

# 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.

## AUTUMN REFLECTIONS.

(By T. J. Murphy, Ex-M.R.A., in October Colonial Commerce.)

It is a beautiful evening in autumn. The winds dying gradually away seem to be going to rest with the sunset. The hills are clad in a purple light, save where the lingering days of the sun are crowning the hill-tops in crimson glory. The tender blue of the sky, and the yellowing-green woodland of autumn are blended into a purple haze which imparts an intensity and depth to the scene. It is a languid landscape, reposing after the day's labor of scattering fragrance from the many colored flowers which bespangle its meads. Though languid is the landscape it has a deep life that is almost tender—almost yearning. It speaks something to the observer which cannot be expressed or analysed, but only felt. There is a pure, bright spirit in the scene, both perceptible to the eye and recognizable in the mind's contemplation as part of it—an all pervading spirit of goodness.

There is a deep pleasure for a man to look out over his books through his study window and behold the quiet, silent world doing his work for him—to behold what it has already done, given back a hundred-fold what he had so shortly before thrown on the black, wavy furrows. Autumn's silken harvests and waving finery, now in their well-rounded maturity, display their crimson, yellow and purple glories at sunset. Away in the distance are the hills upon which God alighted and traced on stone the moral precepts for the guidance of mankind. It was also upon a hill the pale and weary Jew went with the cross on his shoulders. Ah! those eloquent old hills that have risen with struggle and convulsion, from the fire-laden bowels of the earth, pointing in silent outline towards the skies; so may my chastened manhood rise superior to all its weakness. Ye silent preachers, having torn your selves from destructive fires, stand firm and immovable, never descending whence you arose, teaching sweet abidingness and patience to weak and miserable men! Looking down from those hills, the stream, stretching like a thread of gold through the sunlit fields, draws us to its still warmth, the dark unknown forest with its funeral plumes of evergreen, trees appear to beckon us into its shadowy silence, and the calm stillness of the valley seems to tell us that, by descending into the bosom of its solitude, we would find the long sought for peace. In the midst of so much beauty we recognize a unity. The one smile of love, the one liss of peace, is over it all. The sight of so much happiness and beauty around us, fills the wondering cross-questioning soul with a longing to blend with the glorious spirit that hangs over the earth and smiles right out through the rocks at us. The timid body draws back its individuality from this thought. A strong proof is here given of the distinct duality of body and soul.

Your great man sits down, and in a fine ecstasy his soul flows over and over, and his genius is spilled out. He writes, his half-dozen volumes and, fashions out some beautiful theory of the Universe. All the world of letters sing his praises; the thrivers of his time, and he sits in the hush state and receives all with great composure; and then, some bright autumn evening, in the quiet of his study, he takes up the books and reads. They drop from his hands. He looks out on the wondrous earth. The sight overwhelms him. Those fine books, over which he spent such ecstatic hours, are a delusion and a deceit! The mysteries surrounding his life remain, as complex and as impenetrable as ever before, and now they overpower his being and faculties with so much superior force that the poor man dissolves into tears at his own helplessness.

While I am looking around, Autumn crowds my mind with these strange thoughts. The sun is sinking in the West. The most distant objects are becoming more distinct in their outline; so much so, that one would have thought them to have drawn nearer to the point of observation. There is not a particle of dust—not a globule of moisture in the air to obstruct the line of vision. Not a ripple, not a breath breaks the mirror-like surface of the lake at my feet. A sheet of blue, so calm and tranquil that the image of a bird that flew over my head can be followed with the eye to its nest in the limb of a tree—the tree limb and nest standing as an invested shadow in the water. The flutter of the bird's plumage breaks in almost fearfully upon the silence, and such a silence, too! It is the nervous flight of this bird that takes me out of it; for, unknown to myself, it had incorporated my every thought, action, movement—my individuality into its solid stillness. It was as though the air was crystallized. The crisp precipitation of the dry, seared leaves of the forest are no longer heard, and the

