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To My Outport Friends:

As the Fall is now approaching, you will, no doubt, be thinking of coming to St. John's to purchase a supply of clothing for yourself and the boys. Our purpose in writing this is two-fold: we want to make a fair profit on the Goods we sell you, and also to give you the best possible value for your money. We offer you **GOOD VALUE FOR GOOD MONEY.** We have no **TWO PRICES,** and guarantee all a square deal. Anyhow, drop in and see our clothing when in the city, and if not satisfied with the Prices and the Goods, you need not buy.

With best regards, I am,
 Yours truly,

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PATRIOTIC ADDRESS BY CARDINAL MERCIER IN THE CAPITAL OF OCCUPIED BELGIUM

Delivered in The Saint-Gudule Collegiate Church, Brussels July 21st, 1916.
 Fourteen Years, Hence.

My dear beloved brethren,—We were called to meet here where we should have celebrated the eighty-fifth anniversary of our National Independence.

Fourteen years hence, on the same date, our restored cathedrals and our reconstructed churches will be wide open; jubilant crowds will invade them; our King Albert, standing on his throne, will bend, but in freedom, before the supreme majesty of the King of kings, his undaunted brow; the Queen, the Royal Princess will surround him; we shall then hear again the cheerful ringing of our bells and, throughout our whole country, under the vaults of our temples, all our Belgian people, hand in hand, will renew their oaths to their God to their sovereigns, their liberties, while their bishops and their priests, interpreters of the Nation's spul, will sing aloud, in a common cry of thankfulness, a triumphal Te Deum.

To-day, the hymn of joy expires on our very lips. The Jewish people, captive in Babylon, sat, their eyes full of tears, on the shores of the Euphrates, looking at its flowing waters. Their silent harps hung on the willows along the river banks. Who then, among them, would have had the courage to sing the canticle to Jehovah on a foreign shore?

"O my dear native land of Jerusalem," exclaimed the Psalmist, "should I ever forget thee, may my right hand wither! may my tongue to my palate stick if I should ever fail to think of thee, if thou ceaseest to be the first of my joys!" The psalm ends in imprecatory terms. We do not wish to repeat them; we do forget the Old Testament which tolerated the "Lex Talionis": "eye for eye, tooth for tooth." Our lips purified by the fire of Christian charity will never utter a word of hatred. To hate is to have for object other people's harm or misfortune and to delight in it. Whatever be our distress, we do not have any hatred for those who inflict it upon us. Here, among us, national concord is allied with universal brotherhood. But, even above that sentiment of universal brotherhood, we place the respect of absolute right, without which there can be no possible intercourse, neither among nations, nor among individuals.

And therefore, do we proclaim, with Saint Thomas of Aquinas, the greatest authorized doctor in Christian Theology, that "public vindictiveness is a virtue."

Crime Must Be Repressed
 Crime, the violation of Justice, any outrage against the public peace, whether committed by a single individual or by a collectiveness, must be repressed. All consciences are upheaved, restless, on the rack, as long as the guilty has not been, as ready language so soundly and so forcibly expresses it, "put back where he belongs." To put back things and men in their proper state, that means re-establishing order, restoring equilibrium, restoring peace upon the basis of Justice. Public vengeance thus understood alarms the sensibility; it is, nevertheless, says St. Thomas, only the expression, the law of purest Charity and of zeal, which is its flame. It does not take suffering as a target, but as a weapon to avenge ignored right.

How can you love order without hating disorder? intelligently wish for peace without expelling what corrodes it; love a brother, that is to say, wish well to him, without desiring that, willingly or forcibly, his mind bends before the imprescriptible rigours of Justice and of Truth? It is from such lofty summits that war must be considered to realize and understand its grandeur.

Once more, you may run against perchance, some effeminate temperament for whom war is nothing but mine explosions, shell bursting, slaughtering of men, bloodshed, heaping of corpses; you will find politicians, rather short-sighted, who see in a battle no other stake than a day's interest, the taking or retaking of a territory or of a province. But if the liberating war has such a grand beauty, it is because it is the outburst, altogether disinterested, of a whole nation giving, or intending to give, what is most precious, its own life, for the defence or the claiming of something that none can weigh, figure in, write in ciphers or forestall: Right, Honour, Peace, Liberty.

Do you not feel, have you not felt for two long years, that the war, the

ardent expectation, ever kept up, even from here by yourselves, purifies you, clears the dross; gathers you in and elevates you all to something that is better in you?

Our Ideals.

It is towards the Ideal of Justice and of Honour that you are ascending, its very beauty upheaves you. And, because that Ideal, if it be not a vain abstraction which evaporates with the fictions of a dream, must be seated in a subsistent and living subject, I shall never grow tired in asserting this truth which is keeping us under its yoke: God reveals Himself the Master, the real Conductor of the events and of our own wills, the sacred Master, of the universal conscience.

Ah! could we only grasp in our arms our dear heroes who, over yonder, are fighting for us or are waiting, in the under-ground, quivering with anxiety, that their turn shall come to rush into the battle; if they permitted us to hear the beating of their hearts, is it not for this that they would answer us: 'I am on duty; I am sacrificing myself to Justice.'

And you, wives and mothers, do tell us also, each in turn, the splendid beauty of these tragical years: Wives whose every thought goes, sad but resigned, to the absent one, conveying to him your aspirations, your everlasting hope and your prayer. Mothers, whose broken existence is consuming itself in the anguish of every minute, you have given them, your sons and your husbands and you will not take them back. At every minute, also, our admiration keeps us, panting, before you.

The head of one of our most noble families wrote to me: "Our son, in the 7th. Infantry, has fallen; my wife and I are broken-hearted, however, were it necessary, we would give one more."

