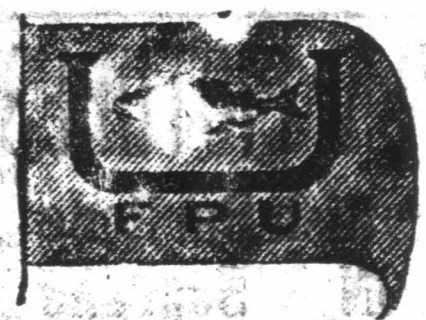


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(To Every Man His Own.)

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ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., SEPT 13, 1915.

OUR POINT OF VIEW

THE FISHERY

THE gloomy reports received of floaters fishing on the Labrador belonging to Trinity Bay, Bonavista Bay and Change Islands have added terrors to the feelings of the hook and line fishermen in those bays who have fared so badly the past season.

The reports show that the schooners belonging to the above bays do not average 150 qtls. each, as against 300 qtls. last year. The Trinity and Change Islands fleets have not secured enough fish to cover expenses. The far northern fleet, which is principally Green Bay schooners, have not been heard from.

The outlook is indeed gloomy, and if the fishermen in those bays got through last winter without much destitution it was because of the fair returns from the Labrador fleets.

A condition of affairs faces the North far exceeding anything similar for twenty-five years. September is passing; half of it is gone; no fish whatever has been taken since August 1st. The latter part of August and September is the period in which hook and line men secure their fall's catch, which catch provides them with winter supplies.

The fall's catch so far does not average one quintal per man, whereas an average fall's catch is twenty quintals. The total failure of the fall's fishery is solely attributed to the want of bait. Fish abound at various sections of the coast, weather is very fair, but the want of bait is the universal cry.

The Colony, so far as the North is concerned, has lost \$50,000 worth of fish daily for six weeks, owing to scarcity of bait. The Colony has lost a sum of money equal to \$2,000,000 this fall through the total absence of bait depots.

Had the Government accepted the proposals of the F.P.U. in 1909 respecting bait depots, there would have been 100 such depots in operation in the North this fall and a cold \$2,000,000-worth of fish taken that the fishermen are now looking for in vain.

If the money wasted on the Trepassy and Heart's Content railroad had been expended in developing the fisheries the Colony to-day would be reaping additional returns equal in value to the original cost, instead of owning two white elephants in the shape of two railway branches that won't earn the value of the coal consumed in operating the branches.

There is little wonder that the Colony's finances are in a desperate condition and national bank-

ruptcy stares all in the face.

In June and July a few of the "die hards" in the Graball gang of rulers espied a full chest, overflowing sufficient for all requirements—because they were told the fishery was a good one—the best for thirty years,—but to-day conditions point to a serious crisis that will demand all the ability of our public men to overcome, and had the Colony possessed a proper bait supply, as we have for six years been demanding, additional revenue to the amount of \$500,000 would have been received by the Treasury this year, because of a good fall's fishery.

Conditions could not be worse than they are to-day.

Business firms are facing one of the worst years for business that they have experienced since the Bank Crash. Every business firm will have to meet big losses, owing to declining prices in food stuffs which no one contemplated. Some firms hold flour in large quantities that will entail a loss of \$1.00 per barrel; losses on beef and pork will also be large.

In addition two-thirds of the supplies for the Labrador fishery will have to be carried over to another year, as the planters will only have sufficient to provide meagre winter supplies.

The "die hards" expected big revenue returns this fall, because the returns for July and August exceeded those received last year during those months. They have not considered that last year's returns were not made up of the outrageous extra taxation put on last September and the past session; and even with all this extra taxation the Treasury is receiving on an average \$75,000 less per month than the expenditure.

The intelligent man who can behold the present conditions confronting the Colony and not feel very serious concerning the future is incapable of living up to the standard of citizenship now essential to the welfare of the state.

The prices of fish must advance in the face of the great shortage, specially in respect to the Labrador soft cure. Yet Labrador exporters are brazen faced enough to offer fishermen on the coast last year's prices for fish, which prices gave many of them \$1.50 per qtl. profit.

