

RED CROSS LINE.

INTENDED SAILINGS.

From New York: From St. John's:
STEPHANO, Jan. 16. STEPHANO, Jan. 23.
Passenger Tickets issued to New York, Halifax
and Boston.

FARES INCLUDING MEALS & BERTH ON
RED CROSS STEAMERS:

	1st CLASS		2nd CLASS	
	Single	Return	Single	Return
To New York	\$40.00	\$70.00	\$15.00	
To Halifax	20.00	35.00	9.00	
To Boston (Plant Line)	29.00	51.00	18.00	
To Boston (D.A.R.)	30.00	51.00	18.00	

Connections at Halifax for Boston: (1) Plant Line Wednesday at 8 a.m. (2) Dominion Atlantic Railway through the beautiful land of Evangeline to Yarmouth, thence by Boston and Yarmouth S.S. Co., Ltd., Wednesday and Saturday. Luxurious accommodation and excellent cuisine by either route. Full particulars from

HARVEY & COMPANY, Ltd.
Agents Red Cross Line.

"No man with eyes wide open can fail to appreciate the fine points of St. Lawrence Construction."

The St. Lawrence Two Cycle Marine Motor Engines, Kerosene or Gasoline.

From 2 to 35 H.P. complete with Reverse Gear Engines No. A6, 7, 8, 9, and 10—12 to 35 H.P. are specially made to suit Newfoundland fishing schooners from 20 to 120 tons.

The St. Lawrence Fay and Bowen. Four Cycle Engines 10 to 65 H.P. are in construction and operation the "last word" in Marine Motor Engines.

Full particulars and Illustrated Catalogue with price list will be forwarded on application to

R. FENNELL, 92 Military Road,
St. John's, Nfld.
Agent for The St. Lawrence Engine Co., Ltd.
dec. 19, sat. tu, th.

Boys and Girls Sell the Latest War Budgets!

Published in London every week containing 75 to 100 War Pictures taken on the Battlefield, at the Volunteer Camps and the Navy. They sell at 12c. and 14c. each, and your customers will want a new one every week. We pay you cash or give you valuable prizes for selling them.

Write for a dozen at once. We trust you. Pay us when sold. Do not delay, as we only appoint one or two boys in each town as agents.

Boys wanted in town every Thursday, Friday and Saturday to sell The Daily Mirror (weekly edition).

J. M. RYAN SUPPLY CO.,
227 THEATRE HILL, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.
WAR NEWS AGENCY.

Are YOU Building?

Use Paroid Roofing

1 and 2 Ply
The Best Roofing on the Market.
F. W. BIRD & SON, Manufacturers.

The Direct Agencies, Ltd.
Sole Agents for Newfoundland.
WHOLESALE ONLY.

BELGIAN BOXER KNOCKED-OUT GERMAN OFFICER WHO MOLESTED A WOMAN ON THE FIRING LINE

British Soldier Tells of a Thrilling Incident That Occurred in the Trenches in Belgium

OLD MAN'S EFFORT TO AVENGE A SON

King Albert Visits the Trenches and Distributes Cheery Words and Cigarettes to the Soldiers

Bedford Square, London, Dec. 10 (By mail.)—The Germans were about half a mile away. I should think, although you couldn't estimate very well owing to the uneven nature of the ground between.

Most of their artillery was masked in a clump of woods on their left flank and behind their trenches. We could see little puffs, like steam, from the smokeless powder, and that was all we had to fire at. The firing was pretty hot for a while, and then it slackened up.

I had four or five packs of Egyptian cigarettes and I was a mighty popular man. Tobacco was so scarce that the men had been chewing their black "shag" and then rolling it in cigarettes. Very polite, the Belgians are. No matter how badly one wanted a smoke he wouldn't ask, unless he knew me personally. The others would just look longingly at my cigarette and say: "After you, please," meaning that he would like the stump.

Along in the afternoon an old peasant, fully seventy, hobbled up from somewhere. I think he lived near by. He made inquiries along the line about his son, who had been with a regiment of regular infantry, and learned that he had been killed. The old man thought it over and then he began to curse the Germans. At this time there was no firing.

"I'm a Fleming of the Flemings!" yelled the peasant. "Forward with me! I'm not afraid!"

He took a good grip on a pitchfork that he had started alone for the German lines—straight toward the clump of woods where the artillery was masked.

