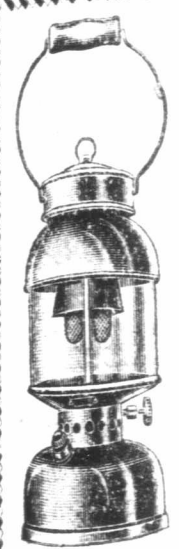




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Mr. Anderson Tells of the Bravery of the Men of the Newfoundland Regiment.

Brave Captain Eric Ayre, not too much we'll sorrow, for its both "adieu" and "au revoir."
(To the Editor)
Dear Sir—Reader have you started yet to count them up—going up—going up—still going up—one by one they are passing away—officers and men—leaving their gallantry behind them; then why should not their country know some little thing about them, and their heroism.
Were you present in the grounds of Government House a few months ago—at a review of our soldiers—and listened to the commands given by Capt. Eric Ayre. Is the sound of that voice still ringing in your ear? Do you know it is now silent?

Oh for the touch of a vanished hand And the sound of a voice that is still.
In bringing these brief notices before the people of the country I have only one desire, and that is to let the home folks know the stuff our lads were made of (Bravery) in the words of the Lieut. General in Command, Sir Aylmer Hunter-Western, K.C.B., D.S.O. It is difficult for me to express my admiration for the splendid courage, determination and discipline displayed by every officer, N.C.O. and man of battalions, eighty thousand men, that took part in the great attack on the Beaumont-Hamel-Serre position on the 1st July. All observers agree in stating that the various waves of men issued from their trenches and moved forward at the appointed time in perfect order, undismayed by the heavy artillery fire and deadly machine gun fire. There were no cowards nor waverers and not a man fell out. It was a magnificent display of disciplined courage worthy of the best traditions of the British race. Captain Eric Ayre was there, with hundreds of his country's plucky young soldiers. He led them on. He lost his life with many others.
During my recent visit to the Mother Country, visiting Edinburgh late in September, I met Lieut. Victor Gordon, whose father for many years was connected with the trade of this country, being associated with the firm of James Baird, Ltd. Victor himself spent several years in the Bank of Montreal this city. Shortly after the

war broke out he offered his services to his King and country and was accepted, and is connected with the Canadian King's Own Scottish Borderers. He was badly gassed at Ypres.
Deadly work, foul gases—trenches. Naught that radiant spirit quenches.
His brother Bert has paid the price, a splendid life cut short. "What are you doing?" "Are you only talking?" Young men throughout the country who have not yet offered themselves for their King and Country read what Victor Gordon had to say about the Immortal 29th., brothers of his native land:
"I am proud as a native born Newfoundland to belong to the country the glory of which shall never fade away. Although I did not myself see the advance of the First Nfld Regiment on the 1st July, yet, I have been told by many an eye witness, that the conduct of the Newfoundland troops on that occasion has rarely been equalled and never excelled. They advanced under a murderous machine gun and artillery fire as if on ceremonial parade."

Victor Gordon, here he is—Curley head and laughing eyes. Mischief that all blame defies.
Canadian Scottish—Sporran—Kilt. Bannet cocked at proper tilt.
No greater words recorded in all the pages of history will stand out more prominent and for ever, than the following. When the Prime Minister of England received the news of the death of his eldest son, Raymond, at the front, he had the sympathy of the British Empire. When he was told the body of his son was recovered, would they send it to England for burial. Hearken to his reply:—"Bury my son with his comrades, give him a soldier's grave."
Prime Minister's Ambition.
Mr. Asquith hardly ceased work during the time of his bereavement, although I observed from the London press that many times the Prime Minister has given a veiled hint that he would like to lay aside the enormous burden of the Premiership of Britain and enjoy the solitude and rest that he well deserves. He is not will-

