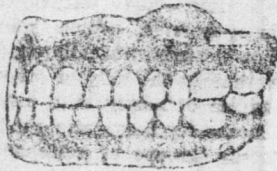


I. W. A. Have Big Increase In Members.

President Bennett presided at last night's meeting of the Newfoundland Industrial Workers' Association, held in the L. S. P. U. Hall. Upwards of four hundred people, including many visitors, were present. Over seventy new members signed the roll, which makes a total membership of 475. The Registration Committee reported and were given power to continue their work in conjunction with the General Committee in revising the Constitution. The delegation that called on the Premier on Thursday night handed in their report, which was conveyed to the meeting. The Premier had expressed his sympathy with the request of the Association to the effect that a Board of Food Control be appointed, and the Government had the matter under consideration. The taking back of excess profits made on account of the war would also be considered. He had not received a communication from the flour dealers on the Food Control question. Should no answer be received by next night of meeting the Association will adopt other measures to have their decision on Food Control carried into effect. The coal list was opened and members present gave orders for two-thirds of the cargo arranged for. They will hand in a deposit on next Friday night and pay the balance when the ship arrives. The Workmen's Compensation Act was also discussed and many cases where it was evaded were spoken of.

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BY CARL ED



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SKIPPER Kerosene Oil is dependable under any weather conditions—because it is clean, powerful and uniform.

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Every drop the same—every drop pure power. Better for Newfoundland climate than any other. Clean burning and non-carbonizing. Keeps your carburetor contented, and costs less by the mile or by the year.

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Stirring Drama of an Attack.

I already referred to the fact that I was permitted to witness one of these engagements, beginning with the tuning up of the heavy guns until after the infantry had advanced—in this case up a steep hillside—and captured the positions. As a drama it was the most superb I ever witnessed. On the opposite hillside, probably two miles distant, I stood with the general commanding the army corps who was conducting the operations. It was about 3 o'clock on a cloudy afternoon. I took a position sprawling on a grass patch at the top, with my back against a bush blending in color tone with my clothing, and got my glasses carefully adjusted for the performance about to begin. Although it was cloudy there was no haze, and the absence of sunshine made everything stand out more clearly.

The hillside dropped straight before us, and then, stretching away, was a great panorama of wooded valleys, meadows, a winding river, and a steep rise of a bare shell-marked slope opposed. In the centre of the slope was the remnant of a town, but only a remnant. All we could make out was a few piles of stones against the red earth. Near the top of the hill ran a darkish line that marked the French trenches, and beyond, over the crest, were the Germans. In the valley at our feet, in the woods and meadows, were French cannon—but we could see none of them, all were so carefully concealed. Immediately overhead were a couple of large observation balloons, one attached by ropes to an automobile that guided it from a road on the side of our hill, the second guided from a boat in the

river. All about circled airplanes, both observation machines and aviators de chasse. There were at least a dozen, some keeping near the balloons and others swooping high and low over the German lines on the hill opposite.

There was a constant boom of cannon that in connection with the cloudiness of the day seemed more like the rolling of thunder than artillery—especially as the wind was away from us. We could not hear the sound of the shells leaving the guns until the reports first detonated across the valley. But we could constantly see the bursts of smoke where the shells were exploding beyond the crest.

The German reply was comparatively feeble. Only a few times did we notice any explosions in the meadows below, and not once anywhere near our observatory.

After the Overture, Then Business. But this thunder of guns was only a minor overture. The general explained that the real performance was scheduled to begin at exactly 3.30 p.m. I asked how long it would last, and his laconic reply was: "Until we take their positions."

It is estimated that in that comparatively small sector of the contemplated attack—it was not more than a couple of miles in breadth—there were seven to eight hundred guns, but for this preliminary attack probably not more than 300 were in action. The remainder, reserved for the signal of infantry advance, would then turn on a barrage fire, so hot that the Germans could not bring up reinforcements.

The artillery had been pouring ex-

plosives into those German positions for several days, it was explained to me. Already they were all pretty badly demolished. It was not considered that the infantry would have much trouble—except from concealed machine guns. That was what the Germans evidently knew what was coming, but I wondered, nevertheless, at the lightness of their artillery reply.

The day became darker, so dark, in fact, that down at our feet we could see bright flashes from the nearest guns. The general commanding the brigade leaned carelessly against a tree near me, holding a watch in his hand. I looked at my watch. It was 3.25. There were at least a dozen staff officers gathered about us, all with an air of tense expectancy, and every one kept looking at his watch, counting off the minutes, but still there seemed no perceptible increase in the artillery fire.