"Come back here, dumb farmer!" shouted our sergeant, but the peasant kept right on, swearing and shaking his head, with his pitchfork poised.

The ground was rough, the man was feeble, and his wooden shoes bothered him. He began to get tired and stagger a little, but he kept on. A good many had field glasses and we could see him as he tottered up to the German trenches.

Sword vs. Pitchfork.
When he got there the old man raised his pitchfork over his head. Not a shot had been fired, and we were wondering what would happen. He thrust down, and up jumped a

German officer and turned the blow with his sword.

The old peasant tried it again, but they parried his blows until he was tried out. Then a lot of Germans scrambled out of the trenches, patted him on the back and turned him around. We could see them motion for him to run along home, and he went off.

It was just after we had eaten that the word was passed to look out for King Albert, but not to come to attention when he showed up. It was nearly noon when I saw him coming down the trenches slowly, handing out cigarettes from a great, big leather case and talking to the men. He had on a dark blue uniform that was splashed with mud, and wore glasses. He stopped and spoke to every third or fourth man, either in French or Flemish, and nearly every man got some of his cigarettes.

Word of Praise.
"I hear you kept them off," he would say. "How do you feel? You did well. I'm proud of you. The whole world is looking at us. We mustn't let the Germans get across the river. I'll see you again."

Those were some of the things that I remember him saying as he walked along, smiling and looking as though he actually liked every man there. One of the two aides with him said: "Will your Majesty please remember to keep your head down?"

"My skin is no better than that of any of the boys," said the King. He laughed and went on passing cigarettes, but he didn't give me any that time. After a while he got into an armoured motor car, and everybody cheered. The King saluted and went away.

Bit Excited Champion.
There was a lull at the time we arrived at St. Nicholas, and just as I was marching towards the trenches, up came a Belgian soldier grinning and held out his hand.

"Get drole!" he said. "What are you doing here?"
He was dirty and words and had the beard of a barber who hasn't shaved for four or five weeks. I didn't know, until he told me, that he was Arthur Wynnes, a feather-weight boxer of Brussels.

In consideration of what was to happen I had to explain a little about him. Wynnes was an idol of the fight fans of Brussels and seemed to have the making of a champion. I knew him pretty well and one night after a fight, he said to me:

"What does your word 'game' mean? I read it in the English sporting papers and I hear you Americans talk about it, but I never understood just what it meant."

Well, I told him about a horse that crossed his legs and broke one of them at Tottenham Corner in the English derby, and then ran three hundred yards. I also told him about a fighter who had both eyes closed but still begged to go on one more round.

"But you can't see your man," argued the second.

"I can hear him breathe," replied the fighter.
I told him that there was a game man and a game horse, and then, half jokingly, asked him if he thought he was game.

"I don't know," answered Wynnes.

In Many Battles.
I didn't remember all this when we met in the trenches—not till afterward. Wynnes said he had been at Malines, Alost and Liege. Altogether he thought he could claim more than twenty battles. And the joke of it was, according to his idea, that he had just served his fifteen months in the army when the war broke out.



Our Brave Firemen
may save your life should flames envelop your home or place of business, but he cannot prevent some damage by either fire or water from injuring your property.

Why not take out a policy with one of the strong
Insurance Companies
I represent, and be sure of prompt reimbursement in case fire destroys your possessions?

PERCIE JOHNSON,
Insurance Agent.

There had been an order to cease firing, and the Germans were keeping still, too. While we were talking an old peasant woman and a pretty young girl came out of the woods at the right and started to walk past the German flank. At the same time a big non-commissioned officer and two privates came out of the trenches. They had no rifles, and apparently had been sent out to do some work.

Each of the women had a basket filled with something that we took to be walnuts. The non-com. went up to the old woman and pointed to her basket. She shook her head and turned away. At that the German grabbed the basket, and held out his hand with money, of course. Then the girl spunked up and slapped the officer. He dropped the basket, grabbed her wrists, and began to pull her toward him. You didn't need field glasses to tell that he was going to kiss her.

Wynnes had been swearing and pounding his fists into the dirt. Nobody dared fire a shot because of the order, but the limit of Wynnes' endurance had been reached and he jumped out of the trench.