very shadows of the aspen sit motionless in the water. The lake itself has a bright, blue liquidity, as deep and as tender as the soul in a woman's eye. The twilight shades creep timidly up from the valleys, as a specter that fears the light of day. Their dark-marshalled columns grow bolder and bolder; and now, in elfish glee, they leap from limb to limb, till they climb above the forest, and then commence to ascend the mountain-tops. The shadows are becoming more dense, are fast darkening into the black shades that will soon weave themselves into the dark-blue curtains of night. The lines that mark off the heavens, the woodland and the lake, become indistinct, and all under the sombre influence of night, bend in peaceful amity. The blue vesture of sky is studded with brilliant jewels—the garment of Deity looped around God's form with golden stars at night. With a slight rustling amid the leaves of the forest, a gentle breath steals heavenwards; as if the spirit of summer were departing from the earth. The aspens tremble at the waters edge and a great sigh breaks from the heart of the forest. The death service lingers longer on the air. The forest for a moment seems to be raising its half-naked arms towards Heaven in mute supplication to the skies not to shear them so early of their summer splendor. The long, black hill, in the distance, assumes the appearance of a dark monster coiled up in sleep on the earth. The dark funeral evergreens become metamorphosed into penitent and cowed monks, kneeling at vespers on the ground in the agonies of contrition. The heart of him who is deep and thoughtful is moved more by departing glory than rising greatness. Spring has its freshness, its beauty and its hopes, but Autumn has a different significance. Silence sits enthroned upon the hills and awes the soul into reverence and love of the Creator. All is dim and hushed. The holiest hour in the year is an autumn twilight. Through the eyes is preaching to the heart, at the sight of desolation, of the beauty and grandeur of the things of earth, a more eloquent and impressive sermon than ever fell from the lips of man. Oh! the chast and purifying influences of Autumn! The farewell benediction of the dying summer is on earth. Her warm breath of love has rendered the earth fruitful. The bounteous dying benefactor, we must gather them in. We are filled with gratitude, and feel the calm and reverence of a holy contemplation. There is a pleasure in such contemplation almost as limitless as the soul's desire. It awakes in us an infinite longing for something, we know not what. It is the hunger of the immortal—soul the wish that eternally would make complete the happiness of the moment. Corruption peels from the heart, and all the desires of the flesh are forgotten. The soul becomes expanded and walks abroad from its house of clay, and we become almost divine, almost gods. The only trace of our mortality that remains, while we thus stand spell-bound is our breathing—and even that is modified to the lightest perception—we feel that we are in the presence of some awful majesty, perhaps it is God Himself who walks the earth to bless the garnered fruits of the year. In the hush state and calm of twilight, and amid the sad and blue tranquility of an autumn evening, let your emotion press from the heart, the thanksgiving that shall rise drop from his hands. He looks out on the wondrous earth. The sight overwhelms him. Those fine books, over which he spent such ecstatic hours, are a delusion and a deceit! The mysteries surrounding his life remain, as complex and as impenetrable as ever before, and now they overpower his being and faculties with so much superior force that the poor man dissolves into tears at his own helplessness.

Let all animation cease while such a profanity of splendour reigns through-out the great workshop of Nature. The forest is stirred in prayer and the rosy air receives the last breath of summer. The moon comes slowly up and a white, death-like pallor comes over the face of the yellow, leaf-strewn earth. Summer with all her beauty, her birds and her flowers—is gone, and Nature, fatigued in her labors, and full of the sweet, sad memories of her dead child, falls into a disturbed sleep, and her groans are the blast of winter.

Moral:—Sensuous beauty perisheth while we gaze upon it; wed thyself to moral beauty, for it endureth forever.

A Hot One.

A conceited young clergyman, walking home from church with one of the ladies of his congregation, remarked:

"I preached this morning to a congregation of asses."

"I thought that," replied the lady "when you called them 'beloved brethren.'"

## BRITISH LOSSES FOR OCTOBER ARE 108,255 ALL TOLD

Total British Losses for Four Months Somme Offensive are 414,202—Daily Average for October Was 3452—Total Killed on all Fronts for October Number 108,255 According to Official Lists

LONDON, Nov. 1.—October losses of 107,033 bring up the total British casualties for the four months' Somme offensive to 414,202. The daily average loss for October was 3,452. So far as is shown by the London figures, the losses of the British have been decreasing since August. The total reported for September was 119,549 or a daily average of more than 3,800. August showed a total of 127,945, with a daily average of 4,127.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—A News Agency despatch from London published to-day reads as follows:

"The British killed, wounded and missing the past month number 108,255 according to official casualty list this morning. Of this total 22,859, including 1,487 officers, and 21,372 men were killed; 76,584 were wounded, 2,858 being officers, and 73,826 men. 8,712 are missing, of which number 439 are officers and 8,273 men."

## Embassy Instructed To Gather All Information

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—A week or more may elapse before the United States Government can form any official opinion of the sinking of the *Marina* and *Rovernore* by German submarines. It became evident to-day that the American Embassy at Berlin has been instructed to obtain with all haste possible the German version of the attacks. The submarines could not return to their bases for several days, however, and the transmission of the command papers would require some time. Until these are available, it is not believed that the Washington Government would take any decisive action.

## French Official

PARIS, Nov. 1 (official).—British aircraft bombarded important enemy depots of Demir-Hissar, north of Lake Doiran.

Italian artillery caught under its fire and dispersed Bulgarian troops in the direction of Akinjalin at the head of the Cerna river. The Serbians continue to advance west of Lake Proska. We occupied Singirey Monastery. Bad weather prevails and is generally hindering operations.

## Will Treat all Cargoes As Contraband

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 1.—A despatch from Friederichshaven to the *Berlingske Tidende* says the Captain of the Norwegian steamer *Ternhesten*, who was taken into Friederichshaven with members of his crew yesterday, reports that the Commander of the German submarine which sunk his vessel told him that all cargoes for England are to be treated as "contraband" in future.

## Will Remove Hun Peerage

LONDON, Nov. 1.—Premier Asquith told the House to-day the Government would introduce a bill providing for the removal from the peerage of those members of the House of Lords, or instance those German Princes who are now in arms against the Allies.