ing, however, to lay it down at present, welcome as the rest would be. I believe he would like to go down in to history as having been the head of the Government that did three things—broke the hereditary power of the House of Lords, began the writing of the unwritten constitution of the realm, and smashed Prussianism in order to use his own phrase—to broaden the bounds of human liberty, and I hope he won't forget Home Rule For Ireland.
Or soon, or late, for each—the life immortal; And not for us to choose the How or When.
Or late, or soon—what matter, since Leads but to glories passing mortal ken.
Press on in hope! Your faith and courage prove! Pass, by these High Ways of the Lord's appointing; You cannot pass beyond our boundless love.
I have had a chant with several of our soldiers lads that have returned for a holiday who have seen much active service in Egypt and in France, who also took part in the ever memorable first of July. I seem to have become in my imagination a spectator of the great tragedy, and the throb of the guns touches the scene with suggestions and pictured by one young man as he told of the cloud shadows drifting across the Valley and up the slopes of the downs on the other side take on the shapes of massed battalions. There is no solitude so complete to the outward eye as that which broods over the country when the armies face each other in the grips of death. On that beautiful Saturday morning, July 1st, 1916, between eight and nine o'clock! Can you picture in your mind eighty thousand soldiers lined along the British trenches between 500 and 600 yards from probably a larger number of Germans. Both sides are still in hiding. Several miles of battle front are in view and in all that great field of vision there was not a moving thing visible. There were no cattle in the fields, and no ploughmen followed their teams. Roads marched across the landscape, but they were empty roads. It was as though life had vanished from the earth. Yet these brave lads knew that all over that great valley the earth was crawling with life and full of immense and sinister secreties—the galleries of the sappers, the trenches, the trenches and redoubts, the hiding places of great guns, and the concealed observations of the watchers. The command is given, Australians, Canadians, British and Newfoundlanders—mount the parapet in true soldier fashion, take the German trenches is the battle cry, in less time than it will take you to read what I have told you. Our men with others, with men of other countries were being mowed down like sheep by machine-gun fire. "These are the days that try the souls of men" and tests their qualities almost to the breaking point. Do you see Captain Eric Ayre mount the parapet, 250 men follow him. Do you know what became of them?

The King of Kings,
The Great Chief of the Allies,
and the world He knows.
And so does my young friend who had dinner with me in Edinburgh on Tuesday 19th. September, 980 G. R. Dwyer, St. John's. I don't know them, I would like to meet any of his relations, and tell them about him. This young man was employed by the Reid Nfld. Co. Here in his part is his little story:
"I was wounded in the leg on the 1st July, that ever-to-be-remembered day, will our country ever forget it? I was shot below the knee, the bullet going right through my leg."
Although he walks lame, I believe in a little time he will be all right. He was enjoying a well-earned holiday in Edinburgh and he looks the pink of health.
"Oh my God"—what a morning—My Captain was Eric Ayre, a braver or truer soldier never led men on a battle field or who were more loyal and devoted to a commander than the men who followed him. I estimate the first German trench would be about, from ours, 400 yards. Our brave leader must have reached within 100 yards of the German trenches when he fell. He died a brave, heroic soldier and he sleeps in a soldier's grave in a blanket and rubber sheet, these are the words of 980 G. R. Dwyer, St. John's.
Watchman! What of the night?
No light we see—
Our souls are bruised and sickened with the sight
Of this foul crime against humanity. The ways are dark—
"I see the Morning Light!"
—The ways are dark;
Faith folds her wings; and Hope, in piteous plight,
Has dimmed her radiant lamp to feeblest spark,
Love bleeding lies—
"I see the Morning Light!"
—Love bleeding lies,
Struck down by this grim fury of despair,
Which once again her Master crucifies. He dies again—
"I see the Morning Light!"

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—He dies again.
By evil—slain! Who died for man's respite
By man's insensate rage again is slain
O woeful sight—
"I see the Morning Light!"
—Beyond the war-clouds and the reddened ways,
Who waits His time shall surely see
I see the Promise of the coming days!
I see His sun arise, new-charged with grace,
Earth's tears to dry and all her woes efface!
No more shall night,
Though leagued with all the Forces of the Night,
Ride over Right. No more shall Wrong
The world's gross agonies prolong.
The triumph of His constancy—
When, without let, or bar, or stay,
The coming of His perfect day
Shall sweep the Powers of Night away—
And Faith, replumed for nobler flight,
And Hope, aglow with radiance bright,
And Love, in loveliness bedight,
"Shall see the Morning Light."

Yours truly,
JOHN ANDERSON.

