

Newfoundland Poultry Association

With a view to encouraging the breeding of pure bred poultry in Newfoundland, the following gentlemen—members of the above association—have consented to offer for sale stock, baby chicks, and eggs for hatching from thoroughbred stock at reasonable prices. Intending purchasers are requested to apply to any of the following for prices, when a pamphlet containing information as to housing, feeding, etc., will be supplied free of charge.

- White Leghorns.**
 C. R. Williams, Florence Grove, St. John's.
 Howard Parsons, c/o Royal Stores, Ltd., St. John's.
 H. McNeil, McNeil St., St. John's.
 R. P. Goodridge, c/o Alan Goodridge & Sons, St. John's.
 P. J. O'Reilly, Long Pond Road, St. John's.
 E. Perry, 258 Hamilton Ave., St. John's.
- Buff Leghorns.**
 S. Embrey, 14 Wood St., St. John's.
- Silver Campines.**
 G. W. Gushue, 216 LeMarchant Rd., St. John's.
- White Orpingtons.**
 Jno. Duff, c/o Steer Bros., St. John's.
 G. R. Williams, Florence Grove, St. John's.
 J. J. Kiely, 47 Monkstown Road, St. John's.
 S. White, 8 Freshwater Road, St. John's.
- Black Orpingtons.**
 S. White, 8 Freshwater Road, St. John's.
- White Wyandottes.**
 M. McLeod, Allendale Rd., St. John's.
 John Duff, c/o Steer Bros., St. John's.
 H. McPherson, "Westerland," St. John's.
- Rhode Island Reds.**
 S. Embrey, 14 Wood St., St. John's.
 H. W. LeMessurier, Winter Avenue, St. John's.
 R. P. Goodridge, c/o Alan Goodridge & Sons, St. John's.
 G. W. Gushue, 216 LeMarchant Road, St. John's.
- Barred Plymouth Rock.**
 R. P. Goodridge, c/o Alan Goodridge & Sons, St. John's.
- White Plymouth Rock.**
 R. P. Goodridge, c/o Alan Goodridge & Sons, St. John's.
 S. M. Walsh, P. O. Box 471.
- Pekkin Ducks.**
 G. R. Williams, Florence Grove, St. John's.
 H. McPherson, "Westerland," St. John's.
- Muscovy Ducks.**
 A. E. Payne, 4 Cabot Street, St. John's.
- Indian Runner Ducks.**
 G. W. Gushue, 216 LeMarchant Road, St. John's.
- Bronze Turkeys.**
 Jno. Duff, c/o Steer Bros., St. John's.
- Belgian Carneau Pigeons.**
 G. R. Williams, Florence Grove, St. John's.

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Calf Meal, in 25lb. Bags, 5c. lb. Boneless Jowls, Pork Loins, Ribbed Pork, New York Beef, Sinclair's Spare Ribs, the best.

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A Policy On Your House
 or furniture will cost you a very small sum.

PERCIE JOHNSON,
 Insurance Agent.

Speech Delivered In London

(Continued from page 2)

ment has also provided free passages to England for considerably over 100 men who desired to enlist in the new Army. The West Indies have shown equal generosity with every other part of the Empire. The Windward Islands has sent £8,000 worth of cocoa and £2,000 worth of arrowroot for our Forces, and £5,000 to our Flying Corps, and £1,200 for Belgian relief.

Montserrat sends guava jelly; the Turks and Caicos, £1,000. Trinidad £40,000 worth of cocoa for our Forces, £12,000 for the Prince of Wales' Fund, and £800 for the Red Cross. From Jamaica, sugar, oranges, 300,000 cigarettes, and £14,500 in cash for War Relief Funds. The Bahamas, £10,000 towards the cost of the war, and £3,000 to the Prince of Wales' Fund. Barbados, £20,000 to war expenses, and over £3,000 to relief funds.

British Guiana, 1,000 tons of sugar, 500,000 lbs. of rice, and £13,000 for relief. Bermuda has contributed £40,000 to the cost of the war. British Honduras £5,000 to the Red Cross, and nearly £2,000 to the relief funds here. A most remarkable record of spontaneous generosity from poor islands which, a few years ago, were in receipt of financial aid from the British Treasury.

AFRICAN COLONIES AND PROTECTORATES
 Nor must I omit the Falkland Islands, who have contributed a sum of money which amounts to £2 per head of the entire population at a moment when they were in imminent danger of capture by German cruisers, from which they were happily saved by the brilliant and successful naval action of Admiral Sturdee.

And the Legislative Council and people of Fiji have contributed close upon £17,000 to our National Relief Fund.

Turning now to our African Colonies and Protectorates; their contributions have been no less varied and splendid. Sierra Leone has sent us £5,000. The Gambia £10,000, with many private contributions of large sums to Red Cross and Relief Funds, and £39,000 has come as a contribution towards war expenses from the Mussulman Emirs of Northern Nigeria.