The Union Trading Company has again come to the rescue of the Conception Bay fishermen fishing on the Labrador and is using its means to purchase fish on the coast at \$1.00 per qtl. in advance of the price offered by the Graball exporters on the coast who fixed \$3.60 as the "current price" last year at a combine meeting held here after the fish had been shipped to them, which price was endorsed by Judge Emerson in the Supreme Court, who also declared that the price fixed by a majority of shippers—the prevailing price—was the current price.

The Union Trading Company has dispatched Capt. Geo. Penney, Chairman of Carbonear Council of the F.P.U., to the Labrador by the Erik, to purchase from seven or ten thousand quintals of soft fish at \$1.00 per qtl. more than the price offered by the exporters. Two vessels are enroute for the coast to bring back the fish to St. John's, where it will be packed for market, having been sold at prices that protect the Company against loss.

Now, you Graball clique that denounced Coaker as a dangerous socialist throughout Harbor Main and Harbor Grace Districts in 1913, and coddled the people in voting to return a Morris Government, where are now those deceivers? Have they come forward and aided you to secure the proper value of your fish this season when the wolves were prepared to rob you of a dollar per quintal on your fish? Where were they last March when Coaker gain stood at your back and used the Union Trading Company's position to force the sealing team-owners to pay you \$1.00 per cwt. more for seals than they

had determined to pay?

Who ever accomplished so much on your behalf in so short a time as Coaker?

Who compelled the fish buyers to pay \$6.00 for shore fish in the outports this season? Was not \$5.50 the price all the buyers offered? Have not some of them sent collectors for fish, expecting to get it for \$5.50, and finding \$6.00 was demanded, refused to same fish been sold since at \$6 per qtl?

Who counselled the fishermen two months ago to refuse to sell at less than \$6 per qtl. for shore fish and \$4.50 for Labrador soft off the shore and \$4.80 for soft Labrador in outports, and have not those prices been received owing to the Union Trading Company's activity in buying at those prices and thereby compelling others to pay the same values?

Were the fishermen not told a month ago to sell no oil at less than a figure which was 10c. per gallon more than some buyers were offering; and were they not told that anyone who sold at less price would be wishing later that he had heeded Coaker's advice?

Where is the price of cod oil to-day? Why \$15 per tun in advance of what it was three weeks ago when local exporters attempted to buy oil at \$85 and \$90 per tun, and declared lower prices would prevail? And had there been no Coaker lower prices would have prevailed, for who else would be brave enough to confront the exporters and declare the truth?

Who in the Colony but Coaker would be brave enough to come out in their paper and proclaim a figure for pit props that was reasonable and preventing a few speculators from grabbing \$1.00 per cord on pit props that should go to the poor unfortunate men who will be compelled this year to cut pit props?

The clique who set out last winter to devour Coaker and proclaim him to be a scoundrel, where are they to-day? What have they accomplished on behalf of the Underdogs they pretended to be so concerned about?

Have they devoured the King of the Fishermen, as Minister Piccott proclaimed Coaker to be last year in a speech delivered in the House of Assembly?

Is Coaker less stronger with the fishermen than he was before the "Bottlewasher" became a Judas, purchased by the bribe of a free newspaper outfit? Rather, has he not grown stronger daily, and partly because of the conduct and deceit of those poltroons towards their first patron and helper.

Is Coaker not considered to-day is the one strong man in the Colony whose favourable influence is the hope of Prohibition cause? Is it to Coaker's traducers and traitorous assailants that the friends of Prohibition are looking to-day, to secure for Newfoundland the many blessings that Prohibition would bring to our people and country?

A few "die hards" of the Graball political and commercial clique did hope that by launching out \$20,000 on a "Star" venture operated by such reputed journalistic giants, who talked so freely and honourably (sic) of what an easy matter it would be for them to put Coaker out of business, did really believe that thrice dyed traitors and sycophants could accomplish what every age of the world has shown was impossible. They did believe that false deceitful treachery, abetted by bribes, could succeed in injuring the work of a truly devoted, simple, sincere honest man, who was resolved to recognize but one rule in all his actions activities, and that rule—RIGHT.

