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200 Bags

## BEST POTATOES

Selected for Seed purposes.

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J. J. ROSSITER,

Our Motto: "Suum Cuique."



("To Every Man His Own.")

## The Mail and Advocate

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Editor and Business Manager: JOHN J. ST. JOHN.

ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., JUNE 15th, 1916

## AFTER THE BATTLE

GERMANY is a past master in the art of lying. From the beginning of the war till the present hour she has persisted in this policy. Doubtless for grave reasons! She has been scoring triumphs daily since the invasion of Belgium; but these triumphs have never materialized. Her organization is admittedly splendid in military matters; so, too, is her industrial army; but there is no department in which she is so transcendently magnificent as in her news bureaus which would cause Ananias of old to grow green with envy. She has been officially charged with lying; and yet, she has managed to wriggle out of an ignominious position. The national memory seems too as untrustworthy as the memory of some local politicians who "forget the law."

Eclipsing all other performances in the mendacity line, is her official account of the Battle of Jutland. Her first announcement was that her noble navy "had vanquished the great British fleet." The roll call of the noble ships, however, elicited the fact that some of her best ships were unaccounted for; but "they were chasing the fleeing British vessels." Then came gruesome reports from the sea; the Germans had paid awful toll to Beatty's valiant squadron. But, still His Imperial Majesty of Berlin sends forth to the world the tidings that "We are supreme on the sea!" Of course, he did not specify what sea—viz., the artificial German sea known as the Kiel Canal!

We shall never get a satisfactory or frank statement of the German end of the great naval battle until the war is over—if then. They will admit no more in the way of losses than they think can be proven convincingly by our neutral observation. In any case, it is not wholly a matter of sunk ships; but we have proved incontestably that our Navy is still mistress of the Seven Seas. We could lose a great many more ships of the larger type and yet be in supreme command. The German losses are the losses of a despairing minority; ours are the losses of an invincible majority. We can afford them; they cannot; and the injured German vessels will be a long time under the care of the naval hospital authorities for some months to come. The "casualty ward" will need considerably larger space in the German dockyards than formerly.

This battle, as is now pretty accurately known, was not of German seeking. Our commanders went in to fight; they knew exactly what they were doing—they took their risks—they submitted to their losses; and they are satisfied with results. Whatever the enemy's mission during the "enterprise directed northward"—whether it was to break out into the Atlantic or to carry out an

other raid on defenceless towns on the British coast—it failed ignominiously. The battle cruisers which met them gave them a merciless pounding and then, when enemy re-inforcements came up, held the German battle fleet in a gallant fight until the Grand Fleet arrived. Then the Germans, having bravely engaged a weaker force, bolted for home.

Admiral Beatty might have avoided a fight; but that is not the British way. He knew that to engage the whole German fleet was to sacrifice ships and men, but he knew also the high stakes he played for and right gallantly did he do his part. He had to hold the enemy at all costs. He knew that the Grand Fleet was not far behind, and he knew what it meant if he could hold on till Sir John Jellicoe arrived. What Beatty and his men went through during these hours of inferno, no one but themselves can ever realize. Strong men, physically strong and strong of nerve, men who had looked death in the face in naval actions before, shuddered as they thought of it.

"It was like forty thunderstorms rolled into one," said one of the officers of a returned vessel. "It was as if all the ammunition in Great Britain and Germany had been let off in one half-hour," said another. "It was hell!" was the commonest description of it by the battle-scarred tars.

The battle-cruiser Queen Mary was the first to go under, great shells punched through over her thinner armor plating, her magazine exploded, and the gallant ship buckled up and sank like a stone. The Indefatigable went next. It was not war; it was murder. German shells with poisonous gases exploded, filling the ships with their fumes and doing dreadful havoc among the crews at their stations. Annihilating blasts from 12-inch guns shook the vessels like a tornado, wiping away men like flies.

The Lion and the Tiger, manoeuvring with marvellous skill and speed, kept their heads up and their faces to the enemy. Then Admiral Hood, with the Invincible, the Inflexible, and the Indomitable, arrived from another station. With them came the armored cruiser squadron, including the Warrior, the Defence, and the Black Prince—all of which were sunk. For a while the Germans fought a running-away fight. They turned heels and made the shortest possible road for home. After them went the whole might of the British fleet and they chased them home in the darkness to their lair, adding in the process to already heavy losses they had incurred in the earlier phase of the battle.

