

THE MAN ON THE STREET WRITES

(To the Editor).

Dear Sir,—I wish to open my remarks by thanking you for space and also accepting with full accord your references to my letter of last week wherein you said there are many viewpoints from which one can write. I will go farther and say that variety is the spice of life but the positive is no good without the negative, and I am sure we in this little community get variety in abundance in so far as the daily press is concerned. We have indeed many viewpoints both to read and see.

I will admit good in all of them yet a lot of chaff remains after we have served them out, and I think that while the Doings of the Duffs, Random reels, the evening Chit Chat, the Woes of Mrs. Newlywed with "Un-

der the Clock," alas poor Yorick, Scoop, "Folks in our town" as well as "Mary Ann Poor," the effusions of our poets with the other writers including those friends I gave a shot in passing to last week, while these, Sir, are all sometimes good, sometimes fair, sometimes not worth the space. There are little topics of local color and interest that affect us all which these writers do not touch often enough. Seeing you have expressed yourself favorable to our to give you a few of my viewpoints. I do not expect you to agree with them on all points and I am not going to adopt a policy of "you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."

I hope in my few topics which I shall discuss to find something that will hit and also something that will please all of us, being extraction of some of my ancestors who are Jews, crossed into the Welsh, and Irish I can claim to have inherited, and I think you will see in my remarks the shrewdness of the Jew, the impulse of the Welsh and the argumentative and perhaps wit of the Irish, and when we are sick the doctor gives us some medicine we do not at all times like, to make us well again, so may the viewpoints I shall place before the public to be considered by you and them as just a little stimulant to strengthen the tone of the press as well as the man who will soon miss his morning braces and have to take to the drink that leaves no headaches.

I shall, Sir, then open to your approval appear on to-morrow with my bow to these three, the Governor, the Clergy, the Mayor and last but not least, that great force the public. My reason for taking the pen name of The Man on the Street is that I know all the faces and most of the names of those who I meet in my daily round. Some have grown from boyhood into manhood during those years I have gone up and down in and out, some have become gray with sadness and business cares, firms have established themselves and some have unhinged their signs while others have gone in to their rest and the place thereof knoweth them no more. Yet I, The Man on the Street, am still here and watch with interest the changing scenes as well as listen to the viewpoints and thoughts of my many friends in this my native town.

I shall, I hope, merit your expectations, your criticism, and approval as from your point of view I propose to come out in a proper and dignified manner to my audience and after I have introduced myself and taken up some of the subjects on my syllabus subjects, I hope will do good and be of such a character as will not make me ashamed.

I have, perhaps, already taken more space than I thought of, but I will conclude by saying that I will, after this, ask you to use as a headline for me "Viewpoints From the Curb."

Yours truly,
THE MAN ON THE STREET.

ADVERTISE IN
THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

PRESENTATION TO MR. FREHLICH

A very pleasant function took place at the British Clothing Factory Saturday evening, when the employees met and presented Mr. S. Frehlich, the manager, with a Christmas gift of a handsome Dressing Case and The holder with mirror, accompanied with the subjoined address:—

Dear Mr. Frehlich,—We, the employees of the British Clothing Co. Ltd., are once again afforded the pleasure of wishing you a very happy Christmas and prosperous New Year.

In tendering you our good wishes, we ask that you accept the accompanying gift, not for its intrinsic value, but as a recognition of our esteem for you.

Again wishing you all happiness
We remain

Employees of the British Clothing Co. Ltd.

Mr. Frehlich, who is probably, more highly esteemed than any other Factory manager in the city, by his co-workers, was deeply touched by the kindness and good feeling that prompted the gift and made the following reply:

Fellow-workers.—Being taken by surprise, I am at a loss to find words to express my pleasure and appreciation for the beautiful gift and the kind words to myself so well expressed in your address. Money can build up factories and do a great deal more besides, but there is one thing that it cannot do, it cannot purchase sincerity, friendship, loyalty and good-will between employer and employees. You have been kind enough to say words of praise for what I have done for you from a material standpoint and I am glad to have the opportunity to say that I hope to do much better in the future and that in the course of the coming year, should prosperity

continue to beam on our undertakings, I hope to do even better by way of advancing your interests concerning wages and in other respects, making conditions for you all more agreeable than those which you seem pleased with to-day.

