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Bedsteads, slightly smoked only. 100 dozen Wood Pipes, Axes, Grindstones; also a full line of new goods.

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Serge (Navy) School Dresses & Suits

There is no dress more serviceable for little girl's going to school than the Serge Sailor. We have them made from good quality serge—Pleated Stylishly—and Belted round the waist—prices range from

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Excellent value and neatly trimmed. Bought before the war. On sale this week. See windows. Be patriotic and keep the wheels of business moving.

J.M. Devine
THE RIGHT HOUSE

Corner Water and Adelaide Streets.

A Between-Seasons Suggestion

We have in stock just a very few exquisite Evening Gowns, one or two actual Paris Models, others exact copies of Paris Gowns. As these are decidedly advance style they will be the correct mode for the Fall Season, and we are selling them off at greatly reduced prices to make room for our large Autumn Stock. Two particularly lovely Gowns are briefly described below.

¶ Gown of Sheer White Lace mounted on fine Brussels net lining. It has the new three tier skirt; Waist and Sleeves of Lace, in soft, graceful draping; Vest caught with tiny crystals; and wide crushed girdle of Pale Blue Satin

¶ Elegant Gown of Black Chiffon over soft White Lace, lined throughout with White Silk; handsome and effective trimming of rich Helio Velvet.

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.

The Daily Short Story

LITTLE GRAY LADY

By Hubert Paul

THE Little Gray Lady had left our boarding house!

It was all the more astonishing because she had lived there, so Mrs. Potter said, for fourteen years. She had occupied that little half bare room of hers on the top story nearly all of that time. When she had come, most of young fellows had been children playing Indians and making mud puddings. Nobody had thought that she would ever leave. She went out every morning at 8.30 to her work—she was cashier in some office downtown—and came back promptly at six; and had no friends; she never went out in the evening. Some of us taking pity on the lonely little middle aged spinster, had sought her friendship, but she had always amiably and politely discouraged us.

We looked at each other in astonishment that evening at the dinner table when Mrs. Potter told us. No, the Little Gray Lady had given no explanation. She had merely said, very sweetly, that she was going away, had packed her trunk and gone, giving some address in a modest uptown street. Mrs. Potter had hoped that she might be permitted to call. The Little Gray Lady had evaded the proposition with the adroitness born of fourteen years of evasion of all personal matters. Then she had driven away in a cab, and that was the only thing that had seemed unusual in the manner of her going. For the Little Gray Lady was not given to cabs.

"Perhaps she's gone to get married," suggested Parsons, a shock-haired youth, who sat at Mrs. Potter's right.

"Mr. Parsons, there isn't any man worthy of her," said Mrs. Potter severely, and to that he heartily agreed. For everybody had loved the quiet, modest, kind-hearted little spinster who sat so demurely at the table and lived so unassumingly. I think we all felt a sense of personal loss.

I remember that night vividly, for we were all engrossed by the news that Governor Cowper had pardoned Melchior Jetley, the famous murderer, who had formed the text for innumerable discussions at debating societies during the period of his imprisonment.

Everybody knew about Jetley; but since it is some years since his release the story may have faded out of the public mind, so I will briefly record it. Jetley had served seven years for the murder of Sam Briggs. It was a deliberate, premeditated, cold-blooded murder. Jetley was a racing man, and Sam Briggs was his partner. Jetley had recently married a very charming woman, the daughter of a fashionable clergyman of our town. Their short married life was singularly happy.

Jetley abandoned his old habits and associates, settled down, reformed and went into business. Sam Briggs, his partner, followed suit and became his partner in business likewise. They had been married about eighteen months when Jetley was called west on business. Somebody—some busy-body—sent him a telegram which brought him back in a hurry. He went home; Mrs. Jetley was not there. The scared maid told him she had gone to Kling's restaurant, frequented by a rather flashy, "sporty" set. Jetley went there in a hansom, entered, saw his wife seated at a table with Sam Briggs, drinking a cocktail. Jetley pulled out a revolver and shot Briggs dead.

He was tried, sentenced to death, and had his punishment commuted to imprisonment for life. After seven years Governor Cowper pardoned him. And the imprisonment, and the pardon too, divided society into two hotly antagonistic camps. Some maintained that he should have been sent to the chair—or gallows, rather, for hanging was then the real method of execution. Other demanded that he be freed. During the whole seventeen years the agitation continued. No doubt old-timers argue out the matter yet, as we did on that evening.