Champion to the Rescue.
I tried to catch hold of him and everybody yelled for him to come back, but he didn't even turn his head. He started at a dog trot, all crouched over, and with his dirty ragged overcoat flapping in a light wind he made a straight line for that German. The non-com. was having a hard tussle with the women, but soon he saw Wynnes coming for him over the rolling ground.

The big German let go of the girl and the old woman let go of him and went to picking up her walnuts. For a few minutes he just stood and looked at Wynnes as though he didn't know what to make of it, for Arthur didn't have any kind of weapon. After a minute or two the German pulled a pistol out of his belt, rested it carefully over his arm and fired.

Wynnes kept right on. The German fired again and the women scampered away. Then Arthur began to zig-zag from side to side and the other man got rattled and shot at random. He fired the whole nine shots in the chamber of his pistol and still little Wynnes kept coming, and by that time he was close.

Floored the Brute.
We could see the non-com. motioning to the privates, who stood a little way off, to help him. But just about that time the best feather-weight in Belgium got there. He fought with his left, walloped the German in the stomach with his right, and then hooked the left to the jaw. That fellow went down like an ox and the two privates ran for the trenches as though the devil was after them.

Wynnes started back at a dog trot, still. The German sat up and held his jaw, and then they began to take pot shots at Arthur. It seemed an hour before he tumbled down next to me and picked up his rifle just as though nothing had happened.

"Was that game?" he said.

"It was the gamest thing I ever saw," I told him, and then along came our sergeant, mad as a wet hen.

"I'll have to report you, and you'll get it for that!" he shouted.

"I couldn't help it," said Wynnes.
But Wynnes wasn't reported, and all he ever said about it afterwards was: "I hope I didn't hurt my hand on that big German's jaw. My left always gave me a lot of trouble."

Good Morning! We Are Introducing American Silk American Cashmere American Cotton-Lisle HOSIERY

They have stood the test. Give real foot comfort. No seams to rip. Never become loose or baggy. The shape is knit in—not pressed in.

GUARANTEED for fitness, style superiority of material and workmanship. Absolutely stainless. Will wear 6 months without holes, or new ones free.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER to every one sending us \$1.00 in our money or postal note, to cover advertising and shipping charges, we will send post-paid, with written guarantee backed by a five million dollar company, either

3 Pairs of our 75c. value American Silk Hosiery
or 4 Pairs of our 50c. value Am. Cashmere Hosiery,
or 4 Pairs of our 50c. value Am. Cotton-Lisle Hosiery,
or 6 Pairs Children's Hosiery.

Give the color, size, and whether Ladies' or Gent's hosiery is desired.

DON'T DELAY—Offer expires when a dealer in your locality is selected.

The INTERNATIONAL HOSIERY CO.
P. O. Box 244,
DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

Slaughter Sale

Furs! Furs!

Our cheap sale still continues and for the balance of the year all goods will be sold at HALF PRICE.

Fur Ties and Collars from 50c. up
Men's Fur Collars \$2.00 each, worth \$6
Men's Dog Coats \$10.00 each

Sale Room Open Daily, from 2 to 6 o'clock p.m.

ROYAL FUR Co. Ltd.
JOB'S COVE.

The Elite Tonsorial Parlor,

Prescott Street, near Rawlins' Cross,

F. ROBERTS, Proprietor,

Mr. F. Roberts, of the Elite Tonsorial Parlors, begs to announce to his many patrons, that he has installed the very latest Massage machines for face and hair; also that he will carry full assortment Choice Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco.

On and after to-day the Parlors will be open each weekday from 8 a.m. until 11 p.m.

Begin The New Year Well

By purchasing your Dry Goods at our Store. We have given satisfaction, during the year that is past, and hope to do so in larger measure if possible in 1915.

Our Mail Order system has proved a great help to our outport friends, by enabling them to buy their goods at the right price, and with least trouble to themselves. All orders receive prompt attention.

ROBERT TEMPLETON.

333 Water Street.

Furniture Opportunities during stock-taking

Owing to the depression in business during the past four months, our General Furnishing stock is somewhat larger than is usual at this time of the year. During stock-taking we have decided to considerably reduce the prices of all General Furniture.

Do you need to refurnish, entirely or in part, any room in YOUR house? Do you need a new Bedstead, or any separate piece of Furniture? If so, here is an opportunity too good for you to miss; as the reduction on all sales during stock-taking will be a special feature.

Our loss, your gain—and—
"Business as Usual."

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.