Trusting that this mutual confidence and esteem will always exist between us, I greet you all with sincerest wishes for a very happy Christmas and success and prosperity in the coming year.

Saturday evening a woman from the East End who was acting in a very strange manner was brought to the Police Station where she was examined by Dr. Tait and pronounced insane. She was then sent to the asylum for the insane.

"May I ask you how old your wife is?"

"Certainly! You may ask her, too, if you wish."—New York Times.

ACCIDENT TO FIREMEN

While on the way in response to the fire alarm yesterday afternoon the occupants of the Central Station hose wagon met with an accident which will incapacitate three men of the company for a few days. The wagon went east along Bond Street and in turning into Cochrane Street the wheels skidded on the slippery street and the wagon toppled over on its side; the men were thrown violently on the hard street and had a very narrow escape from serious injury. James Boggan was much cut about the face and sustained injuries to the one leg. Philip Cook had his legs hurt badly and Wm. Chaplin was bruised badly about the shoulders and hips. Chaplin received the worse shaking up of the three and may be laid off duty for a couple of weeks. The wagon seat was smashed to pieces but no other injury worth speaking of was done the wagon. Dr. Roberts was called and attended the injured men at their homes, Fort Townsend. None of them was hurt badly enough to be sent to the hospital.

CHRISTMAS AT THE ARMOURY.

About forty men, including platoon and guard, spent Christmas Day at the Armoury, and every effort was made by their officers to make the day an enjoyable one for the Volunteers. The large room on the platform at the rear part of the building was very tastefully decorated with evergreens and ribbons of variegated colors, which lent quite a Christmas aspect to the place. A large picture of His Majesty King George was suspended in the centre and was the first thing to be seen on entering the room. At three in the afternoon Major Montgomerie, Major Carty, Capt. O'Grady and the other officers were present at the headquarters and extended Christmas greetings to the men. Then all were treated to a sumptuous spread of the usual good things in evidence at this season, after which songs and music were in order and helped to pass a most enjoyable afternoon. In the evening refreshments were again provided, even the ever-hooded smokes and a few packs of cards were not forgotten. At the time of our visit the lads were enjoying themselves to their heart's content. The Mail and Advocate wishes them, one and all, many happy returns.

FIRE ALARM YESTERDAY

An alarm of fire was rung in from box 16 at the corner of Gower and Cochrane Streets at 2.15 p.m. yesterday, to which the Central and East End Companies responded. The fire was in the house of Patrick Warren, butcher, and was only a slight blaze, there being more smoke than fire. The services of the chemical quenched it in a few minutes; very little damage was done. This is the first alarm in the city for over a week.

MET HIS MATCH.

"Ach, you've met your match this time," snarled a German who had managed to disarm a private of a Scottish regiment.

"Oh, have I?" replied the Scot scornfully. "I generally strike a match." And he let out a left-hander with dire effect. That German lost a prisoner, but gained a lovely black eye.

ANSWERED.

"I have often wondered," said Mr. Smith, looking up from reading his evening newspaper, "why the Germans always spell Kultur with a 'K.'" Mrs. Smith smiled indulgently up at her husband. "The reason is because Great Britain has command of the 'C's'" she retorted.

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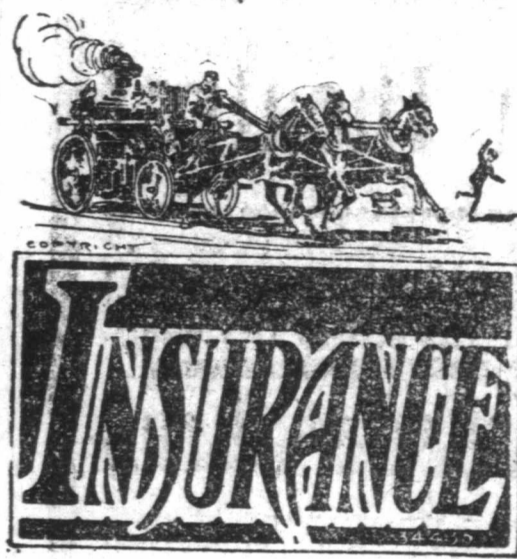
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