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Top Notch Rubber Footwear

**TOP NOTCH
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.

Top Notch Rubber Boots look different and are different from the boots you have always worn. And they will give much better service.

• If you want the latest and best thing in Rubber Boots, purchase a pair at once. We recommend them so enthusiastically because we know from experience that they will give you splendid satisfaction.

FOR SALE BY

Nicholle, Inkpen & Chafe, The Royal Stores Ltd., Fred Smallwood, Steer Bros., and Jesse Whiteway.

Just Received

a shipment of

Handled Axes

(2½ lb. to 4½ lb. length)

also 100 Kegs

Horse Shoes

all sizes

Selling Cheap Wholesale.

**Martin Hardware,
Company.**

HALLEY & CO.

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.

The Newfoundland Regiment.

A Letter from Hon. John Anderson.

(Concluded)
"Where are we now?" Do you see eight hundred and seventy soldiers of the Newfoundland Regiment coming out of the trench. The trenches are about eight feet deep (dug-outs) and much the same as our City Engineer has been cutting and laying big water pipes in for the last two years. Each trench is from ten to twelve yards long running zigzag, or all parts of the compass. The parapet is the level ground, perhaps with a few sandbags in front. It is now 8 o'clock Saturday morning, 1st July; great hopes and expectations. Every lad of them determined to do his duty as brave soldiers of their King. It is now twenty minutes past nine o'clock on that never-to-be-forgotten day. Eight hundred and seventy of Newfoundland's brave fellows face the Germans and made a heroic effort to take the German trenches. Not a coward among them. It must be death or glory—brave words—but braver men. Under murderous machine gun fire eight hundred and five of our country's finest and choicest men—many of them to rest for ever and some are left to fight another day. Sixty-five came back without a scratch.

Have you yet made up your mind to do and help these men—if not why not?

Whose word is Truth, whose word is Life,
Whose word is Victory thro' Strife,
Whose word is Everlasting Right.

His word is Everlasting Right;
Who follows Him hath peerless guide,
Who fights this fight, fights by His side,
Whose word is Everlasting Right.

His word is Everlasting Right;
In triumph will bear His Cross,
Thro' toil and travail, pain and loss,
To smite the Forces of the Night.

To smite the Forces of the Night,
Fight we this fight as in His sight,
And, in the virtue of His might,
We'll win the world for Truth and Right.

I suppose, Mr. Editor, one would require to have a greater gift of imaginative description than I possess to convey anything like an adequate picture of the struggle that since July 1st, has been raging on the many miles front of the poignant impression, the desolation of the villages swept makes on the mind that is suddenly confronted with the awful havoc wrought by the contending artillery. For the past few days, with a great amount of pleasure, I have had many a talk with Private William Hall and my old friend, Sgt. John Robinson, both of them now journeying soldiers, having served their apprenticeship and seen much active service on the battlefield. Both these brave soldiers telling me of their thrilling experiences said:

"I seem to become accustomed to the desolation, the imagination rejects and other impression, but that of the violence of the struggle itself, the deafening, unceasing roar of the great guns, and, above all, the steady, irresistible pressure of our men. Our daily cables we look forward to get, giving us the news direct from the battlefield of how the British line goes forward, some days slowly, some days quickly, but always forward, and we cannot fail to be struck by the inability of the enemy to change this order of events. Sgt. John Robinson, in conversation with him, said—Mr. Anderson if you visited the battlefields you would find the most outstanding note in a struggle almost too vast and too complicated to be comprehended by the human mind. It is too great for me."

The heart of the Empire beats true. Do you feel its pulse in the swaying of the gigantic struggle on the Somme. If so, let the heart of this old land beat true to the mother. Let recruiting be the battle cry until we raise five thousand more men—Soldiers of the King.

Young men of this country are you aware that we have now reached the most serious and dangerous part of the war. That the enemy, particularly his infantry, has become demoralized, there is no question. We are winning, and must win, we want you young men to share in the victory, but it is necessary that we should apply ourselves to the prosecution of the war with all our heart and soul and strength. Young men, we have got to see that the sacrifices which have been made shall not have been made in vain. "What have they done for you?" I tell you, "they can do no more," and their names will be written in gold in the glorious history of our country. Do you see the little white crosses on the lone gullies, and the bleak hillsides of Gallipoli, the crosses on the Western front, or along the Bank of the River Somme, where lie the remains of many a gallant lad who laid down his life for our Island home and Empire.

