

## To Motor Boat Owners SPECIAL NOTICE!

THE undersigned, who holds Newfoundland Patent No. 209 on COVERS FOR MOTOR BOATS AND OTHER BOATS, is now prepared to license the use of same to fishermen and others requiring it. This covering can be put on a Boat in about two or three minutes and removed in less time. When on Boat no water can enter it, not even rain, except a small space at stern reserved for steersman.

All its attachments are specially adapted so they will not interfere in any way with twine hauling or any other work a boat might be used for. The covering can be made by any Motor Boat owner.

A salesman will be on the road shortly with a model showing how covering is made and worked, from whom a license can be obtained for its use. This man will also visit the Northern Districts soon as navigation opens. For further particulars as to cost, etc., write or call on

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## NOTICE OF REMOVAL AND PARTNERSHIP!

Hon. R. A. Squires, K.C., LL.B.

ANNOUNCES the removal of his LAW OFFICES to the New BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA Building at the corner of Beck's Cove and Water Street, and the formation of a PARTNERSHIP for general practice as Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries, with MR. J. A. WINTER, eldest son of the late Sir James S. Winter, K.C., under the firm name of Squires & Winter.

Address: Bank of Nova Scotia Building,  
January 3rd, 1916. St. John's.

Hon. R. A. Squires, K.C., LL.B. Mr. J. A. Winter

**Squires & Winter,**

Barristers, Solicitors  
and Notaries.

New Bank of Nova Scotia Building,  
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## What Has Turned Mexico In Five Years' into a Land of Starvation and Outlawry

Everywhere Bands Roam the Country Destroying Life and Property—most of the So-Called Soldiers Are Criminals Turned Loose from Jail—No Soldier Knows What He is Fighting for—Ask Him and He Says, "For Villa"—"For Zapata" or "For Carranza."

Within five years Mexico has been turned from a prosperous and, and on the surface at least, well governed country into a land of starvation, devastation and outlawry.

Under Porfirio Diaz, ruthless as his rule was, life and property were comparatively secure. Mexico was pushing ahead. Mines were being developed, railroads were built and building industries were growing. Education was being spread among the masses even. Edward I. Bell, writing recently in the Outlook, notes that it was a rare thing in 1910 to find a Mexican boy or girl of twelve to twenty years of age in any of the cities or towns who could not write or read. "At that time," he says, "there were 11,940 Government schools with an average attendance of 800,000 pupils. Primary education was compulsory."

Senator Albert B. Fall, of New Mexico, writing recently upon conditions before the Diaz breakdown, pointed out that the public debt known as the foreign debt, or that payable in foreign currency, as also the internal debt, or that payable in Mexican currency, was successfully funded in 1889, and in 1910 the former amounted to 300,524,996 pesos, and the latter to 137,850,133 pesos. (A peso is to-day worth about 15 cents). The interest upon this debt was in 1910 being promptly paid, and the revenues of the Republic exceeded the interest account and the necessary expenditures by something approximating 5,000,000 pesos per annum. At this time the wealth of Mexico, that is the total valuation of property therein, has been approximated as more than \$2,500,000,000.

What then, in so comparatively short a time, could have brought Mexico to the pass in which she now is? One of the most comprehensive accounts of what Mexico actually is at present has been written by an American mining engineer who has recently travelled through Mexico. Because of his interest in Mexico his name cannot be given, but his observations are authoritative. He says: "I find Mexico to-day from border to border and from sea to sea a land of unspeakable horror. Crimes of every kind are being perpetrated unchecked. Bring to mind the atrocities of Belgium and Poland and then imagine those countries overrun by the offscourings of jails and slums, and you have a picture of the once fair land below the Rio Grande. The record of Carranza, Villa and Zapata and their crews will never be told; it cannot be compiled in full because dead men tell no tales; it cannot be told in full because it cannot be expressed in terms of decency.

"It must not be supposed that Mexico is in the midst of a revolution; the days of revolution have passed, Mexico is now merely having its bones picked dry and clean by hands of cut-throats. There are no policies and no principles animating Carranza, Zapata or Villa; they care not a whit for Mexico or the Mexicans. Each leader has a number of high-sounding doctrines, but they never have been and never will be used; these principles are known only to the leaders and not fully by them, being often formulated by the publicity bureau for use in the United States as occasion demands.

