

NOTICE.

The 8th Annual Convention of the Supreme Council of the Fishermen's Protective Union of Newfoundland will open at Catalina on MONDAY, the 4th of December.

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, December 5th, 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 6th of December, 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, December 5th, 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, December 6th. 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, December 5th. 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 THURSDAY, December 7th. 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, December 4th. All Councils in Trinity District will please send Delegates.

By order of the President,
J. G. STONE,
Chairman.
St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The Newfoundland Regiment.

A Letter from Hon. John Anderson.

(To the Editor)

Dear Sir,—Newfoundland for the past two years has played a real important part in "what?" "When the war is over; the changing of the map of the world. Newfoundland has become famous! Who has made it so? There is only one answer—"Our Soldier Boys" and the part they have played and their heroism in the great battle of the world's war. Not since the exploits of Wallace and Bruce, which preceded the Battle of Bannockburn, commenced at Ayr and secured the independence of Scotland, has there been seen such great military activities as the Newfoundlanders have shown and displayed in practising at the Ayr Race Course for the Empire's freedom. Have you ever been to Ayr? Do you know anything about the place, where many of our boys have been made men, and I understand some of our soldier lads have taken to themselves wives—Land of Burns.

"This truth, fond, honest Tam O'Shanter, As he frae Ayr all night did canter. Auld Ayr wham ne'er a town surpasses For honest men and bonnie lassies.

Ayr and Edinburgh, the rendezvous of our soldiers who are convalescent and on furlough. It would be impossible to give the parents of our lads who have been to Ayr in a brief notice such as I propose to give about this important town on the Ayrshire coast, an extensive idea of the place. Ayr, situated on a fine bay, is said by many to be equal to that of Naples. A ramble at any period of the year on the esplanade in the evening affords a view of sunsets behind the Island of Arran unsurpassed anywhere. The reason why Newfoundlanders like Ayr is the salubrity and equability of the climate are specially beneficial to invalids.

All over the British Empire Newfoundland has never been behind. For nearly a century the returning 25th day of January each year has been noted in every quarter of the world for the celebration of the Natal day of Burns. Floods of oratory and in some cases caused by floods of the mountain dew of Scotland's best blend from the great feature of the meetings over and above gastronomy dear to the hearts of many. Soldier natives of this Colony who have spent many happy days in the land of Burns, like Scotsmen all over the world, and many others, join in being fervent worshippers of the psalmist of Scotland, Ayrshire, now so well known as the "Land of Burns." has shared in this popularity. Worshippers of the poet come from all quarters annually to his shrine.

Alloway, near Ayr, is the Mecca of the pilgrimage and Dumfries is the Medina. What Scott did for Loch Kathrine and Trossachs, Burns has even more effectually done for Ayrshire. Robert Burns is a name to conjure with.

It is only a few evenings ago I heard of a very important and interesting discussion that took place in one of our clubs, viz.—Who is the most interesting character in Scottish history? Sir Walter Scott, John Knox, Robert Burns, Harry Lauder. I understand that no decision has been arrived at yet, but in his own particular sphere many favour Burns.

"Matter of Opinion."

Ayr from very early times has been regarded as an important place, and there are evidences that in prehistoric times this importance existed when the country was occupied by primitive tribes. I wonder how the tribes of Scotland in those days were dressed. Ayr was created into a Royal Burgh by William the Lion in 1202 and confirmed by his son Alexander II. and afterwards by King Robert Bruce, by a charter dated at Dunfermline, confirming many bestowed privileges. Newfoundlanders who visit the Old Country don't forget to visit the Modern Ayr of to-day. It is specially interesting, as the grand centre of the Land of Burns, with Alloway in its immediately neighbourhood. The rivers Ayr and Bonnie Doon, on which Ayr and Alloway are situated, have had their praises sung in the sweetest strains. The Auld Brigs of both streams have been preserved by the muse of Burns—"The Clay Biggin," where he was born, his monument, Auld Alloway Kirk and the Auld Brig annually attract thousands, and from their places can be seen Mount Oliphant, the scene of his strenuous boyhood. A full history of Ayrshire would be practically a history of Scotland. From the earliest times it has always been in the forefront, ecclesiastically and politically. The freedom of Scotland was decided at Bannockburn. Many of our soldier boys at the present time are still at the Ayr Race Course.

Let us now take the train to Edinburgh, distance, 74 miles; fare \$1.20.

In about two hours we arrive at the Waverly Station and ten minutes more we are registered at the Waverly Hotel. This hotel is the home of all Newfoundland soldiers, who spend their furlough in Edinburgh. We find four soldiers of the First Newfoundland Regiment who fought in the ever-to-be-remembered glorious battle of July 1st.—Wm. Humphreys, Catalina; J. Morrissey, St. John's; D. Power, Salmonier; A. Manuel, Botwood. These men were four out of the sixty-five who came back without a scratch. There were on a holiday from "somewhere in France" for ten days. The only complaint they had was that they were off opinion their holiday should not have been less than three weeks.

