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 The Quality is
 Extra Good.
J. J. ROSSITER
 Real Estate Agent

Our Motto: "Suum Cuique."



("To Every Man His Own.")

The Mail and Advocate

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JOHN J. ST. JOHN.

ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., FEB. 9th., 1916.

OUR LEADER

If W. F. Coaker was the "selected" candidate of the capitalists and the ever ready agent of the monied interests he would be a hero to-day in the eyes of Mosdell and the clique associated with him. It is, because he is not such a one, but; rather the leader of the Sons of Toil that he is continually insulted, abused and misrepresented by such "hired" men as Mosdell and Co.

Coaker has undertaken to fight the fight of the Toilers of this Country. He has fought on their behalf the past six years with a zeal and devotion to his cause such as has merited for him the warm respect of the Sons of Toil and the sincere admiration of the labouring man generally.

Coaker has amply demonstrated that he is entitled to the credit bestowed upon him for the work he has performed on behalf of the Fishermen of Terra Nova since he formed the F.P.U. Our fishing classes know to-day they have a leader whose only aim is to better their conditions in life; and he is showing day by day that this desire of his is going to be more than a mere figure of speech.

His recent plans for making Cavallina the Capital of the North show that Coaker is sincere in his work and that his labours are for the uplifting of the Fishermen Toilers of this Country. He has waged a stern fight against all corrupt practices in our political life past five years and he will continue to do despite the howl of the "hired" ones. Coaker is the first man to honestly and courageously fight the battles of the weak. He is the first man to show the Toilers how they can secure for themselves and their children's children the blessings of self government.

THE DISARMING OF BRITISH LINERS

If, as the result of the refusal by the Allies to disarm merchant liners in response to the request of the Washington Government, that Government prohibits the calling of such armed liners, it will do itself far more harm than the Allies.

The export trade of the United States in 1915 was about \$3,500,

MOSDELL'S BOOMERANGS!

NOTHING more clearly indicated the true character of W. F. COAKER than invitation to Sir Robert Bond to lead the Union Forces during the recent campaign.

A less cautious man or one more self-conceited would, in COAKER'S position, have essayed the task himself. But, sinking personal ambition and keeping an eye single to the interests of the F. P.U., the President (COAKER) secured a practical politician for the position.

AND SO THE COUNTRY LEARNED THAT COAKER IS A MAN WHOSE HEAD IS NOT TURNED BY SUCCESS AND ALSO THAT HIS

PRESENT POSITION DOES INDEED REQUIRE MUCH SELF-SACRIFICE AND NO LITTLE DIPLOMACY.

It is a foregone conclusion that under his (COAKER'S) Leadership the Fishermen's Protective Union will eventually become THE GOVERNING POWER OF THE LAND and thus in elevating the Toilers to this dignified position, which is theirs by every right of manhood, W. F. COAKER HAS WRIT HIS NAME LARGELY ON THE PAGE OF NEWFOUNDLAND HISTORY. — MOSDELL, in The Fishermen's Advocate, December 20th, 1913.

Loo Cove Has Staunch Bunch of Union Men

(Editor of Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir,—It is seldom that we see anything in The Mail and Advocate from the Shambles and Loo Cove Council, so maybe this won't be asray. On Wednesday, Jan. 26, our men assembled in their hall for a parade. The day being all that could be desired made everyone feel alive. After a parade of two hours' duration they returned to the hall where a faint tea was prepared and at once every man began to satisfy the longing of the inner man.

After tea was served our Friend, Sidney White acted as auctioneer and sold the cakes which were left over. For the same great praise is due him. Immediately afterwards games were indulged in by the younger folks, also songs being sung by members of the council, one by Mr. Edward Blackwood, Sr., the oldest member which was well rendered. Would have liked for some of the non-union men to have heard how our men cheered for Mr. Coaker, methinks if they had they would have been compelled to join in the onward march of the lifting up of the poor down-trodden fishermen, and I sure mention should be made of the rally song which was sung by Friend Elias Bur-

The proceeds amounted to the sum of \$47.00, which goes towards the completion of the hall.

