

Autumn's Newest Models.

In Ladies' and Gents' Waterproof Coats have just arrived at our store, and they are as fine a selection as we have ever offered to the particular buyer.

The Coats are of high-grade Waterproof Material in tones of Khaki, Olive drab, Green and Grey. They are perfectly tailored and ventilated. This Season's Models. There is a good variety of designs to choose from, in Ladies' Coats particularly. They are obtainable in all sizes.

Get your Fall Waterproof now, while the selection is good, and get it—here.

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.
St. John's.

JUST ARRIVED!

20 Crates Containing 1700 Dozen of Teapots, Cups and Saucers, Tea, Dinner and Toilet Sets Plates Jugs and lots of other Household Utensils.

—AT—

R. CALLAHAN.

Fox Trapping School NOTICE!

Biggest demand for furs the world ever knew. Get out and trap fox. We teach a full course on fox trapping by mail or in your own home. Answer all your questions until you grade in fox trapping. Become a member for five years. Hundreds are learning. Buy all your furs, sell fox skins and supplies.

The only school in the world teaching fox trapping. Drop us a letter or a post card.

Harry Rock,
Fox Trapping School
North Sydney, N.S.
sept 21, 1m

UNEQUALLED VALUE

In Men's and Boys' Clothing

Our aim has always been to give satisfaction.

Merchants who sell our goods report QUICK SALES and SATISFIED CUSTOMERS.

We have now

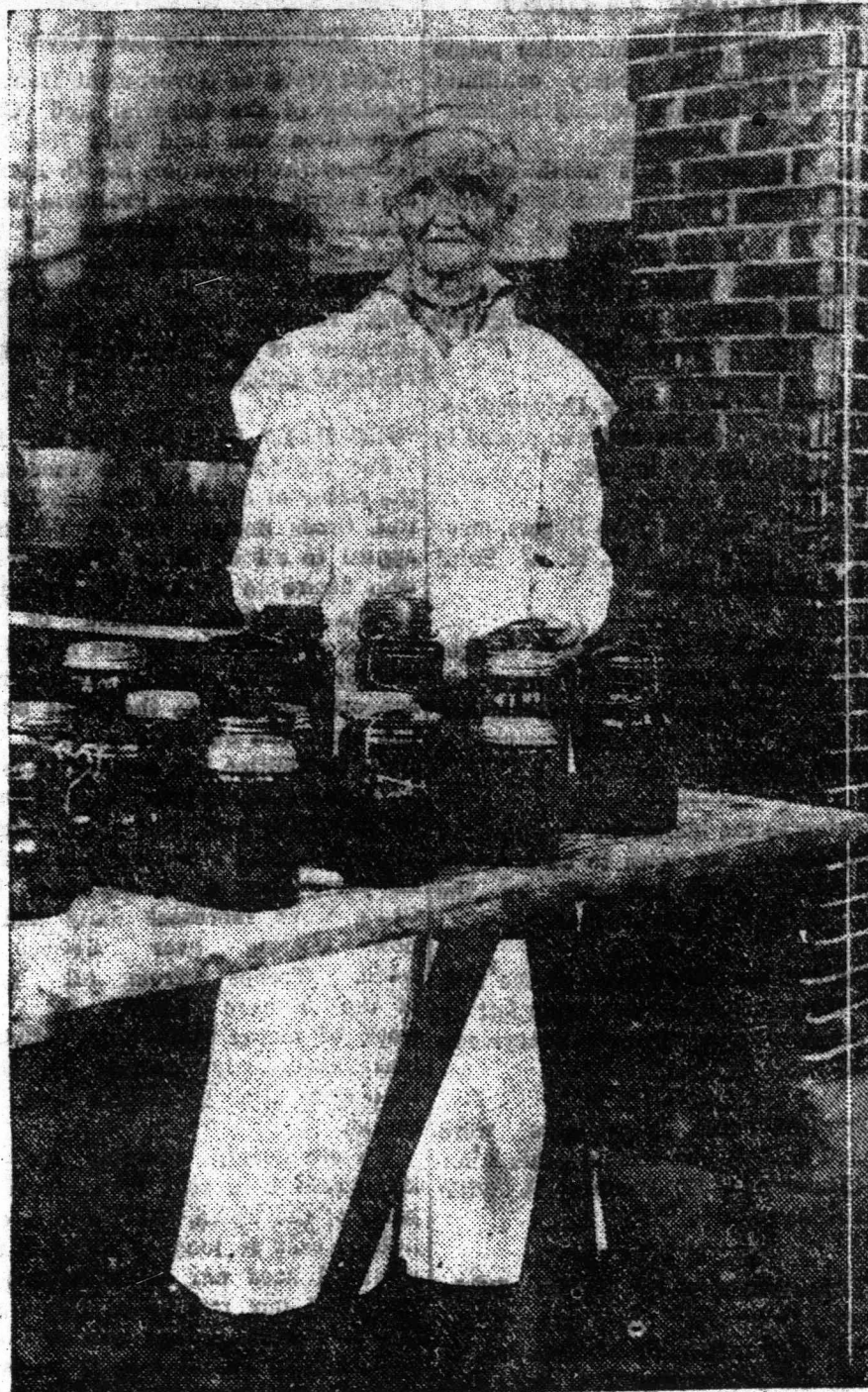
THE FINEST RANGE OF CLOTHING

ever shown in this market.

PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW.

Wholesale only.

Newfoundland Clothing Company Limited.



Mrs. Mary Milligan of Washington, D.C., who on her 76th birthday, canned 31 quarts of string beans for food conservation. She is the widow of a veteran of the war between the states, and remembers food conservation of those days.

Norman Duncan's Last Words Tales of the Labrador.

(The 'Sun,' New York.)
A good sea tale finds enthusiastic welcome among the most hopelessly deskbound inlanders. Norman Duncan wrote good sea tales, so that his death two years ago was a loss to modern fiction. Two recently published volumes, 'Battles Royal Down North' and 'Harbor Tales Down North' contain his final stories.

Norman Duncan was a versatile and talented man, with a varied literary experience. He had served as reporter, copy editor, special writer, and editor of the Saturday supplement of the New York 'Evening Post.' He was for a while assistant professor of English and professor of literature at Washington and Jefferson College, and later adjunct professor of English at the University of Kansas. He was a short story writer of originality and charm, his first sketches, reflecting the life of the Syrian Monthly and in 'McClure's Magazine.' He travelled in various lands as special correspondent for McClure's and Harper's.

It was on his visits to Newfoundland and the coast of Labrador that he gathered material for the best of his work, stories of ice and storm and sea, records of the epic struggles and homely dramas of the fisher folk of the wild north. He was closely associated with Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell and his mission, and described the work done there in various stories, as 'Dr. Luke of the Labrador,' 'Dr. Grenfell's Parish,' and others. Dr. Grenfell writes an appreciation for these last books, expressing his admiration and affection for Norman Duncan.

These two final volumes are interestingly contrasted, yet similar. 'Battles Royal Down North' contains for the most part tales of adventure in the frozen wilderness of land or ice, of strife with the terrible sea and the pitiless cold. The characters are human and real with their sturdy courage, their undaunted acceptance of whatever fate brings to them, their somewhat limited intelligence and their unlimited energy.

The men in these stories are life-size, but not life-size more so. The husky dogs are the most impressive characters in the book, the most coldly terrifying, the most tragically appealing. However much men may suffer in the frozen north, the dog, his slave and pack animal, suffers more. However much man may rebel at the harsh conditions of existence there, the dog rebels still more. And at times, moved by the human cunning and trickery, the animal revolts, turning against their masters and proving enemies most to be feared.

ed the men silently. At first the dogs had hid themselves. The lurking pursuit was significant of a ravenous interest in Rime and Calk. Two of the nine had disappeared; they might have been seized and eaten by the seven in the midst of the gale. . . . The dogs were no longer in servitude. They had been given no work; they had been denied food; they had no longer anything in common with the men. Theirs was the behavior of wolves rather than of dogs.

In another story we see dogs turning against their masters in a critical situation.

'God!' cried Marsh. 'What'll we do now?'

The dogs had the food bag. There was no doubt about it. It was gone. They had the dog meat, too, and were fled—Coal, Whip, Sly—the whole pack. Not a hair of them showing in the snow and dark; nor in the wind that was blowing could anyone be caught to indicate their whereabouts. Smoke was gone with the rest, and it seemed to Tall that he must have known the fate that was in store for him when he had followed the pack. He was a wolf—he knew the customs of the pack in a pass like that. He had practised them with his own teeth and heart—tearing the weak and old to shreds.

Even the boats seem human in these stories; possessing temperaments and individuality. Note the description of Skipper Steve's own craft, the 'Rough and Tumble':

She had more than she could carry. She was obstinate; she was tricky; she was old; she sailed deep and she made sad labor of it—sullen tempered in the pitch and slap of the big seas, blinded by rain and all the while smothered in water and splindriffs. When she went over on her beam ends in a long squall of the wind which pounced on her unaware, when she hung irresolute with a white swirl rising to her hatches; and while she lay in the froth as though sullen and outraged and half-mindful to make an end of her labor there and then in a fit of temper—then it was most fitting time to humor her disposition.

The descriptions of the storms and the snow and the deserts of ice are admirable and realistic.

'Harbor Tales Down North' shows another side of life in Labrador and Newfoundland, the courtships, the weddings, the romance of love. Norman Duncan never married, but he understood the hearts of women pretty well, and while his most impressive women are not in these stories, the women here are lifelike and appealing. We see humor and temper and feminine trickery in the lighter stories of wooing, while there is heartbreak in the sadder tales.

