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No Hatred Existed Between The Australians and Turks

Official Eye-Witness Tells of Heroic Deed of One of Their Enemy in Trying to Find Out if Troops Were Leaving--The Iron Crescent--Courtesies and Souvenirs Exchanged Between the Lines.

SYDNEY, Australia, Feb. 1. (Correspondence of the Associated Press)

Some interesting incidents of the last days of the Allied operations on the Gallipoli peninsula are reported in delayed correspondence from the Official Press Representative with the Australian Forces at the Dardanelles. He tells of the daring manner in which the Turks sought to learn the extent of the withdrawal of the Allied forces, and he pays tribute to the Turk as an enemy.

"Four days ago," he writes from Anzac without date, "just as the first light began to dawn into a bitter wintry dawn at seven o'clock in the morning the Australian sentries as they blew their bugles and sounded the parades at Quinn's Post saw about thirty Turks creeping up from beyond the hummocks of broken earth which separated our front trench from that of the Turks. Their heads appeared about fifteen yards away. Twenty-six of them--or thereabouts--were crawling down into a small depression between the trenches where for the moment they were hidden from this part of the line. But the other four came boldly across straight to the centre of Quinn's trenches. For a particular reason our men let them come. They walked straight up to the slanting wire netting screen set on sloping framework which protects our trench from their bombs--the Turks have just such another fifteen or twenty yards away--caught hold of it in their hands and pulled two short lengths of it down. They threw in half a dozen bombs--there was a scatter to each side amongst our men in the trenches; and then into the trench jumped the leading Turk.

"He had a rifle in his hand with bayonet fixed. He landed on his feet, turned to his right and strode down the trench. Four men were leaning against the wall of trench wounded by the bombs. He pushed past them and straight into the dark mouth of our bombproof--that is to say a section of trench with a tight roof of earth and beams overhead. As he strode into the darkness, just in the mouth of it, a sergeant met him. The sergeant was coming the other way, also with his bayonet. The two faced one another in the narrow way. They parried, and guarded past. The Turk seized the sergeant's bayonet and the sergeant wrenched it away. But by this time an unwounded Australian was coming up the trench from behind the Turk. That sealed the man's fate. He was bayoneted from behind and before at the same moment and a shot from a third man also hit him. He fell dead on the narrow floor of trench. His comrades had run away--I believe they scattered in front of our bombs.

"On the breast of the brave man who lay there dead in the bottom of the trench, our men noticed a little strip of bright color. It was a couple of inches of ribbon twisted through his buttonhole--a bright cherry-colored ribbon with a narrow white stripe near either edge of it. It was redder with his blood, but there was no mistaking its identity.

The Iron Crescent

"It was the ribbon of the Iron Crescent. It is the first time anyone here has seen it. The Turks have instituted--or the Germans have instituted for them--a decoration or the pattern of the German Iron Cross; except that in the Turkish order the ribbon is red instead of black, and the medal is a crescent instead of a cross. This was the first Turk we have come across who had gained one. He was clearly chosen to lead this exceptionally daring reconnaissance on account of the bravery which won him the cross on some former occasion. And the deed which he performed on this occasion was as brave as any could do. The Turks, who are quite as well aware of any difficulties, that there may be in our position here during the winter as we are ourselves, and who have read all the discussions in Parliament and the London papers as to whether we should hold on here or leave the peninsula, have for the past two weeks been constantly feeling at night to see whether our trenches were any less strongly held. They have tried all along the line--and the place where they tried first, with one exception, was Quinn's. Obviously to lead the attempt on so deadly a post as Quinn's they chose this brave man--it is said that at one time the Turks had to offer no commission--think to every man who went into the Turkish Quinn's trench

or, this man did.

Turks Are Brave Fighters

"The people who have seen that little strip of red ribbon and who have seen the sort of deed that gained it--that is to say the only people whose opinion on the subject is worth anything--do not laugh at the Iron Crescent any more than they would at the grave of General Gordon or Joan of Arc. The war is no more likely to be won by our sneering at Iron Crescents than by the Germans making fun of Victoria Crosses; the great deed that has been done is not in the least altered by the fact that some people are too ignorant to recognize it or respect it. There is a foolish type of criticism which seems to wonder whether we can fight the Turks as well as we otherwise should when the troops in the peninsula do not hate them. One might ask these people how much better they expect us to fight anyway. But it is sufficient to wonder since when has it been impossible for the British race to fight an enemy if it respects him.

"For very assuredly the same incapacity, in that case, must affect the Turks as well as the Australians and New Zealanders. Some curious incidents which happened a few weeks ago help to prove this.

"I think the Turks were celebrating either a fast or a feast. Anyway, near daybreak one mornin, there came out of their trenches at Quinn's packet tied to a string, thrown so that it lobbed near our parapet and lay outside between the trenches. Of course our sentries waited for it to explode or fizzle or burst into smoke or for some such deviltry. The sergeant near it looked at it very carefully through a periscope. While he was looking Turkish hands must have come up and waved and then a cautious head, a head on our side went up and gradually a line of heads on each parapet and before the sergeant knew what was happening the man next to him had climbed up on the parapet and stepped around the netting and into the deadly area between the trenches, and was bringing back the packet.

Some Cigarettes

"It was a small packet of cigarettes. And in it scrawled in indelible pencil and in badly spelt French were the words 'A Notre Herox ennemis.' 'Of our heroic enemies.'

