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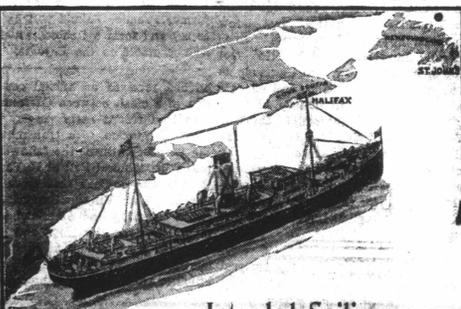
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IF you want a **Headstone** or **Monument** visit our store and inspect our stock. We have the most up-to-date finished work in the City. Write for **DESIGN BOOKS** and actual **PHOTOS** of our work. **PRICES** to suit everybody. **FIRST CLASS SOCKET** given free with each Headstone. Out-poor orders especially attended to. **LOCAL CEMETERY** work done cheaply.

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Intended Sailings:

FROM ST. JOHN'S FROM NEW YORK  
FLORIZEL, June 27th. STEPHANO, June 27th.  
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**Harvey & Co., Limited**  
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**ORANGES, CABBAGE, ONIONS.**

Due To-Day, Per S.S. Florizel,  
**140 Crates NEW CABBAGE,**  
**25 Cases CALIFORNIA ORANGES,**  
**50 Crses TEXAS ONIONS.**

**GEORGE NEAL,**  
PHONE 264.

**GUARDS LEAVE MID SHOUT AND SONG FOR "BANDIT-LAND."**

Company G from Waco 'Claims Distinction of Being First to Quit Camp Wilson--'Little German Band' Second Infantry from Brenham Plays "Tipperary."

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, June 18.—They are bandit-land bound today. They are off for the border with shining eyes and weighed belts, these Texas boys who came when they were called. They have plenty of courage and cartridges and Uncle Sam has dressed them up in brand new uniforms and put a numbered metal identification tag around each one's neck. They left with a shout or a song. They left with faces that were eager and alight. It may be just a novel sort of summer vacation that will make muscle and character and men. And then again there may be some ugly work to be done. But whether bandit-land boils over or not there's one thing that might as well be chalked up right now: Texas will never have occasion to be other than proud of these outfits that are bound for the border today.

Long before reveille they were up and about, and they had worked half the night before getting ready. In the crystal freshness of the dawn they broke camp and filled knapsacks and adjusted blanket rolls and rifles. While yet the east was crimson they swung away by companies, with long buoyant strides, fully equipped for the field, a business-like looking bunch—a wonderful improvement over the half-uniformed swarm of a week ago. And so, in the early morning, as soldierly a crowd as you would want to see, they marched away from Camp Wilson and said farewell, and ere that day was done troop trains were winding south and west, over several railroads—trains carrying the first movement of Texas militia in Federal service, to the Rio Grande country.

**Teutons Play "Tipperary."**  
The "little German band" of the Second Infantry, from Brenham, played "Tipperary," and most of these Brenham musicians who were playing the martial jingle of the Allies are of Teutonic descent, he it said. They played "Tipperary" as the Second was entraining, and never a camp in England or in France cheered more excitedly than the militiamen milling around the "Sap" station in San Antonio. At each depot of railroad lines running to the border, and at several loading stations in the yards, the guardsmen have been entraining. There has been dust and tumult and confusion, and a mingling of pride and happiness and sorrow. For mothers have been there from distant towns in Texas to tell their boys good-bye—and sisters and sweethearts, too.

Big, gray army trucks, covered with khaki sheets and looking like old fashioned prairie schooners swollen to enormous proportions, ripped around with loads of ammunition and tentage and supplies. Pretty girls spoiled their new style slippers as they scurried about the greasy freight yards. A woman with a parasol trudged along in the dust with one company, staying by the side of her boy to the last. She wanted to hold the parasol over him—but of course he couldn't stand for that. Her father died in a uniform of gray, and her husband went to the front in '98—so what could you expect? A tender pat on the back from the big, husky boy, to the frail woman perhaps still seemed to be the "little spony" of the past. She stood with a small group gazing after them as the train, backed out behind a line of box cars. There were waving handkerchiefs—mothers and sisters and sweethearts—but there wasn't a tear, not a single, solitary tear—then. What may or may not have happened afterward is a different proposition. Bravely they watched their boys go to the border—just to the border. But does any person doubt that they would have flinched had it been the real thing? No matter how severely it would have wrenched their heart strings they would have said farewell with just the same courage and devotion and sacrifice and patriotism—these Texas mothers would—and the boys would have gone, too, in quite the manner that they have been going—with a grin and a cheer and a song, and an emotion expressed by an awkward parting embrace.