"If you ask a soldier why he is fighting he will answer, 'For Villa,' or it may be Carranza or Zapata. He is fighting for an individual and he is fighting for that individual because he finds that soldiering gains him \$2.25 a day without work, whereas he formerly might gain at the most 50 cents a day. Soldiering is not a dangerous occupation and it gives him a chance to ride a horse and to satisfy his lower instincts—he can rob, murder and destroy to his heart's content. The soldier fights for the chief who treats him best; if discipline appears he deserts to another leader; if he is captured he enlists under the banner of the captor.

"Many of these soldiers are criminals: the army of Mexico has always been a branch of the penal department; criminals were sentenced to a term in the army instead of to prison. Once they were slightly restrained by their officers, but now

there are officers of their own class, equally bent on plunder.

"These soldiers are now tired of battles. The real fighting is now being done by the Yaqui Indians.

"The Indians have always loved the raid and they are brave. They care nothing for principles; most of them do not know that Don Porfirio, as they called President Diaz, no longer rules. They are fighting because they like to fight or for money or for some fantastic reason which has been given to them.

"I saw Pacheco, the Zapata Minister of war, come into Mexico City at the head of 4,000 southern Indians. Pacheco himself is as unlovely a specimen as one might find in many days travel; flat nosed, thick lippled, he crouches in his saddle, peering right and left with little, beady watery eyes. Beside Pacheco rode an enormous Indian bearing aloft a silken banner of the Virgin Mary. This crew had been enlisted by men who had murdered priests and turned churches into stables.

"General Obregon owes his recent victory solely to his ability, by hook or by crook, to get Yaqui Indians.

"The men under arms in Mexico to-day do not together number 150,000; they terrorize a country of 15,000,000 people and have either murdered or driven beyond the borders many of the decent Mexican citizens above the grade of peon or lower middle class. The land is waste from one end to the other; no man is so foolish as to plant crops or to lift a hand in industry. For wealth and the ownership of more than the simplest necessities of life is a capital crime in Mexico—unless the owner is attached to a marauding band."

Mr. John Kenneth Turner, the well-known authority on Mexican affairs, believes that feudalism has brought Mexico to the present pass. Mr. Turner took an active part in the Madero rebellion in defending the revolutionists against the persecutions by Diaz. He was captured and imprisoned by Huerta. Mr. Turner believes that nine-tenths of the people of Mexico were against Diaz and were held down purely by force.

"For thirty-five years there had been peace of a sort—the sort that is created by a well-constructed, repressive machine that is maintained by swift and frequent killings," says Mr. Turner in an article. "For a long time the revolution had been trying to start. In 1910 the killing was not swift enough—the nation rose and the rule of Diaz crumbled. Diaz was not overthrown by battles, for the battles were comparatively unimportant, but rather by the unanimous and blazing opposition of all classes.

"The revolution that drove out Diaz was not fought to put Madero in the presidential chair. It was a spontaneous uprising of the Mexican people to put an end to certain intolerable conditions practically all of which were integral parts of the system of feudalism."

Contrary to general belief, the Mexican peon is a gentle, lazy individual, says Senator Fall of New Mexico. With the strong central government of Diaz broken there appeared in various parts of Mexico of local bands who gathered about them the lawless men of their districts. These centres of disorder were used by various leaders ambitious for the presidency, and soldiers of fortune, to further their cause. Gradually these men drew in hundreds of others who learned that they could soldier for \$2.25 cents a day and loot, and preferred it to making the fifty cents a day which was the average wage of the peon.

With these bands, armed and recognized, the disintegration of Mexico began. Senator Fall says that none of the actual governments which have been set up in Mexico since Diaz has been able to secure volunteers for its army, no matter what inducements or reward was offered.

"The Mexican army has been recruited only by forced conscription, and by the emptying of the jails.

"The high-toned Mexican of the twenty per cent. class does not volunteer in either army nor does he contribute one dollar except through forced loan or contribution."

Mexico then is in the grip of hor-

armed criminal classes.

Of her two million intelligent, educated people half a million are refugees with us or are in the West Indies or Europe.

Edward I. Bell, the distinguished writer and expert on Mexico, has put this phase of the question forward very plainly in an article in a recent number of the Outlook. Mr. Bell says: "We know that the nation must be rescued from the criminal classes that hold it; that the breath of normal life must be infused into it; that it must be rebuilt and restored to the charge of its honorable people.