They forget in their haste to become poltroon proprietors, that for ages the maxim that "Right Must Prevail" has triumphed against sin, the world, and the devil, and will triumph while man endures.

Coaker to-day is a stronger man with the fishermen than he ever

THE SITUATION

THE fall of this fortress of Dubno and the occupation of that important railway town by the Austrians, as announced in recent dispatches is very significant, and those who watch from day to day the rapid backward march of the Russian armies, and the abandonment by them of every fortress that was supposed to offer insurmountable obstacles to the German forces are gradually losing confidence in the power of the Russians to stem the tide.

In vain have we been cheered by the optimism of those most mysterious beings—military critics—who are accustomed to bob up serenely at the occasion of every reverse suffered by the Czar's soldiers, to assure us that the defeat had no military significance, and that the Russians had a card up their sleeve, which would be produced just at the right moment.

This natural line of defense or that swamp or forest would offer insurmountable difficulties to the enemy, and here the Russians would give battle. The high banks of the Bug would stop the Germans advance. The wild and trackless country into which the Germans are now entering will prove the graveyard to their ambition. The Bug and the wild graveyard tract have both been past and the Hun goes marching on, goose stepping towards Petrograd.

Then the great line of the Niemen and its trackless forest were going to stop the invaders. All these and kindred prophecies were handed out to us by the experts.

Not dismayed by their wide and always fruitless guesses, the military experts had still other guesses coming, and they are still guessing. Looking around they discovered the Pripiet marshes. In these they had the Germans submerged, just as Egyptian hosts were buried in the Red Sea, when they tried to follow the retreating Israelites.

Unless the military experts expect a miracle such as that which led to the destruction of Sennacherib and his hosts, they are looking for too much, if they want us to believe that the Germans may not follow where the Russians lead. If the land is too swampy for Germans it must also be too swampy for Russians, is the way we as a civilian must look at it. However we may be altogether wrong, but no more inaccurate in our guess than the experts have been. But the experts are never daunted, and if a dozen guesses fly wide of the mark they immediately have recourse to another.

Now we do not want to be pessimistic, but we must decline to accept any more of this idle talk about what the Russians are going to do. We should have the manliness to look the situation square in the face. We have had such lessons in the art of forecasting that surely we may be permitted to set up a forecasting shop for ourselves. In this way however wrong we may be, we will not be doing any violence to our own intelligence.

We are not going to say that the Russians are licked, but we must admit that for the time being they are hors de combat, whatever partial successes they may be accredited with.

Friday's news that the Austrians had entered Dubno admits of the disagreeable fact that the Russian third line of defense is little likely to withstand the German onslaught. His traducers are discredited and their miserable consciences are a thousand times more miserable than they were before they forsook the paths of honour and clutched the pieces of silver that was to be to them the price of the betrayal of their patron and master.

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

man onrush. The breaking of this line puts the march on Petrograd and Moscow among the very probable events, and it is idle to think that the Russians can any more defend those cities from invasion than they could stop Austro-Germans on any part of the three hundred and odd miles over which they have pushed them since the big drive began in May.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast" and hope may whisper the comforting assurance that eventually the check will come, but reason and judgment, founded on the disappointing experience of the last four months lend no warrant to the presence of the cheerful goddess.

We have no means of knowing what the German plans are but we may be sure they are intelligently laid, and if they are for Petrograd then we must tremble for the fate of the Russian capital.

He who breakfasts on hope, is very likely to dine on despair, unless he puts some effort into himself.

It is time now that the British nation come to divest itself of the foolish hope that Russian hosts will save the day for us. We should go into the fight as if we alone were in it, fighting for our very existence, unless we do this there can be no assurance of victory.

Russia has done her best, but she is unable to stem the tide.

He Has Plenty Of Nerve Power

Aldershot,
Aug. 17, 1915.

Dear Mother,—Just a few words to let you know that I am well and still at Aldershot, and am having a good time. We were inspected by the King and Lord Kitchener Saturday last, he gave us a grand name and told us to prepare for active service. We are now ready and full equipped and we are leaving here at seven this evening. This has been a very busy week and I have not had time to write you before. The King, Lord Kitchener and three Generals were here to-day to wish us good bye, and I heard they said we were going to Egypt to do garrison duty for a couple of months, and from there to the Dardanelles; so now, Mother, I hope you won't worry about me, I am alright and got a good nerve.

