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BOOT  
BUDDY**



**A Boot That's Different**  
It's patented, too—but we don't charge for that

This Boot is Top Notch in quality as well as in name. It's a better boot than you have ever had. Made of the finest Para rubber by an entirely new process

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**Mr. Merchant:**

DO NOT FORGET that before you tell your customers that you cannot get what they want, that we have large supplies of everything pertaining to our line of business. We suggest that you always write or telephone us enquiring what we have in stock before admitting that it cannot be obtained.

We beg to remind you that we have now ready for your inspection our Fall Stock, bought under favorable circumstances. A visit will convince you of the values we are showing, and will be appreciated by us.

**HALLEY & COMPANY**  
106-108 New Gower St.

**HALLEY & CO.**

**To The Mistress  
Of The House**

DEAR MADAM,

Do you ever realize the increased comfort to the entire household—yourself included—that would be secured by the adoption of gas fires?

Have you ever contemplated the amount of labour spent, to say nothing of the time wasted, by your maids in carrying coals, cleaning grates, laying fires, coaxing stubborn fires into a blaze and keeping them going when lighted?

If you adopt gas fires, you will not only lighten the household work immensely, but your rooms will be cleaner, healthier and more comfortable. You can exactly control the heat required at any given time in any given room.

Bedrooms become pleasanter (and safer) resorts in bitter weather. The half hour's dressing for dinner, the undressing at night after leaving a cosy sitting room, can be done in comfort and safety—and at leisure.

To economise in the gas consumed is easy. When, after dinner, you leave the dining room, out goes the fire, to be lighted in the drawing room, or study or billiard room. And so, throughout the day, the fire "travels from room to room" by the simple turning on and off of taps.

Consider how habitable these gas fires make every room in the house!

Half the dust in your living rooms comes from the coal fire—there is no dust with a gas fire.

No work is entailed—no fire irons, coal scuttles or shovels to trouble about, no smoke, dirt or ashes to cause annoyance—no noisy poking or replenishing to disturb and irritate. That is why the gas fire is ideal for the sick room.

Certainly the gas fire is the housewife's best friend—it's only rival the gas cooker!

We are, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

**St. John's Gas Light Co.**

**French Soldier Buried Alive  
Managed to Escape Germans**

By being literally buried alive. Sergeant Letor, a Frenchman, escaped from the Germans.

But he was re-captured. Then he crawled to freedom through a fence charged with enough electricity to kill an ox instantly.

Again he was caught. Once more he faced certain death by climbing down a rope made of towels; the rope broke, but he fell on the outside of the prison wall and reached Holland in safety.

On one attempt he got 12 feet into Holland, but didn't know it, and gave himself up to the Germans as he faced their rifles.

Now he tells the story of his extraordinary experiences.

Sergeant Letor's story rivals any fiction of the kind ever written. It appears in the latest London Strand Magazine, and the most dramatic incidents are given below:

While a prisoner at Sickenmuhle he was sent with other prisoners to dig up tree stumps. With the connivance of a couple of soldier friends, he jumped into a hollow where a stump had been removed, when the sentinel was not looking and signalled for his comrades to fill in the hole.

The cold earth almost froze me, he says. Presently I was buried to the shoulders. Now my soldier friends would have only to throw some twigs and fern roots over my head to prevent me from being suffocated; then I should have only to lie still until the workers had departed.

Literally Buried Alive  
But, horror! Instead of twigs I received upon my head an enormous mass of earth. It fell upon me so suddenly that I had barely time to shield my mouth and eyes with my hands. I was in total darkness; I struggled to draw my breath. In literal truth, I was buried alive!

I wondered whether I was doomed to swoon and die in this hole. One of the German sentries actually walked over me, crushing my feet, legs and body!

Fortunately, he did not step on my head, or it would indeed have been all over with me! For a minute or two I heard him, discussing something with another German; then, to my unspeakable relief, he took himself off.

After lying here several hours Sergeant Letor was left alone and crawled out. For 27 miles toward Holland he made his way—only to be finally overtaken by a German soldier on a bicycle. He was then put in Senn Sennelager camp.

In Strictly Guarded Camp  
The Sennelager camp is strictly guarded, he writes. Three barriers surround it. The first is a fence of barbed wire eight feet high. The second barrier, seven feet high, is formed of wire charged with an electric current of 10,000 volts, mere contact with which would kill an ox. Seven feet beyond the second barrier is number three, exactly similar to the first.

Beyond these three barriers is the circle of sentries, who, with loaded guns, follow one another at an interval of 20 yards. Such was our camp.

On August 21, 1915, Brousset and I decided to depart in the course of the following night. It was arranged that we should secret ourselves in the lavatory near the enclosure at 8 o'clock in the evening. Friends undertook to watch the sentries and to announce their observations by whistling a popular tune. Should the sentry approach our retreat, the tune was to be "la le General qui passe"; should he move in the opposite direction and go farther away, it would be "Y a d'la goutte a boire la-haut."

We had been hiding for 10 minutes when we heard very clearly the notes of the signal. It was the latter tune. Slowly and cautiously we pushed open the door, and on hands and knees wriggled out into the night. Brousset, who was to cut the barbed wire with a pair of pincers, went in front. I crawled behind him. Beyond the triple barrier we saw distinctly the figure of a sentry 20 yards to our left.

The coolness of Brousset was stupendous! He stopped. I could see his right arm move. I heard a click. The pincers had severed a wire. The click came again and again. Four times the pincers had bitten the wire. I could hear the beating of my heart.

A Touch Meant Death  
But Brousset was moving on. The first difficulty had been overcome; now for the five wire! That was within our grasp, yet to touch it would have been death. But it did not lie upon the ground. Its cuplike supporters were fixed in posts, and between it and the ground was a space of about 18 inches. We crawled very, very slowly, flattening ourselves as much as we could. Brousset passed under in safety. It was now my turn.