How I met them:

Edinburgh, its Romantic Story
Many travellers from this Colony who visit the Old Country, like to go and see Edinburgh. No city in the three Kingdoms can rival Edinburgh at once in picturesque character and in historic memories. To-day it is a far-spreading residential city, stretching from the foot of the Braid Hills to the shores of the Forth. Its far-spreading skirts however are entirely a growth of the last hundred years. Down to the end of the 18th century Edinburgh remained the high, narrow old town of the feudal ages, confined to the rocky ridge which runs eastward from the castle to Holyrood. The simplest way for a stranger to explore Edinburgh is to go halfway along Princes Street, ascend by the Mount to the Castle. At the Castle the story of Edinburgh really begins, and I am proud to say that Newfoundland has added a chapter of history in connection with the old Castle, where so many of our gallant soldiers were trained for warfare and the real battle of life.

Edinburgh was a royal fortress and saw capture and recapture during the wars of Wallace and Bruce, but it was not the capital of Scotland till the 15th century. The chief feature of this magnificent city is Princes Street, its sweep of gardens, which slopes away on the Southern Side to the Valley, in which once surged the waters of the Nor Loch. These gardens, with the monuments and memorials which they contain, form a fitting separation between the past and the present, the Old Town and the New Princes St. Edinburgh probably one of the finest of any city in Europe, with its statues of Allan Ramsey, the poet; and Christopher North; of Sir James Simpson, who invented chloroform, and of David Livingstone, the explorer of Africa. But the greatest and most beautiful memorial is the famous monument to Sir Walter Scott. Can you picture in your mind this magnificent street, in the forenoon and afternoon thronged by thousands of people. Princes St., Edinburgh, is what Water Street is to St. John's, among that great concourse of humanity. You meet soldiers from all parts of the British Empire. It was a beautiful day late in September taking a walk along Princes St. I met three Newfoundlanders—Sgt. Eric Ellis, L. Corp. Samuel Hall, L. Corp. James Newman. Three splendid young men, the cream of the life's blood of our city, whose whole heart and soul, were devoted to their work, love of their native country and their duty to King and Empire. They had just completed a course of eight weeks' careful instruction of training in special warfare, and were anxious to get to the front, to show the Germans what their eight weeks' tuition were worth. These young men looked well. In the best of health and spirits, full of life and hope. A remark made by one of these young men is still ringing in my ear. Let me re-echo it through this city and the whole country:

"What are the young men left in Newfoundland doing? Why don't they do their duty? Why don't they come over and help us? Our work is glorious. Tell them to come and share in the glory."

Wednesday, 27th. September, taking my usual walk along Princes Street, in front of me are many soldiers on furlough. They are represented from all parts of the British Empire and a right jolly crowd they are. They are the grandest specimen of manhood I have ever seen. I am still wondering where do they come from. Passing them I noticed in gilt letters, N.F.L.D. I got into conversation with them, their names were W. Humphreys, Catalina and A. Manuel, Botwood. I missed meeting D. Power, Salmonier, and J. Morrissey, St. John's. These four men were enjoying a well-earned holiday, they were in the thick of the fight on the ever-to-be-remembered 1st July. They spoke highly of the bravery of their Newfoundland comrades—"Yes, sixty five of us were within a few yards of the German trenches—we lay for 17 hours—some in shell

holes, others behind ridges of the ground and a few men behind the sand bags of the German parapet. Our experience during these 17 hours, under heavy shell fire, machine gun fire, we shall never forget. Every man of us crawled back to our own trenches without a scratch."

"These brave men—your brothers of this country—are wanting you. Have you offered your services to the recruiting officers? If not, why not? Between you and your God, don't you think, young man that you should enlist. Yes, every young man in the country who is of age and physically fit should, without delay, offer himself to his King and country. Its your duty, don't shirk it. Your brothers in the trenches away yonder along the banks of the Somme are calling for you to go and help them. Don't let it be said by the boys, when they come home, you were cowards. Don't allow your children of the future to ask their fathers what part did you take in the great war of the last half of 1914, the whole year of 1915, and still raging while I write these words in 1916, and the end not yet. Would you like your answer to be: I did nothing. What would your children say?"

This country is thirsting for information about our boys. We don't seem to get enough. We know so little about the big battle of July 1st, and so far, much less of the engagement our less were fighting in, during the early part of October.

What our gallant lads were doing three months before the big Battle of July 1st.

Four companies, A, B, C, and D, in round figures about 1120 men—doing the work of soldiers, ten days in the front line, ten days in the second line, and then ten days back to a village.

