

DAUGHTERS of EMPIRE.

GRAND PATRIOTIC CONCERT

IN THE  
METHODIST COLLEGE HALL  
MONDAY, JUNE 25th, 1914.

PERFORMERS

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Mr. Basil Jackson - - - - - Mr. T. Raley.

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TO THE EDITOR.

FROM THE WEST

(Editor Mail and Advocate).  
Dear Sir.—We have the privilege of having the tub (S.S. Susu) call here, which is more "plague than profit" to the residents of the various settlements of Fortune Bay. Instead of our mails being put off at St. Jacques on the arrival of the S.S. Glencoe and then brought here by the mailman, I presume they are put off at Belleoram and are laid up there for 3 or 4 days, during which period the S.S. Susu goes down around the Bay and on returning takes our mail aboard.

Now, Mr. Editor, no matter how important our mail matter lying at Belleoram may be, we are without it for several days. Why can't our mails be put off from the Glencoe at St. Jacques? Then the mailman can bring it from there and we could have a regular correspondence instead of our mail matter being behind the times.

Poor Service.

Another thing worthy of note, Mr. Editor, is the mailman comes here from St. Jacques, bringing on the average about 3 or 4 letters, whereas, if our mail was brought, (that is taken from the Glencoe), we could answer our correspondence by the return mailman. But by the time the Susu gets here after calling at the bottom of the Bay, the Glencoe is almost back to Placentia again. Beside this, in the summer season, the Susu has to go to Sydney to coal up, thus causing another delay.

During my time of writing, Mr. Editor, the above named ship is lying up at Hr. Breton, as no coal is obtainable. How long are things to be like this?

I notice that in *The Mail and Advocate* one can see how the money goes, it would be a great advantage, Mr. Editor, if we could see how the money goes around this Bay.

-LISTENER-

Coombs Cove.

"BLOODHOUND" AFFAIRS

(Editor Mail and Advocate)  
Dear Sir.—Permit me space in your valuable paper to express my opinion on an article appearing in a recent issue of *The Mail and Advocate*, entitled "Food on Bloodhound."

Now having been away from home for many years I do not know either the owners or crew of the Bloodhound, but I am pained to know that such remarks have to be written about a ship belonging to my country, and if it is true as the writer states that during the entire sealing voyage there was no fresh bread served out to them, that he never saw any except in the process of cooking; if it is also a fact that there was no brewer cooked only what they cooked themselves, and no fresh or salt beef; and if it is true those honest Sons of Toil travelled from sunrise to sunset and then were served with hard bread, and "slut tea,"—I presume he means leavings from other kettles boiled up.—If this is true, then I should like to ask in the light of the 20th century, to whom do the men attach the blame?

Who to Blame.

The owner? I say no, because these savings clothed and educated his family.

Shall we say the captain? No, because that has been his stepping stone to the bridge.

Steward? No, that is how his own larder is replenished.  
The cook? No, the preparing of food is too much exertion for him.

To whom then shall we attach the blame? This is the mighty question, and my answer is: the men themselves. And why? Because they are willing to stay back in the 16th and 17th centuries rather than live in the present enlightened age, and because they still continue to bow and scrape to the men who have made merchandise of them times without numbers and have bought and sold them at their will.

I say respect those in authority over you as much as they respect you and honest labor.

Men Responsible.

I say the men are to blame for the way they are being treated before leaving for the icefields. You should know the amount and quality of your provisions, the ability of your cooks, and sign articles for what you are to get and get what you sign for,—and be men enough to get it.

A captain commands his ship from the keelson to the truck, go to him reasonably, state your complaint, then, if he will not hear you or make any effort to relieve your discomfort, you should be men enough to place a man on the bridge and bring the ship to port, tie her safe and secure until owner, master and men shall have had a fair and impartial trial and fair treatment.

The men have a leader now and they should know which side their bread is buttered on and they should know how to act, if they do not, then no doubt Mr. Coaker will be able to help them.

—W. H. SAINSBURY.

Carbonar.

"WITH THOSE THAT WEEP."

Attention wives and mothers, Fathers and sisters, too, With tearful eyes and broken hearts We sympathize with you; Gone from your homes are those you love, Away from earth, far, far above.

Oh what they must have suffered, From hunger, thirst and cold, Their bodies were exhausted, No longer were they bold; "I can no longer stand," they cried, Then one or two fell down and died.

Each hoped that at the break of day A steamer they would sight, As joy comes in the morning, Though grief endures at night; But then no vessel could they trace And death now stared them in the face.

With parched, dry lips, and limbs benumbed, Cruel hunger made them weak, They fell away by twos and threes, A better rest to seek; The blinding chariot bore them on, Brother, comrade, father and son.

A second night, so cruel cold, They walked, they danced, they ran, They fought a battle for their lives Out on that frozen pan, They all succumbed, but few, so pale, Were left to tell the dismal tale.

At daybreak then next morning Their hearts had almost fled, "Oh God! Can it be true?" They saw a steamship just ahead, Yes, some of Capt. Randall's crew From their good ship had seen them too.

For one brief moment let us turn Our thoughts on the rugged pan, And follow Capt. Randall's crew,

And picture (if we can) The awful sight that met their eyes That morning 'neath the northern skies.

Some lay with faces upward turned, Toward that haven of rest, And some as if in sweet repose, On the Heavenly Father's breast; And others still they seemed to dread Some awful blow—so many dead.

But most pathetic sight of all, That met their eyes that day, A son, locked in his father's arms, And on his bosom lay.

He was his father's only joy, This lifeless form had been but a boy.

We'll leave the icefields for a while, After that blasting storm, And wend our way into a house, Gaze on some prostrate form: A fair, young wife, God knows the rest, A smiling babe upon her breast.

Let's look into a parent's house, What pathetic cry we hear: "Oh, cruel death has robbed from us The son we loved so dear." The sister's bitter mournful cries Express we we cannot realize.

So many, many, many homes Are left in deep distress; So many wives made widows, And children fatherless; So many parents, old and grey, Have been deprived of sons so gay.

May God, the ruler of the land, The icefields and the deep, Make light the sorrows of the poor, The mourners left to weep, And when this night of bitter pain Is passed and morning shines again, They'll meet each loving, long lost friend,

Reunion that shall know no end. —ANNIE BROWN.

Bishop's Hr., Salvage.

WHERE TO HEAR GOOD MUSIC

Would you like to hear the most difficult and showy number ever written for the soprano voice? Most critics agree that it is the waltz song from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliette"—and it is one of the numbers that Mme. Scotney has promised to sing at the Methodist College Hall, on the evenings of June 1, 2 and 3. Mme. Scotney's repertoire for the Maritime Provinces includes all the arias with which she has thrilled great audiences at the Boston Opera House, or in Montreal in the winter of 1912-13, when she was the leading soprano of the Montreal Opera Company. Assisting Mme. Scotney is M. Alfredo Ramello, leading permanent tenor of the Boston Opera Company; M. Howard White, who won such favor on the tour last spring; and Mme. Cara Sapin, prima donna contralto.

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NO FEE ASKED.  
I cracked a lawyer's home the other night and the lawyer was there with his ready for me. He advised me to get out. Yer got off easy. Them guys generally charges big money when they give advice.



DECEIT.  
Hubby—What's the matter, dear?  
Wife—Oh, I'm trying to tell that De Rocks person how perfectly beautiful we think her horrid old wedding present is.

The Unexpected Happened.--

By "Bud" Fisher