The Gold Coast has provided not only £4,000 in private subscriptions to the Prince of Wales' Fund, but has voted £60,000, the cost of the expedition to Togoland, and is anxious, if its finances permit, to contribute an even larger sum to our war expenditure. But it must be remembered also that every one of these West African Colonies has contributed its troops—and splendid men they are—to two very successful expeditions against Togoland and the Cameroons.

PUBLISH BLUE BOOK TELLING WHOLE STORY
 The early capture of Togoland was of special importance, for the Germans possessed there, at Kamina, the largest wireless telegraph station in the world, which talked direct to Berlin. The action there was rapid and brilliant, and has long been wholly completed. I hope soon to be able to publish a blue book telling the whole story in detail.

The Cameroons expedition is still in progress with equal success, though with a larger and deeply lamented loss of life. But more than half the business is already done—and splendidly done. Duala, a port which might have been made impregnable, fell early to our ships, the "Challenger," the "Cumberland," and the "Dwarf." Victoria, Buea, Bare, and Dschang were captured by our soldiers under the admirable leadership of General Dobell.

The whole of the northern railway from Duala is now in our hands, the enemy has been driven into the interior of the country, and the French, who have been co-operating with us in this work have captured Edca, and are making good progress in the south.

On the other hand, the operations against German East Africa have proved—as it was always expected they would—a much tougher proposition, for the Germans have very large forces there; but all their attacks on Nyasaland, on Northern Rhodesia, on Belgian Congo, and on British East Africa have been successfully repulsed; the "Konigsberg" is derelict in the Rufiji River, Mafia Island has been captured, Dar-es-Salaam has been shelled, and we are occupying certain posts with

in the frontiers of German East Africa.

THE THRILLS AND THE ROMANCES

I have tried to give you a brief epitome of what the uttermost parts of the Empire have done and are doing for and in conjunction with the Motherland. The Victoria League has cast its bread upon the waters, and it is coming back to you after many days and in many ways—in men, in money, in produce, in fellowship, in life itself.

"One equal temper of heroic hearts To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

I wish you could see my daily and nightly sheaves of telegrams, the despatches, the letters from the tropical firing line. You would live, as I have done for six months, in the thrills and the romance of thinly-defended frontiers, of gallantly-captured posts, of conquest and reverse, of strategy and organisation.

Sometimes a cruiser—more often a launch or a lighter—capturing a defended port or taking an enemy ship: bridges blown up or repaired: railways attacked or defended: wireless stations destroyed or erected—the tentacles of an impregnable and united Empire stretching out in its embrace, unflinching, unyielding, the personification of the power of the seas.

And from what springs all this unity of purpose, of action, of sentiment? From the genius of the British race for self-government and good government. We have given freely, proudly, the most complete autonomy to our great white Dominions, and we have reaped a rich harvest. Canada in the past, South Africa in the present, are witnesses to the fact that confidence is its own reward.

THE AIM AND OBJECT

But in those great tropical territories, where autonomy is not yet advisable or possible, we have endeavoured—and with success—to govern by and through and with the sentiments and customs of the inhabitants. The Pagan of the Gold Coast, the Mahomedan of Nigeria, the Masai or Kavirondo of East Africa have found their tribal systems respected, and their laws, when not repugnant to civilisation, adopted and administered. A wide tolerance, with not too emphatic insistence on "culture," has created a cosmopolitan confidence which has proved in action a good substitute for the servitude of militarism.

The aim and object—and I believe the result—of British Colonial administration has been to develop the highest attainments from the material which for the moment is at hand—always to strive for a higher standard, but to be satisfied with the attainment so long as it was an obvious advance.

War—the most terrible test you can apply to national character and endurance—may fail to solve some unsolvable problems, but it solves one thing—it disposes of the idea of degeneracy, and it discovers and creates character. It is a furnace which produces a flux of which the scum of dress is so thin as to be almost imperceptible, and under it there flows out the pure metal to the point of need, of danger, and of honour.

To every race—of whatever colour—under the British flag, we can proudly say—

"Your loyalty is ample vindication Of all we claim to be, The builders of a State wherein each nation Though subject, still is free."

Sent From the Jam

(Air, Tipperary)
 Down in the lee in Green Bay
 All our swiftn' ships are jammed.
 The seals are near—'an S. A. mau
 Got one hunderd for his hand.

They swarm around Gull Island
 Like flies on a summer day.
 The crews they don't feel happy
 Now, for this is what they say—

Its the wrong way to look for white-coats.
 Its the wrong way to go.
 Its the wrong way to look for white-coats,
 Abraham should know.

'Tis said he couldnt miss them,
 His friends they all declare
 'Tis the wrong way to look for white-coats,
 There's not one down there.

FOGO.

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES

A REALISTIC STORY BY A CORRESPONDENT OF "THE DAILY MAIL"

Toronto, March 20.—H. R. Gordon, report to the officer, etc. We made who is with the Queen's Own Rifles the rounds a couple of times, then at "the front" and who is the correspondent of The Toronto Daily dozen other men. They began to spin Star, in a very interesting letter, dated February 21st, gives some vivid descriptions of the actual conditions in the trenches.

