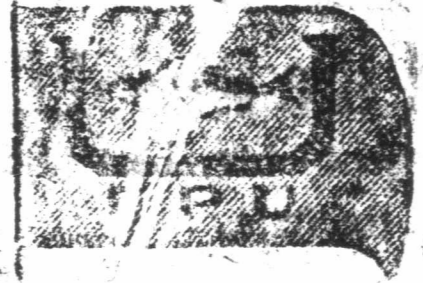


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(To Every Man His Own.)

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ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., SEPT. 8, 1915.

**OUR POINT OF VIEW**

**FISHERMEN**

**ATTENTION!**

**PIT PROPS**

We warn all our people against touching Pit Prop propositions at prices now offering. Let \$4 per cord rinded be the lowest price accepted for Pit Props from anyone the coming season; unless \$4 is paid, don't have anything to do with cutting.

The men who are trying to secure people to take Pit Prop contracts at \$3 per cord are expecting to make big grabs from this business.

The two English sports who are offering \$3 should be given a cold shoulder. Those chaps have made big hauls this season and aim to make bigger hauls the coming season.

No middle man should be too eager to accept Pit Prop contracts, and no toilers should cut a log at a less price than \$4 per cord for barked props.

**Timber Areas**

READERS of The Mail and Advocate are aware that we have kept up a strong appeal for some action on the part of the Government towards obtaining something like a clear knowledge of what our timber and mineral resources are.

We have allowed ourselves to drift too far already in this careless unintelligent way, possessing no knowledge of what our forests and mines are worth, and consequently we are often the dupes and victims of unscrupulous adventurers who balk not at giving this country of ours a black eye, if only they enrich themselves.

It is a duty we owe to ourselves and to our reputation that we take steps to make it impossible for any dishonest scheming promoter to hoodwink outside investors with faked up reports.

And we can do this by making a thorough and exhaustive survey of our forests and mineral lands. This national stock taking is a necessity, and should have been undertaken long ago. All timber areas remaining to the Crown should be thoroughly surveyed and mapped. The kind and quan-

ally noted, as well as what water powers are available.

This should be the first step towards conservation of our forests.

At present we are as ignorant of our forests as it is possible to be. We have a notion that such forests exist somewhere, but we have no absolute knowledge either of their extent or value.

And as to conservation we are as innocent of any attempt in that direction as we presume the pigmies of Central Africa are of having any special care of their native plantain trees. They pluck the fruit and pass on and soon forget the tree. It is the same with us, we pluck whatever profits may drift to us from our forests without a thought as to whether we are getting the final dividend from our national bank, which in our ignorance, we have allowed to be raided by destructive hands.

We are not getting from our natural resources one-quarter of what in all probability they may be made to yield.

Beside, because of our ignorant indifference we are "killing" the goose which lays the golden egg. We are taking no heed for conservation. We are not making any attempt towards finding out how our forests may be improved, and perpetuated. Instead of this we just drift along taking whatever comes our way to-day and hoping for more to-morrow, without exercising any thought in the matter of how we might increase today's receipts and at the same time make absolutely certain of a future revenue on a greatly enhanced scale.

What is true of our forests is true also of our peat areas, about which we have heard nothing since the big raid on these a year or two ago, by the same greedy crew who deal in timber areas, that they do not own, or often that do not exist except in some false and glowing prospectus.

Our peat areas may be made to yield big returns if properly worked, but as to this we cannot say, for the very good reason that no effort is being made to find out.

In Canada, Italy and Germany various products are being manufactured that have peat as a basis, and we may be able to imitate the example of those progressive states if we bestir ourselves and take an intelligent interest in our country.

The surest way of counteracting the evil effects of the dishonest promoting that has disgraced this country, is for the country itself to undertake a study of our natural resources and close the doors at once to the gang of sharks who have been so long feeding upon the vitals of the country, and growing sleek like leeches by their blood sucking.

We should be able to lay bona fide reports before interested capitalists, that would have the effect of allaying the suspicion abroad that Newfoundland has nothing to offer.

There is absolutely no reason why we should lay ourselves out to over coloring or unduly praising what we have to offer. Truth is best, and truth is sufficient.

We have here before us now a prospectus issued in 1910 by a concern with the high sounding title of "The Labrador Syndicate, Ltd."

The volume is quite a pretentious one in point of size, and embellishments, and if all it has to say about the prospect for a large timber concern in Hamilton Inlet be true, that part of our possessions has more timber, to the acre than any place in eastern Canada, that we know of.

We intend to read this prospectus carefully, and compare it with what we know personally of Labrador and with reports which we have received from other sources.

Amongst the contributors to the pages of this prospectus, we notice the name of one B. T. McGrath, Timber Expert, St. John's, and a host of other equally well

**DETERMINED TO DO OR DIE FOR KING AND COUNTRY**

Aldershot, August 13, '15.

