

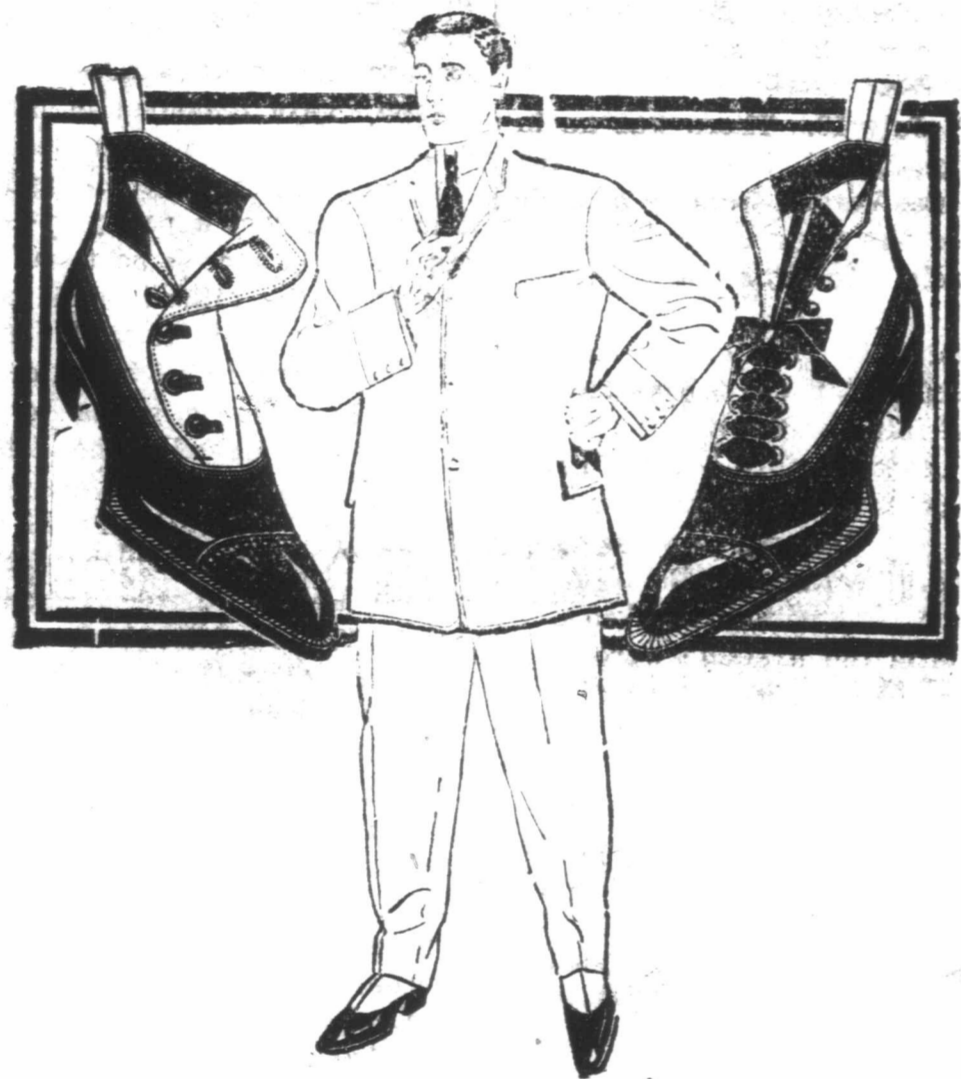
## Summer Costumes

WE are now showing the finest selection of Ladies' Costumes we have ever received. Elegant Models in Serge, Gabardine, Jersey Cloth and Shepherd's Plaid in styles suitable for all occasions. The predominating shades are Blues, Submarine Grey and the very popular Khaki.

These Costumes are in all shades. There are no two alike. All are of the most fashionable designs and are very reasonably priced.

U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT CO.