"Of course some return had to be made, and so our men threw over a tin or two of bully beef. Presently back flew a piece of paper wrapped around a stone. It read, 'Bully Beef Non.' After that we threw some sweet biscuits and a tin of jam. Other cigarettes came back. I have seen some of them. They had on them in the same pencilled writing, 'Notre cher ennemi' or 'Femez--probably meant for prenez--avec plaisir,' that is to our dear enemy--take with pleasure,' another reads, 'Envoyez milk,' 'Send us milk.' Then one of them waved down with his hands and shouted 'Fin!' and our men waved back and down gradually went the two lines of smiling heads, and after a pause of a minute or two, the bombs began to fly again. They had begun at half past eight and they lasted till about a quarter past nine.

No Hatred

"The same courtesies repeated themselves next morning--an officer of ours was on the parapet for a short time, and the Turks, I believe, sent a message to say that they were sorry they had not the best brand of cigarettes, but they hoped the ones they sent would be accepted. They also asked us, not for food but for souvenirs. Our men threw over a pen knife. Our officer picked up a package which turned out to be a bomb, and for a moment there was just a suspicion of treachery--but it was found to be a bomb wrapped as the Turks do wrap their bombs, in flannel and with a faulty fuse--a relic of some previous fight. The courtesies continued and ended as before. They were not repeated because they were going rather far.

"They were some of our newer Australian soldiers--Seventeenth Infantry--and that is how they regard the Turk and the Turk regards them. The most pathetic evidence that I have heard of is a little irregular wooden cross found in the scrub, just two splinters of biscuit box tacked together with the inscription, 'Here lies a Turk.' Poor Abdul would probably turn in his grave if his ghost could

see that rough cross above him. But he need not take it ill if he but knew. It was put there in all sincerity. Some Australians found him and buried him exactly as we would bury one of our own men--with that last little homage to make the resting place of a brave man fighting for his country.

A Few Facts About Diamonds

What the diamond buyer wants in a diamond is brilliancy, and yet every one has noted the difference in the brightness of different diamonds, even though he could not explain the cause.

The uncut diamond has little if any brilliancy. It would hardly be recognized as a diamond by the layman. It is a dull bit of crystallized carbon, and the brilliancy of the stone is brought out only when it is properly cut. If the diamond be of any considerable size it is first "cleaved," or split along the grain. Every diamond has a grain, like a bit of wood. From the hand of the expert cleaver the diamond goes to the cutter, who studies the stone to see how it can be cut to the greatest advantage with least possible loss, and the greatest possible brilliancy. If it be in any way possible the cutter tries to cut a full brilliant, with 58 sides or facets. The American cutters have tried to cut brilliants with 88 facets, and have made some very brilliant stones, but 80 facets is the maximum now aimed at even in America.

The flat top of the diamond is called the table, and in the American cut stones this is reduced to a low point. The real purpose of all the cutting and shaping is to get as much brilliancy as possible, and this means the breaking up of the light into as many rays as possible. In the dark the diamond does not shine, for it is only the rays of light, caught by the diamond's many facets, which give it brilliancy. Just because of this the color of the diamond is very important, as well as its purity and lack of flaws. The most brilliant diamond is the absolutely flawless, pure white stone, one free from any tinge of color whatever. This is extremely rare, for diamonds are found of all shades from dark brown, almost black, to steel-gray, blue and yellow. The "fancy" stone, that is the diamond of a pronounced shade, may be bought as a curiosity, but it is never so brilliant as the pure white stone, which refracts the light from every facet. When one stops to think that the brilliant is cut into so many sides, even 80 or 88, he can imagine how the light is broken up, no matter from which side it comes.

The cutter has much to do with enhancing the brilliancy of a stone. If he should cut the edges too thick or leave a nick on an edge, the light could not properly pass through the stone. The exact figuring of how best to cut a diamond is a very intricate mathematical problem. The tendency of late has been to present 64 facets, if possible, 32 above the girdle and 32 below it. This is possible only when the stone is absolutely symmetrical, or can be cut without losing too much in weight.

Carson Makes 12-Day Speech in Big Appeal Case

LONDON, Feb. 6.--When Sir Ed. Carson concluded his twelve-day speech in the appeal case of little "Teddy" Slingsby, whose heritage to \$1,000,000 in landed estates is assailed on the ground that he is a changeling, it was the opinion to-day in court that the judges had already made up their minds upon the decision they will render. It is believed the judgment of the lower court will not be reversed, but that a compromise by ordering a retrial of the original suit will be the outcome.

Kendal Atkinson, counsel for the defense, will now begin his reply to the Carson speech.

The physician who attended Mrs. Slingsby at the birth of the child in San Francisco was Dr. W. W. Frazer. It is claimed that the child was still-born and that the child of a Mrs. Anderson was substituted. In the previous testimony it was said that just before the birth of "Teddy" there was a dash for the doctor just around the corner. To-day a map of San Francisco was introduced to show that Dr. Frazer's surgery really was two or three miles away.

Dr. Frazer himself was the subject of an investigation, having been accused of altering the birth certificate after the alleged substitution. Mrs. Slingsby, at the time of the birth, it was alleged by the appellants, was much disappointed when she was told that her child was dead, as it was expected to be heir to the fortune.

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