, Purple, Black, Bulgarian and other bright fancy designs.

50c., 75c., 90c.

Felts of Style Are Here.

Men of discrimination are wearing our Felts. Why?

Because our Hats are leaders in style, shape and colour.

Other Hats follow where ours lead.

Prices—Softs: \$1.80, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00.

Prices—Stiff: \$1.00, \$1.20, \$1.50, \$1.80, \$2.00, \$2.50.

Men's Boots of style.

We fit the feet of the public!

Every style and shape that you could wish for are here.

We'll suit your feet with Boots adapted to your needs.

The prices may vary but the wear is always there.

Prices: \$2.50 \$6.00

What is it you ask of

HOSE

First—that they are light weight. Then they must be stylish.

We are now showing a special in thin summer weight.

Stylish—Colours: Grey, Fawn, White, Champagne, Black, at

15c pair.

Spot, Stripe and Cross-Bar Muslins

IN THE CLEARING.

We have agreeably surprised hundreds of Women with our large offering of Dress Muslins in dainty designs

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

We have now taken all our stock of Spot, Stripe and Cross-Bar Muslin and are selling these at even smaller prices.

DROP IN AND SEE THEM TO-DAY.



Special Sample Shirts.

For the evenings you certainly need a nice Shirt.

A nice neat Stripe Shirt will add a distinct touch to your appearance—and all the more if wearing no vest.

You can have your Shirt with either

SINGLE, DOUBLE OR STIFF CUFFS.

See our Western Window—if your ideal Shirt is not there, drop in, we can suit you.

They are all \$1.00 value.

75c. is our Price.

Tea Aprons.

Have you spoilt a good dress getting tea?

If you haven't you are running that risk wearing no apron.

A Tea Apron of fine cambric with two rows of embroidery three inches wide will cost you

Only 25c here.

You save perhaps \$5.00

Fashion's Latest Neckwear

All of you to be just in style must watch fashions latest in Neckwear.

Are you looking for Stylish Neckwear in Military, Jabot, or Sailor Style.

We have America's latest

for 17c.

A Table Cloth Bargain.

Do you need a strong cheap Table Cloth?

STRONG—In good quality Diaper with no dressing.

CHEAP—A 1 3/4 by 1 3/8 yard Cloth—with a four inch fringe—

for 59c.

Do you need one now or later—this is your chance.

Plain Cashmere Hose.

Are of vital importance for summer wear.

They are cool because they are thin.

They are neat because they are fine.

They are what you want—cheap and in season.

17c.

SPLENDID WORK OF THE FISHERMEN FIGHTERS FROM NEWFOUNDLAND

BY BECKLES WILLSON, IN THE LONDON EXPRESS

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE FIELD, June 13: Round the coast from Brigus Along to Harbor Grace. Each wife and maid was sore afraid Until they heard their faces. Hey, Nancy, back from the sealing pack.

And now to catch the Boches, O! Through the narrow, sloping street of a French village, between walls of dilapidated stucco, onward they came, a long column of bronze-faced men in muddied khaki, singing the chant: I first heard in the Newfoundland out-ports twenty years ago. It was not that there was anything dramatic in the spectacle itself. On almost any road running east and west to the British trenches just such a column may be seen—brigades and battalions on their way eastward to the "ultimate ditch," there to face the Boche for a spell, or westward to enjoy a brief respite in rest billets. But if you looked closer you saw that these men were different. There was a cut about them that marked them out from the British troops of either the New or Old Armies and even from the other Colonials.

Bred on the Sea. It may have been their gait, the piercing quality of their eye, the squareness of their shoulders, or the seriousness, almost sadness, with which they sang the most absurd doggerel; but the impression was inevitable, scarcely needing the brass shoulder lettering "NFLD" to confirm it, that these marching men were bred on and by the sea; that, like the Royal Marines, they were, in the words of the poet, "giddy harem frodites, soldier and sailor, too."

If, moreover, you happened to have known these men of the Newfoundland Contingent in their far island home, and to have heard something of the tale of their adventures since that October day twenty long months ago when their first battalion sailed out of the harbor of St. John's, you could hardly fail to regard them with inter-

Today they are all comfortably settled in cottages, barns and stables, making friends with the rural population, revelling in fresh eggs, new milk, and local cheese, and endeavoring to master the intricacies of the French language. On my way to battalion headquarters, which is in a farmhouse on the far side of a great walled enclosure, alive with pigs and poultry, I spoke to a swarthy, keen-eyed fellow, who told me he came from Placentia. I asked him how he liked it here, and he answered me in that extraordinary composite dialect which is one of the peculiarities of Newfoundland, a mixture of Irish, Scottish, and Devon: "Aweel, sorr, but it ain't so bad as when we were after fechtin' the Turks in Gallipoli."

