

Has Been in Many Places And Seen Strange Sights Since Joining the Navy

M. Dear Lily:

Just a few lines in answer to your most kind and ever welcome letter and glad to hear that you are all in good health. To begin with, we arrived here yesterday from Egypt and had a fairly good passage. We were out to Salonica a short while ago. I intended to write there but didn't have time. I was sorry to hear the death of your poor father. He is gone to a better home, and while our human relationship causes us to weep with you in your sad bereavement, we can rejoice that he has gone where sorrow will be no more.

Well, I should calculate, that Bob is just about getting tired of the Bay boats by now. Do they change ships every week. I would like for you and Bob to see the ship that I am on now. Sorry to hear that it was a poor fishery on the Labrador, but it may have turned out better at the latter end, which I hope it did. Anyway you will let me know when next you write.

I am sorry to hear of so many of our Newfoundlanders getting cut up in the battle of the 1st. of July. I must say she has done her duty. One thing we know that every one cannot come over here and go into the midst of the fray and get off Scot free, for I think that all who come over here to fight for their King and country and save what their forefathers had had to fight for will not be afraid to throw down their life, die for their country and be remembered and mourned as a hero who died to save his country, myself for one is not afraid to face death. I know I have had some very narrow escapes more than you'll know of until I come home and tell you personally. Even this trip I saw about 20 get knocked out only a few yards from me, but I know they all died as heroes.

Sorry to hear of poor Jack Smith, he was such a nice fellow. Many a

good time he and I had together. I don't think the war will last much longer and I won't be sorry when it is over, as it is now going in the third year. I took the very first of it and I must congratulate myself for being so lucky so far, but we know it is the Lord's doings and He has brought me through safe.

When I arrived this time your letter was awaiting me and also one from Miss Gertrude Loder, which I am answering to-day. Mr. Brown and myself are still together. He sends his best respects to you all. Tell Bob I would just love to see him now and have a long chat together, as I have plenty to talk about, of which would probably interest him.

I hear there are lots of weddings home. By the time this war is over there won't be many young men left, but if I could do it there would not be many weddings home, as they all should be over here trying to do their bit, and not have other young men suffering for them, but we will tell them their own when we get home. I mean the young able-bodied men. Love to all the children. I have had the pleasure of meeting several Newfoundlanders over here. They are all fine looking chaps. Once they get home there won't be many young men saying anything to them. Wishing you and all the family the very best of luck and a pleasant winter. With lots of love from

LOYAL.

London, Sept. 22, 1916.

P.S.—By the way, as I did not post this letter until to-day, Monday, I have a little more news to say. We had a wonderful Zeppelin raid here Saturday night and Sunday morning. A lot of people were killed and several wounded, and I very nearly got it myself, but we brought down two, one in flames, it lighted up the sky. Twenty-one Germans in the Zeppelin all killed.

some other commodity which the Germans lack.

In one corner of the museum there is a collection of quite another kind. It is without its artistic merit, but the exhibits are such that they leave the average Englishman seeling red and itching to get his hands on the man who was responsible for them. These are the medals struck to commemorate German victories on sea and land and in the land of fancy as well. The Lusitania medal is here, in all its horrible crudity. On one side is the representation in high relief of a ship sinking. The vessel is supposed to be the Lusitania, but it is some new ship, for it bristles with guns, and looks more like a battle-cruiser than a passenger liner. There are words engraved telling of the glorious achievement of the man who sent those hundreds to their graves beneath the sea. There is also the date of the great victory. Other medals there are. One is to commemorate the victory of the battle-cruiser squadrons in their attacks on the Hartlepool and Lowestoft. It must be a queer mind that conceives the idea of perpetuating in bronze the massacre of a few helpless men, women, and children.

Iron Crosses

There are two Iron Crosses. They are the original article, and were being sent from Germany to a child of the Fatherland forcibly exiled in a country overseas through the inconsiderateness of the British Fleet. The consigner was the makers of the crosses, the head of the firm that supplies them to the German Government, and in a covering letter he naively suggests that if the recipients cannot wear the decorations in the country they are living in without raising doubt as to how they won them in this war they are to say that they were given them in the war of 1870! So much for the Emperor's highest military decoration for valor.

Boots are apparently needed in Germany, for there are numerous parcels that have been intercepted containing footwear of all sorts. In several cases the kind given has wrapped the boots carefully in a piece of best sole leather, so that the value of the gift is greatly enhanced. Indeed the same thing that is noticed in the case of the bacon obtains here, for the postage is letter postage and abnormally high for the goods sent.

All these things, neatly laid out and ticketed, are merely samples of large contraband cargoes that have found their way into the wrong hands. They are not confiscated, but will some day get to their proper destinations, only at present the British Government has "interred" them. Needless to say, there are some parcels that will not be quite themselves after the war. A pound of lard wrapped in newspapers is not guaranteed to keep its first freshness for very long, and the bacon and meat will perhaps be passed when peace comes again to Europe. The other goods, however, are merely detained, and some day the rubber will all go to make tires, the medals will be hung on stalwart German chests, the boots will tread the pavements of the Unter den Linden, and the rice and oatmeal will be taken out of their clever hiding-places to assuage the hunger of little Hans and Fritz and Gretchen.