## Shipping Losses

LISBON, Nov. 1.—A Lisbon despatch says three Norwegian and British ships were sunk by a German submarine. Of the crews 27 Norwegians and 29 Italians were landed at various ports.

## A Baby Boy

STOCKHOLM, Nov. 1.—The Crown Princes of Sweden, gave birth to a son to-day. Crown Prince Gustav Adolf was married in 1905 to Princess Margaret Victoria, daughter of Prince Arthur Duke Connaught. They now have four sons, and one daughter.

## Only Two Killed

LORENZO MARQUES, P.E.A., Oct. 31.—It is officially announced that the Portuguese forces lost only two killed in capturing Newald from the Germans on October 24th. The losses of the German troops are described as heavy.

READ THE MAIL & ADVOCATE

## THE CRESCENT PICTURE PALACE

EVERY AFTERNOON 2.15. EVERY NIGHT AT 7.15.

Presenting Rea Martin in

## "The Coquette"

A remarkable Kalem feature in 4 Reels.

## 'A Safe Investment'

A Drew Vitagraph Comedy featuring Mr. and Mrs. Sid. Drew.

PROFESSOR MCCARTHY playing the Piano.

A New and Classy Musical Programme, Drums and Effects.

COMING—DOUGLASS J. STEWART, featuring the Latest English Song Successes.

## "Castle Rule" In Ireland.

The commission appointed to inquire into the shooting of P. Sheehy Skeffington during the uprising in Dublin last spring, reports that "there can be no excuse or palliation for Captain Bowen-Colthurst's conduct from first to last." While it is well to have on record this official statement from a commission of the government's own creation, its conclusion has long since been reached by a discerning public.

Bowen-Colthurst is not the first incompetent official to be found in officialdom either in the British Isles or our land. We are repeatedly made sensible of this fact as often as we have to do with some government officials in minor positions in this country.

Mr. Asquith, immediately after the Dublin affair made a trip to Ireland and those unacquainted with the man expected great things for the old land as a result of his visit. They were disappointed, not however, those who have known for some time the power behind the activities of the Asquith government. Mr. Asquith, like so many public men, belongs to the class of "the old stand patters" or "do-nothings." Remove Lloyd-George from the Asquith administration and you will have a government ready for the recital of the Church of England burial ritual.

Irishmen need not expect anything from Asquith or any other "stand-patter" statesman either in England or in Canada. On his return to England, Mr. Asquith showed his disapproval of the Skeffington execution by establishing "Castle Rule" in Ireland to the satisfaction of the Ulster government bigots. This is the condemnation of the action of Couthurst and the appreciation of the self-sacrifice of thousands of Irishmen throughout the British Empire who have laid down their lives at the front to stay the inroads of the treacherous Hun and maintain the integrity of the Empire.

Ireland and Irishman can afford to wait. The democracy of England and the Empire will right past wrongs and Ireland shall yet enjoy that for which she has so long struggled and fought—self-government—Home Rule.

## Tug's Crew Landed

FALMOUTH, Eng., Oct. 31.—The Dutch steamer *Ryndam* has brought to port the captain and 12 of the crew of the American tug *Vigilant*, who were rescued at sea.

## Chinese Rebel Chief Dead

SHANGHAI, Oct. 31.—General Hunan Sing, formerly Commander of the rebel army in China, is dead.

## British Losses For October Are 106,533

LONDON, Oct. 31.—The British casualties reported in October in all war areas are, officers 4,331; men 102,202.

## Solving The Wage Problem.

Saskatoon Phoenix

By removing all taxes from production, and placing them on land values there will be no advantage in holding land idle. Profit can be had only by using it. And since there is very much more land in the world than man can use, the ever-increasing demand for labor will force wages upward until they represent the full product of the laborer's toil. The Single Tax on land values will compel the use of all valuable land. This is as absolute as the law of gravity, or the conservation of energy. It will solve the wage problem universally as certainly as eating will assuage hunger.

## PUBLIC NOTICE.

### REVISION OF JURY LISTS.

Persons claiming exemption from service on juries, persons who claim to be qualified to serve on a panel different from that on which they are entered, and all persons who have objections to offer to the panels or either of them are hereby notified that a Court of Revision of the Jury Lists for St. John's, will be held in the Magistrate's Office from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of next week and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of the week following.

Police Court, October 31st, 1916.

CHAS. H. HUTCHINGS,  
Justice of the Peace.

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**CEMENT, BRICK, DRAIN PIPES, CHIMNEY TOPS & FIRE CLAY,**

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**HENRY J. STABB & COMPANY.**

M. JOLLES GOUFFE, Chef de Cuisine to the Jockey Club, "I recommend very particularly the Gas Kitchener from which one can obtain such excellent results."

### THE HOTWATER QUESTION.

What at one time was an obstacle to the more general use of gas for cooking, namely the difficulty of obtaining hot water when the kitchen range was out of use, has been overcome by the invention of efficient and economical gas-heated apparatus, whereby a constant supply of hot water cost quite independently of the kitchen range boiler.

St. John's Gas Light Co.

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**Herring BARRELS**  
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