**Love vs. Pride.**  
"Don't you hate to see him go?" a young girl asked a mother at one of the stations.  
"Yes," she said simply. "Worse than anything in the world," she repeated, and then as her lips trembled a trifle she put her arm around the girl and added, "But I don't think I could stand it for him to be afraid to go. I don't think I could stand that."

After all, it sounds very much like some of the stories that came from Europe when the war broke out, doesn't it? Perhaps that is because mothers seem to be the same the world over, and real patriotism is a thing of equal beauty everywhere. We may take the case of a certain Sergeant in one of the Waco companies, a clean-cut young chap, as clever a business man as you can find. He has a wife and he has two babies, and when the Guard was called out, he of course, responded instantly, and his company assembled at its home station, entrained, and was on its way to San Antonio without his having an opportunity to go home even long enough to kiss his wife and babies good-bye.

The day his company started for the border he stood in the sand and dust by the platform where some tired soldiers were sleeping on the planks—they had been up packing most of the night—he stood there with a blanket roll over his shoulder and his rifle under his arm, reading a letter from his wife.  
"It seems hard," she said—among other things—"It seems hard, and I am heartbroken, but at the same time proud and happy. I do not believe I could have loved you and I know I would not have respected you if you had not gone."

**"Nothing Else to Do."**  
The young, clean-cut Sergeant read that much of the letter to a close and intimate personal friend. "She wouldn't have loved me if I hadn't gone," he repeated. "She wouldn't have loved me if I hadn't gone!" He straightened up and his blanket roll and knapsack and cartridge belt, must have seemed lighter, "I wish I could see my babies," he said, half to himself, "but there wasn't anything else for me to do."  
He is down in the Rio Grande Valley today at a border post. And "why all this to do about it? It is only border patrolling," some one may say. But what peril confronting his country could cause him to do more than he has done—respond instantly to the call, adhering so strictly to duty that he leaves for he knows not what without an opportunity to kiss his wife and babies good-bye—and this takes no account of his financial sacrifice. And if the very existence of the United States were at stake what more could that little wife do than write him that, however hard it be she could not have loved him had he remained at home?

There are brisk commands now, one or two assembly calls, the dog mascots are leaping and bounding and barking frantically, and resenting being cooped up in the baggage cars. They conduct themselves as though all this had been arranged merely as a setting for their capers and a medium for their entertainment as though the President and General Funston had gone to all this trouble and expense for no other reason than to provide a soft berth for a few mongrel pups of uncertain pedigree. A red-headed soldier in his undershirt leans far out of a coach window and waves wildly. A girl throws him a kiss and he repeats, and then with a freckled fist hurls his imaginary oculations right and left to all the maidens, with absolute impartiality. Two exceedingly attractive young ladies scamper down the tracks, eagerly peering at the windows in search of some particular soldier.

**Accept No Substitute.**  
"Here I am! Here I am!" a score of voices shout—every man perfectly willing to volunteer as a substitute for the one the girls are seeking. They blush furiously and laugh and run along, and refuse to accept any substitute—and finally locate the very fortunate person they were after.

A Mexican with tamales to sell crouches by his basket and smokes corn shuck cigarettes and gazes at the trim khaki-clad soldiers and the troop train made up of real passenger coaches—Pullman tourist sleepers and baggage cars and no canteen cars at all! One imagines that he must be marvelling at this new evidence of the gringos' vagaries—if he has ever watched the military trains of his own land—that he must be wondering why the Americans do not put their soldiers in box cars and cattle cars, and why the women and children do not go along! And it is just possible, also, that the tamale man might have been startled at the number of soldiers the gringos showed signs of having—not that an enormous crowd was assembled, of course, but because he has been informed we have practically

no army at all. The tamale man was greatly interested.