Valleyfield Helps Swell the Cot Fund

A very interesting and successful meeting was held in this settlement last week, to raise subscriptions for the Cot Fund. The meeting was held in the S. U. F. Hall which was kindly given for the occasion. The evening being a fine one a large audience was present, all seats were occupied in a short time. The meeting opened at 8 o'clock with Mr. Joseph Davis in the chair, and several notable speakers on the platform. After their introduction, the speakers; Magistrate Miffen of Greenspond, Rev. Charles House of Wesleyville and Rev. Henry Leggo of Badger's Quay gave some very vigorous and stirring addresses. Emphasis was laid upon the need of our contributing to the Cot Fund, and doing our share for "Our Own" sick and wounded, which met with much applause on the part of the audience. Representations being present from Valleyfield, Pool's Island and Badger's Quay. It was requested that a secretary be appointed and a committee formed, which was accordingly done. The chairman then asked for offerings from the meeting which met a hearty response the sum of \$118 being raised. Names were also taken by the Secretary, Mr. Allan Bishop, to the amount of \$142, these amounts to be paid in to the resident committee when convenient. After various other remarks the meeting was brought to a close, by a prayer for the soldiers and sailors offered by Rev. H. Leggo, and the singing of the National Anthem.

WILL E. O. DAVIS,
Valleyfield, B.B., Oct. 10, 1916.

A BIG WEEK-END PROGRAMME AT THE NICKEL.

"Resurrection of Mollis."
The Broadway Star Features present
A social drama in three parts by GEORGE STRAYER
MAXWELL, produced by Vitagraph with BELLE
BRUCE, WALTER McGRILL, KALMAN MATUS
and ARTHUR COZINE.

"To the Highest Bidder."
LOTTIE PICKFORD and IRVING CUMMINGS in Chapter
Twelve of that wonderful serial story.

"The Diamond From the Sky."
A RED SEAL PLAY, ENTITLED.

"The Buried Treasure of Cobra."
The story by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, produced by The Selig Players, featuring HARRY MESTAYER.

SEND THE CHILDREN TO THE GREAT BIG SPECIAL PROGRAMME MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY.
Monday—MAURICE COSTELLO in "THE MAN WHO COULDN'T BEAT GOD." A powerful five-act Blue Ribbon feature.
THE NICKEL---"ALWAYS WORTH WHILE."

NOTICE

All Persons holding Receipts for Fish shipped to me on the Labrador Coast must present them to my office at Catalina for payment. On no account whatever will they be paid at St. John's.

Philip Templeman
Oct. 5, 6, 7, 10, 12, 14



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Germans hammering on the French positions at Verdun seems to be like pounding rubber nails.

Old Time Shipbuilding in Newfoundland

Names of Some Well Known Vessels, Where Built, and Builders Names.

BY JAMES MURPHY.
(Continued)

In the days of which I write on, St. John's sent many vessels to the seal-fishery and to foreign markets. We had a trade with Cork and Waterford and Germany. Hamburg bread and butter, brick and boots, came in abundance. Irish hams and bacon, pork and potatoes were then a favorite commodity. The merry "Ye Heave Ho" of the sailors while hoisting the anchor was heard all over the harbor. Many a time I stood myself in the latter part of the seventies, on a mercantile premises and heard the chanting man, and I tell you gentle reader that it would do your heart good to hear his sweet tones as he gave forth in loud strains, "The Matig of Amsterdam," "Sally Brown," "Blow my Bully Boys blow" or "Whiskey for my Johnny." A verse or two of the last mentioned song was as follows:

"Oh, whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey, Johnny,
It always was since time began,
Oh, whiskey for my Johnny."
"Oh, whiskey makes me wear old clothes,
Whiskey, Johnny,
'Twas whiskey gave me a broken nose,
Oh, whiskey for my Johnny."

There was another favorite ditty which was sung in those days of sailing vessels. It went this way:

Oh, policeman, policeman you do me much wrong,
Way nay, blew the man down,
I'm a flying fish sailor just home from Hong Kong.
Oh, give us sometime to blow the man down.
No, you've sailed in a packet that flies the Black Ball.
Way nay, blow the man down,
You've robbed some poor Dutchman of books, clothes and all;
Oh, give us sometime to blow the man down.

Oh, they gave me three months in Walton's black jail,
Way nay, blow the man down,
For blowing and kicking that Bobby to Kale;
Oh, give us sometime to blow the man down.

There was another song, which was sung by our brave sailors, and even by landmen when "rock hauling" used for churches in the old days. It was as follows:

The ship she's a sailing out over the bar;
Away Rio! Away Rio!
The ship she's a sailing out over the bar;
We are bound to the Rio Grande.
Oh, away Rio, oh, away Rio,
Oh fare ye well my bonny young maid,
We are bound to the Rio Grande.