Dear Cousin—I received your most kind and ever welcome letter. Glad to hear that all of you are well, as it leaves myself at present enjoying the best of health.

Well, Theresa, I must first tell you about Aldershot. It's certainly a beautiful place, we are staying in barracks and are sleeping in rooms. We came here about a week ago from Stob's; it's far better than Stob's. We are having some nice warm weather, almost too warm for marching.

We were inspected yesterday by Lord Kitchener and he told us he would send us out to the Dardanelles to fight the Turks in three weeks time; and I tell you we are not sorry for it, because we are getting fed up on it now; but I am glad I am here to go with the boys and do my part for the Empire and Country. I am willing to lose my life for that old flag—the Union Jack.

Dear Theresa, don't feel down-hearted because we are going, be proud of your cousin and darling brother fighting for the King and Country. We are all ready now to go.

Perhaps this will be my last letter to you here in Aldershot; but if God spares my life in the trenches I will write you and tell you all the news.

You asked me for my photo, well, cousin, I got one with another fellow in it with me; I suppose you don't mind it, it's my chum. Did you ever hear of the ninety-nine Nottals on the North Shore, well he's one, his name is Chelsey Nottal.

Dear Cousin Theresa, there is no trouble to see an airship here; there's one over the Barracks now protecting the Barracks and soldiers.

Dear Theresa I thank you for the nice letter you sent me, I wish you and your husband and the children the best of health and a good voyage of fish this summer and a safe return home to you. Don't forget to write again, Father will feel downhearted now when he hears we are going to the front, but I am going to ask you to do one thing for me, and that is this: if it is my lot to fall on the battlefield try to cheer him up and speak some words of comfort to him.

But oh, Theresa, I think of it a pleasure to die for Great Britain, don't you. I got my rifle by my side now, it is the my best friend I got on this side.

Give my kind love to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey; tell Mrs. Harvey I don't forget her, I haven't time to write her. I just got another photo from my chum to send her, I wish her and Mr. Harvey and Lily the best of health.

I had a letter from Montreal from Emily Moores, she is well, and what struck me most was this, that Uncle Reuben wishes to be remembered to me and Aunt Drew; so I will have to close, I am going to write Uncle Reuben now. Give my kind love to your father and mother, John and Francis, and not forgetting yourself. Good luck.

From your loving cousin  
Soldier boy,  
—SAMUEL MOORES.

**THANKFUL FOR TOBACCO SENT**

Aldershot, England,  
August 11, 1915.

Dear Father—Your letter of July 25th just received, very glad to hear from you again, as it was so long since I heard from you. I am sorry to hear that it is a poor fishery around here.

We are all getting tired of England and Scotland and we won't be sorry to leave it for France or the Dardanelles, which ever place they send us to; anyway they should give us a chance to see what we can do. As far as I can see I do not think this war will last as long as people imagine. This is a fairly good place.

Tell Dr. McKay that I am very thankful for the tobacco he sent us, I received it a day or two after I wrote you last.

I think I have said all for this time, try and write as often as you can.

I remain, your affectionate son,  
—JACK.

The writer of the above letter is John Jeans of Catalina.

New rules recently promulgated by the Kansas civil service commission make persons who habitually use intoxicating liquors or smoke cigarettes ineligible for employment by the state at the

**ENJOYING HIMSELF--NEVER FELT SO WELL**

H.M.A.D. Glasgow.

Ramsgate, Aug. 11, '15.  
My Dear Sister—I received your most kind and welcome letter to-day and was very glad to hear that you and the children were well. I am glad to be able to tell you I am enjoying myself fine and that is something to thank God for; I was never so well in my life before then I am since I came to England, and that is the thing we want over here.

Well, sister, I must tell you I received the box that you sent me, and I can tell you I and my chum enjoyed it; as you said on your letter "it's not for the cost of it," it was because it came from home and the one that sent it. Tell Fanny I would like to be along side of her when we were eating it to have a talk to her and get some of the kisses I used to get when she used to come to the house. I think sometimes I see her coming out the road and how I used to go and opened the gate for her. But I suppose it will be a long time yet before I open the gate for her; I am expecting she will be able to open it herself by the time I come home.

Well, sister, I would like for you to have some of the bananas we got a few days ago out to sea come from a ship that was wrecked. We had the deck full of bananas; so you see we have lots of them to eat but they are not hardy ripe, but it don't take them long to ripen. Well that is one thing, we gets lot of fruit to eat, because we don't want to go out of the ship for them, when we comes in port they comes aboard.

I am sorry to hear that Mother fell down and sprained her foot. I expect she was in too much of a hurry. I was expecting to hear some kind of news like that. I wrote to Joseph a long time ago, I sent it to the Labrador; I don't know whether he got it or not. I was thinking when I didn't get a letter from you that you didn't get my letter because lots of the letters I wrote have never been received.