A victor attached to a church of the Capital, has just been sentenced to twelve years hard labour. I was permitted to go into his cell, to embrace him and bless him. "I have said he to me, 'three brothers at the front; I believe I am here, especially for having aided the youngest one—he is seventeen years old—to go and join his elders; a sister of mine is in a neighbouring cell, but I thank God that our mother is not left alone; she has let us know it, besides, she is not weeping.'"

Do not our mothers make us think of the mothers of the Maccabees?

Admiral Teachings

How many teachings of moral grandeur, here, and even on the road to exile, and in the jails, and in the detention camps, in Holland and in Germany.

Do we fully realize the sufferings of those brave ones who, since the beginning of the war, after the defence of Liege and of Namur or after the retreat from Antwerp, have seen the end of their military career and champ their bit, of those keepers of our rights and of our communal franchises, whose own valour has reduced to a state of inaction?

To start, needs courage; to contain one's self, requires as much. Sometimes, there is even more virtue in suffering than in acting.

And these two years of calm submissiveness on the part of the Belgian people to the 'inevitable' are an evidence of that profound tenacity which inspired a humble woman before whom the possibility of a near conclusion of the peace was being discussed, to say: "Oh! as far as we are concerned, there is no hurry; we can wait a little longer!"

"What a fine sentiment and so full of teaching for the coming generations!"

That is what we must see, my brethren; the Nation's magnanimity in its sacrifice, our universal and persevering brotherhood in suffering, in mourning, and in the same invincible hope—that is what must be considered to esteem, at its full value, the Belgian country.

Now, the first artificers of this moral grandeur, they are our soldiers. Until the day of their return, and that grateful Belgium acclaims the survivors and glorifies the memory of the dead, let us build for them in our souls a standing monument of religious gratitude.

Let us pray for those who are no more. Let us exclude none from our commiseration; the blood of Christ which has flowed for all. There are some for the defence or the claiming of something that none can weigh, figure in, write in ciphers or forestall: Right, Honour, Peace, Liberty.

those who are in need of the necessities of life. Attend the Mass which is celebrated weekly in your parish church for our deceased soldiers; take your children there with you; make them receive the sacrament and receive it with them.

Let us pray also for those who, on the battlefields, are always on the firing-line. As I am speaking to you, remember that there are many who are agonizing. The prospect of eternity is confronting them. Let us think of them; let us mortify ourselves for them; let us be resigned for them, that they die saintly.

Our Soldiers!

"Our soldiers are our masters," wrote yesterday a French academician, "they are our leaders, our professors, our judges, our supports, our true friends; let us be worthy of them and imitate them; to encourage us to perform no less than our duty, they are invariably disposed to do more than their own."

The hour of deliverance is near, but it has not yet sounded. Let us remain patient. Let us not waver and let us leave to Providence, the task of perfecting our national education.

Young women, young ladies, let me ask you whether you realize fully the gravity of the present hour. Pray, do not show yourselves as being strangers in the Country's plight. There are dresses and attitudes which are an insult to grief.

For you, always, modesty is a glory and a virtue; to-day it is, moreover, a patriotic duty.

Do you think, you also, of the privations and of the endurance of our soldiers.

Let us all bear in mind the great law of austere living.

"How we should, adds the patriot I have just quoted how much should we under comparatively easy conditions and in our less exposed areas which are really not on the firing lines, apply ourselves to be reduced, simplified and, as our soldiers, but in our own way, assert ourselves with a steadier energy! Let us not bear a single minute of distraction or relaxation. Let us spend every minute of our life only for the grand winnings to which our soldiers are so fondly sacrificing their own."

The Patriotic Concord

And, just as, at the front, our heroes offer us the admirable and consoling picture of an indissoluble union, of a military brotherhood that nothing could break, so then, in our rank less ease and of looser discipline, we should have at heart, however, the observance of the same patriotic concord. We respect the true imposed upon our quarrels by the great Cause which must alone engage and absorb all our means of attack and of combat; and if some ungodly or wretched ones; not understanding the urgency nor the beauty of this national prescription, are obstinately bent upon wishing, in spite of everything, to maintain and stimulate passions which, otherwise, separate us, which will turn our head and continue, without replying to them; to remain true to the covenant of bonded friendship, of good and loyal confidence which we have, even in spite of themselves, made with them, under the great blast of the War.

The approaching date of the first centenary of our Independence should find us stronger, more intrepid and united than ever. Let us therefore prepare ourselves for it by work, patience and in full brotherhood.

When in 1930, we will recall the gloomy years 1914-1916, they shall appear the most luminous, the most majestic and, on condition that we know even now to mean it, the happiest and the most fruitful in our National History. Per crucem ad lucem; through sacrifice shall light burst forth!

D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER,
 Arch. of Malines.

[Cardinal Mercier will be sixty-five years old on November 22 next. On that day Belgians throughout the world are preparing to honour him as a patriot and churchman. In a little booklet recently issued by 'Friends of the Cardinal and sent to all parts of the neutral world occurs this passage: "No one knows what the future has in store for Cardinal Mercier, but he will at all times be equal to his task. The whole world admires him, and Belgium in particular is proud of her great son.'"]

SAYS ROOSEVELT IS OUT OF DATE

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—"Theodore Roosevelt is out of date," Ida Tarbell, magazine writer and economist, said to-day, in declaring for President Wilson. "He does not and never has fully understood what the progressives are fussing about," Miss Tarbell said, "and there never has been one of them who could tell him so that he could get the idea. President Wilson is the first real Progressive leader this decade has produced."

The hot weather is over, but the hot weather jokes go on and on.

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