

To Motor Boat Owners SPECIAL NOTICE!

THE undersigned, who holds Newfoundland Patent No. 209 on COVERS FOR MOTOR BOATS AND OTHER BOATS, is now prepared to license the use of same to fishermen and others requiring it. This covering can be put on a Boat in about two or three minutes and removed in less time. When on Boat no water can enter it, not even rain, except a small space at stern reserved for steersman.

All its attachments are specially adapted so they will not interfere in any way with twine hauling or any other work a boat might be used for. The covering can be made by any Motor Boat owner.

A salesman will be on the road shortly with a model showing how covering is made and worked, from whom a license can be obtained for its use. This man will also visit the Northern Districts soon as navigation opens. For further particulars as to cost, etc., write or call on

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FIGHTERS —FOR THE— FLAG

THE 3RD DRAGOON GUARDS

OUT from the wide roadway of the Mail into London's streets sweeps a resplendent body of men on bay horses, men in scarlet uniforms with yellow facings, and with brass helmets topped by plumes of red and black. As they clatter past with much jingle of accoutrements, the mere spectacle of their appearance is a masterpiece in our minds. "They are the Prince of Wales' Dragoons," those who know will murmur, seeing the Plume of the Prince and the Red Dragoon of Welsh Cadwalla on the banner, or the three feathers that form the special badge of the sergeants. And some others in the crowd will perhaps add: "Yes, they are the Old Carriers," using the nickname the yellow facings have won.

But that is in times of peace, and they have been in the minority in the two hundred and thirty years the regiment has been in existence, seeing service in the world over, taking glorious part in all the Nation's fights. Where there so many deeds worthy of record it is difficult to find one on which to dwell specially, and space is short, but of all the great deeds in which the 3rd Dragoons have shared, perhaps none are greater than that march to Magdala which stands out as one of the wonders of military history. So here the rough outline of the story shall be given, though the 3rd Dragoons were but a part of the force employed, the rest were Indian native soldiers, Sherwood Foresters, The West Riding Regiment, and Engineers.

In the earlier half of the last century, Africa was an unknown continent, almost as much a sealed book to the outer world as it had been in the dark ages. A few missionaries had penetrated its wilds, and in remote corners built churches and founded schools, and one such little band of Catholics had established a monastery in the mountain-heart of Abyssinia.

To that monastery there came a woman fugitive, a woman with a child in her arms. She gave the little lad into the care of the priests, she begged he might be taught all that was good of the white man's knowledge, and she added that though she was poor, so poor that she was almost starving, the child's father came of a race of chiefs, his uncle was even then the governor of three great provinces.

The priests undertook the charge, like the good men they were, and the woman passed out of their ken, leaving her son, little Lij Kassa, behind. Years went by, and he grew amazingly in mind and body, learning with wonderful aptitude all the good fathers could teach him, and developing a wonderfully handsome personality even if judged from a European standpoint. "Black" he was, to use the ordinary term, but in spite of his swarthy skin he had little trace of negro blood. His features were aquiline, his lips no thicker than those of many a white man, and the long black hair framing his face was straight and glossy with no sign of the woolly kink in it.

Realizing his aptitude for study and the winning power of his personality, the priests hoped he would take holy orders and become a powerful preacher of the Gospel in the wilds, but as he left boyhood behind he showed a restlessness of restraint that made some few of the wiser shaker their heads. Whatever his abilities might be—and they were very great—young Lij Kassa was not of the stuff of which priests are made.

He tried to leave the monastery many times but he was always brought back. At length a band of robbers attacked the little settlement, the good fathers were murdered, their holy treasures stolen, and the boy they had befriended disappeared. He had taken the opportunity to escape while the unequal struggle raged, and avoiding the robbers, made his way to the stronghold of his uncle who was still the governor of the three provinces.

The uncle seems to have welcomed his nephew readily enough, and given him a place in his household, where again Lij Kassa made friends and showed his abilities. Then the uncle died, and his sons all fell to quarrelling about the division of his property—a state of affairs Lij Kassa fomented if

he had not actually instigated.

The quarrels among his cousins he turned to his own advantage, one of the three provinces was given into his keeping at once, the second he seized, and showed himself so wise and enlightened a ruler that other states in the vicinity came to him and voluntarily ranged themselves under his banner. At this time he married, and the woman he made his wife was described as his good angel. Certainly so long as she lived he was a wise and enlightened ruler, and a merciful man.

The British—then getting a foothold in Abyssinia—were glad to find a chief of ability and education in power in a savage state, and on his side he welcomed the advances of Queen Victoria's Government. So it happened that a few years after he had escaped from his monastery, Lij Kassa was solemnly crowned Emperor of Ethiopia, abjuring his own name on the day of his coronation, and electing to be known henceforth as the Emperor Theodore the Third.

His rule continued excellent. A historian in writing of him says: "He was generous to excess, free from cupidity, merciful to fallen foes, a faithful and devoted husband. He was also a man of education and intelligence superior to those among whom he lived, with natural talents for governing. He had further a noble bearing and majestic walk, a frame capable of enduring any amount of fatigue, and he is said to have been the best shot, the best runner, and the best horseman in Africa."

It was in 1855 that Theodore ascended the throne, and for twelve years all went well. He was anxious that his subjects should be educated; he encouraged all sorts of European influences, missionaries flourished under his protection and workmen of all kinds, notably engineers and ironworkers, found a ready welcome in his dominions. The British Consul, Mr. Plowden was the Emperor's warm friend, and when he was murdered by some rebels, Theodore showed his grief by a fierce act of retribution, killing two thousand of the offending tribe. It was an outbreak of the underlying savagery of his nature which had been almost forgotten.