At the outset, he says, "we've learned more real soldiering in the two days than possibly in two months elsewhere. And we've made the acquaintance of men, who, taking them small and large, are the finest fellows I've ever met, British regular soldiers."

Moved Near Firing Line
 We reached the trenches sooner than we expected. We left Buxard Camp, in England, and soon reached 20 trench. We had scarcely settled down when the order came to move to a town near the firing line. He then describes the march:—"We packed our belongings, including our "lamb-wool" coat skin coats, and started out in a raw driving rain. The water soaked into our kits, until they weighed something like 75 pounds. We were hurried along at a fast pace with very little time for halts past barns with crucifixes under little glass vases at the gables and men in khaki at the doorways. After we had gone ten miles we began to have trouble with our feet. The combination of hard roads heavy packs and stiff new ammunition boots raised a crop of blisters. The last two hours of the march were the longest I've ever spent. We hobbled along with teeth set determined to reach the bend in the road ahead and when that was reached the next bend. Several fellows whose ankles had been stepping on in the barn had to fall out. The last two miles of the march were over round topped cobblestones. We reached our billet a schoolhouse behind a bullet-chipped church. Just about dark up. We'd covered about 17 miles, not a very long march, it is true, but trying, on account of the fast pace. Children appeared almost at once with hot coffee, and we forgot our troubles. We slept like logs."

Proceeding he says that a guide from the regiment their platoon was to go to which met them in the dark and led them around holes in ground dug out by the shells, and by a ruined farm. "The German trenches are about five hundred years away," said our guide, quite casually.

Tommy in their Dugouts
 He led us off the road, along beside a hedge, and over a field of clinging, clayey muck. "There's a Jack Johnson hole," he remarked, as we passed a round hole, six feet in diameter, filled with water. We slipped down an incline concealed by canvas screens into the trench. We found ourselves on a narrow plank between banks of slimy clay. All along one side were burrows, perhaps three feet high and four feet wide, with pots of charcoal glowing faintly. Bristly faces, caked with mud, bent over the fires, busy with pots. These were the Tommies, in their dugouts, brewing tea. We stumbled along after our guide, past dugouts, past stunted sentries gazing out into the night over the parapet of the trench. I slipped off the plank once, and was in mud and water to my knees.

Made Himself Comfortable
 At last the guide said, "You go in here with Gypsy." I bent down and took off my pack. "Gypsy," a silent black mustached, steady looking man, hung up my pack, and made me welcome beside him. "Tea?" he asked, and gave me a ladle full from his mess tin. The burrow was small, perhaps five feet long, three feet high and three and a half feet wide. The roof was held up by planks and joists. A pair of field glasses hung on a nail. "Got 'em from a German officer," he told me. "Gypsy" had been out in the trenches since September. There's only two hundred left out of the lot that started," he remarked, "and only three officers out of thirty-six."

Lately, it appeared, very little had happened in the section of the line we were in. The enemy had done little for a month or so. And their shooting, no matter what the papers say about it, is good. "Keep the head down in the day, lad," said Gypsy, "a lad in our platoon looked out over the parapet the last time we were in here and got a bullet thru the brain." After a while Gypsy took his glasses, and we had a look at the enemy's trenches. One would make out the faint glow of fires on the left of a ruined house. The trench was about 500 yards away. A little to our right the trenches were only 50 yards apart. We were looking for two or three minutes. Then, crack, zip, and several bullets went past our heads. We stepped down. I went along with a corporal to learn about the junior N. C. O.'s duties in a trench at night time, to look after sentries,



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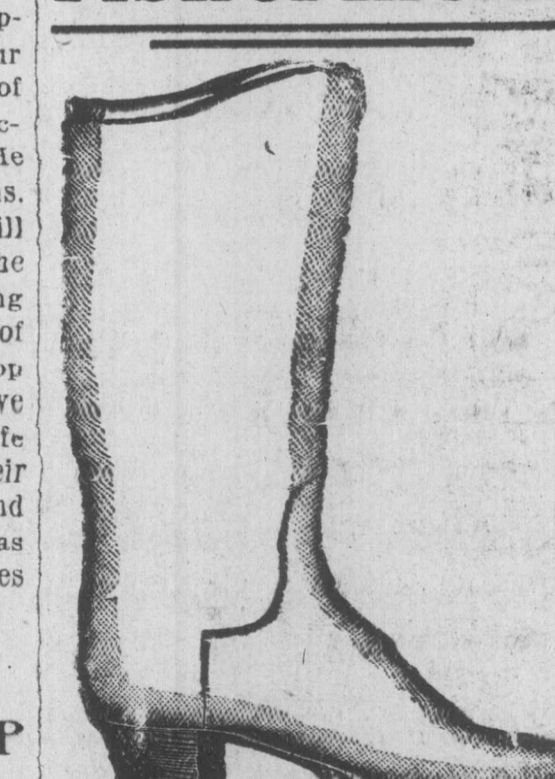


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