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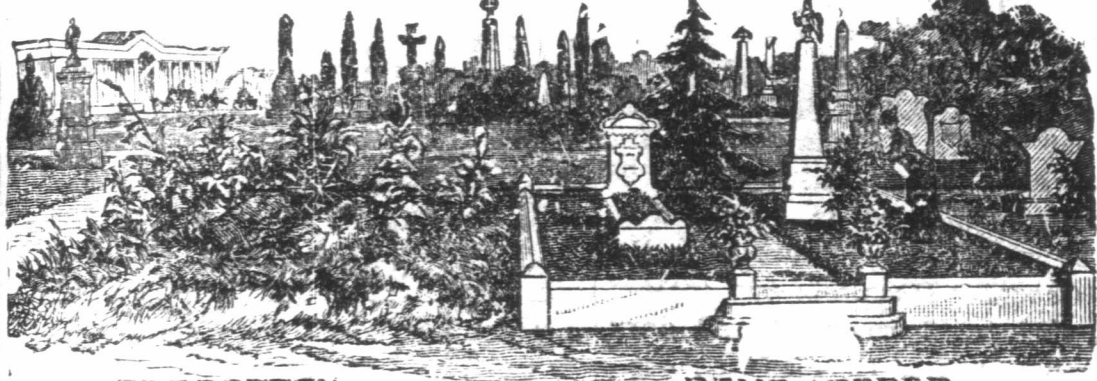
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THE PART PLAYED BY THE
NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT
IN THE BIG DRIVE, JULY 1ST.

"Newfoundlanders I salute you individually. You have done better than the best."

Thus the general of the Newfoundland Regiment after its great attack on July 1. The Newfoundlanders were given what is now recognized to have been an impossible task, and although they failed the story of their bravery and daring will live for ever.

The regiment had been in reserve waiting to take its appointed place in the great attack—the capture of the third line of German trenches immediately in front of them. The task of capturing the first and second lines was assigned to English line regiments.

"All the German lines," says an eye-witness, "were raked with hundreds of thousands of shells. It seemed impossible that anything could still be alive. Suddenly the artillery lifted, and the English regiments attacked. As if by magic the Germans lines swarmed with men, and machine guns belched out from behind ruins, and from the mouth of hidden pits, and even from shell holes. The British troops did not waver, but they melted away, and not many of them reached the German lines. More shells screamed across this land of dead men, and then other troops rushed to the attack. Again the German machine guns took their toll, and again the attack failed.

"Now came the turn of the Newfoundlanders. The fate which had overtaken their comrades daunted them not one bit. These boys—their average age was under twenty-four—were as steady as veterans, as steady as on that parade at St. John's when they embarked for England to fight for the Empire. Not a man hesitated. With a cheer they were over the parapet, and with the colonel, 'Fighting Chitral' Haddo in the van, attempted the impossible.

"Right to It This Time."

"Officers fell right and left, but as they fell they waved their men on. 'Right to it this time,' was the cry. A second lieutenant speedily found himself in charge of a company, and as he fell a sergeant sprang forward to take his place. Companies melted away, but as each man fell he always cried, 'Now right on boys, right to it this time!' That was their slogan, and bounding from shell-hole to shell-hole these gallant lads struggled towards the German lines. A few reached the German wire, which, marvellous to relate, was almost intact, but they could do no more. The charge was over—they had failed, but in brave company, for at the outset they all realized that what had been impossible for eight English regiments was not possible for them.

"That night few returned to the British lines, but the Newfoundland spirit is indomitable; already the regiment is reshaping itself. For every man who fell in that glorious fight there are two others willing and anxious to take his place, and all burn with the desire to avenge the comrade, the brother, and the cousin who fell.

V.C. Acts.

Survivors are full of stories of the courage of their comrades. They tell how Captain J. A. Ledingham, the youngest captain, led his company in the charge; how he fell wounded in three places; how he crawled into a shell hole and lay there more dead than alive for upwards of five hours. Then he heard the moaning of a comrade, and peeping over the edge of his shelter saw lying a few yards away his old Newfoundland chum, Lieutenant Robertson, almost at his last gasp. Captain Ledingham, hardly able to move, crawled to his comrade and there, under a rain of shot and shell, hoisted the lieutenant on his back and crawled with him to the British lines.

It is also told how Lieutenant C. S. Frost, a bank clerk from Nova Scotia three times went out from the comparative safety of the firing line to bring in wounded comrades. He brought them all in, but two were riddled with bullets as he struggled

towards the lines and died on his back. In the charge was a young private who but an hour or so before the attack went into the firing line for the first time. He went over the parapet with his comrades and was probably one of those who got nearest to the German lines. All his comrades were shot down, and he fell into a shell hole filled with dead. He had no idea of direction; he could not tell which were the German and which the British lines. For four days he stayed there, shells exploding all round him and bullets coming apparently from all quarters if he as much as showed his nose.

Four Days' Ordeal.

His rations were soon exhausted and he had to take food and water from the dead round him. At the end of the fourth day he determined to make for the trenches, but which he did not know. By good fortune he chose the right direction and was taken in by a British patrol. He was quite unconcerned with regard to his adventure and the only explanation he gave was, "Oh, I was fed up with it out there and determined to get in, that's all."

