

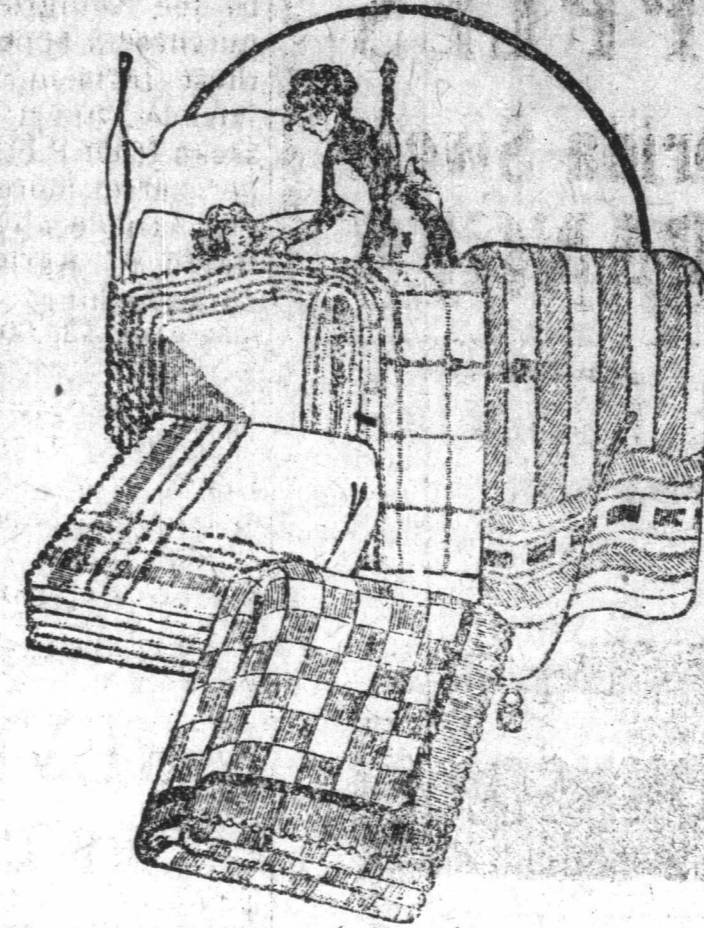
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Amazing Adventures At a German Dugout

British Officer Shot Huns As They Emerged.
Found Quarters Well Stocked with Wines.

TORONTO, Nov. 8.—A second lieutenant in a Yorkshire battalion, with a shrapnel wound in his right thigh and a machine-gun wound in his left leg, tells a story of a German dugout and its occupants. The dugout was in the first line of trenches taken by the officer's platoon in the fighting on the Somme, and six bombs had been thrown down it. The men then went forward to the next trench, and the officer, being hit twice, had to stay behind. The rest of the story may be given in his own words:

"After a bit I wiggled back to that Boche front line into a shallow sap that had been pulverized by our heavies. I was resting there, when I saw a Boche officer come climbing cautiously up out of that big dug-out that we'd put the six bombs in. He was a captain. He had a bomb in one hand, and a rifle and bayonet in the other, and he was peering first one way and then the other, like a burglar. 'Oh, you beauty!' I thought. And just then he snuggled down against a gap in their paradors near the dugout, and bedded his rifle comfortably for firing at our chaps in his second line. You can bet I was glad I had my rifle and plenty of ammunition. So I got a beautiful bead on this chap, and a second later he was—I wonder where dead Boches go? I charged my breech again, and no sooner done than my next target bobs up—a lieutenant. I got him while he was looking at his captain. I aimed for his shoulder-blades, but the old gun kicked a bit, and I got him through the head. Seemed I might as well be in a grouse butt; and nothing less than officers' targets, mind you. Well, to cut it short, tow more lieutenants came up from that same dugout, making in all three lieutenants and one captain, and I got 'em all.

A Sacred German.
"And then a private came up, with never a weapon of any sort in his hands, and the fear of God in his white face. 'You're a Boche,' I thought; 'probably a batman and you

ought to be shot, but you've got nothing in your silly hands.' It was too much like a sitting bird, you know. Couldn't manage it. 'Here!' I shouted at him. He fell just the same as if I'd shot him. I managed to clamber back to that trench, and poke the Boche with the butt of my rifle till he found himself a little, and stood up. I meant to see that blessed dug-out for myself. I had to get that Boche's help, but I couldn't think how to tell him in German what I wanted. 'Look here, Boshy,' I said, 'ich will sehen dieser blooming dugout. Got that?' Then I said, 'Donner wetter,' and grinned at him, to show there was no ill-feeling, and he managed to make connection.

"I kept him in front, you may be sure; but if I'd been an old blind beggar he wouldn't have had pluck enough to empty my tin can. That dug-out was a bit knocked about, you know, by our six bombs; had a sort of rough-house look about it. But at the back of the lowest corner there was a sharp twist round to the right of it.

Dugout Well Finished
"Through that we went along a passage, turned to the left, down four steps and into a regular bouidoy Dugout! Why, there was Turkey boudoy on the floor, and beautiful tapes-try curtains to the bunks. Never saw anything like it. But the luxury of it! There were three cases of beer; very good stuff, too. I had a bottle myself right away. There were about a hundred eggs, two cut hams, pate de foie gras in little jars, sausages, several boxes of cigars, one case of champagne, a gramophone, and lashings of cake and chocolate. There was an electric bell fixed, a small typewriter, and in one of the bunks I found a lot of ribbons and things from ladies, dresses and a pair of ladies' gloves. It was a regular show, that place. I took a dispatch case and all the loose papers on the table, and got the batman to help me back again to daylight. There wasn't a living soul to be found in the trench, so I got the batman to take me pick-a-back and carry the dispatch case, while I stuck to my rifle.