I was fascinated by my watch as it ticked round to that fatal 3.30. At the very tick of the second a blast of fire went up that shook the hill we were sitting on. Those 500 remaining guns must all have been fired simultaneously, and then on until the end of the performance there was one continual awful roar of explosive. The hillside opposite, which we could see so clearly a whole minute before, was now completely blotted out in a vast roll of heavy smoke. Even with the glasses we could distinguish absolutely nothing.

I looked down into the valley and the sparks of guns were so bright and fast I could not count them. The meadows and woods seemed alive with guns, distinguished only by rapid, short flashes of flame. I fixed my glasses on just one little portion of the open field and tried to count the flashes, but gave it up as quite impossible. There were too many flashes from different portions of the field at the same second. It looked as though the field were suddenly alive with a swarm of fireflies—that fire was the winking of the guns as they sent out their shells.

All in Motion at the Signal. I glanced overhead. Simultaneously with the signal of attack both balloons sailed majestically forward until they now hung out before us over the valley, guided by the ropes that attached them to the automobile and the river boat. The feet of airplanes, doubled in number, still circled about them and now swooped low over the German positions to report back how the infantry was getting on.

I looked across at the hillside. Just at the crest I could see three rockets going up. The officer explained that it was the infantry's signal to the artillery men, asking them to place shells just in advance of that spot. At another point on the crest three more rockets appeared, then three more still further on.

Through that impenetrable bank of heavy smoke I tried to visualize the companies of infantry going up to the crest, meeting the enemy, hurling hand grenades, and using bayonets, finding fierce resistance where the machine guns were hidden, and then sending up their rockets to show their gunners behind just where to send them aid. And I noticed that wherever the signal rockets went up almost immediately after there would come a great spurt of black smoke.

It seemed as though I had been on the hillside for hours, but it was only twenty minutes later when an officer remarked that the attack seemed about over, and at the same instant I noticed that the artillery fire had perceptibly lulled. He said it would be several hours before a complete report was in hand, showing exactly what had happened, and how many prisoners had been taken. I wanted to go forward, but that was not possible, on account of the probability of a German counter attack. In fact, there was an unsuccessful counter attack that same night.

The details of the affair were in the official communique next afternoon. It was characterized as a small engagement, but of great importance. There had been about 500 prisoners taken and many Germans were reported dead.

It was possible to go forward only late the following afternoon, not to lines which even then were too unsafe, but behind them through the forest from which the Germans had been driven.

It was a strange, unforgettable sight. The entire forest bed was of long, slender green leaves and tiny white flowers, lilies of the valley. Resting on a bed of green leaves, as far as one could see, were the bodies of German soldiers. A strange, compelling and arresting odor filled the air, an odor indescribably sweet and unacceptably horrible. It was a combination of the lilies of the valley and the dead.—N. Y. Times.

Fashions and Fads.

Plaids still appear at the sides of chemise dresses. Kiddies are wearing rompers and overalls for play.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES BURNS, ETC.

SUNLIGHT SOAP



The CLEANEST fighter in the World—the British Tommy.

THE British Soldier is used to having the best. His whole equipment, from his service cap down to his boots, is the best which the British Government can procure. So, too, when he buys soap, he buys the best—SUNLIGHT SOAP. He knows that it is the speediest and most effective in action. He knows that he could not obtain the same results with cheaper soaps, just as he could not obtain the same results with a cheaper rifle, a cheaper bayonet, or a cheaper pair of boots.

£1,000 GUARANTEE OF PURITY ON EVERY BAR.

The name Lever on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

LEVER BROTHERS LTD., PORT SUNLIGHT.

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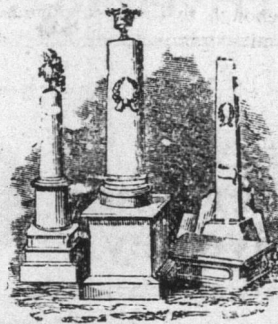


However grim the prospect is, when battle steels are being let's buckle down and stick to biz, and do all kinds of haying. Whenever I go down the street a lot of jays come to me, and paw the ground with restless feet, and make predictions gloomy. They talk of panic and of want, of famine and starvation, and say our banner soon will flaunt above a ruined nation. I hate to hear them sigh and moan, I hate their dismal sally, I take each by his collarbone and push him down an alley. I hate the man who makes parade of all his doleful dreaming, I like to break his shoulderblade, regardless of his screaming. I do my work from day to day, I hustle like the dickens, I give the hogs their luscious whey, and feed the hornless chickens. The morning's milk I deftly skim, I work the chums and wringers, I teach my groving ducks to swim, and give the bees new stingers. I am so busy cutting hair from golden rolls of butter, I haven't time to paw the air or mope around and mutter. We'll whip the foe, without a doubt, our arms will be the victor, and I detest the grouchy scout—I do, doggone his picture.

