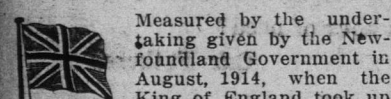


The Evening Telegram.

W. J. HERDER, Proprietor --- W. F. LLOYD, Editor

St. John's, Saturday, March 18th, 1916.

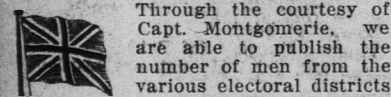
The Call for Men and the Response.



Measured by the undertaking given by the Newfoundland Government in August, 1914, when the King of England took up the gauntlet thrown down by the Kaiser in invading Belgium, Newfoundland has lived up to her pledge. The Government promised to bring the Naval Reserve up to a thousand men and keep it at that. Five hundred and eighteen (518) naval reserve men, who had been in training before the declaration of war, answered the call of the King, made by Royal Proclamation. Since that time 819 recruits have volunteered and been accepted up to Saturday last. Last week was a good week as eleven men joined. Excluding the number of men who have been discharged on completion of engagement, men invalided and lost in action, the strength of the Newfoundland Naval Reserve to date is 1,110. In regard to the Army, the Government, first promised to furnish 500 men. The response of the young men of the country was so satisfactory that they were able to undertake the formation of a full battalion and afterwards to form a reinforcing battalion. This has already been done and 2,017 men of the much larger number who offered themselves passed the regimental medical examination and had been added to the strength by the end of February. The Government has now undertaken the formation of another battalion and the reserves necessary to keep it at full strength. This work is proceeding satisfactorily, and there is every prospect of the battalion being organized within a reasonable time. Today, however, we are dealing with the response that has been made in the various districts. The figures we give for the Newfoundland Regiment are up to Feb. 29th, 1916, and for the Naval Reserve up to March 11th.

	Navy.	Army.	Total
St. John's	246	1029	1275
Trinity	322	142	464
Bonavista	160	108	268
Twillingate	55	182	237
St. George's	89	97	186
Harbor Grace	107	57	164
Placentia and St. Mary's	97	67	164
St. Barbe	322	142	464
Harbor Main	52	53	105
Port de Grave	73	31	104
Pogo	41	42	83
Burin	18	49	67
Fortune Bay	18	29	47
Carbonear	25	13	38
Burgeo	12	24	36
Ferryland	14	21	35
Bay de Verde	10	21	31

The Lesson of the Figures.

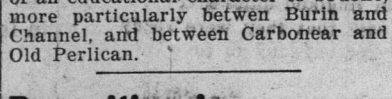


Through the courtesy of Capt. Montgomery, we are able to publish the number of men from the various electoral districts who have volunteered for the Newfoundland Regiment and have been accepted after medical examination at headquarters. The figures are as follows:

St. John's	1029
Trinity	142
Bonavista	108
Twillingate	182
St. George's	97
Placentia and St. Mary's	67
Harbor Grace	57
Harbor Main	53
Burin	49
Pogo	42
St. Barbe	142
Port de Grave	31
Fortune Bay	29
Burgeo	24
Ferryland	21
Bay de Verde	21
Carbonear	13
Labrador	12

The outstanding feature of these figures is the number of volunteers from St. John's. The contribution from St. John's is far above the relative proportion by population and the lesson to be drawn from it is that men responded according to their opportunities of realizing their duty. The headquarters of the Regiment is at St. John's. Men in khaki are constantly about the streets. Newspapers are constantly calling attention to the war and the needs of the Empire. Pulpits are more numerous. Posters are on the walls. Public meetings, societies and working parties are constantly reminding young men of their duty, and last but not least, important of all four well organized brigades have "instilled" young men with a spirit of discipline and duty. That is the lesson which the Recruiting Committee must take to heart and bring to bear in working up recruiting. We are not in a position as yet to publish exact figures of the number of young men who have served in the Navy since the outbreak of the war. But we know sufficient to state that St. John's leads slightly in the Navy, and Trinity Bay comes next, with a material lead over other districts. Bonavista comes next, Harbor Grace, Placentia, St. George's, St. Barbe, and Port de Grave follow in order. Twillingate like St. John's District seems to prefer the army to the navy. While the men of Trinity Bay, Bonavista, Harbor Grace, Placentia Bay, St. Barbe's and Port de Grave have sent far more to the navy than to the army. Another feature of the figures is that in general, a district which has responded poorly to the army has responded poorly to the navy. This emphasizes strongly the lesson we have drawn from the army figures. It is a matter of giving men an opportunity of knowing their duty. Where they