I can truthfully affirm as I crept beneath that murderous wire. Gripping the ground, I managed somehow to propel my body with my hands. Oh, those awful moments! My head got through—my shoulders—my back—and at last my whole body was safely on the other side!

Brousset's pincers were already at work upon the third barrier. Again I heard the clicks. The most difficult part of our task was accomplished. A few more creeping movements, and we should be outside the camp!

A Long Trying Vigil  
But when we were outside it, we were also out of the shadows, exposed to view and the two sentries were safely 20 yards from us. Luckily, there were a little clump of bushes close by. Here we took refuge, and here we remained side by side without stirring until 11 o'clock. Then, as we could discern no sign of activity in the camp, we walked away. At first the ordnance yard afforded us some shelter; afterwards, by way of the woods, we gained the hill.

In the morning we were early afoot. Two sportsmen caught sight of us and started their dogs in our direction. I had some English pepper in one of my pockets. With this I made a sort of barrier beside a ditch. We leaped over the ditch and climbed to the very summit of the hill, where we remained concealed among the juniper trees for the rest of the day. A light repast of sugar and chocolate proved an aid to endurance.

At nightfall we set out again. After the hill came a series of woods and marshes, through which we travelled, avoiding the town of Rheine, and passing through that of Metelen half an hour after midnight. We were fortunate enough not to meet a living soul.

More marshes stretched themselves out before us in an apparently endless succession. It took us two days to traverse them. During the day we slept among reeds and rushes, partaking sparingly of our scanty provisions, which had to serve us for 10 days. Some mangold-kurzels that we found and devoured raw enabled us to save the few tablets of concentrated milk which we desired to reserve as a last resource.

Close to the Frontier  
After nine days of walking and privation, we arrived toward midnight at Ahaus, within a short distance of the small frontier town of Vreden. Again there were but a few kilo, metres between me and freedom. Would it elude us this time?

Alas, it eluded me! Quite suddenly, without any warning, we came upon a German custom house station. We were seen. At once the alarm was given; soldiers pursued and fired at us.

So great was my fatigue that I had not the strength to run. At the very instant that one of the soldiers fired upon me from behind (at a distance of less than five yards), I stumbled and fell. The bullet whistled in my ears. Seeing the fall, the man naturally concluded that I had been hit. Thus, while I feigned death, he, followed by his comrades, stepped over me and continued the pursuit of Brousset.

As soon as the pack of hounds had gone by, I rose, and hid myself in a thicket. Here I was on Dutch territory, but, unhappily, I was unaware of the fact. However, I thought myself already safe, until, half an hour later, I heard the travel of a patrol. Some minutes afterwards a ray from a powerful electric lamp flashed upon the bushes in close proximity to me. The Germans had returned and finding that my body had gone, were now searching for me.

A Heart-Chilling Moment  
With what anxiety I watched the movements of that telltale ray. Would it pass above my head, over or at the side of my bush? Suddenly I was blinded. The ray had struck me full in the face. I was discovered. Then I became aware that four soldiers were covering me with their guns. "Surrender, or we fire!" shouted a non-commissioned officer. I was trapped again.

I rose from my crouching posture and advanced toward the officer, who took me into custody. There were only four yards between my bush and the patrol. Course sneers and jeers greeted me, and I was astounded to hear these words, "It is most unfortunate for you, but you have just walked out of Holland."

One thing consoled me. Brousset had not been caught, and was now in safety.

Then came the third and successful attempt. The prison at Reckingshausen is situated in the northern portion of the Westphalian town of that name. There is in this prison just one alleviation—permission to leave one's cell during the day, to visit and converse with comrades. I soon made myself at home, and became especially friendly with five other prisoners.

All Yearned To Escape  
We all had the same ardent desire—to escape. We all but sawed off the six iron bars at a cell window, leaving a scrap of iron intact at the top and base. Firm in appearance, a very slight effort would suffice to remove them.

Right after supper we assembled in Von Calster's cell. The fateful hour had come. At 7 p.m. I gave the signal. With one sharp stroke each bar was detached. One end of a rope formed of towels cut into strips and knotted together, was made fast to the window; the other end was let fall into space.

With the aid of this they all escaped. We five ran and walked day and night over frozen marshes and thru woods covered with snow until we crossed the border into Holland just as a heavy snowfall turned into rain.

"Holland, My Friends!"  
Suddenly I uttered a cry of joy "Holland, my friends!" I had recognized this "promised land" by the landmarks which indicate the frontier. It was December 24, Christmas Eve.

Even when we had entered upon Dutch territory we ran for some time so great was our respect for the range of German guns. An isolated farm lay sleeping in the midst of open country, with its streak of white smoke ascending heavenward. I approached and tapped on the window-pane. The farmer, wearing a sort of cap, opened the door. I explained matters with some difficulty, but he understood. Five escaped Frenchmen! In a moment the whole household was awake and busy. Branches of trees flung on the fire crackled cheerfully. The table was laid with white bread, cakes, bacon, butter, coffee and I know not what besides! We broke down. We—soldiers who had been through such terrible adventures—broke down in tears.

When breakfast was over the farmer accompanied us to the Dutch authorities at Winterswyke, whence, after the usual examination, we were taken to the French hotel of Zon. We were provided with clothes, overwhelmed with gifts.

A musical society of the town was giving a concert, to which we were invited. As we entered the hall we were greeted with the strains of the "Marsellaise." This was too much for us. Again we broke down. Who could listen to our "Marsellaise" here, only a mile and a half from the German frontier, after 16 months of captivity in the enemy's country, and remain unmoved? Not we!

And so we five embraced one another, with tears streaming down our cheeks.

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