Many hundreds of natives immigrated to Boston and other places in the vessels. Steam was sparse, hundreds of persons came here on those vessels from the shores of Newfoundland and Ireland. The "Nancy" Murphy, master, ran on a mud bank after leaving Waterford for St. John's on one occasion with 44 stowage passengers aboard. She ran on the bank in the morning and was got off in the afternoon. The Nancy was owned by Jas. and Robert Kent. Ships which came here before the Nancy were the Minerva, Irish Lass and a ship called the Hazard. The Captain of the latter vessel, was named Churchward. It was this man who was a companion of Mr. Winter when his ears were cut on Saddle Hill in 1835. Deserters from the fishery were prevalent in those years, men were apprenticed to their masters, and often the latter were compelled to publicly advertising for the runaway. Eight years ago one of those runaways was advertised as having a cock nose, blue jacket and a flushing trousers. Times have

Capt. Azariah Munden, grandfather of the Messrs. Munn Bros. She measured 95 feet long, 22 feet 4 inches wide and was 12 feet deep. A vessel named the Morning Star was built eighty years ago for Mr. Henry Thomas. There was another ship called the Morning Star, built of a later date at Carbonear, of which I have given a description in Wednesday's Mail and Advocate. There were two ships that sailed out of Harbour Grace in the fifties, one was called the William Panton after the partner of John Munn Esq.; and the other was called the John Munn, named after Mr. Munn. William Panton Esq. was a Captain before going into the mercantile business and for years he sailed as Commander of the Norral, a well known vessel in her day.

When Governor Hamilton presided over Newfoundland, there were some five vessels launched from the various shipbuilding yards. There is a story told about Governor Hamilton, which illustrates his generosity. An old man, an Irishman named Jas. Butler, a native of Killarney, wanted to go home to Ireland and not having any means he approached Governor Hamilton, when His Excellency was on a visit to Conception Bay. The Governor granted his request, and Butler said to a friend as follows: "Musha the noble gentleman not only took my petition, but best of all he ordered five pounds to be given to me to pay my passage over to Ireland."

I made mention of the names of some of the vessels which took citizens away to Boston and other places. I wish to say that many citizens went to Australia when the craze was on at the time the gold was found in that country. In 1852 the Sybil took a lot away from St. John's. A ship called the Magnolia, advertised at the time for passages as follows:

Stateroom \$200
Lower stateroom 175
Second cabin 125

It was sailing vessels which brought mails and passengers from one place to another around the Island. The Etin which was on the Northern route had a narrow escape from being lost in 1852. She was commanded by Capt. Coyell, and her ports of call were as follows: Twillingate, Fogo, and Greenspond. She was driven to sea on this occasion and managed to get into Bay Bulls after her crew had undergone a severe trial and the Captain had been frostbitten.

(To be continued)
The Bulgarians took Kastoria with little difficulty. The adv. says it's easy to take.

The Museum of the Censor

Interesting and Varied Collection Made in London.

(From London Times.)

London has many interesting museums, but it is doubtful if the most interesting of them is open to the public in the neighborhood of the Law Courts there is a collection that has been gathered together since the beginning of the war. When first shown into the rooms that contain it you would doubtless think that you were looking over a stock of samples called from the bags of a number of commercial travellers who dealt in everything from cheap jewellery to

so much of his gift that he sent it letter-post and pasted stamps on it to the value of 15s., 1s. for every lb of bacon in the package. Somewhere in Germany there is a family still waiting in very much the same way that Mother Hubbard's dog, had to wait. All these innocent bundles of newspapers are not what they seem. The neatly rolled ends are but cleverly made plugs of paper and wood. Pull one of these plugs out and you will find a long sausage-shaped bag of calico containing anything from sliced meat to Para rubber, from rice to tobacco.

Hidden Rubber

In many cases the stamps on these packets by far exceed the value of the stuffs inside. That is, they exceed their value as we regard them. The mere fact that the postage is paid points undoubtedly to the fact that in Germany and Austria they are looked upon in a different light. Many of these parcels have duplicate covers. They are addressed to someone in a neutral country, whose business it is to pull off one cover and re-post them to the German or Austrian address revealed below. Thinking that letters were fairly safe, these same enterprising people overseas evolved a scheme for sending in each letter a sheet of pure rubber. Doubtless if these had arrived in either of the enemy countries they would have been sent to a central depot, and ultimately would have emerged as rubber tires, or

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Morton's Castor Oil,

300 doz. 1 oz. bottles. 150 doz. 2 oz. bottles.

50 dozen MORTON'S POTATO FLOUR.

1 case ROSE'S LIME JUICE.

20 c'ses BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

30 cases HOGARTH'S VINEGAR, 1/4 btl.

5 cases ROSE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL.

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