Recruiting in Electoral Districts.



have had better opportunities of learning their duty they responded better, and where the opportunities are fewer the response is less. It is clear there is much recruiting work of an educational character to be done, more particularly between Burin and Channel, and between Carbonear and Old Perlican.

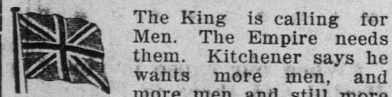
The table of the number of men who have joined the Naval Reserve or the Regiment which we published yesterday, gives the figures according to electoral districts, but these districts vary very considerably in population. At the last census, in 1911, Carbonear had a population of 5,114, as against St. John's 45,685. It is clear that we must take the size of the population into account when considering the number of men who have enlisted in the army or navy from these districts. In order to find out how the districts have done in relation to one another we have divided the population according to last census by the number of men now serving the King in the Newfoundland sea and land forces. This gives us an average of the number of people in each district it takes to provide one soldier or sailor for the King.

	Elec. Districts	Fighter	People
St. John's	One out of 86		
Trinity Bay	One out of 59		
St. George's	One out of 63		
Port de Grave	One out of 67		
Har. Grace	One out of 72		
Bonavista Bay	One out of 85		
St. Barbe	One out of 88		
Har. Main	One out of 90		
Twillingate	One out of 95		
Placentia and Saint			

Mary's	One out of 93
Foro	One out of 99
Carbonear	One out of 124
Ferryland	One out of 165
Burin	One out of 176
Fortune Bay	One out of 212
Burgeo & LaPoile	One out of 216
Bay de Verde	One out of 329

This table of honorable precedence emphasizes as we have many times mentioned the need of bringing before the young men of the different districts a knowledge of their duty. The need is greater in some districts than in others. Where recruiting is low, we believe the opportunities of learning and knowing their duties to King and Country are lacking and the distribution of recruiting numbers of the daily papers is to bring home these duties to young men and to their parents.

The King's Call



The King is calling for Men. The Empire needs them. Kitchener says he wants more men, and more men and more men will make such a fine reputation on the Gallipoli Peninsula. They are fighting for right and freedom and they are calling over the seas for their brothers to come over and help them. They know they have taken the higher course on the path of duty, for they know their country is right in fighting oppression and in maintaining the traditions of freedom, for which their forefathers gave their lives and limbs. This war is a war of righteousness, thrust upon Britain by the overweening ambition of the Kaiser and his Prussian Junkers. For a generation they had instilled into their mind the idea of World Domination, the feebleness of the British race, and their incapacity to hold on to their colonies or their wealth. The duty they have drilled into the German mind is that might is right, that if they will take the wealth and the land of others, they are perfectly justified in taking it if they can. German have been taught that no moral code of honor, humanity, observance of treaty and international agreements and law must not stand in the way of aggression. Whatever they can do is might in their eyes. This code of savagery impelled them to make a scrap of paper of their pledge of immunity of Belgium, martyr her priests, old men, women and children the Red Cross Nurses, Sister Cavell, violate the rights of the Belgians, murder hundreds of innocent men, women and children on the Lusitania and other ships. It is against murder, violation of rights and aggression, hundreds of thousands of men of the British race have given their lives and limbs, and millions of British men have elected voluntarily to fight and that hundreds of thousands of British women have come forward to support them in the field. The King has called for them to do her part. Thousands of Newfoundlanders have enlisted here or abroad, but two thousand more are wanted. The King has called for them. The Empire needs them. Kitchener says so. Young men it is your duty to enlist. Fathers and mothers it is your duty to encourage their sons to go. Every man counts. Who will dare to be a slacker?