C. OF E. PICNIC AT CHAMPNEYS EAST

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—Please insert the following in your most esteemed paper concerning our C. of E. S. S. picnic at Champneys East. On September 25th we held our annual picnic and a most enjoyable time was spent by old and young. First the teachers and children assembled at the school room at 1 p. m. for our teacher, Mr. R. Ploughman, to get them in order for the parade. On leaving the school we paraded to the Parsonage grounds, where teas were served in the field, and the ladies did their work quite well. Glad to say we had a good time and all appreciated it.

Too much praise cannot be given our teacher, Mr. R. Ploughman, as he did all he could to make the day an enjoyable one, also our S. S. teachers who did their part so well.

Trusting by the time we have our next annual picnic that this terrible war will be over, and all our brave boys will be back to enjoy it, and hoping, Mr. Editor, that we haven't taken too much space, and wishing The Advocate every success,

Yours truly,

M. M. M.

Champneys East,
Sept. 28th, 1918.

LIKES TO GET LOTS OF LETTERS

Hazely Down,
Aug. 18th, 1918.

Dear Mother,—Just a few words to you in answer to your letter I received yesterday. Was more than glad to hear from you; you said you get sick to hear from me. Well, I write you every Sunday. I suppose my letters hadn't reached you when you wrote. I guess you will get them all at one time now. I had a letter from Prince, Estella and Albert yesterday, so I have to answer them today, and I have to write a couple more besides. I am glad grandfather is getting better; I hope he will be able to get around when I come back. You need not worry about me. I am alright and get lots to eat, plenty of fresh meat, green peas, potatoes and duff for dinner almost every day. We don't get much sugar, not as much as we always got, but we can't complain. I don't swear, mother, and I am not wicked, but I am not what you would wish me to be, and what I know myself I should be, but never mind, I may be before I write you again. I go to the Salvation Army every Sunday night. I have a Testament Minnie gave me before I left St. John's. I expect to go to Scotland when I get my draft leave if I can possibly do so at all.

Tell Ellen I am going to write her some time during the week, and Beatrice too. I haven't written Jane yet, but I thought the one letter would do you both. I am going to send her a card in this letter. Remember me to all the children and tell them not to forget their uncle in khaki.

Give my kind regards to Aunt Minnie, Lorrie and Dorcas, and all the friends around. Tell all the girls to write me. I like to get lots of letters. Good-bye.

From your soldier boy.

CHRIS.

(Son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smart of Lethbridge.)

IN LOVING MEMORY OF PTE. JASPER MERCER

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—Please allow me space in your much esteemed paper to make a few remarks concerning one of our brave lads who died in the General Hospital. The disease he suffered from was that dreadful Consumption, and an attack of pneumonia. He leaves to mourn a father, mother, two sisters, three brothers, one brother now in England.

He was laid to rest in the Methodist Cemetery on August 22nd.

Rest Jasper, rest, thy warfare o'er,

Sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

Dream of battle field no more,

Days of danger, nights of weeping.

Dearest Jasper thou hast left us,

Left a world of pain and care.

Gone to Heaven to be an angel
And a Crown of glory wear.

Dearest Jasper thou hast left us
Left us for that land of bliss,
Back to earth we would not call thee
For we know thou art at rest.

Dearest Jasper thou hast left us
And our loss we deeply feel.
But the Saviour who dost love us
He will all our sorrows heal.

Gentle Jasper, loving Jasper,
Sainted Jasper, fond and true
Resting now in peace with Jesus,
Loving hearts remember you.

TWO COUSINS.

Port Albert.

The wise business man advertises in the newspaper that reaches the greatest number of readers. Just try an ad in THE ADVOCATE.

This is a Foot Comfort Station

as well as a store where greatest values, latest styles and most perfectly fitted shoes are sold. We not only fit shoes to feet but we

Make Feet Fit

for the enjoyment of life by correcting all foot troubles through the methods of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the famous foot authority.

There is a **Dr. Scholl**

Appliance or Remedy for Every Foot Trouble

Your feet should be perfectly comfortable. If they are not, we can show you how to make them so, no matter how simple or serious the trouble is—a mere corn or a pronounced flat foot. Find out about it.

"Watch Your Feet"
And Come To

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.
THE SHOEMEN.

ENLARGEMENTS MADE FROM ANY PHOTOGRAPH.

at the Studio of

S. H. Parsons & Sons,
PHOTOGRAPHERS

Corner Water & Prescott Sts.
St. John's. : P. O. Box 787.

If you are not satisfied with the Enlargements you have, give us a call, we will do our best for you.
Pictures Framed. A large stock of Moulding always on hand.

Tell Your Friends

To Come to our Store and take part in the **Big Cutlery Sale** WHICH IS NOW ON.

Our sale consists of everything in the Cutlery Line and at prices much below pre-war Times.

See Our East Window!

Come in and see for yourself what bargains we can offer you.

Martin Royal Stores Hardware Co.