We were all examined a few days ago by a doctor that was to the front and came back and he would not pass anyone that was nervous. There were quite a few of our boys turned down because their nerves were weak; so do not let this trouble you, but realize how good it is that I am fit for the front. I have had quite a lot of training since I came over here, and when we were transferred to the Battalion from E Company I passed as a regular soldier.

Say me to all the friends around there, I hope they are getting lots of fish. I hope some day to be coming back to the old place with a V.C.; so cheer up, Mother, and do not feel down hearted over this, because I think I am able to take my own part with a German any day. I have not had a letter from Tom for a week, when I heard from him last he was well. We had leave for four days and I was up to London with some more fellows, and I only wish I was able to tell you about that great city, of the wonderful buildings and works. Say me to all the friends. So good bye, from your son,

—ALLAN.
The writer of the above letter is a son of Mrs. Albert Dale, of Northern Bay, Bay-de-Verde District; his name is Allan Steele, serving with the Newfoundland Regiment. Mrs. Dale has another son with the Canadians.

Considers Action Govt. "Unfriendly"

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir,—During the last session of the House of Assembly two petitions were presented to the legislature, praying that an allocation be made for the digging, etc., of three wells, within certain limits. Every voter within those limits, with the exception of those who were absent from home, signed those petitions. Those petitions did not originate from any particular body of men, hence there existed no prejudice behind them against the Government. Nothing but a desire for a purer water supply, actuated the

promoters and their supporters.

The necessity of these wells was duly set out in those petitions, yet it appears that nothing was done to supply the need. We must consider the action of the Government, as "unfriendly," "deliberately unfriendly," or simply attach the blame to the depressed financial condition of the country.

Anyone conversant with the nature of the soil, the localities of existing so-called wells, and the distasteful water obtained from those wells, within those limits, knows full well the need for same. Every family has to obtain their chief supply from the clouds, hence the appearance of an abundance of rain is hailed with as much delight as it was in the days of old when years of famine were recorded.

The neglect has brought with it its consequences. The attendant loss, etc., that was predicted when those petitions were presented, has come. Typhoid fever seems to be on the increase. Two new cases have been reported during the week. Several families are affected, among them three men who were depending on the result of the voyage for their support, and the support of their families.

Schools have been closed to prevent its spreading. It has almost become an epidemic, which will occasion greater expenses on the part of the Government than the demand for wells would have involved.

Rumours are current that the trouble exists in the water supply, so that it is up to the Government to investigate and try in some measure to prevent its spreading and remove its causes.

The writer is of the opinion that a supreme effort will be made by the people to perform the necessary labour, if only the funds necessary for the purchase of material are supplied. The supplying of funds locally involves many insurmountable difficulties. It cannot be accomplished devoid of Government support.

Let us watch developments in this direction.
—ONE INTERESTED.
Change Islds., Sep. 6, '15.

Aldershot Lonely Place

Badajos Barracks, Aldershot,
August 17th, 1915.

My Dear Sister,—Just a few lines to say I received your birthday postcard yesterday, the same time I received Mother's cake; received two more the same day from two young ladies; I felt jolly after receiving them. Wasn't it very kind of them, also Mother.

Well, Gerrie, I had lots of letters yesterday and to-day, nine; I think it was so kind, so you see I am fully busy. I was too busy yesterday to write Mother, and this will do for to-day. I am going to write every day I possibly can. There may be days when it is impossible for me to write, but then little sister this you well know.

This is a lovely place, Gerrie, I wish you could see it. We were inspected by General Hunter to-day and several other important Army officers. I don't know their opinion of us yet, but I think we looked fine; the people take us to be regular soldiers. I haven't seen any to touch us yet on marching, and when we all turn out with our brass band it's a sight that would wake up Port Rexton.

There are all kinds of soldiers here, the place is filled with them; you see thousands of them on horseback going through the streets drawing artillery (that is large guns), these guns are placed on waggons. Then there are other regiments too numerous to mention and airships flying around everywhere. It is splendid!