FATHERLESS CHILDREN OF BRITISH SOLDIERS. The picture shows a number of British Soldiers' fatherless babies being cared for in Lady Maud Barrett's home in Sussex.

Young Man, is Anyone Proud of You?

Is your MOTHER proud of you? Is your SISTER proud of you? Is your SWEETHEART proud of you? Is your EMPLOYER proud of you? Is NEWFOUNDLAND proud of you?

Get into khaki at once. Join the Newfoundland Regiment TO-DAY and they will all be proud of you.

A Briton's Catechism.

The Reveille.

By BRIET HARTE.

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands, And of armed men the hum; Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered Round the quick alarming drum— Saying, "Come, Freemen, come! Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel: War's not of life the sum; Who shall stay and reap the harvest When the autumn days shall come?" But the drum Echoed, "Come! Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle, What of profit springs therefrom? What if conquest, subjugation, Even greater ill become?" But the drum Answered, "Come! You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, mid the cannons' thunder, Whistling shot and bursting bomb, When my brothers fall around me, Should my heart grow cold and numb?" But the drum Answered, "Come! Better there is death united, than in life a recreant—come!"

Thus they answered,—hoping, fearing, Some in faith, and doubting some, Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming, Said, "My chosen people, come!" Then the drum, Lo! was dumb, For the great heart of the nation, Throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come!"

Play up, Fortune Bay. The King wants you. Don't keep him waiting.

"Here Am I, Send Me"

At a recruiting meeting, held at Harbor Grace last Thursday, this fine response came during Canon Noel's speech, as reported in the "Standard": Rev. Canon Noel, who surpassed himself in his fatherly, forcible and practical presentation to the assembly, the young fit men in particular, of the great object of the meeting—to gain recruits. He carried the audience with him when he wound up by asking was there no young man present who would do what he would do but for the weight of over 70 years, and would represent him at the front. A prompt response came from the body of the hall when Mr. James Garland arose in his seat and offered to go as the Canon's substitute. "Here am I, send me!" Whereupon there arose a storm of applause and Mr. Garland was invited to a seat on the platform.

In the Turret.

READ THIS AND REALISE WHAT WE OWE TO OUR SPLENDID JACK TARS.

The last notes of the bugle rang out, and the turret's crew dived towards the grim, grey mass of steel from which the two guns peered forth into the world. As the last man disappeared inside, a steel plate was pulled over the only way of egress to the world outside. And almost simultaneously, there came two distinct shouts as the Number One of each gun reported his stop cocks open. This meant that hydraulic pressure—the power that drives every one of the vast machines of the modern battleship—had been admitted to the supply pipes, and, like a giant in leath, was waiting to do what was required of it.

Loading the Guns.

The lieutenant took a hand. "Load both guns!" he cried. "Armour-piercing shell!" Two cages came up with a swish of water, and with great three-quarter-ton, yellow-coloured shells lying on their trays. Another pair of cages, as the chain-rammers shot forward and forced those great projectiles well home into the gun so that the rifling bit into their soft, copper driving-bands; two short, snappy clicks, as the cage doors shot up under the compulsion of hand-levers, and the silken bundles of cordite slid into the place lately vacated by the shells.

Again the rammers roared, but, perfectly under control, they pushed the fragile charges gently clear of the breech, and in such a position that the face of the blocks, when closed, would only just touch them. And simultaneously the great, shining breech-blocks swung round, driven by their motors, until they slammed home, screwed round one-sixth of a circle, and locked.

Preparing for the Fray. Both Numbers One looked up and roared. "Right gun—left gun—loaded!" The lieutenant turned, and spoke into a naryphone mouthpiece close to his elbow, and in the conning tower the captain nodded as he got the report: "Fore-turret cleared away—both guns loaded with armour-piercing shell!"