I wish our worthy President to know that he has a staunch crowd of union men in this council full of unionism and a great many are full of union fire and sparks from them are kindling other into a blaze, and I trust it will continue to blaze until every man and every woman is full of union fire. Thanking you for space and wishing the Council success.

Yours truly
 OBSERVER.
 Loo Cove, Jan. 28, 1916.

Ladle Cove Folk Want Telephone Communication

(Editor of Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir,—Please allow me space in your valuable paper for a few remarks. The subject I am writing on may have been advocated in your columns before but it is worthy of repetition. We want to know the reason we cannot have a telephone connecting with the telegraph office at Musgrave Harbour. We are only a few miles from the latter place and it would not cost much to give us telephone connection. We usually get our telegraph messages by the mail after they remain in the telegraph office for a day or two.

If a person gets ill and wants the doctor's advice someone has to go for him, whereas if we had a telephone it would only take a few minutes to find out exactly what is needed.

Now will the gentlemen who call themselves the "Peoples Party" give the "people" of Ladle Cove a telephone and put the office on the North Side please. It would be very convenient there.

There is not much doing down around here now. Mr. Editor, most everybody is engaged procuring wood for the winter and the coming summer, but we are expecting to find time for a Union tea in the near future. Wishing the Union a prosperous 1916, yours respectfully,
 A. C. T.
 Ladle Cove, Jan. 17, 1916.

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 Loo Cove, Jan. 28, 1916.

120,000 NATIVE HOUSES HAVE BEEN WRECKED

London, Feb. 2.—Cable despatches from Batavia report that floods are continuing in Central Java. Thus far 120,000 native houses have been wrecked, a great quantity of cattle drowned and many miles of railway line destroyed. The property damage has not yet been estimated, but is of serious proportions.

THE WIDOW'S SOLDIER BOY.

By HARRY WILLIAMS.

I.
 The widow stood by her soldier-boy in the light of an evening sky,
 And the fresh winds blew on her fevered cheeks, and sang as they floated by,
 And the soldier laughed with the happy laugh that was borne on the breeze's breath;
 But the widow sobbed with the moaning wind as it chanted a song of death.

II.
 The soldier gazed on the crimson sky and the red clouds fleeced with snow,
 And he saw the flash of the victor's pride as he stood o'er the vanquished foe;
 But the widow uttered an aching sob, and her heart was stung with pain,
 For the crimson streaks were the streams of blood that flowed on a battle plain.

III.
 The music soft of the rustling leaves came straight to the heart of each,
 And it told a tale to the soldier-boy in a strange and silent speech,
 For he heard the shouts of applauding men when the conqueror home should come;
 But the softened sound that the widow heard was the beat of a muffled drum.

IV.
 The twilight shadows crept swiftly o'er, and a star shone, trembling down,
 And the soldier's breast was aglow with pride as he gazed on the victor's crown;
 But the widow thought of a husband's grave in a land that lay afar,
 And she saw the face of her warrior-love in the light of that trembling star.

V.
 Oh, bright is the sun to the happy heart, and fair is the world it sees,
 And sweet are the vision that gently float on the breast of the morning breeze;
 But sad is the song of the winter wind as it sweeps o'er the woodlands bare,
 And cold are the shadows that softly steal to a heart that is chilled with care.

VI.
 God hasten the birth of that brighter time when the darkness shall fade away,
 And the fearsome shades of the night be lost in the light of the happier day,
 When the sorrowing widow shall weep no more, and her heart be filled with joy,
 As she feels the caress of her warrior-love and the kiss of her soldier-boy.

Burin District Anxious For a Visit From Mr. Coaker

(Editor of Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir We held our annual meeting on Dec. 8th and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Edgar Hillier, re-elected chairman
 Thos. G. Hillier, re-elected Deputy Chairman.

Louis Crews, re-elected Secretary.
 Henry Tulk, re-elected Treasurer.
 Abram Hillier, Sr., re-elected door guard.

We are more than glad Mr. President in the way you put up the prices of fish and oil the past year and lowered provisions.