At Savia Bay. Fighting the Turks? What a tale the remnant of these simple-hearted, gallant fishermen will have to tell when they get back to the tilts and coves of their native island! I wonder how many of the public are aware that, after the landing in Savia Bay in September, it was not the Anzacs but the Newfoundland Contingent who pushed farthest into the interior on the road to Constantinople and for months held the trenches they had dug on the slopes of Caribou Hill? Out of one of these trenches a white sheet, on which a picture of a giant caribou (the native deer of the island colony, which, by the way, supplies the regimental device) had been upraised to astonish and perplex the Turk. Beneath were the words: "Newfoundland Here!"

What must the Ottoman have thought when he was told that a race of simple fishermen in a fog-enshrouded isle and on the coasts of sub-Arctic Labrador had left their cod-fish and drying flakes without any invitation or compulsion whatever in order to fight the foes of a Motherland they had never seen.

I listened to many stories of the fighting in Gallipoli, of the long months of every sort of hardship which

these hard-bitten men bore uncomplainingly, of the two evacuations, of Anzac and Helles, and of the sojourn in Egypt. While they were in the Peninsula, holding on, ill-fed, lacking water, subjected to a devastating shell fire from the Anafarta batteries, the heavy rains came, scourging the face of the country, filling the trenches knee-deep with water, and converting them into shallow ditches of soft sand and clay. In the Newfoundland trenches the word was passed every day merrily along the line by a non-commissioned officer who had often plied his nets over the Grand Banks. "All hands to the pumps, boys! Bail her out quick and keep the good ship Avalon afloat."

Heart's Content." The adjutant of the regiment was one of Grenfell's men—Grenfell, of Labrador, the stout-hearted missionary whose work on that inhospitable coast is famous—and he told me many tales of the courage and resource of the men during that trying campaign on the outskirts of Asia Minor.

When the retirement came, out of the first Newfoundland battalion less than half answered to the roll-call, and were landed from the transports in Egypt. Hundreds of graves of men who had never seen a soldier in their lives or handled any weapon save a sealing gun, men from Harbor Grace, Carbonear, Twillingate, and Bonaville, had been dug in that desolate land which stretches from Sagha Dere to the Aegean Sea. Of the rude inscriptions made by comrades over these graves one struck me as profoundly touching by reason of its very nomenclature. It ran thus:

JAMES WHITE, HEART'S CONTENT.

Heart's Content is the name of a village on the Newfoundland coast, and White was the name of the dead soldier, but both might serve in a wider and poetic sense as an epitaph for all. I was told that on the day they arrived at the western front from Egypt, and entered our trenches here, they were told that the Germans had been asking for them. A placard had been displayed from an opposing parapet: "When are the white Indians coming?" and so they knew that to their various nicknames, such as "cod-fish," "Caribou," "Newfoundland dogs," and "Fog-horns," by which they are affectionately known among their

British fellow-soldiers, was added by the Boche that of "White Indian." Not very fond is the Boche of the dusty Indian of the East, and in his ignorance he probably supposed Newfoundlanders were of the same type.

What He objected to. Mrs. Bill Et Rod—(delivering a tirade)—At last my eyes are opened—Bill—(calmly)—I wouldn't mind that my dear if your mouth wasn't also.

WHERE TO GET THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

The Mail and Advocate can now be had at the following stores:— Mrs. Mayo—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. Downton—Fleming Street. Mr. Fitzpatrick—Field Street. Miss E. Lawlor—Head of Long's Hill.

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THE ISLE OF MAN.

(Written Specially For The Mail and Advocate)

This little island, situated in the Irish Sea, equidistant from England, on the east, Scotland on the north, and Ireland on the west, has certain points of resemblance with Newfoundland though in point of size it has not the extent of one of our large districts, being only 227 miles in area. It has contributed proportionately the largest number of recruits to the navy, except ourselves, and its military contribution has also been very large. It is the only part of the British Empire that has on its own initiative followed the lead of the Imperial Government in adopting compulsory military service. It is now seeking relief from the Imperial Government in consideration of the sacrifices it has made, as its trade, owing to war conditions has been practically destroyed. It is now one of the largest interned prisoners camps, some 45,000 prisoners being interned there, at Knockaloe Camp.