And for a space all was quiet in the turret. Somewhere far away a gun suddenly thundered, and the men, with their tensed nerves, found themselves starting at the sound. Again it spoke, almost expectantly, but again they started, and commenced to fidget. They were itching to take a hand, but their time was, not yet. Then the naryphone bell rang, and a voice spoke:

"Fore-turret, stand by!" it ordered, as if from a long, long distance. "Right gun ranging-gun. Fire with the bell!"

The lieutenant once more nodded. "Bring the right gun to the ready!" he snapped. The lock clicked as it was pulled down; a tube was pushed home; then the lock clicked back into place. The electric cut-off switch was jammed over until the word "ON" in great, red letters, stared forth—and all men stood clear of the gun.

A Miss! Number One looked round for the flick of an eyelid. Then, "Right gun—ready!" he bawled; and the gunlayer, his own blood a-bell, muttered "Ready!" exactly as he had done a million times before at drill.

And as he spoke his eye strided along the telescope, and he crept his gun-muzzle up ever so slightly until the bow-wave of the enemy's ship was dead in the centre of the cross-wires which are his sights, and his finger tensed around the pistol-grip. A bell—a silly, tinny little bell—

tinkled twice in the signal "Stand by!" Then once more it tinkled, and the gun leaped back a full two feet as the ranging shot left her muzzle.

The gun-layer's eye followed it through the air, saw it splash into the sea three hundred yards short of the target, and swore softly.

Meanwhile, at the gun, men got busy. The breech swung back with a clang, the cage roared and rattled up, and the rammer snorted and clucked as the second shell and charges went home. When at last the word "Ready!" came again, the gunlayer waited only for the bell.

Again it tinkled, again the gun spoke; and the gunlayer almost fell from his lofty perch as he saw splinters from the enemy's bridge. "Hitting, by the great hook block!" he yelled; and simultaneously the notes of a bugle rang out somewhere in the ship.

"Commence firing!" it sang, and it put an end to many a good sailor's suspense on that morning. All hands in that turret were as busy as they could possibly be, feeding shells through the guns at the rate of four to the minute. Then came the answer; they were not going to have things all their own way. Shells began to thud on the outer armour of the gun-house shield; one even burst just above the left sighting-hood, and when the crew got over the concussion and shock they found that the left gun was sightless—and the left gunlayer was headless. The sight-setter took his place, but hardly had he fired two rounds before a second shell tore its way through the turret wall, and hitting the other side, burst with a long and shuddering roar.

And the two guns fell silent; useless, because every man of their crews was now a huddled, mangled mass. The working-chamber men, rushing from below to take their places, wasted no time in pity or sympathy, though the dead men were all messmates and friends. And the guns spoke once more, added their notes to that grim concert of death which filled the whole world—more slowly than at first, it is true, but in action and hitting for all that.

Killed at Their Posts.

The gunlayer in the enemy's ship must have had his eyesight exactly on the same spot as when he fired the last fatal round, for presently another shell came through the hole and wiped out the working-chamber hands. The turret was now a shambles; there is no other word that can come anywhere near describing its condition.

Then down the magazines and shell-rooms men heard the voice of the man who had run the working-chamber single-handed whilst his comrades "filled up casualties."

"For Gawd's sake, magazine," he called, "send some hands up! They're all done in up 'em!" Men clambered up the long ladders to the turret, leaving two men in the shell-room to wrestle—with the aid of hydraulic machinery, of course—with the great shells for the guns. The guns only spoke once a minute now.

By this time the enemy's shells had commenced to make themselves exceedingly unpleasant. Splinters flew from the turret-walls, both inside and out, and presently the man who combined the duties of three men at lever, cage, breech, and tube, dropped where he stood. The right gun-layer followed with an awful gash across his face, and the left sightsetter wheeled round suddenly and fell.

That simple soldier-private, With but an unknown name, May be ere long a hero Of everlasting fame!

Working By Hand.