Unfortunately the new consul, Captain Cameron, did not find favour with the Emperor, who about that time, his first wife having died, married a second time. The dead wife, the Emperor Tatch, may be called his good angel, there is no doubt her successor the Emperor Terunish, was his evil genius. The marriage was unhappy from the first, and from the day of its celebration Theodore's whole nature seems to have changed. He gave way to drunkenness and debauchery of all kinds, and from being an enlightened ruler an educated man, he sank into brutality and savage vice.

For some reason or other he became violently offended with Captain Cameron, and dismissed him from his Court, sending him back to England with an autograph letter to Her Majesty's Government. Quite what happened to that letter is not known; the usual explanation is that it fell into the hands of a subordinate official who pig-eared it and forgot all about it, but anyhow the Government sent Cameron back to Abyssinia without an answer.

The slight made Theodore furious; he seized Cameron and his two companions, flung them into prison, and made things very unpleasant for the other Europeans who were in his dominions. On learning of this the British Government woke up, made inquiries about the letter, found it, and dispatched an answer by a Mr. Hornum Passam. But when that gentleman reached Abyssinia and requested an audience of the Emperor, Theodore ignored his application and refused to reply. Whatever his faults he seems to have had a certain sense of humour.

A couple of months went on like this, finally Theodore seems to have relented, for he saw Mr. Passam and released all his prisoners, giving them safe conduct to the coast. Glad enough to be out of what had been a very tight corner, they started for safety, but two days later Theodore changed his mind; he sent after them, had them all brought back, heavily chained and consigned to prisons where all the surroundings were of appalling misery. Among these captives were Captain Cameron, the British Consul; his two companions, Lieutenant Prideaux and Doctor Blanc; a Mr. Stern, who had been connected with the consulate for some time, and a Mr. and Mrs. Rosendal, missionaries, with their new-born baby. There were other Europeans there too, workmen and mechanics of all kinds, and those who knew the kind of savagery into which Theo-

dore degenerated in his drunken frenzies, prophesied that only the most hopeless captivity, with perhaps unspeakable torture, awaited these hapless folk.

News of their fate caused something like commotion in England; the tragedy of it all gripped the public imagination, and the horror was increased by the feeling that nothing could be done. Theodore's stronghold lay four hundred miles inland, and the country was impassable to wheeled vehicles. How then could any punitive force be dispatched—much less what hope was there of a rescue-party getting there in time?

To their eternal honour the Government did not shirk the responsibility, but decided to teach the Emperor Theodore a lesson, be the cost what it might. He must learn that not with impunity could he lay violent hands on British men and British women. The flag that waved over their homeland should protect them still.

There was never a campaign undertaken with more honourable motives. We stood to gain nothing in indemnity or lands; we did gain nothing except honour. We fought for the sake of those comparatively poor and friendless folk who were in a savage grip, and we had no thought save the helping of them.

There was no Suez Canal in those days, and thus the journey from England via the Cape was a long one; besides, troops were accustomed to the tropics were needed. Thus it was decided to entrust the campaign to Sir Robert Napier, then in command in India, and it was decided that he should take with him men who were ready to his hand.

His force was not a large one, and was chiefly made up of native infantry, the Punjabis, with one company of the Royal Engineers, two batteries of mountain guns, a naval brigade, some of the West Riding Regiment, a detachment of the Sherwood Foresters, and two squadrons of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, the only British cavalry employed.

They gathered a large company of transport animals including elephants to carry the guns. The country was without roads, and no vehicle of any kind could be used, while as it was almost all hostile, all provisions and stores had to be carried in addition to the munitions.

In these days we can scarcely realize the difficulties which beset that little force, for though less than fifty years have elapsed, those years have seen the opening out of a thousand roads, the invention of a thousand means of transport, which were as unknown to our fathers as they were to the Crusaders. Thus Sir Robert Napier and his handful of men had to penetrate four hundred miles into an unknown country, unable to maintain any communication with their base, or to make other provision for supplementing the stores they carried with them.

Even on the shore the heat was overpowering, and before the journey began the transport animals were suffering torments of thirst. Many of them died of sheer lack of water ere a start was well made, and if the men lived they hardly suffered less.

But to their surprise, they met with little or no opposition on the long march, and even when the heart of Abyssinia was reached their experiences were the same. Theodore did not attempt to give them battle, he simply withdrew into Mawdala, his strongest and most remote fortress, taking his captives and his trained men with him.

Of the sufferings endured during the four dreadful months occupied in the march no pen has ever told in full. The men who bore them set their teeth and went doggedly forward, making no moan. They were not the type to complain at the time, still less did they boast afterwards of what they had done. They bore appalling heat, bad food, torturing thirst, and still went on. They saw their transport animals stagger and die, they knew the dangers and difficulties increased with every forward step yet still they went onwards, their eyes ever towards the burning horizon, their thoughts fixed on that foul prison where their fellow countrymen lay under the shadow of a hideous death.

It had been January when the force had left Mukutto, but it was one April day that the pioneers, breaking through the woodland, came upon a level plain that ended in a beetling precipice, and there, drawing rein, looked across the plain which lay beyond, to see the city of Magdala dark against the sky.

The Dragoons tried to raise a cheer. Their goal was in sight, but their lips were cracked, their

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