"You have not lost faith in Beatty?" one of the Tiger's men was asked.

"Lost faith in Beatty? No," he said, "and WE NEVER shall."

An officer of one of the destroyers says:

"The ships of the Grand Fleet went into action as if they were going into manoeuvres. From every yard-arm the White Ensign flew, the flag which is to the sailor as the tattered colors were in the days of old to a hard-pressed regiment. The battle cruisers fought a great fight, a fight to be proud of, a fight which will live longer than many a brilliant victory. I shall never forget the thrill which passed through the men on the ships of the Grand Fleet when that inspiring message was received from the battle cruiser squadron many miles away: I AM ENGAGED WITH HEAVY FORCES OF THE ENEMY. One looked on the faces of his fellows and saw that the effect was electrical. The great ships swung in to battle order and the responsive sea rocked and churned as the massive vessels raced for what were virtually enemy waters. As the Grand Fleet drew near the scene of action the smoke of battle and mutter of guns came down on the winds. The eagerness of the men became almost unbearably intense, and it was a blessed relief when our own guns gave tongue. It was curious to note the effect of the fight on the sea. Calm at the beginning, the water soon looked as if it were under the influence of a gale, so great was the turmoil caused by the leviathan ships plowing at terrific speed through the waves. We fought a great fight, although it was not a sailor's battle. Both the grand and the terrible were present to an almost overpowering degree. As a spectacle it was magnificent, awful. How awful it was, impossible to realize until the fever of action had subsided, until the guns were silent and the great ships, some battered, others absolutely untouched, were plowing homeward on a placid sea."

"It is a curious feeling to be in

## REVEILLE

BY CALCAR

CITIZENS will remember that when Mr. Gosling first came upon the scene, as a worker for civic reform, one of the strongest planks in his new proposed platform was the "housing of the poor" plank.

It was largely on this undertaking that the citizens were induced to sign the petition for to have a commission. This popular appeal once it had served its purpose was soon relegated to the shelves of forgetfulness, where moulder many the fair promise. This shelving business is an old familiar trick among politicians, and Mr. Gosling, it would seem is not above making use of the subterfuge, the refuge we might say of political adventurers.

Soon as Mr. Gosling and his Commissioners got into power we expected to see some sweeping reforms in the housing problem. We hoped to see the wretched hovels, that so many of our poor call homes, swept away and replaced by modern dwellings with every sanitary convenience installed, but we have been disappointed. Nothing has been done in this direction, nothing has even been attempted, the unsightly and unwholesome dwellings remain, a blot upon the landscape and a menace to our health.

It is said that "cleanliness is next to godliness," if this is so then godliness must be a long way off from this city, and I tremble for the safety of Sodom.

Nor are the people to blame for this, the blame is entirely that of those who have conducted the city's affairs. The condition of the city should be an eye-opener to the people, and should arouse in them a strong and determined resolution to trust no small body of men with the city's administration unless they are there to carry out the wishes of the people. But then the people must formulate their wishes and they must, in order to do this band themselves together into a league—The Civic Improvement League.

This housing problem is of course a very difficult one, but it is not insurmountable. Intelligence and determination can remove mountains of difficulties, and why not this. It would seem that Mr. Gosling either found the problem too big for him, or else his zeal for the welfare of the poor was all simulated and his tears over their miseries were of the crocodile variety. But then may be he can furnish some excuse for his neglect of the matter. Excuses come handy to the politician as a rule. While he is on this subject perhaps it were as well if he explain his water system expenses to the satisfaction of the poor who yet dwell in those unwholesome houses. The story of that famous tarmac pavement experiment would also be worth hearing, as it would be very interesting to know why Mr. Gosling thought it necessary to put a costly pavement down for the horses while the side walks (save the mark) are unsafe in many places, and always uncomfortable to the feet of those who must traverse them.

'Tis true the Commissioners have effected some improvements for these we are grateful and the Commissioners deserve some credit. We find fault with them for not tackling the major proposition first and getting that through before either the new water system or those other improvements were thought of. It may seem to Mr. Gosling and his Commissioners that an improvement in the water system, which means nothing to the dwellers in unwholesome houses should receive first consideration, but we beg to differ with him. The most pressing need today is that of effecting improvements in the dwellings, and it may be that reforms in the housing problem might simplify the question of improving the water system at the same time.