## Your Choice for FIVE DOLLARS



MEN'S TAN BUTTON BOOTS—  
Worth \$6.00 and \$6.50 per pair. . . . . \$5.00  
Sale Price.

MEN'S TAN BLUCHER STYLE LACED BOOTS—  
Worth \$5.50 and \$6.00 per pair. . . . . \$5.00  
Sale Price.

Also a big assortment of MEN'S TAN SHOES at great reduced prices. Come to

**SMALLWOOD'S**  
Big Tan Shoe Sale.

## Fishermen, Notice!

We want to purchase at our stores

**3,000 BRLS. CODROES.**

The following instructions must be closely followed by all packing Codroes to sell at our stores:

"First put the roes in a tight package in strong pickle for 3 or 4 days, then put them on a clean floor and leave them drain, afterwards salt them dry in bulk and leave them till you are prepared to pack them in flour or pork barrels, then pack these in flour or pork barrels and put a good iron hoop on each chime and securely nail the heads, putting 250 pounds of roes in each barrel and place your name on each barrel either in writing on the barrel or on a ticket."

We won't buy roes after August 1st. Take notice and have your roes all shipped before that date.

**F. UNION TRADING CO., Ltd**

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

# SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, THE BRILLIANT COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH TROOPS IN FRANCE

"From the General to the rawest Tommy in the trenches," said a Captain of Hussars to the writer a few days ago, "there is no British soldier at the front who does not swear by Haig. Sir John French in one of his despatches said, 'I cannot speak too highly of the valuable services rendered by Sir Douglas Haig; he is a leader of the greatest ability and power; and if you ask Tommy's opinion of French's successor, he will answer enthusiastically, 'Oh, he's a bit of orl right! Give 'im 'arf a chance and you'll see; he'll make things 'um'."

### The Fighting Haigs.

Probably no commander of an army in the field ever inspired more universal confidence or better deserved it; for if ever there were a born soldier and leader of men it is certainly Sir Douglas Haig. And, indeed, it would be strange if it were not so, for he has in his veins the blood of centuries of as gallant men as ever dealt lusty blows in battle. Ask any Scotsman who knows his country's history and he will tell you that Scotland has never bred a finer race of fighting men than the Haigs. There were Haigs who covered themselves with blood and glory on Bannockburn field six centuries ago. Haigs were among the first to rally to the standard of the "Bonnie Prince" when he landed with his handful of stalwart in the Hebrides in the '45; and they fought bravely by the side of the yellow-haired laddie from the glory of Prestonpans to the tragedy of Culloden. And through the intervening centuries there was scarcely a Scottish battle or raid in which the Haigs were not in the thickest of the fighting.

### "Duggy" at Clifton and Oxford.

It was thus fitting that when Douglas was cradled at Cameronbridge, Fifie, one June day fifty-five years ago, he was destined to continue the family tradition. In his school days at Clifton, where his father, a Scottish laird, sent him for education, Douglas (or "Duggy," as he was affectionately dubbed) was far more notable for his achievements on the playing-fields than in the class-rooms. At cricket and football he was as superior to his fellows as any of them were to his superiors in Euclid and Virgil. "A sturdy, muscular, fresh-faced Scots laddie," he is described by a contemporary, "the strongest and most athletic boy in the school, a terror to the bullies and the champion of the smaller boys, as straight as a gun and the very soul of frankness and candour, he was immensely popular; and many of the friendships he then formed still survive as strong as ever."

From Clifton he migrated to Brasenose College, Oxford, where again he was more conspicuous for his muscle than for his learning; and it was only after he had passed his twenty-fourth birthday that the future Commander of Britain's greatest fighting army began his career as a soldier. Curiously enough, although he was physically as "fit as a fiddle," he had the narrowest possible escape of missing his career altogether; for when he sought to join the Staff College, the medical examiners discovered that he was colour blind and forthwith turned him down. But young Haig was not the man to submit to this shattering of all his hopes without a big struggle. He consulted specialists in London and Paris; argued and appealed here, there and everywhere, until at last he was fortunate enough to win the sympathy and assistance of the Duke of Cambridge, who gave him a special order admitting him to the College.