Pope to Try For Peace by Christmas

BERLIN, Oct. 26.—The Cologne Volkszeitung, the organ of Cardinal von Hartman, publishes a dispatch from Switzerland which hints that the pope intends to take steps to end the war by making definite peace proposals before Christmas.
The correspondent of the paper says he gets his information from high dignitary of the church, who stated:
"The holy father is awaiting the outcome of the Franco-British offensive on the western front. If he becomes convinced that the German line cannot be broken and that France and Belgium can only be cleared by sacrificing millions of lives he will act to end the awful slaughter. His holiness is assured of the co-operation of the king of Spain and believes that President Wilson will also lend his aid to the cause of humanity."

Where Experience Fails To Teach.

The New York Times tells us: Officials of the health department resented yesterday a published story that vaccination was a cause of infantile paralysis. The story came from the Anti-Vaccination League's headquarters in Philadelphia, and quoted at some length the secretary of the league, Porter F. Cope.
Commissioner of Health Haven Emerson laughed when asked his opinion of the merits of the report. "The theory of the cause of infantile paralysis as advanced by the Anti-Vaccination League merits no serious consideration," he said. "The department of health is not even considering the matter."
This is good news. When the department of health does consider a matter it can lead to public disaster. Certain combinations of excessive wisdom and authority work a lot of evil.
The recent infantile paralysis panic, originated by the health department, is an impressive example.
The fact that vaccination is often the cause of infant paralysis, typhoid and small-pox has not yet pierced even the outer fortifications of the health department consciousness.
But it will—some day.

Careful of His Complexion.

With sobs in his voice, the applicant for a meal and some old clothes had told his story and the kind hearted woman had helped him.
Now, as he sat eating a hunk of bread and cheese, she thought it wise to get in a little good advice. So she began:
"Don't you think that—or—it would be better for yourself if you used soap and water occasionally?"
The tramp sighed dolefully.
"It would, ma'am—it would," he answered eagerly, "but the truth is that there's so many different kinds of soap, and it's so hard to know which is injurious to the skin, that I'm afraid to take any risks."

READ THE MAIL & ADVOCATE

NOTICE.

The 8th Annual Convention of the Supreme Council of the Fishermen's Protective Union of Newfoundland will open at Catalina on **MONDAY, the 27th of November.**
All Councils of the F.P.U. will please send Delegates.
By order of the President,
W. W. HALFYARD,
Secretary.
St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 5th Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Fishermen's Union Trading Co., Ltd., will be held at Catalina on **TUESDAY, November 28th, at 2 p.m.**
By order of the President,
W. W. HALFYARD,
Secretary.
St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 6th Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Union Publishing Co., Ltd., will be held at Catalina on **WEDNESDAY, the 29th of November, at 2 p.m.**
By order of the President,
W. W. HALFYARD,
Secretary.
St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 2nd Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Union Export Co. Ltd., will be held at Catalina on **TUESDAY, November 28th, at 4 p.m.**
By order of the President,
W. W. HALFYARD,
Secretary.
St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 8th Annual Meeting of Fogo District Council of the F.P.U. will be held at Catalina on **WEDNESDAY, November 29th.** All Councils in Fogo District will please send Delegates.
By order of the President,
W. W. HALFYARD,
Chairman.
St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 7th Annual Meeting of Bonavista District Council of the F.P.U. will be held at Catalina on **TUESDAY, November 28th.** All Councils in Bonavista District will please send Delegates.
By order of the President,
R. G. WINSOR,
Chairman.
St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 7th Annual Meeting of the Twillingate District Council of the F.P.U. will be held at Catalina on **TUESDAY, November 28th.** All Councils in Twillingate District will please send Delegates. Important matter in relation to the next General Election will be discussed.
By order of the President,
W. B. JENNINGS,
Chairman.
St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 7th Annual Meeting of Trinity District Council of the F.P.U. will be held at Catalina on **MONDAY, November 27th.** All Councils in Trinity District will please send Delegates.
By order of the President,
J. G. STONE,
Chairman.
St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

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N.B.—Customers by mail for Ladies' or Misses' Coat, please specify height, bust measurement, and length of sleeve from under arm, and enclose extra money for postage.

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