Did you know—214, C.S.M. W. V. Miles; 896, C.S.M. R. Porter; 274, Sgt. T. Carroll; 148, Sgt. M. Kelly; 290, Sgt. W. B. Knight; 671, Sgt. C. Reid; 335, Sgt. E. F. Gladney; 679, C.Q.M.S. C. A. Cleary; 288, Pte. J. Cleary; 1359, Pte. B. Cleary; 133, Corpl. W. Ryan; 400, Corpl. R. Pittman; 57, Pte. J. Breen; 258, Pte. M. Cahill; 15, Pte. W. Dunphy; 22, Pte. J. Elliott; 443 L. Corpl. J. J. Ellis; 63, Pte. J. J. French; 65, Pte. G. Hartfield; 178, Pte. J. Kelly; 541, Pte. F. Lind; 194, L. Corpl. A. Lilly; 616, Pte. E. Martin; 112 Pte. E. J. Murphy; 412, Pte. K. Morris; 391, Pte. J. O'Leary; 293, Pte. C. F. Taylor; 364, Pte. F. Woodford; 675, Pte. E. Winter; 135, Pte. J. J. Johnson; 373, Pte. W. Knight; 925, Pte. W. G. Prowse; 306, L. Corpl. D. Osmond.

Let us take a few names of the officers who are now silent. Are you going to do something for them? Will you get ready and take their places? You are wanted at once.
Capt. C. Whitting, Capt. J. J. Donnelly, M.S., Capt. Gus. O'Brien, Capt. E. S. Ayre, Capt. Q.M.R. M. F. Summers, Lieut. H. C. Herder, Lieut. F. C. Mellor, Lieut. R. A. Shortall, Lieut. O. W. Steele, Lieut. Cecil Cliff, Second Lieutenants—Ayles, Ferguson, Ross Ryal Jupp, Reid, Rowell and others of our gallant and brave lads, who sleep under British and foreign soil. Remember these men, come, do your duty.

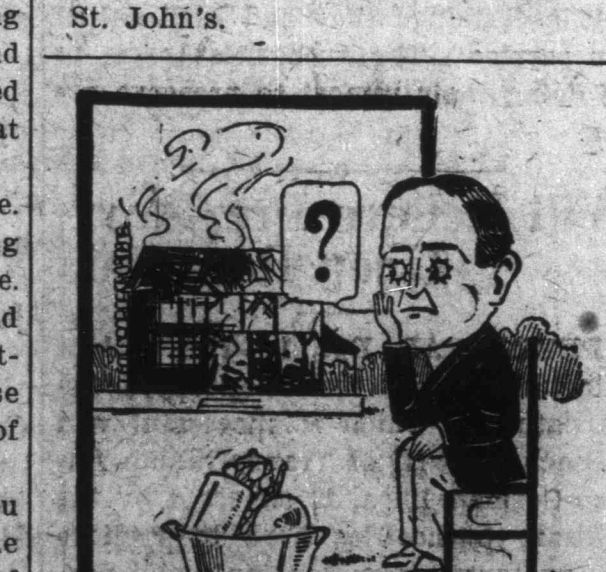
Your King and Country is calling, and calling loud for you.

I appeal again to every young man in St. John's and every outport in the country, who have not considered seriously to enlist, do so now. Let me say again that this is a terrible war. We are fighting an enemy in great numbers and great strength, sometimes very brave, equipped with everything which can be given him to make an effective fighter, and inspired by a peculiar hatred of us above all peoples. The Germans had, from the outset of the battle every advantage, which the ground could give them. Great Britain has had good reason of ten enough to be proud of her fighting men, but never has she had better reason than she has to be proud of her army on the Somme, and the great part played in this world's war, by the distinctive little army of England's oldest and most devoted colony in the hour of her trouble.

"Are you going to help us?"
There's a mighty force behind you, boys,
That's stronger, stronger far
Than all the hosts the enemy can muster in this war.
The God of Right, in all His Might,
Is fighting on your side;
And the souls of all your comrades true,
Who fought and alongside you,
Who fought, and dared, and died with you,
They are watching how you bear you, boys,
An they're fighting on your side.

Vain is the might of strongest man,
When he fights against the Lord,
Vain all the treacheries and craft of all the hostile horde.
Fight ye this fight as in His sight,
And He will be your Guide;
And the souls of all good men and true,
Will range themselves alongside you;
They will fight, and dare, and die with you,
The whole world's hopes ally with you,
For the Right is on your side.

Yours truly,
JOHN ANDERSON,
St. John's.



OUR QUESTION IS,
What will you do if you have a fire and haven't any insurance? Can you stand this loss?