Haig had not long worn the uniform of a Hussar subaltern before his smartness and zeal and soldierly qualities won the high appreciation of his seniors; but he had many years to serve before the Soudan campaign in 1898, gave him the first opportunity of showing the stuff he was made of. He took a conspicuous part in the fighting at Atbara and Khartoum, and so distinguished himself that he was singled out for specially high praise in despatches, and returned home a brevet-major. Nor had he long to wait for fresh laurels, for in the following year he was in the thick of the fighting in South Africa—this time as Chief Staff Officer to General French, who had already marked him out as a man of exceptional gifts and promise, an opinion which he speedily justified by much brilliant work, especially during the operations at Colenso.

It was during the South African campaign that Major Haig's career narrowly escaped a tragic termination. On the day of General Cronje's surrender at Paardeberg, he was crossing the Modder River, swollen by heavy rains, when his horse reared

and flung him into the swift-rushing water, which swept him helplessly away. Fortunately his danger was seen by an officer, who dashed gallantly into the river to his assistance. The next moment the would-be rescuer was also unhorsed, and equally at the mercy of the turbulent river. Nothing daunted, however, he shook himself free from his horse, struck out gallantly for the drowning man, and after a long and seemingly hopeless struggle, in which he nearly lost his own life, brought him to safety. The officer who thus bravely rescued Haig from death was General French.

### Facing Death.

This, however, was by no means the first or last occasion on which Sir Douglas Haig has looked death between the eyes. In the Soudan, in the preliminary scouting before the battle of Atbara, he volunteered to inspect at close quarters an enemy zereba, which blocked the line of advance. The zereba was large enough to conceal an army; and although there was no sign of life behind it, it was almost certain death to approach it. Although none knew this better than Captain Haig (as he was then), he rode to within a couple of hundred yards of it, sat calmly on his horse, making the necessary observations, in the midst of a perfect tornado of bullets as cool as if on the parade ground, and by a miracle rode back to our lines untouched.

When Haig returned from South Africa at the end of the war he had established his reputation as one of the ablest and most brilliant soldiers in our Army. Despatch after despatch had made his name and fame known to the world; he was now a Colonel, a C.B., and A.D.C. to the King, wore the King's Medal and the Queen's Medal with seven clasps, and was marked out for a big career. But many years of peace were to follow before his great opportunity came with the present war—years during which he did excellent work and confirmed his high reputation in a variety of responsible offices, from Inspector-General of Indian Cavalry to the command of the 17th Lancers. At forty-three he blossomed into a major-general, within nineteen years of first wearing his subaltern's uniform; and two years later he was Director of Military Training, an office quickly followed by that of Director of Staff Duties at Army Headquarters.

### Queen Alexandra as Match-Maker.

Long before this General Haig had established himself as a special favourite of King Edward, who had the greatest admiration for the clever, genial Scotsman; and it was, so it is said, Queen Alexandra, with whom he was an equal favourite, who played "match-maker" in the romance which had its climax when General Haig led to the altar the prettiest of her maids-of-honour—Dorothy, one of the beautiful twin-daughters of Lord Vivian, one day in 1905.

And probably never has a marriage proved more happy, for Sir Douglas is as devoted to his charming and lovely wife as she is to the great soldier her husband. As Queen Alexandra wrote at the time to a friend, "I do not know anything that has pleased me more than this match, on which I had set my heart; for they

are ideally suited to each other. They are both so ridiculously happy that I do not know whether to be more amused or delighted."

Of Sir Douglas Haig's brilliant work in the present war the world knows as much as it is permissible to know. Probably, however, it does not know how on several occasions he has had almost miraculous escapes from death.