And then, from beneath their feet, came another shuddering shock. A shell had burst in the working-chamber, and every machine came to a sudden standstill as burst pipes refused to convey hydraulic pressure to them. "Hard-working!" cried one of the remaining three. "Ask the control if we can have somebody from the passages."

The control said "Yes," and eight scared youngsters doubled across a shell-swept patch of forecastle and in to the turret. The sight of the dead men turned most of them physically sick; but a few minutes later they were whipping up the great shell from fifty feet below by hand. The cordite cartridges followed, and then came the tussle to get shells well home with the hand rammer.

The youths dived through the hatchways, and the gun-nozzles rose and

wavered as they forced water pressure by hand into their smoking cylinders. Presently the right gun spoke then the left, and the whole process of loading by hand had to drag its painful length along once more. Two rounds were fired every ten minutes now.

And at last the end came—the welcome, monotonously-noted "Cease firing!" And the few men who could still move in the fore-turret dropped where they stood—and the living and dead and wounded lay helpless and unconscious for a time, until the bugle called the former to the upper deck, to assist the remainder of their comrades to take prize ships in tow.

There's plenty of Blue and Khaki for the Burgeo Boys. Hurry up and don the uniform.

Enlist TO-DAY. Your Country needs you NOW.

Rally round the Flag!

"Britons never shall be slaves!" Then ENLIST NOW.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, Saint John's, this 7th day of March, A.D. 1916.

ARTHUR MEWS, Deputy Colonial Secretary.

By His Excellency, SIR WALTER DAVIDSON, Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.

W. E. DAVIDSON, Governor, [L.S.]

The Empire is now engaged in the greatest War in the history of the World.

In this crisis your country calls on her young men to rally around Her Flag and enlist in the ranks of Her Army and Navy.

If every Patriotic young man answers Her Call, Great Britain and the Empire will emerge stronger and more united than ever.

Newfoundland has already responded to the Empire's Call, and has sent forward two thousand men for the Army and twelve hundred and fifty men for the Navy. We want to do our best, and our ambition is now to double these numbers.

If you are between 19 and 35 years old, will you answer your Country's Call? If you will, then go to the nearest Magistrate and enroll your name for service in the fighting line. If you live in St. John's, go to the C. L. B. Armoury and enter your name at the Central Recruiting Office on any week-day between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.

Tickets to St. John's will be provided by the Magistrate free of cost.

The terms of enlistment are:—To serve abroad for the duration of the War, but not exceeding one year. It is intended that the men shall leave within a reasonable period after their enlistment, and that in the meantime they shall receive a course of instruction and training in St. John's.

A complete outfit will be provided. Each private will receive pay at the rate of \$1.00 per day, 10 cents field allowance and 50 cents board allowance from the date of enrolment to the date of return, a portion of which will be paid to dependants left behind, or it will be allowed to accumulate for their personal benefit until termination of service.

Volunteers from Outports will be given free passages to St. John's.

Any applicant for service, forwarded by the proper authorities, and not accepted after arrival at headquarters, will be provided with a free passage and maintenance back to his home.



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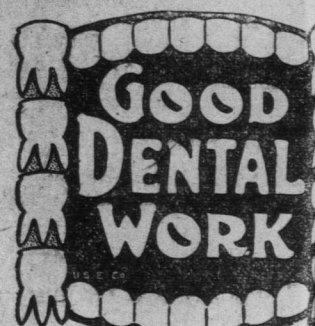
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EIGHT PAGES TO-DAY

WEATHER FORECAST.

TORONTO, Noon.—N. to W. gales, decreasing to night. Tuesday—Fresh W. winds, fair and cold. ROYAL, Noon.—Bar. 28.90; ther. 29.

VOLUME XXXVIII



The Maritime Dental Parlors

FRAMING A GENUINE FACE is what our sketch is aiming at. Copying the public of our ability to do it faithfully, conscientiously, expertly.

FIRST-CLASS DENTAL WORK in every branch—Crown and Bridge work, Fillings, Sets that defy detection. Our methods are painless, most satisfactory. Our growing list of names proves our dental service to the public. Examination free. Try our services.

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