Go ahead Mr. Coaker the fishermen are at your back and are determined to fight this battle, which you started a few years ago, to a finish, and are no more to be coddled by any bait that might be put afloat to injure the noble work you have started. Mr. President we are anxiously awaiting your visit to our District which would do a great benefit for our ranks, when the object and the aim of the union would be pointed out to them. Wishing the union, President Coaker and all union members of the House of Assembly a happy and prosperous New Year.

UNDAUNTED DEFENDER
 Point aux Gaul, Jan. 23, 1916.

FISHERMEN, ATTENTION!
FIRST CLASS INVESTMENT.

38 per cent. Dividends in Four Years.

THE new issue of Shares in the Fishermen's Union Trading Company, Limited, are now offered to the members of the F.P.U. Those Shares represent the additional Capital of \$150,000 recently authorized. The Shares are \$10 each. The new capital is to be used to extend the Company's business. A dividend of 10 per cent. has been declared for 1915. Thirty-eight per cent. dividends has been paid during the four years the Company has been in operation. The Company also possess a Reserve Fund equal to 40 per cent. of its capital and if it was possible to place the Trading Company's shares on the stock market, one share would easily fetch \$15. No better or safer investment exist in the Colony. Why bank your earnings at 3 per cent. when such a first-class investment is obtainable? Apply to Agents of the Trading Company where stores are operated or to the

Fishermen's Union Trading Co. Ltd.
 Water Street, St. John's.

GLEANINGS OF GONE BY DAYS

FEBRUARY 9

SIR EVELYN WOOD born, 1838. Edward St. John, baker, died, 1868.
 Gold in New York reached 211 7-8, 1865.
 Capt. Alexander Graham, seal-killer, died, 1894.
 James Kelly (master-cooper at Bowring's) died, 1897.
 William R. Howley admitted to Bar, 1898.
 Message received in town announcing that Privy Council had decided in favor of Newfoundland Railway Co., in case of Government of Newfoundland vs. Newfoundland-Railway Co., 1885.
 Thomas J. Murphy, general dealer, Water Street, disappeared, 1888.
 Thomas Power, farmer, Bell Island, died, 1888.
 Capt. John Cummins appointed to H. M. Customs, 1890.
 Mrs. Paddricks died on the ice near Norris' Arm, 1899.
 Fred W. Hayward, son of Geo. J. Hayward, died at San Francisco, 1892.

OLD FRIENDS OLD TIMES

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

THERE is no time like the old time.
 When you and I were young,
 When the buds of April blossomed,
 And the birds of Springtime sung.
 The garden's brightest glories
 By Summer suns are nursed.
 But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets,
 The flowers that opened first!
 There is no place like the old place
 Where you and I were born.
 Where we lifted first our eyelids
 On the splendors of the morn.
 From the milk-white breasts that warmed us,
 From the clinging arms that bore,
 Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us
 That will look for us no more!
 There is no friend like the old friend
 That has shared our morning days.

No greeting like his welcome
 No homage like his praise;
 Fame is the scentless sunflower,
 With gaudy crown of gold;
 But friendship is the breathing rose,
 With sweets in every fold.
 There is no love like the old love
 That we courted in our pride;
 Though our leaves are falling,
 falling,
 And we're fading side by side;
 There are blossoms all around us
 With the colors of our dawn,
 And we live in borrowed sunshine
 When the light of days is gone
 There are no times like the old times—
 They shall never be forgot!
 There is no place like the old place—
 Keep green the dear old spot!
 There are no friends like the old friends—
 May heaven prolong their lives!
 There are no loves like the old loves—
 God bless our loving wives!
 The fortune hunter must act as his own guide.
 Envy is the drippings from the engine of success.

Reid-Newfoundland Co.
LEATHER BELTING FOR FACTORY OR SAW-MILL
 Good, real No. 1 Leather Belting
 Specially prepared Belt Dressing
 Belt Lacing, Clipper Belt Lacers
 Clipper Laces and Pins
 Bristol Steel Lacing, Rubber Belting
 Also on hand good supply of Peavies & Peavie Stocks.
Water Street Stores Dept.