NO EXCESSIVE WAR PROFITS.—When you order your suit from us you are assured of a square deal and full value for your money. A fine, serviceable suit in Serge or Tweed from \$28 to \$32, and an extra value Serge at \$35. SPURRELL BROS., 365 Water St.—junel, eod, tf

Very deep linen cuffs are trimmed with buttons. A simple serge frock is edged all around with half-inch gold braid. In buying split peas always select those that have their skins removed.

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N.B.—Superior carvings and durable lettering, combined with long experience, gives us the superiority. Genuine stone frost-proof sockets are supplied free with each order.

REASONABLE PRICES AND A SQUARE DEAL. apr12, 5m, tu, th, s

Land of Evangeline Pure Apple Cyder.

Is the pure juice of the choice Annapolis Valley Apples, manufactured and refined under the English process. It is guaranteed to keep sweet and clear and will not ferment or become sour.

BAIRD & CO., Wholesale Distributors.

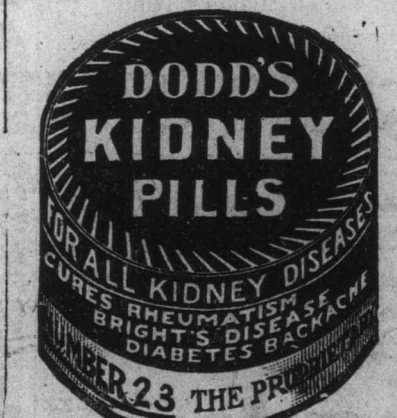
Household Notes.

It is both wasteful and unsatisfactory to use butter for greasing pans. Use a funnel for filling hot-water bottles, and the bottles will last longer. A lot of floor scrubbing may be saved by having the kitchen floor painted. Keep talcum powder in the sewing room to use on the hands if they become sticky. Add a little vinegar to the water in which you boil fish. It will hold together better. By planning meals ahead, the housewife can save herself a lot of fuss and worry. Stewed tomatoes are rendered much more savory by being cooked with a little onion.

If you plant honeysuckle, remember that it takes all the nourishment from everything else. The most digestible forms of fat are olive oil, butter and cream. Rice has much more energy-building material than potatoes. Ice cream always improves by being allowed to stand and ripen.

Japanese towelings makes pretty cushions for window seats and chairs. Every household should possess a linen closet with shelves and drawers. Have good light always in the kitchen and keep the room well aired.

Never go to bed with cold feet—rub them or use a hot-water bottle.



Here and There.

ADVENTIST. — Subject: "Obedience." All welcome. Evangelist D. J. C. Barrett.

Fresh Smoked Haddies, 12c per lb., at ELLIS'S.

NEW STEAM ROLLER.—The new steam roller for the city streets, which arrived a few days ago, is now being put together in the East End.

Stafford's Essence of Ginger Wine only 15c. bottle.—may1, tf

DID POORLY.—Owing to the heavy sea and quick running tide trap fishermen from Cape Spear to Cape St. Francis did poorly with the cod.

Galvanized and Black Sheet Iron to be had at BOWRING BROS., Ltd., Hardware Dept.—may25, eod, tf

WILL ARRIVE THIS AFTERNOON.—The returning soldiers under Capt. H. Ross are due to arrive in the city by the express at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

DIPHTHERIA ON THE SOUTH SIDE.—A little girl suffering from diphtheria was removed from her home, South Side, to the hospital last evening.

Fishing Rods, Trout Lines, Baskets, Wading Stockings, Fly and Bait Hooks, to be had at BOWRING BROS., Ltd., Hardware Dept.—may25, eod, tf

FOR MEDICAL TREATMENT.—Royal Naval Reservist Hayward, of Quidi Vidi Road, a returned veteran, was removed to the hospital yesterday for medical treatment. Hayward was once before a patient of the institution.

WRENCH SHORE FISHERY A BLANK.—The Earl of Devon, which arrived from White Bay recently, reports the fishery a blank along the French Shore. In some places not enough fish for daily consumption has been caught.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"