A machine-gun section under an officer and 16 N.C.O.'s went into action with 48 men and 8 guns. Only very few came back, but they brought with them their precious gun. Subsequently the seven others were recovered.

Everyone speaks in the highest terms of the devotion of Newfoundland R.A.M.C. They went out time and again under shell fire and snipers' fire to succour the wounded.

PARIS, July 23.—This afternoon there arrived at La Chapelle Goods Station the 600 British troops who have come from the front to take part in the review in honour of the national fete to-morrow. To-day being a half-holiday the entire population of this working-class quarter was out of doors, and when the music of the Scots Guards' band resounded through the streets men and women in ships and factories ran to the doors to acclaim the Tommies as they passed.

On every side one heard admiring exclamations: "What fine fellows!" "They're well built," and similar phrases passed from lip to lip, and as the soldiers marched through the city, radiant with sunshine, to the Pepiniere Barracks they smiled back to the sympathetic crowd and gave their hands to children running alongside.

After the Scots Guards came some Grenadier Guards, followed by detachments from several other British regiments, including the Black Watch. Then came some Indian troops, whose presence aroused much curiosity. A representative selection of over-sea troops brought up the rear, and the last in the procession were the Newfoundlanders.

At Pepiniere Barracks the men received a warm welcome from men of the French Naval Brigade, who earned lasting fame by their splendid resistance at Dixmude. Detachments of Russians and Belgians also arrived, and everything promises well for the splendid review of the Allied troops by the President to-morrow.

THE NEWFOUNDLANDERS' DASH.

No Thoughts But To Get Through.

How the gallant Newfoundlanders charged the German trenches during Saturday was told yesterday by an eye-witness who arrived in London. They way for them was paved by various British regiments, who swept through the first and second lines after a week of terrific bombardment. Then the Newfoundlanders waited for the order to advance, and when it came moved forward in a hall of German lead as calmly as on parade.

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Before the day of attack the division was paraded and the general addressed them, telling them of the great assault that was to come, the odds they had to meet, and the issues that hung upon the success of the advances. The men were in high feather and threw fresh zest into the final preparations.

"They were further heartened by a highly successful raid on the German trenches by sixty of their number under two officers. The first night this was tried they partially succeeded in cutting the German entanglements. The next night they repeated the raid and careful observation showed that the Germans were ready for them and had fixed machine guns to sweep the paths that had been broken through the barbed wire. But our men were soft-footed and swift.

Before the machine guns could get into action they were sweeping down upon the gunners with bombs. Others leaped into the German trench and some stationed themselves so as to cover the entrances to the dug-outs killing the Germans as they emerged. At one point a machine gun threatened to do some damage, but into that corner went a private named Phillips with a bayonet. "That was the last I saw of him," said one of his comrades, "but that machine gun spoke no more." The Newfoundlanders stayed until their work was accomplished, and then came home in triumph, with many souvenirs.

"You Just Go Forward"

At 7.30 a.m. on Saturday they moved up to the work they had prepared for during the previous fortnight. As each section received its time to advance there was a noticeable increase of cheerfulness, but the survivors admit that the half-hour or so of waiting before the order came to advance was the hardest of the day. Men sat about and chatted, but the minutes were timed off and sergeants could be heard saying, "Twenty minutes," then "Fifteen," "Ten," "Five." Then the officers gathered the men together, the leading men swung up over the parapet, and with sloped rifles marched with even greater slowness than usual up the slight elevation that lay between their trench and those of the Germans.

Over this hillock there lay an expanse of open space, pitted with shell holes, then the broken German trenches, with the coveted third line in sight. But behind that were seemingly innumerable German machine guns, and these began to sweep across the land like a driving rain on a Scotch moor. Men began to drop, but the rest moved on like steady veterans.

"I was curiously void of any feeling except a determination to get through," said one who was in the charge, "and I believe all the boys were the same. The roar of the British artillery seemed to be a murmur in that rush, and though the German bullets were sweeping the tops of the grass so completely as to give an impression of a heavy wind, nobody seemed to care. I now recall that in civil life when I saw an accident I felt the horror of it, but in that attack I thought no body seemed to care, but in that attack I thought no more of falling men than of flicking the ash off a cigarette. How does it feel to be in a charge? It feels like nothing at all—you just go forward."

Dying Man's Order.

"Captain R—, leading his men, was hit by a bullet in the hand. He sat down to bind it up, but seeing a disposition on the part of some of the men to go to his aid, he cried, 'Go on with it, boys! I'll be with you in a minute.' Then he calmly stepped back to a dressing station, had his bandage fixed, and in a very short time came doubling back, urging on the men, till again he fell with another wound."

So it proceeded, British pluck paying the price of progress all the way over the first German line and into the fire hurricane that lay beyond. "I was going by the side of my corporal," said a smooth-faced lad, "when he turned to me and said, 'If I go down, you take charge and lead straight ahead.' No sooner had he said so than a bullet caught him square in the breast and he fell into my arms, but his last gasp was, 'Push on with it.' We went on till we got towards the barbed wire. Then I fell, and I rolled into the nearest shell-hole right on top of two officers already wounded and lying there."

Right along the line the same grim tale was told. Not a man faltered.

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