The chances are that any sweeping, radical change in the housing situation, and only radical changes will do, will further render it necessary to consider the water supply. Water supply must follow the building, and not build the midst of a battle and not to know to which side fortune leads. Where only a few ships are engaged, it is different. Our own losses were known with some degree of exactness, but even this was uncertain. Thus, at one time it was thought that the Lion had been lost, as she did not answer any call. It transpired that her wireless had been destroyed.

## THE SIXTH SOUL

PROBABLY the finest poem the war has yet produced is Mr. W. N. Ewer's "Five Souls." It cannot be printed too often.

### FIVE SOULS

First Soul  
I was a peasant of the Polish plain;  
I left my plough because the message ran—  
Russia, in danger, needed every man  
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.  
I gave my life for freedom—This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Second Soul  
I was a Tyrolean, a mountaineer;  
I gladly left my mountain home to fight  
Against the brutal, treacherous Muscovite;  
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.  
I gave my life for freedom—This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Third Soul  
I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom.  
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled  
His felon blow at France and at the world;  
Then I went forth to Belgium and my doom.  
I gave my life for freedom—This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fourth Soul  
I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main.  
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes  
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose  
Swift to the call—and died in fair Lorraine.  
I gave my life for freedom—This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fifth Soul  
I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde.  
There came a sudden word of wars declared.  
Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared,  
Asking our aid: I joined the ranks, and died.  
I gave my life for freedom—This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Recently a schoolmaster gave copies of the poem to the children in his class. A girl of fourteen years brought her copy back with this verse added:

I was a soldier of the Prince of Peace,  
"Thou shalt not kill" is writ among his laws.  
So I refused to fight, and for this cause  
Myself was slain. 'Twas thus I gained release.  
I gave my life for freedom—This I know:  
For He for whom I fought has told me so.

### KYLE'S PASSENGERS.

The S.S. Kyle arrived at Port aux Basques at 8 a.m. yesterday with the following passengers: R. J. Webber, C. P. Saunders, Dr. R. A. and Mrs. Brehm, W. P. Hamilton, D. Hamilton, E. Milderberg, Mrs. T. McLoughlin, Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite, E. A. Lough, Mrs. E. Stott, D. C. Deardon, G. W. Grant, S. T. Billings, Miss Rendell, J. S. Hanson, J. P. Chetwynd, P. Carter, M. Baird, R. A. and Mrs. Harris, Miss K. C. McLean, Miss M. McLean.

ing follow the water; this being so it is quite plain that the Commissioners have put the cart before the horse, and laid up difficulties for future Councillors to solve.

This would show that, well meaning as the Commissioners undoubtedly were, they had not a clear conception of what they were about. They took the line of least resistance, a line demanding the least effort, and shunting the difficulties took it easy. It was quite easy to call in an engineer and get him to lay out a plan for a new water service, not much mental effort required for that.

The Commissioners were engaged in the mental exercise of formulating a charter for the city, which by the way is unfinished, after a two years session, and this of course kept them so busy, they had no time for other questions. It may be that we misunderstood the difficulties, but it seems that the work was very slow.

## GLEANINGS OF GONE BY DAYS

June 15

MAGNA CHARTER signed, 1215.

Native Society instituted in St. John's, 1840.

Michael Thorburn born in Scotland, 1846.

Stephen March, M.H.A., and men of H.M.S. Styx, measured the Narrows, with a view to erecting a gigantic arch to welcome the Prince of Wales, 1860.

Shops on Water Street first closed at 6 p.m., 1863.

R. N. Vail left St. John's to reside in New York. Mr. Vail arrived here in the early fifties, and started a small bakery for soft bread, making a little money, he soon embarked in the hard bread business, which, at that time, was supplied from Hamburg.

By turning out a good article, he soon captured the market, and in five or six years made a fortune. 1867.

George Hogsett, criminal lawyer and well-known politician, died, 1869.

Governor McCallum's first public ball, 1899.

Emperor Frederick of Germany died, 1888.

House of Assembly closed; Philip F. Little, George H. Emerson, and Robt. J. Parsons, appointed delegates to Colonial office in the matter of Responsible Gov-

## Fishermen, Notice!

We want to purchase at our stores

3,000 BRLS. CODROES.

The following instructions must be closely followed by all packing Codroes to sell at our stores:

"First put the roes in a tight package in strong pickle for 3 or 4 days, then put them on a clean floor and leave them drain, afterwards salt them dry in bulk and leave them till you are prepared to pack them in flour or pork barrels, then pack these in flour or pork barrels and put a good iron hoop on each chime and securely nail the heads, putting 250 pounds of roes in each barrel and place your name on each barrel either in writing on the barrel or on a ticket."

We won't buy roes after August 1st. Take notice and have your roes all shipped before that date.

F. UNION TRADING CO., Ltd

ernment, 1853.

A Foolish Girl.

Masonic bazaar opened by Governor DeVoex, 1886.

Howley's Geography first sold; price 40 cents, 1876.

Dunscombe's premises. Water of the male member of the family is Street, burnt; loss, \$40,000; 1876. not an ingrained idea with you.

She—If mamma consents to our engagement, we needn't bother what papa says.

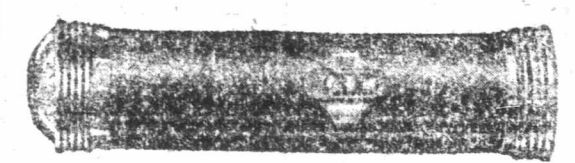
He—I do hope the non-importance of Dunscombe's premises.

## BUY A "BEACON"

And Be Guided Aright.

You can buy one at BLAIR'S.

"BEACON" stands for quality at the lowest price.



BLAIR'S stand for service.

We sell you first a good Electric Light and second a light in Standard Sizes, so that you will have no trouble any time in fitting fresh batteries, wherever you may be.

But you can always get the Good Long Lived Beacon Batteries from us at as low prices as cheaper makers.

And we can always give you Spare Bulbs in the reliable Tungsten makes, for your lamp, at 25c. each.

Also we keep the biggest stock of Electric Flashlights and Fittings in St. John's. Below are our prices for some standard lights:—

Vest Pocket Nickel Lamps, complete, @ 95c. each. Spare Batteries, 35c. each.

Small Nickel Pocket Lamps, complete, @ \$1.10 each. Spare Batteries, 40c. each.

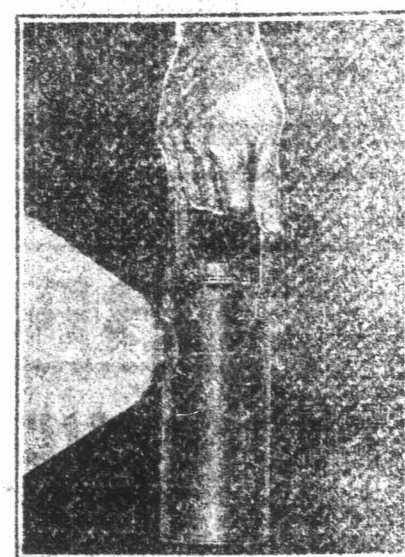
Beautifully finished Nickel Cigarette Holder, Shaped Lamps @ \$1.40 and \$1.50 each. Spare Batteries, 40c. each.

Special Value in a Pocket Lamp @ 75c. each only. Spare Batteries, 30c. each.

This is a fair sized lamp covered with Imitation Leather, and is a Bargain, and while cheap is quite a reliable light.

Special Lamp to take any No. 6 Cell. Price, without Battery, \$1.50 each.

This lamp will stand or can be hung, or carried as a lantern and is the best lamp for a No. 6 Cell obtainable, and with a good make of Cell will give surprisingly long and economical service.



## HENRY BLAIR.

## Reid-Newfoundland Co.

### SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

#### BOWRING PARK.

First Train leaves West End Promenade at 2.15 p.m. and every hour during the evening.

#### KELLIGREWS.

Train leaves St. John's Station at 2.30 p.m., and leaves Kelligrews returning at 8.07 p.m.

#### TORS COVE.

Train leaves St. John's Station at 2.00 p.m., and leaves Tors Cove returning at 7.30 p.m.

(This Train will not stop at Waterford Bridge leaving St. John's.)

## Reid Newfoundland Co.