"Look at it this way," said Parsons. "The man shot a fellow man in cold blood. The law prescribes a penalty for murder. It should have been exacted."

I maintained that it was every man's duty to defend his home. We were divided half and half.

"I don't believe the taking of life is ever justified," put in Cranborne, our Socialist boarder. "Jetley was the victim of his environment. How many of us would not have done the same? Besides, did you fellows ever stop to think that he may have had loved ones who would suffer more than he by his death?"

"You're a sentimentalist," sneered Parsons. "Who cares for a murderer serving a life sentence?"

"Somebody may have cared. His wife!"

"Good Lord, Cranborne, do you suppose she cared what happened to him, or what happened to her? You treat those criminals as though they were actuated by the same emotions as ordinary people. Why, society is well rid of them. Kill the man and drive the woman out of society and you'll improve the world better than by any crazy theories which don't act in accord with facts."

"I'd like to take a look at Jetley when he arrived at the station tomorrow," said Parsons. "The papers say he'll come down on the 2.42. I guess there'll be a mob of sight-seers."

"Yes, ready to mob him," said Cranborne.

"Stuff!" said Parsons. "They'll carry him shoulder high. The mob always applauds the wrongdoer."

"Well," I interposed, "let's us go and see." I think, but am not positive, that somebody laid a bet that Jetley would swagger through the crowd like a triumphant baseball star. Somebody else expected to see a broken criminal, creeping back hopelessly to the world of men. Anyway, we were all curious.

The train came in half an hour late. We were jammed into the heart of a huge throng that blocked the entire station. On the outskirts a force of police attempted vainly to clear a passage. The train slowed down; the passengers descended and stood gazing helplessly above them. Nobody could move a yard.

Suddenly shouts went up. "That's him!" they yelled, "that's him!" And they surged forward and about him, and neither cheered nor hooted, but stared open-mouthed at a middle-aged, tired, bowed, unhappy man in a suit of dark serge, carrying a cheap new suit case.

Then through the crowd a little woman pushed her way, forcing superhumanly endowed strength. She went up to the tired man and put her arms round his neck and kissed him, and the tired man dropped his bag and stared at her and said something softly and then covered his face with his hands; and I was near enough to see the tears rushing between his fingers. And the woman was the Little Gray Lady!

That's all I know. That's all I can tell, and I don't know who she was—although I know her name, which wasn't that of his wife, but may have been assumed. I'm only recording what I saw before the police pushed us away, and the tired man and the Little Gray Lady disappeared from our sight for ever. But there was a look of forgiveness and of love on both their faces that kept me quiet that night at the table, although Cranborne and Parsons engaged in a pretty stiff argument.

A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN

Every successful business man can give reasons for his prosperity. Most essential to any success is a careful and ceaseless attention to details. Every well conducted office or store in the world finds that simple and effectual filing systems are an absolute necessity. No employer will waste his own time or allow waste with his staff by using old fashioned methods. The benefits derived from the time and money-saving system which "Globe-Wernicke" devices encourage are self-evident. Not a paper can go astray when the "Safeguard" method of this Company is used. And no matter how complicated your filing problem, no matter how peculiar, no matter how small or how large, the "Globe-Wernicke" can provide you with the equipment that will place every record at your finger tips. Why not investigate? Mr. Percie Johnson represents the "Globe" in Newfoundland.

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MUST DESTROY MILITARISM

Says Ben Tillett Well-Known Secretary of the British Dockers' Union

A manifesto issued by the Dockers' Union, and signed by Ben Tillett, the secretary, says:

"Every resource at our command be utilised for the purpose of preserving our country and nation. Every able-bodied man must either fight, or be ready to defend his country. Every family of those men who go to the front must be guaranteed a competence and food."

The Propositions

"We first of all propose that all able-bodied men should shoulder the responsibilities this war imposes; that local units of men having worked and lived together constitute units of a thousand each, for the better purpose of training and preparation. That these units of our members or of trades unionists from a given area be registered.

"Kaiserism and militarism should receive its death blow in this Armageddon. Our traditions at least stand for the best, our limitations and inequalities are largely of our own making; and will be so long as the workers are contented slaves, under a vicious wage system."