The fixed population of the island is about 1-5th of the population of Newfoundland, and the chief industry is fishing. Nearly half the population are found in Douglas, the capital.

On the outbreak of the war the large number of naval reservists were immediately called out and recruiting for branches of the service began. But most of the soldiers of the Isle of Man are employed on home service, such as guarding the internment camps, government buildings and the cable stations. Its first contribution to the war was the handing over of nearly the whole of the Isle of Man's Steam Packet Company's fleet of steamers—some twelve in all to the Admiralty. This is something like we did ourselves by handing over our steel fleet of sealers and the Bruce and Lintrose to the Russian Government, it is said by order of the Admiralty, though we are not certain if such be the case. But there is a similarity in the action to that of the Isle of Man. It has a large number of reservists, and they are presumably scattered among the British fleet just as our reservists are. It is said that there is hardly a ship in

the navy that has not a Maximan on board. This is in a sense true of our reservists, also.

The trade of the Isle of Man, which was largely dependent on tourist traffic has been completely demoralized. Our trade, on the contrary, seems to have increased, though we are paying through the nose for every commodity since the beginning of the war; and we doubt if the prices now being charged for certain commodities is warranted, though, of course, we know that increased freights would necessarily cause a rise in price. But are these increased freights justifiable in all cases? Are they justifiable locally? We fail to see why they should be, at least why they should reach the level they have at the present time. We think it is the duty of the Government to step in and hold an investigation into this matter.

Governmentally, the Isle of Man occupies a very remarkable position. The government of the island is vested in a governor appointed by the Crown, an upper chamber of the legislature, and the House of Keys, or a representative branch. This is one of the most ancient legislative assemblies in the world. It consists of twenty-four members elected by male owners or occupiers, or female owners of property. They are elected by the "sheedings," or counties and the towns of Castletown, Peel, Douglas, Ramsey, and Peel.

The judges of the Island are called "Deemsters," and readers of Hall Caine will recall certain phases of the judicial administration of the Island. Until the XVth century, they acted according to unwritten laws, called "breast laws," of which they were the depositaries. For the adjudication of fishery matters, an official known as the "water-bailiff" is appointed by the Governor, and he has two assistants called admirals, to preserve order. The water-bailiff has also jurisdiction in questions of salvage, and takes cognizance of suits in maritime matters.

Round the Isle of Man there are some very valuable fishing grounds, and herring, cod, and mackerel form the chief fishery items. Nearly 10,000 men are engaged in the fisheries of the Island.

A very remarkable feature of the Isle of Man is that it has no lakes.

READ THE MAIL & ADVOCATE

Bull Moosers May Support Pres. Wilson

NEW YORK, Aug. 1st.—Go-as-you-please-on-President will be the policy of New York delegates to the Bull Moose and anti-Hughes Chicago conference August 5. This was decided yesterday at informal talks between Bainbridge Colby, Robert H. Elder and other Progressives who fought the Hughes endorsement at the national committee meeting in Chicago and ditched the Hughes approval at Syracuse last Saturday.

It was agreed that John M. Parker, Progressive nominee for Vice-President, should be advised to retire and that no substitute for Colonel Roosevelt as the Presidential candidate be offered. This would mean no Progressive Bull Moosers freedom to vote for Wilson or anybody else against Hughes.

Though George W. Perkins emphatically declined to discuss the Wilson-Seabury men's demand that he resign as chairman of the Progressive National Executive Committee, a Bull Moose organization official next to him said:

"Mr. Perkins will not retire as Progressive national chairman nor as a member of the Hughes Campaign Committee. He will not recognize attacks upon him by replying to them. For the present he will hold on to both jobs. He knows of no man or set of men capable of putting him out of either."

EXCHANGING GIFTS.

In actings or the household weal The June bride wishes To make a small commercial deal In pickle dishes.

And so she bustles to the store— (She's a good looker) And swaps some eighty of them for A fireless cooker.

She trades in forty for a rug All new and nappy. Acquires a skillet for a jug And goes home happy.

"Beef prices increased suddenly at the beginning of the war, but soon fell and have since behaved normally."