Previous to the big battle of July 1st our Regiment had two raids, the first was on the 27th. June, when fifty men and three officers of our brave fellows took part. They were led by Capt. Butler, Lieut. Strong and Lieut. Greene, D.C.M. They got as far as the German barbed wire. The artillery fire did not break the wire enough to let the party get through—with the result these heroic officers and men although within fifty yards of the German trenches, at dead of night, had to retire back to their own trenches, without the loss of a single man. This little band of organization was perfect, and what made victory the following night possible—"Were the men." What is your opinion of them? Are they as good as we believe they are? Are you going to help what is left of them?

On the following night, 28th. June, the same party, fifty men and three officers, bent on the same mission at midnight, leave their trench, and cross over No Man's Land, distance, four hundred and twenty-five yards. I will try to convey a picture before your eyes. These brave fifty three heroic sons of our country, in training for days to make this raid on the German trenches. Every man of them loyal and true, not a coward among them. They were pledged to each other take the trench or die in the attempt. Let us in our imagination be spectators of this brilliant raid. It is a dark night, hundreds of thousands of bullets are flying everywhere. The whole field is being swept by machine guns and heavy shell fire. This little band of bravery is divided into three parties. The first: Do you see them go over the parapet led by a brave officer walking single file, fifty yards ahead of the second—and another fifty yards behind the second and the third, and about ten yards on each side every man of them carrying twenty bombs each. They reach the German wire entanglement and found it only partly broken, which had been done during the day by their own shell fire. These fifty-three mighty men of valor, blew up the German barbed wire. Everyone of them reached the German trench and found the Germans in strong forces. They immediately began to throw bombs at our men, who at this time were standing in a row along the top of the German trench. "Hats off to these brave fellows" who commenced a shower of bomb throwing among the Germans. One thousand and sixty bombs were scattered among them, with the result that hundreds of Germans were killed. At this time we suffered the loss of some men. It was here that these three men were taken prisoners—945 P. Barron, 764 T. Coombs, 966 J. Cahill. This poor fellow was badly wounded and died, and now steps in a soldier's grave in a hostile country. Several men in this skirmish were killed, others wounded, including the three officers. During this raid Captain Butler won the M. C., Private Phillips, Russian Order.—St. George, 3rd. Class; Lance Corporal J. Cox, M.M. These soldier giants of real warfare, true as steel and bravery had a hand to hand fight with Germans before retiring to their own trench. They killed and wounded hundreds of Germans. There is one other little matter in connection with this raid I wish to bring before the people of the

CANNED SALMON,

75 CASES

Janes' Pack. Just Received.

Recent Arrivals:

- 25 cases FRESH EGGS.
- 30 tubs CANADA BUTTER.
- 50 boxes CHEESE.
- 150 boxes EVAPORATED APRICOTS.
- 20 cases Citron, Orange & Lemon Peels,
- 30 boxes COFFEE—1 and ¼ lb. tins.
- 25 sacks GREEN COFFEE.
- 25 cases CREAM OF WHEAT.
- 10 gross NERVILINE.
- 20 gross HERB SOAP.
- 50 kegs GRAPES.

PHONE 647.

Steer Brothers

625 Cases
New Crop Tomatoes
Due to arrive 1st half September.
Get our Prices.
Job's Stores, Limited.

TEAS

AT THE LOWEST PRICES, BUT UPON WHICH YOU CAN ABSOLUTELY RELY, AT

BLAIR'S.

We offer:—

- REAL GOOD TEA @ 40c. lb.
- EXTRA GOOD TEA @ 45c. lb.
- SUPERIOR QUALITY TEA @ 50c. lb.

We are enabled to do this as we import these teas in large quantities direct from Ceylon when the markets are at their lowest, and we give our customers all the benefits. We have on these values quadrupled our Retail Tea Trade during the past year, as all our customers find our teas are the very best they can get for the money. The above are all straight Ceylon Teas, but we can also give you the milder Blended Teas as packed by Messrs. Lipton, Ltd., London (and which have always had a large sale) at 50c. and 60c. lb. The other teas previously mentioned are put up by ourselves to suit a large portion of the Newfoundland market which does not care for blended teas.

However, we can suit you to a T no matter what your taste.

HENRY BLAIR

country during the raid of the 28th of June.

Private Fred O'Neil, who is at present in town. One of the bombs thrown by the Germans had not exploded, this gallant and brave young soldier picked it up. While in his hand it exploded, wounding his hand. This brave act, I have no doubt, saved the lives of his companions. If not already recognized for his bravery, I hope it won't be forgotten.

Lance Corporal Cox and Private Phillips were out all night between the German and British lines and did not get back until the following morning at 11 o'clock.

I hope His Excellency the Governor, Colonel Sir W. E. Davidson, K.C.M.G., Commanding Officer, will enquire into and get full particulars of this raid, and the name of the gallant boys who took part in it, for information and history to our country. The memory of their names should live for ever.

(To be continued)

A little fellow, on going for the first time to church where the pews were very high, was asked on coming home what he did in church, when he replied: "I went into a cupboard and took a seat on a shelf."