How to Help

"I want to see our own men drilled daily, even if the War Office cannot help us. There are plenty of open spaces, many of our men are ex-soldiers, they could help in the drilling. Municipal authorities and employers could help. Employed and unemployed could help; the War Office should help those who can enlist, subject to guarantees from the Government, giving protection to the families left behind."

UHLANS TIED UP NAKED TOMMIES

Whom They Caught Bathing in a Stream—Britons Will Give Them Warm Welcome

A wounded non-commissioned officer says that in four days' battle, last August, they were continually under fire.

We had (he says) to beat off several cavalry attacks as well as infantry, and when the trouble seemed to be over the Germans played on us with shrapnel just like turning on a fire hose. Several of our officers were hit. Heavy German cavalry charged us with drawn sabres, and we only had a minute's warning "to prepare to receive cavalry."

We left our entrenchments, and rallying in groups, emptied our magazines into them as they drew near. Men and horses fell in confused heaps. It was a terrible sight.

Still, on they came. They brought their naked sabres to the engage, and we could distinctly hear their words of command made in that piercing high tone of voice which the Germans affect.

The enemy had a terrible death roll before their fruitless charge was completed, a thick line of dead and wounded marking the ground over which they had charged. We shot the wounded horses, to put them out of their misery, whilst our ambulances set to work to render aid to the wounded.

Our Red Cross men made no distinction. Friend and foe got the same medical treatment, and that's where we score over the Germans.

If they had been Uhlans we should not have spared them, as we owe them a grudge for rounding up some Tommies who were bathing.

They took their clothes away, and tied the men to trees. We swore to give them a warm time wherever we met them.

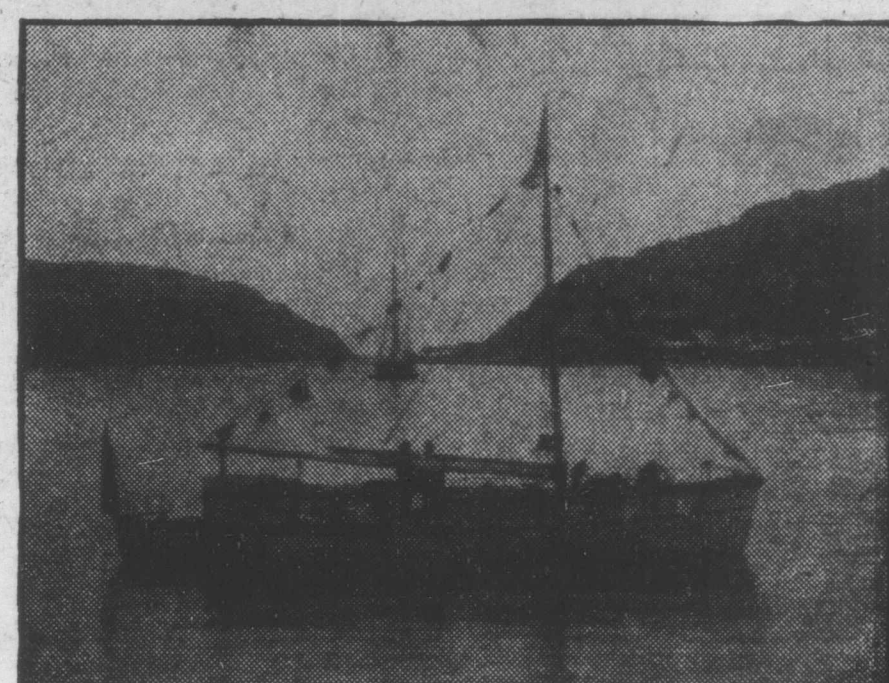
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MOTOR BOAT F.P.U.

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Built for R. H. Silver, Esq., at their premises, Greenspond, in 1912. Used by President Coaker the last two summers during his cruises North.

Boat is fitted with a 27 h.p. Fraser Engine, which has given splendid satisfaction. The boat is 40 feet long and 9 feet wide, and would make an ideal mission boat.

She contains sleeping accommodation for four, and tanks for 250 gallons of fuel. Nine-tenths of the fuel consumed by the engine is Kero oil.

The reason for selling is, the boat is not large enough for the purpose she is now used for.

The boat cost about \$1800, and is well fitted in every respect. She is provided with sails. She would make a fine boat for collecting bait or for fishery uses. Apply to

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