### On the Haystack.

On one occasion Sir Douglas, with a member of his staff, mounted a haystack some distance behind our trenches near La Bassée to watch the progress of an action. He had not been many minutes, however, on his "bad eminence," before a German shell crashed on to the top of the haystack. As luck would have it, it failed to explode. The two officers had barely recovered from the shock, to congratulate one another on their marvellous escape, when a second shell dropped almost at their feet—again without exploding. "I think, sir," said the aide, "it is getting a little too warm for comfort up here. Don't you think we had better climb down?" "Yes, I think it would be wiser," coolly answered Sir Douglas with a smile, as he prepared to descend to a less conspicuous point of vantage. On another occasion Sir Douglas had only just left a barn near Armentieres where some of his men were lodged when a shell crashed into the building and killed nine of them.

### In the Trenches.

But such risks as these are "all in the day's work," and Sir Douglas faces them with a smile and without a tremor, for he does not know what fear is. Nor does he expect his men to face any danger which he is not ready to share with them. Probably no general has ever spent more time than he in the trenches, cheerfully risking his life in order to cheer his men in the same venture. And certainly no general was ever more beloved by his men, not only for his courage, but for his simple friendliness and unaffected geniality. "E's just like one of us," one enthusiastic Tommy said to the writer a year or so ago. "You should just see 'im popping up in the trenches with a smile on 'is face and a cheery 'Well boys, 'ow are you getting on? Is there anything I can do for you? Why, we feel as if we could just 'ug him; and there's nothing he could ask us to do that we wouldn't do, even to chucking our lives away."

And this admiration is mutual, as is proved by the following extract from a letter sent by Sir Douglas to a friend from the front. "We have had hardish times," he wrote many months ago; "but nothing in our history has surpassed the fine soldierly qualities displayed by the troops. They have marched and fought and supported hardships in the trenches—heat and wet and frost—in a manner beyond all praise."

And by his officers, for the Brigadier to the youngest Sub, he is equally beloved and respected. There is not one of them all who has not the most implicit and unbounded faith in him, and who is not assured that, when the time comes, Douglas Haig will certainly lead them to victory. The world will then know why the Commander-in-Chief of our armies in France has been dubbed "the Thruster."

### The Man.

And what kind of man is Sir Douglas Haig? In appearance he is the ideal soldier and leader of men. He has the characteristic soldier's face, with strong, well-cut features, a resolute, aggressive jaw and chin, a firm mouth, half-exposed beneath a fiercely bristling moustache, and clear, keen, commanding eyes which seem to look straight through one. Many are the stories of the cheering and encouraging effect produced on the battle-worn troops of the First Army in the terrific and bloody winter of the first battle of Ypres by the appearance of this soldierly figure riding along the famous Menin road, "exquisitely turned out, with beautifully polished field boots, and seemingly all unperturbed by the sights and sounds of war all around him, or by the appalling grave situation of his command."

For the rest it may be said that Sir Douglas Haig in private life is one of the staunchest of friends and the most genial and pleasant of companions, with a nature as simple and as unassuming as those of a boy. Children adore him, and the great General is probably happiest when "playing soldiers" with his little boy-friends, at his home in Prince's Gate, or prancing "like a real horse" with some wee mite on his shoulder.

## CHISLETT'S MARBLE WORKS

(Opp Baine Johnston's, Water Street)

P. O. Box 86.

IF you want a Headstone or Monument visit our store and inspect our stock. We have the most up-to-date finished work in the City. Write for DESIGN BOOKS and actual PHOTOS of our work. PRICES to suit everybody. FIRST CLASS SOCKET given free with each Headstone. Outport orders especially attended to. LOCAL CEMETERY work done cheaply.

## London PAINTS

Ground in Oil.

150 28 lb. Tins VENETIAN, RED OXIDE, Green, Yellow and Black.

30 1 cwt. Kegs RED OCHRE.

IN STOCK:

ROUND IRON, up to 1 1-2 ins.