Tell Mrs. Harvey I was talking to Hedley to-day and he is well and sends his best regards to you all. Tell Mother I am writing to her to her. I suppose I will hardly know the boy, he will be so big, so give him a kiss for me. So good-bye and God's richest blessing rest upon you and me till we meet again. So I must close with best wishes from  
Your loving brother,  
—E. P. MOORES.

**TEACHERS SUBSCRIPTION TO SOLD'RS COT FUND**

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir—Some time during the month of May a circular letter signed by the three Superintendents of Education, was sent to the teachers asking them to subscribe to the "Cot Fund" for our soldiers; attached to the letter was a blank form to be filled in with the amount each one intended to give, and it would be deducted from the Augmentation for the half year ending June 30, which was done.

Since then I am not aware that any reference was made to it in the daily papers, nor was the amount acknowledged in any way. Is it because it was only teachers, that the amount was not published, as were all other lists? Why this silence?

Come, Messrs Superintendents, publish the result of your appeal, and let the public in general and teachers in particular, know the amount collected, and also if it has been put to the use for which it was subscribed. It appears silent contempt on your part, and by the way, don't forget that you were once teachers, although now residing on "Easy Street."

—COM.  
Conception Bay, Sep. 6, '15.  
N.B.—It was suggested in circular letter for 3rd Grade Teachers to give one dollar and the other Grades according to Grade.

**Mr. Bryan's One Eye**  
N.Y. Times—In the country of the blind Mr. Bryan might be chosen King by acclamation. He has the qualification. His one eye is a seeing organ, but he keeps it resolutely fixed upon certain principles, projects, alternatives, and ways of escape of his own discovery and proclamation, while his other eye is just as resolutely blind to consideration which upset

**LAMALINE BOY WRITES FROM FRANCE**

France, July 20, 1915.

My Dear Mother and Father—I think it much pleasure of being able to write you a few lines to let you know I am still in good health and hope you are all enjoying the same. I have not had a day's sickness since I left home, nearly two years ago and I am quite sure I ought to be very thankful for it, which I am.

Well, Mother, I have seen some most wonderful sights since I came out here, more than you will ever see I trust; lots of aeroplanes flying over me and lots of shells bursting around me, but we cannot mind that—our cry is "No Surrender." If I were to worry because I could not go home I would have been dead long ago, but home never trouble me in that way.

I trust Father will do well with the fishery this summer. I am not in the trenches now, so you need not worry about me at present, but expect to be on the move in the near future.

I have travelled a few miles since I left home, but although land and sea divides us, my thoughts still dwell on home. Of course you understand that the hygienic conditions are not always good, so you see a change of air is a good thing for us.

The last five days the guns have been firing steady and many a good shot has been placed on our front. Of course I do not wish to amplify the Germans' superiority because we must remember that many a gun has been silenced by us.

You can tell Robert Walsh that I do not think much of his opinion regarding the climate and atmosphere of France. Give me the climate of good old Newfoundland and I will be satisfied. Of course we cannot have all we want so I will make myself content until I arrive home, which I hope is in the near future.

I hope all my sisters and brothers and friends are well and enjoying themselves, as I am. Mind, Father and Mother, don't worry about me, for there is no need of you doing so.

Good-bye and good luck to all.  
From your loving son,  
—EDGAR.

The writer of the above letter is the son of John and Catherine Hillier, Point aux Gauls, Lamaline. He is now serving in France with the 1st Canadian Division.

**BEFORE LEAVING FOR BATTLE FRONT**

Aldershot, England,  
August 13, 1915.

Dear Father—I am writing you again, I expect for the last time for some time; and may be by the time you receive this we may be off to the Dardanelles. We were inspected by Lord Kitchener the other day. He said we were a fine body of men, and he said we would soon have to sharpen our bayonets. Anyway by the movements they are making now we will soon be in the firing line. We are in the best of health, and also we are signing on for the duration of the war. I only signed on for a year but we are signing on now for the duration of the war.

I heard the fish were plentiful; I hope ye are doing well. I hope ye are all well. I sent my photo some time ago, I hope you will receive them alright. Remember me to all the people home and may be I will see you all again anyway if I don't it's alright.

We are in a pretty good barracks here, good accommodation. I hope you will see some more of our Elliston boys volunteering; anyway it will be too bad to see only one from it outside the Canadians. I hope Roger will pass his exams alright. I wrote Fanny some time ago, I don't know whether she got the letter or not.

This is all I have to say for this time. So good-bye.  
—CHES.

**It Must Be Victory**

London Express—In the twelve months to come must be fought out in blood and bitter the destinies of mankind. From us, as from all men, the full issue of the battles of to-morrow is withheld. Only as in a glass, darkly, can we perceive a nebulous vision of victory. We know it must be victory, because throughout in this conflict of the world we have felt truth and justice, honor and mercy working mysteriously to that end. Right, we know, is

**Fishermen's Protective Union of Newfoundland.**

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Vice-President—ANDREW BROADERS.  
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