"Good-bye," yells another shirtless, flush-faced lad—for it was very hot, and many, when they entered the cars, removed their outer khaki—"good bye I'm a-leavin' you!"

And to Texas it makes this border business seem quite a bit more real—it makes it seem lot better now, more of an actuality, instead of just reports of trouble at places with foreign names you can't pronounce. It is brought home, as it were, now, that the boys from Greenville and Hillsboro and Dallas; Houston and Galveston and Beaumont; the boys from Amarillo and Orange and Port Arthur and Denison—the boys from Texas—are out in the sand and cactus guarding their own border from Brownsville to the Big Bend—helping Funston to watch bandit-land.

**M. JOULLES 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 can be secured at reasonable cost quite independently of the kitchen range boiler.

St. John's Gas Light Co.

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**PATRIOTIC MATCH BOX HOLDERS. . .**  
The very latest  
**10c each.**

Also a large shipment of **PETERSON'S PATENT IPES**

Always in stock a full line of **Smokers' Requisites.**

**S. G. Faour**  
378 WATER STREET.

**Has Kind Word for Mail Courier**

(Editor Mail and Advocate)  
Dear Sir.—Permit me space in your paper to publish a few remarks about our good mail courier. He is one of our best couriers that we had here this long time. He has been six or nine years carrying the mail from Grate's Cove to Old Perlican and never stays a day from duty. Mr. Edgerton its very cold blustering travel-ing our barrens in winter, but Mr. Simeon Benson has traveled there when the birds were almost frozen around our coast. We will never have another man to travel like Mr. Benson. Its worth any money to face our barrens in winter. He is one of the old timers. If all do their duty faithfully like Mr. Benson there would be no need of kicking.

Thanking you for space, Mr. Editor,  
Yours, etc.,  
JOSHUA STANSFORD,  
Grate's Cove, June 19, 1916.

**STILL MISTRESS OF THE SEAS**

The North Sea engagement proves the Germans to be very efficient at sea, as, indeed, other naval incidents had already indicated. Britain has suffered the loss of numerous fine ships, and perhaps a dent has been made in her pride, if not in her prestige at sea. However, to be perfectly sane in our judgments, let us remember that Britain is at sea on a long vigil. That the Germans would steal out in small force and do considerable damage was always a possibility. It will even happen again.

Britain has everything to lose in the way of sea power, Germany has nothing at present. The mistress of the seas get her hair pulled and her nose tweaked at intervals. It is perfectly shocking, and a lot of her jewels have been sunk to the bottom of the sea. But the engagement is only an incident. Britain is still as much mistress of the seas as she was the day before. If any one thinks to the contrary, let him try sending a letter to Copenhagen.—Detroit Journal.

**Knew What He Was Doing.**  
Tommy (dictating letter to be sent to his wife)—The nurses here are a very plain lot—  
Nurse—Oh, come! I say. That's not very polite to us.  
Tommy—Never mind nurse, put it down. It will please her.  
**Home, Sweet Home.**  
Husband (at the door)—Is my wife in?  
Butler—No, Sir.  
Husband—Ah! Then she got word that I was coming.

**J. J. St. John**

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**ROYAL PALACE BAKING POWDER**  
20c. per lb. Small Tins 5 cts.

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**J. J. St. John**  
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**M. CONNOLLY**  
Duckworth Street.

**Mats and Rugs.**  
A New Lot Just in.

<b>DOOR MATS---</b> Rope, Crimson Bordered—25c., 30c., 35c. and 40c.	<b>CARPETS AND RUGS</b>  PLAIN COCO BRUSH—35c., 55c. and 70c.	<b>HEARTH RUGS---</b> Jute Fringed—40c. to \$1.10.
<b>FLOWERED JUTE—</b> Fringed—17c., 20c., 25c., 30c. and 35c.	<b>CARPETS AND RUGS</b>  VELVET—Fringed and Unfringed—50c., 55c., 65c., & 70c.	<b>JUTE TAPESTRY—</b> Fringed—\$2.00.
<b>PLAIN PLUSH—</b> In Crimson, Old Gold and Blue—80c.	<b>COCOA BRUSH--</b> Crimson & Green Border, \$1.25.	<b>TAPESTRY—</b> Plain Ends—\$1.10, \$2, \$2.20.
		<b>VELVET—</b> Axminster—\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50.
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