30 Boxes KNIFE BRICK.

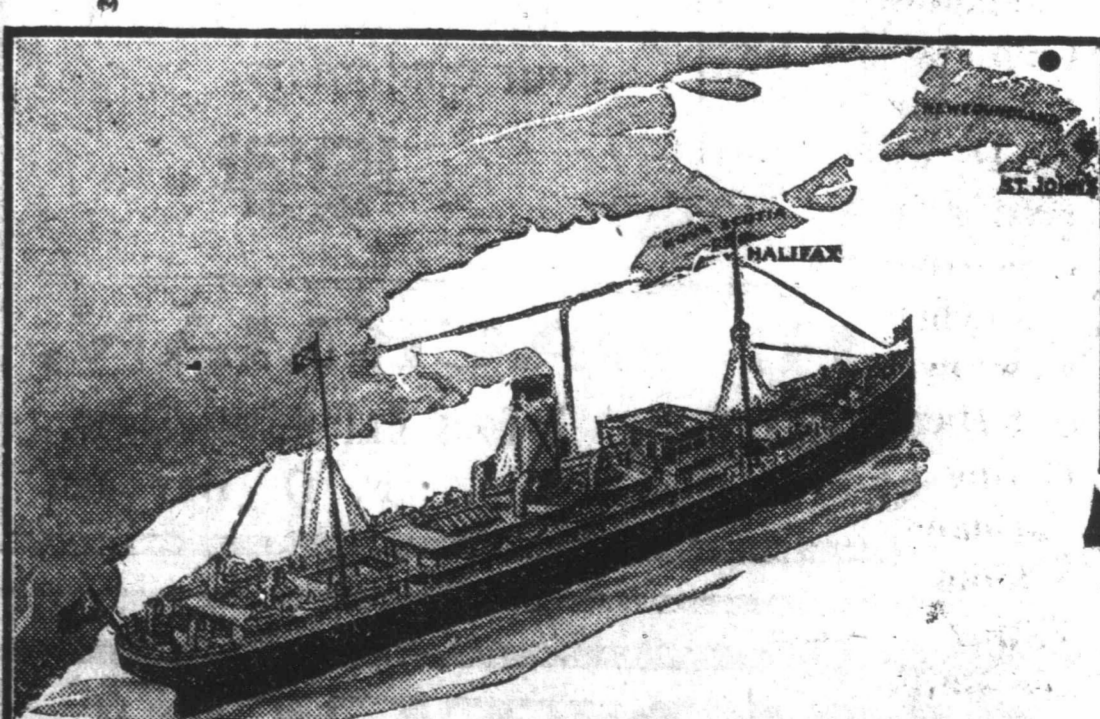
## STEER BROS.

## 'SKIPPER' Kerosene Oil

Specially Refined to meet the Newfoundland climate. Best for Motor Boats and Lamps.

Standard Oil Co. of New York.  
Franklin's Agencies, Limited.

## Red Cross Line



SUMMER SCHEDULE:

S.S. STEPHANO and S.S. FLORIZEL.  
From New York every Saturday.  
From Halifax every Tuesday.  
From St. John's every Saturday.

Harvey & Co., Limited  
Agents.

## LEGAL CARD

MR. LLOYD, LL.B., D.C.L.,

Barrister and Solicitor.

Board of Trade Building,

Rooms 28-34.

Telephone 312.

P. O. Box 1252.

July 4, 1916, 3m

## NOTICE TO MOTOR OWNERS

Kerosene Oil in 8 hooped

bbls.

Motor Gasoline in Wood and

Steel bbls and cases.

Poleline Motor Oil (in 5 gall.

tins) @ \$2.95 each.

Special Standard Motor Oil

(in 5 gall. tins) @ \$2.90

each.

Special Standard Motor Oil

in bbls and half bbls. @

55c. per gallon.

Motor Greases at lowest

prices.

See us before placing your

order.

P. H. Cowan & Co.,

276 Water Street.