No distance from us is a small river about thirty or thirty-five feet wide and lots of canoes on it; it is as smooth as glass, with a nice walk and trees on each side. It's an ideal spot to spend an afternoon. You can hire the canoes by the hour and I am going down soon to spend an afternoon.

I was telling Mother about our regiment being presented with the colors at Stobs Camp; well, Gerrie, you can see these in the nickel at St. John's now; guess you have heard of them before this. Whit and I can be seen quite plainly marching side by side. Wish you were at St. John's so that you could see them. Guess you would soon know me. Wouldn't it be funny to see your soldier brother in the picture show. Ha! Ha!

I have quite a few letters to write now and it's getting rather late, so you must excuse me. Remember me to Mother and Father and all enquiring friends. If ever it's my good luck please God to get back, I will have lots to tell you. Write as often as you can while I am in the trenches. Cheer

The World's Press

A Short-Sighted Prophet

Calgary Herald:—Prof. Short thinks that after the war Canada will suffer from a period of depression. In this Professor Short talk in a different tone to other learned men quite as well qualified to judge as himself on this subject. But that is nothing new for Professor Short.

The Grand Fleet

London Daily Telegraph:—The grand fleet has not remained behind barricades of nets and mines. It has kept incessant vigil in grim waters of death sown with mines and haunted by fierce and terrible creatures, submarines and destroyers, with airships hovering overhead and the hum of the waterplane constantly in men's ears. The strain has been borne with heroic devotion.

Financial Victory

Ottawa Citizen:—The French peasants have only begun now to take their gold coins from their hiding places, and, although a large, prosperous and fertile section of France has been devastated by the enemy, the people, it is safe to assert, have by no means exhausted their hoards. If victory depends upon financial strength, it looks very much as though the allies would soon begin to reap the rewards of a long and arduous campaign.

A War-Time Reflection

London Daily Mail:—War is as much a conflict of spiritual as of material forces. If the nation is careless and selfish, the army must feel the reaction. But as heroism evokes heroism, as the great example has a compelling power, we may hope that the divine conduct of our soldiers may lift the whole people up to their level of faith and love. Victory is not to be looked for until, in the fires of trial, inefficient and sloth and apathy have been burned out of our hearts and lives.

No Parallel

N.Y. World:—Apparently our German friends, under the leadership of Count von Bernstorff and under the orders of Berlin, have moved in and undertaken to direct the political, industrial and financial activities of the American people with a proper regard to Germany's interests and no regard whatever for anybody else's interests. The thing is so colossally impudent that it would be laughable if it were not so grave. The same point of view is disclosed in Germany's attitude toward von Tirpitz's murderous policy of submarine warfare. It suits Germany's purposes to tear up all international law relating to the rights of neutrals on the high seas, and so Berlin tells Americans to keep out of the way or take the consequences. Who are Americans that they should pretend to have rights that interfere with Germany's methods of carrying on a war? How is it possible to argue with a nation in that frame of mind? How is it possible to carry on diplomatic or other relations with a government that has gone mad? No parallel in all history can be found for the case of Germany.

A Vain Attempt

(The Plaindealer, Sept. 11)
The Daily Star dreamer, R. U. Right, has done everything possible to raise a newspaper discussion, but all to no use. He desperately lays on the Confederation coalition and educational talks, but his efforts to interest even the editors of the other papers are fruitless and soon we may expect him to get desperate and discuss the doings of the Kaiser. His opinions differ daily and the column is turned into a puzzle—the problem, to find sense in it. Recently he stated that Messrs. Kent and Coaker were sick and disgruntled politicians because of the failure of the coalition scheme, which scheme was manufactured and circulated by R. U. Right to arouse controversy, and, like his other hot air spasms, collapsed.

up Mother all you can and talk of my coming home again. Love to all, bye, bye.
Your brother in khaki.

—JACK PLOUGHMAN.

The writer of the above letter is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Ploughman, of Port Rexton, Trinity Bay; he is with the First Newfoundland Regiment.

READ THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE.