

## GENERAL NOTICE!

**Martin Hardware Co., Ltd.**

Our Business is being carried on in the Store one door west of our old stand until further notice. We have a shop both in the front and rear; the entrance to rear being through arch.

We have received a complete new stock of general hardware Tools, Guns, Cartridges, Rifles and Ammunition, etc.

The space in our present premises is very limited and will not allow us to display all our goods as previously, therefore we request that enquiry be made for any goods desired in our line.

P.S.—We have still a large stock of goods damaged by Fire which we are selling at low prices to clear.

**Martin Hardware Co., Ltd.**

**Come Up to DEVINE'S  
on the Corner**

**BIG TEN DAYS OPENING SALE.**

See the Men's Shirts at 50c.

75c. Shirt for 50c., Neglige, daintily striped—they're all talking about them.

See the Boots for Men, \$3.00 and \$3.50 regular for \$2.50. Good stuff.

See the Ladies' 4 strap Oxfords with a four dollarish look for \$2.70.

Take a glance at the beautiful Baby Beds. Regular \$20.00. Now \$16.00.

Wall Papers with Borders to match from 20c. up.

Come right along to this great event.

**J.M. Devine**  
THE RIGHT HOUSE  
Corner Water and Adelaide Streets.

**A Between-Seasons  
Suggestion**

We have in stock just a very few exquisite Evening Gowns, one or two actual Paris Models, others exact copies of Paris Gowns. As these are decidedly advance style they will be the correct mode for the Fall Season, and we are selling them off at greatly reduced prices to make room for our large Autumn Stock. Two particularly lovely Gowns are briefly described below.

¶ Gown of Sheer White Lace mounted on fine Brussels net lining. It has the new three tier skirt; Waist and Sleeves of Lace, in soft, graceful draping; Vest caught with tiny crystals; and wide crushed girdle of Pale Blue Satin

¶ Elegant Gown of Black Chiffon over soft White Lace, lined throughout with White Silk; handsome and effective trimming of rich Helio Velvet.

**U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.**

## The Daily Short Story

UNCLE TAKES A HAND

(By Frank Filson)

GEORGE CHAPIN was reading a letter from his married sister as he sat in his bachelor apartment, and he scratched his head in evident perplexity.

"My dear George," his sister wrote, "we are in great trouble about Walter. He has had a terrible quarrel with his father about some dreadful actress whom he says he is engaged to be married to, and Philip—you know how hasty he is—has ordered him out of the house. You know Walter may expect to inherit a comfortable fortune, and it is natural that the woman, Linda Manners, as she calls herself, should want to get her fingers on it. Now, George, you are a man of forty-five, and of ripe experience. She lives in your town. Can't you go to her and find out whether a sufficient inducement would persuade her to leave Walter alone? And don't forget to tell her that if she marries Walter he won't get a penny of his father's fortune."

There was a tap at the door and, as George Chapin put the letter aside, a young man entered. He was a good-looking boy, in his early twenties, and George was uncommonly fond of him.

"Hello, Walter," he said, rising and offering him his hand. "Sit down. So you've been getting into another scrape, eh?"

"Please don't allude to my fiancée, Miss Manners, as a scrape. Uncle George," replied the young man with dignity.

"Well, Walter, we won't quarrel over words. But do you realize that you are up against a serious predicament? How are you going to earn a living if your father disinherits you?"

"Uncle," said the young man impressively, "if once you saw Linda—Miss Manners, I think you'd agree with me that she's worth sacrificing any amount of money for."

"Well, where is she?" his uncle asked.

"At the Lyric theatre," answered his nephew. "Say, uncle, what did mother write you?"

"She wrote me that—Oh, the devil, Walter, I'm no hand at intrigue. Read it," said his uncle, thrusting the letter into the other's hands.

Walter Hampton read it and returned it with a grin. "I can forgive the suggestion," he said, "because I know mother means well. She's just hasty, that's all. But uncle," he continued, catching hold of the other's arm affectionately, "won't you help me? I guess you know what it means to be in love with the sweetest girl in the world. She really doesn't belong to the world at all; she's an angel strayed down out of the skies. She had a talent for acting and an invalid mother to support, and she's as good as—"

George Chapin smiled a little sadly. He knew the well worn description, and the kind of woman, too.

"No, see here, Walter," he said. "First, how much money have you got? Enough to last you two weeks? Good! Now I'll go and see Miss Manners, and if she's all you say I believe, I can square things with your father. He's hasty—infernally hasty; but he's sound at heart, as you know. And if I can't agree with your description of the lady—why, I'll carry out your mother's proposition."

"If you can," said Walter, smiling. "But see here, uncle, I'm going to have a talk with her first."

"My dear nephew," said the other, taking the boy by the shoulder and forcing him into a chair, "there is one condition attached to my offer. You're going up to Escombe on that fishing trip you wrote me about, and you're going to be gone three days and you will neither see nor com-

municate with your inamorata until the time is past. Otherwise I wash my hands of the affair."

"But uncle—"

"The uncle business don't go just now," said George. "We are two hard, shrewd, business-like men of the world. If I can induce Miss Manners to give you the mitten I'm going to do it. If I can't, I'll see you through and win over Paul, or else I'll—I'll support you in idleness for the rest of your days. Come, now don't scowl at your best friend like that. If the lady's what you say, she'll stand by you."

"You promise not to prejudice me in her eyes or to tell her that I want to break off the engagement?" asked Walter.

"All shall be above-board, nephew," answered the other. "You take it from me, I'll do my level best to get to the bottom of the matter. Miss Manners' motives—"

"She is the most unworshipful person in the world. She is incapable of doing anything wrong, of accepting such a bribe. She—"

"Then get out," shouted his uncle, and pushed the young fellow bodily out of the room.

Walter Hampton felt that he had not played altogether a dignified part in submitting to this arrangement. But he knew that his uncle's influence over his hasty, kindly father was great; he knew, too, that once she had withstood the test, as she could not but do, Linda would win his uncle as she had won him. To doubt her was impossible. Consequently it was without any serious misgivings that he went off on his fishing trip, and though the time dragged wearily, he returned to town eager to hear his fiancée's praises from his uncle's lips.

His first surprise was when the door of the spacious apartment was opened by a maid—a new maid in cap and apron, who looked at him inquiringly, as though he had no business there.

"My uncle—Mr. Chapin. Is he at home?" asked Walter.

The maid hesitated. "Yes, sir," she said at length, "but Mrs. Chapin doesn't receive visitors—"

"Mrs. Chapin!" exclaimed the young man. "Who is she?"

"Haven't you heard of Mr. Chapin's marriage, sir?" simpered the maid. "I believe it was very sudden, sir."

Walter pushed past her, ran along the hall, and broke into the reception room without ceremony. A woman rose from a chair—Linda!

Walter did not see the library door open. He rushed toward her. "Linda!" he cried. "You here? You? What does this mean? You're married to my uncle?"

The elder man had come softly up and placed a hand on his shoulder. George Chapin was smiling; his nephew was purple with fury. He flung himself upon his uncle, striking out wildly with his fists, and they fought all over the room, till finally the other got him down, pressed his face into the sofa pillows, twisted his arms, and sat on him.

"Linda, my dear, come here," he said. "Shall I tell this young idiot the truth or will you?"

The girl, who had retreated in fear to the farthest corner of the room, now came forward. There were tears in her eyes, but a smile played about her mouth. "You tell him," she said.

"Then listen, ass," said George Chapin. "Alice Manners—now Mrs. George Chapin—is an old friend who had passed out of my life for years. We had a lovers' quarrel long ago. That's why I've never married. When I found her again I took her right around to the city hall and got a license to marry her and then rushed—her to a minister. That was two days ago. I wasn't taking any more chances. Understand that, lunatic? And from the way your father and I mauled each other when we were boys, to see who should propose to Alice—that is, my wife—I guess he won't have any more objections to your marrying Miss Linda, her daughter."

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aug21,14

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OF THE GERMANS**

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**MANY STORIES OF  
BRUTAL REVENGE**

Savage Deeds Were Entirely Unprovoked and Often Took Inhuman Form

New York, Sept. 15.—A partial list of the alleged German atrocities in Belgium, against which the Belgian King has sent a protest to President Wilson, is made public by Count Louis De Lichterfelde, secretary of the Belgian commission bearing the protest.

At Liensmen when the Germans entered the village, two uniformed gendarmes attacked the Germans, the Count said. "In revenge the village was invaded on the night of August 10. Two farms were destroyed; the crops were destroyed or carried away; six houses were burned, and all the men were compelled to hand over their arms."

"It was found that none had been discharged recently and finally the men were separated into three detachments. Two of the detachments disappeared. A third, consisting of eleven men was driven at the point of the bayonet into a ditch and when they were piled in, the German soldiers set on them and beat their brains out with the butt ends of their rifles. The eleven battered bodies were found later by Belgian troops."

**Murdered Wounded Officer.**  
"On August 12, after the battle of Haelan, Colonel Van Damme, commander of a Belgian regiment was lying wounded on the battlefield. He was unable to move. Several German soldiers found him, and, placing their revolvers against his mouth blew his head off."

"At Boucelles, the German troops went into battle carrying the Belgian flag."

"On August 10 the German cavalry raided the town of Velen while the inhabitants slept. One instance of what they did may be cited in the case of a man named Delhime, whose house was fired and looted. He and his wife were taken from the house half naked. He was dragged away in one direction and she in another. She was released when two miles away and told to run. When she ran the German soldiers fired at her, but she escaped the bullets and staggered back to the sight of her ruined home in a pitiable condition. Her husband was also released and fired upon when he ran. He was found mortally wounded next day on the road outside the town."

Count De Lichterfelde said he had read the statement attributed to the German Emperor, in which it was said that harsh treatment of Belgians was made necessary in some cases because Belgian civilians fired on German soldiers.

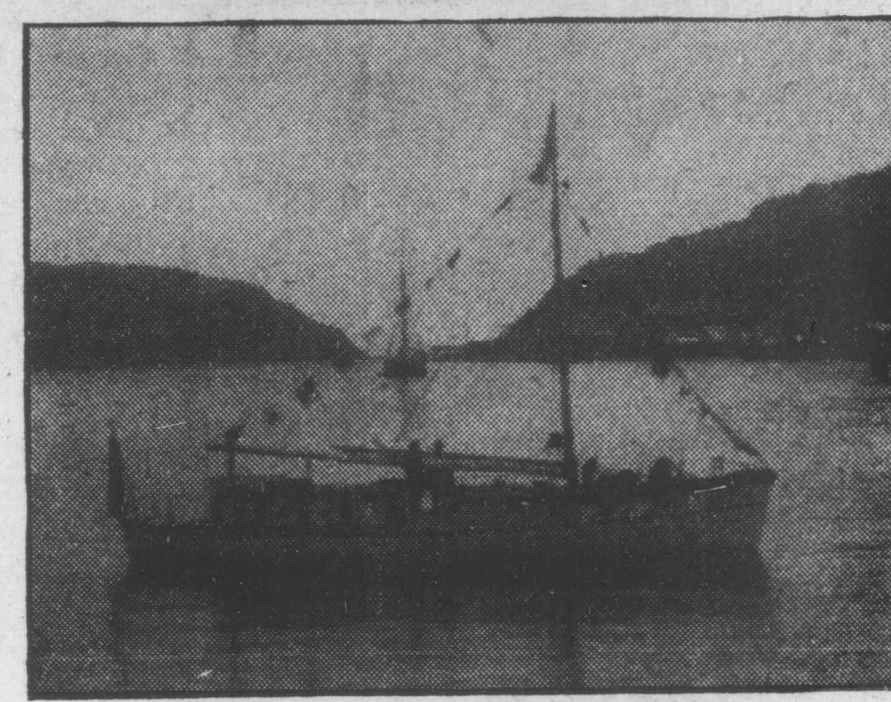
"I do not see how it is possible for a man to lie so," was Count De Lichterfelde's comment.

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(Next door to F.P.U. office.)  
Jan20,14,th,sat



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Motor Boat**

**F.P.U.**

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Boat is fitted with a 27 h.p. Fraser Engine, which has given splendid satisfaction. The boat is 40 feet long and 9 feet wide, and would make an ideal mission boat.

She contains sleeping accommodation for four, and tanks for 250 gallons of fuel. Nineteenth of the fuel consumed by the engine is Kero oil.

The reason for selling is, the boat is not large enough for the purpose she is now used for. The boat cost about \$1800, and is well fitted in every respect. She is provided with sails. She would make a fine boat for collecting bait or for fishery uses. Apply to

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