IT'S FOOLISH TO TAKE YOUR OWN FIRE RISK
when our premiums are so low. Don't take chances, but . . .

HAVE US INSURE YOU
in one of our companies. Why not do it to-day?

PERCIE JOHNSON
Insurance Agent.

An Absent Boy

A mother in her lonely home
Is thinking of her boy,
And thinking of the time that's passed
When he was her pride and joy.

She remembers the days of his childhood,
When she nursed him with tender care,
And tucked him so snug in his cradle
And thought there was nothing to fear.

As he grew to manhood she loved him,
And told him of Jesus on high,
Not thinking he would be a soldier,
And on the battlefield would die.

Now the waves of the sea roll between them,
And the billows are clashing high,
She is waiting to meet him in heaven,
Her own darling soldier boy.

In her hand she is holding his photo
And she looks upon it with a sigh,
In her heart she is longing to meet him,
For she so loved her absent boy.

And often she looks up to heaven,
Her heart is broken and sore,
It is there she is waiting to meet him,
On that bright and happy shore.

His father is sitting with down-cast head,
His once dark hair is gay,
He is mourning for his brave young lad,
That's sleeping far away.

Yes, many a home is filled with grief,
And many a heart is sore,
For the face of many a love one,
On earth they will see no more.

What pain those brave lads must endure,
What anguish they must bear,
When dying on the battlefield
Without a word of cheer.

But Jesus stands beside them,
He looks down with a pitying eye
To welcome those poor soldier lads
And take them home on high.

For Jesus gives them blessed rest,
Which none on earth can give,
He is waiting for to welcome them,
He died that we might live.

May God who rules above us
Look down upon our grief
And comfort each dear mother,
Who in sorrow is left to weep.

St. John's.
FLOSSIE DAY.

**The Canadian
Wheat Crop**

The crop year commencing September 1st, 1916, was ushered in with a balance of the Canadian wheat crop of 1915 of about 50,000,000 bushels on hand. The various estimates of the crop of 1916 place it far above that of 1914 for the three prairie provinces which was 141,000,000 bushels. The 1916 estimates range from 165,000,000 to 107,000,000 bushels. The latest census estimate for all Canada is 159,123,000. On the 12th inst. there were in store in terminal, interior terminal, and public elevators in the East 18,833,068 bushels of wheat, and 35,441,402 bushels of all kinds of grain. Against this for the same date in 1914 there were in store in the various elevators enumerated 17,202,513 bushels of wheat, and 22,860,536 bushels of all kinds of grain. Yet the price of wheat on November 12th, 1914, was \$1.20 per bushel against \$2.00 per bushel this year.

The lowest estimated production for 1916, the quantities on hand from 1915 crop, and the present quantities found to be in store, prove that there is no apparent reason for the high price of wheat (\$2.00 per bushel), now ruling in the grain market and the consequent sympathetic exorbitant price of flour. More-over the quantity of wheat exported from Canada from the fiscal year ending 31st March, 1915, was 72,000,000 bushels (64,000,000 of which going to Great Britain alone). This was a large quantity out of the 1914 crop. With a diminished population in Canada the quantity available for export of this year's crop should be even greater. So that, from whatever standpoint prevailing wheat and flour prices are viewed, they seem to be without justification. What will the government do about it.—Ottawa Citizen.

A 25-pound turkey, the "finest that could be found in the state," was recently shipped from Lawton, Okla., to the White House for President Wilson's Thanksgiving dinner.

READ THE MAIL & ADVOCATE

HAVING enjoyed the confidence of our outport customers for many years, we beg to remind them that we are "doing business as usual" at the old stand. Remember Maunder's clothes stand for durability and style combined with good fit.

John Maunder
Tailor and Clothier
281 & 283 Duckworth Street

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Ladies' & Children's Dresses.	Boys' Underwear.
Ladies' Skirt Waists.	Men's Sweater Coats.
Ladies' & Misses' Costumes.	Men's Jerseys.
Ladies' Costume Skirts.	Men's Shirts.
Ladies' Under Skirts.	Men's Half Hose.
Ladies' Cashmere Hose.	Men's Ties.
Ladies' Showerproof Coats.	Men's Waterproof Coats.
Ladies' Sport Coats.	Men's Showerproof Coats.
	Men's Caps.

General Goods:
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Phone 696.

APPLES and SUGAR!

Arrived per S.S. "Florizel"

**400 Barrels SUGAR,
400 Brls Choice APPLES.**

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CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

JUST a small amount invested in a perfectly safe place, for the protection of our family, or ourselves in old age.

D. MUNN,
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AGENTS WANTED.