"Mexico is not only short of life-sustaining foods; it is incapacitated for producing. In an earlier article we have seen the agents of the great impostor gathering in from Mexico's most productive areas, the ship-loads of corn and barley and beans and cattle and sending them to Cuba and to Spain and to us for cash. We have seen that while they were doing this, as long ago as last March, the peons of the richest agricultural sections of Mexico were sustaining existence on roots and ferns. We now must be told that the means by which new crops of foods may be grown have been destroyed.

"It is not merely the seed that is gone, it is the implements, the machinery, the horses, mules, burros, and all that goes to make cultivation of the soil a possibility. If you take the map of Mexico and let your eyes wander over its broad areas, where five years ago 15,000,000 satisfied human beings lived the life that pleased them best, you will realize in some degree the measure of its present misery, for in all that land, except the State of Oaxaca, no Mexican or Spanish hacienda, farm, or ranch is in possession of its rightful owner, no crop has been allowed to mature, no new crops have been planted.

No kind of cattle are grazing on the hills or in the valleys, for all have been killed for their hides by thieves or stolen and shipped to us for cash. On the properties owned by Americans and Europeans little work has been done, as the managers have been driven from the land, their houses looted, their equipment stolen or destroyed, their growing crops used as forage for army animals, and their stores of seed and produce commandeered or burned.

"The peons in these country sections and in the towns and cities have ceased to work. There is neither strength for labor nor disposition to perform it. There is, in fact, no employment to be had except in a few industries controlled by our capitalists, who have persisted at advancing loss in their endeavors to operate sufficiently to hold their native people about them, to feed them, and to keep them from joining by which the means of subsistence could be obtained.

"The women and children of the peon class are in a state of misery of which no adequate idea can be supplied. The women on the food lines and in the cities waiting for hours and receiving nothing or no more than a handful of the precious corn, are those in whom there still remains the strength to drag themselves about. The starved and dying one in the dark hovels, the shriveled forms of famished children, the certainty of lingering death awaiting in a day or a week these are the ones not named in reports, but who are in the advance guard of the army of suffering and close to the end of the ghastly campaign.

"There is no need to pursue this sketch. Let imagination complete it for us. Only do not doubt. Mexicans can subsist on very little. They cannot live on nothing at all. The peon of the mountains may eat wild fruits to some extent and for the rest may find the bark and sap of trees; the peon of the fields may eat the stuff on which animals feed; but the peon of the town and city is doomed to die, he and his, unless we reach them with efficient, abundant aid, and soon."

"Ordinary murder is so common that it passes without comment if the murdered man is a native," writes another traveller. "I believe that three times as many men and women have been murdered as have been lost in battle.

"Property is destroyed even more freely and wantonly than human life; the armies leave a swath of desolation behind them, for that which is not used is destroyed.

"I travelled for five days with General Murguia and his army. There were 9000 men and I do not know how many women and children. The women and children constitute the commissary; there is no organized quartermaster's department; they steal everything that is loose. The horses are turned into the growing fields, and what the soldiers do not eat they destroy. Behind our march was a lane as desolate as the path of a tornado; there was not a living thing, not a blade of grass to be seen.

"A few weeks ago I sat with General Obregon in his private car in the fertile valley of Celaya; through the wa-

rows I could see more than ten thousand cavalry horses grazing in the fields of new wheat and trampling down that which they did not devour. Is there any wonder that famine has gripped the land?

"Once beautiful, Durango is now desolate; the fine buildings are in ruins, the substantial people have fled and there is neither work nor food for man or beast. I watched a drunken captain confiscate 500 tons of silver ore worth \$50 a ton.

"The whole country is waste; I inspected a fine little railroad which I had seen building a few years ago between Durango and Chalechuetes. It was a mass of wreckage; the tracks had been torn up, the pretty stations had been burned and the engines and cars were overturned and rusting in the ditches.

"And wherever one goes the eye meets the same sights—always, always is desolation.

"Mexico City was once among the most beautiful in the world; to-day in the hands of Zapata it is the scene of murderous thieves."

### Married Man.

"Did you give that man the third degree?" asked the police officer.

"Yes, we browbeat and badgered him with every question we could think of."

"What did he do?"

"He dosed off and merely murmured now and then: 'Yes, my dear, your perfectly right.'"

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