"Now, then, Gustave Wilhelm Albrecht von Boche,' I said to him, 'we will ausgang as schnell as we can for our own lines, compree?' He was a little slow in the up-take, as you might say, but tumbled to it after a bit, especially when I Donner wetter-ed him a bit; and really he made quite a good job of carrying me till we got close to the old sap we used to call 'Rimmel's,' because of its high scent, on our own front. And there he got a chance bullet through his left knee—rather a narrow shave for my own leg—and simply crumpled up like paper. He really wasn't meant for war, that batman. I'd a lot of trouble dragging him into our lines, my thigh being rather nasty just then. But I got him into cover at last, thought by that time he had another bullet in his shoulder, and weeping from sheer funk. Then one of our own bearers got us, and I was all right, and so was the bat man."

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Canadian Fish for the Empire's Fighting Men

(The Canadian Fisherman)
We in the fish business of Canada, irrespective of the political parties we affect, must concede the fact that Lieutenant-General Sir Sam Hughes is the best fish salesman Canada ever had.

When Major Hugh Green and the Canadian Fisheries Association urged the Minister of Militia to place fish on the rations of the soldiers in Canadian training camps and barracks, Sir Sam gave the scheme his wholehearted approval and went still further in organizing ways and means for supplying the troops overseas with Canadian fish, fresh, frozen and cured. Major Green, an experienced fish man, assured the General that it could be done, and Sir Sam backed him up; appointed him Director of Fish Supplies to the Canadian Overseas Forces; sent him to England and told him to go ahead.

Green certainly went ahead in spite of many obstacles and difficulties. The aggressive Scotch-Canadian had to break down the prejudices of camp cooks who hated to handle fish; he had to figure out questions of supply with a perishable product coming many thousands of miles from the fish producing centres in Canada to England on railroad and steamships which did not always run on schedule time, and most of all he had to combat some of the insular military conventions of British Army regulations and the keen competition of Army meat caterers. We are glad to say he succeeded and ably upheld the confidence Sir Sam Hughes placed in him. The General himself had to take a long chance when he gave his backing to the scheme and his political opponents did not hesitate to scarify him on what they characterized as "a crazy plan to force fish on the soldiers."

The success of the Canadian fish supply to the military in Great Britain opened up a new field. The British military authorities took it up during Sir Sam's last visit to England and formulated plans whereby they would supply the British troops with Canadian fish. The French and Italian Governments are also interested, and a great demand has arisen from the British public. At the present time, orders to the amount of \$500,000 per week are out and tenders are being called for by the War Purchasing Commission, Ottawa. Producers in Canada have also numerous enquiries from British dealers to supply fresh-frozen, cured and canned fish in immense quantities. Altogether the orders amount to vastly more than we can supply at the present time with our limited means of production.

The demand, of course, is occasioned by the War and the scarcity of fishing vessels and fishermen in the Allied countries, but if we can supply the orders, it is a trade that will remain to some extent after the War. However, numerous difficulties have arisen here in Canada, which require

much deliberation and thought. In the first place, through the efforts of the Canadian Fisheries Association and Fisheries Department, we have stimulated a healthy demand in Canada for fish foods—greater than has ever been known in the history of Canada's fisheries. In the second place, a large number of Canada's professional fishermen have enlisted in the overseas forces and there is a consequent shortage in labor for production. Fishing craft of the right sort are hard to procure and builders cannot tackle any more orders for months to come. Another feature of the huge fish orders from overseas is the fact that they have come in at the wrong season. If they had been placed last spring, the Lunenburg salt fishing fleet and others could have brought in their fares in a fresh state and could have shipped them to Great Britain. During the summer, vast quantities of fish have been salted and dried for the West Indian, South American and Continental markets.

Winter is coming on now and fishing on the Great Lakes will end at Christmas thus cutting off a source of production in fresh water fish. The boat fishermen of the Pacific and Atlantic shore fisheries will have to haul up soon and the season of the Canadian salt fishing fleet is over and the schooners employed have gone into freighting—a business which is more profitable than fishing in these days of high freights. Supplies of fish in winter are irregular owing to the prevalence of rough weather on the Pacific and Atlantic Bays.

For Canada to fill these orders, a National Registration of Fisheries Production will be absolutely necessary, and above all the prices offered must be enough to induce vessel owners to equip vessels for winter fishing and fishermen to ship. If the Lunenburg fishermen could be induced to man vessels for winter fresh fishing, production could be increased considerably as these men usually stay ashore in winter. Arrangements could be made whereby the Northern Lakes could be fished more considerably than heretofore, and on the Pacific, it would seem that more vessels of the big class are necessary for off-shore voyages. If anything is going to be done in increasing production both for home and abroad this winter, some kind of Registration Committee is necessary to take stock of our resources and means of production. Otherwise, the whole thing will amount to a Stock Market quotation—"Healthy demand but no supply."

Helena, Mont., Nov. 11.—Latest returns to-day, assure the election to Congress of Miss Jeanette Rankin, Republican. "I knew that the women would stand by me," said Miss Rankin, when she was assured that she had been elected as the first woman in Congress.

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