

GREY-HAIRED PRIEST DOES NOBLE WORK

Midst Horrors of War He Carries on Sacred Duties Unflinching

ALL WARRIORS ARE EQUAL FOR HIM

He is Everywhere, Shriving, Comforting—Achievements Almost Heroic

On the Battle of Soissons, Oct. 2. (By mail to New York).—I wish I could show you the little grey-haired priest of this village near Soissons, as he goes about his duties these days.

There's the peace of a certain Warless Land that he knows about on his face and he reads his services over a dead German with the same tender tones and the same smile of hope that he has for the dead soldier who sleeps in the red, white and blue of France.

I first saw him as he passed thro' the village square in his robes that had once been white. His surplice was slashed with the mud of hundreds of automobiles which dash through the narrow, wet streets. On his feet were army shoes, as muddy as any soldier's. But he raised his face as he chanted a service from a book in his hands and when I saw his smile, I forgot the grim. Behind him marched four men, guarded by soldiers. Even before I knew who or what they were I say that there was something especially evil and gruesome about them. A French officer explained the procession to me:

The Little Priest of Soissons. (By Berton Baley.)

The Little Priest of Soissons
Tolls in war's red lake,
His eyes are filled with sorrow,
His heart is one dull ache;
But still he smiles most tenderly
For his dear Master's sake.

His frock is splashed and muddy,
And weary are his feet;
But ever gentle are his hands,
His voice forever sweet,
And dying soldiers smile to hear
The prayers his lips repeat.

The Little Priest of Soissons
Has met his people's need,
His is a soul beyond all caste,
All blood, or race, or breed;
He labors only to fulfill
The Saviour's simple creed.

The lands are torn with conflict,
The skies are bleak above,
But 'mid the desolation stands
The Quiet figure of
The Little Priest of Soissons,
Whose only thought is love.

"These men are Germans who were caught wearing civilians clothes. Maybe they were spies; who knows? But they are worse than spies. They were caught looting the French and German dead out there on the battlefield. They are being taken out now to be shot."

It was a thing to shudder over, but the little clergyman marched on with the look of hope and mercy on his face as if he knew Someone Who knows the weakness of humanity so well that he might have pity even on a man who had robbed the dead.

The next time that I saw the little clergyman was at the entrance to the Red Cross hospital. Three caskets stood in the high hallway which opened on to the street. A line of French soldiers stood at attention, facing the doorway. A Red Cross Ambulance drew up, and the soldiers broke their



rigid formation to make way for five wounded soldiers who were carried past the coffins where three dead soldiers rested.

The soldiers reformed again. There was evidently a hitch in the proceedings. The hurch was across the street and, by the glances of the officers towards the hurch door, I could see they were waiting for the clergyman. Then I saw him come to the door.

Five women and two little girls, all in black, were following him, persistently, and speaking to him. He stopped and spoke a moment with each woman. They knelt, one at a time, on the sidewalk, as he raised his hand in blessing, over each mourned headed head. He held his hands on the heads of the little girls and raised his face upwards as if he were telling Someone to take special notice of two little folks who needed extra care.

Marches More Than Soldiers.
All this time the soldiers were waiting. The priest walked across the street, through the mud, his soldier's shoes spattering the dirt on to his surplice, the officers saluted, the sol-

diers raised the caskets, the little priest led off through the slush, and the three dead soldiers of France were started on their last march.

I've seen the little priest a score of times since then. He marches more than any soldier. There are scores of dead to bury; there are dozens of stories and confessions to hear from dying men in the hospital; there are the broken-hearted women and children of the village, who have lost their soldier loved ones, to be comforted, and his task was so great that it seemed to me that if I were the little priest and saw so much of such terrible sorrow in a world gone so far away I would take off my white robe and fold it away and say, "God has forgotten us. What's the use?"

"Only I know by the little clergyman's face that He knows that God has not forgotten us, even though the cannon of men who are hungry to kill are sounding above the chant of the funeral services, and even though each crash means more broken hearts and more dead to bury.

PREPARE FOR THE WORST.

Are you prepared for a fire? Most folk are not! One of my liberal policies will make the calamity easier to bear. It will cost you nothing to ask for a low rate and very little to be perfectly secure with Percie Johnson's insurance agency.

FOR SALE!

The Schooner
Netta M. Prince,
38 Tons.

Further particulars apply to
S. J. PRINCE,
Princeton, B.B.
Oct 17, 61

"THE NATAL NEWSLETTER"

A COPY dated September 12th, of the "Natal Newsletter" (the unofficial organ of His Majesty's ship Natal) has been wafted ashore, says the Morning Post. It is a chirpy little cyclo-style periodical of eight pages, containing all the usual features.

Among the comments and news items are the following:
"Water, water, everywhere, and not a ship to sink."
"The combination of 'L' class destroyers and Heligoland seems to make a — of a mix up."
Germans in Paris.

Press Bureau (later)
"Last message should read: 'Germans in plaster of paris.'"
"The doings of the fleet for the past fortnight are a prohibited topic, so may not be discussed. In writing home it is best to say: 'Dear Belinda, —Very busy this week. See last Thursday's papers.'"

The bewilderment of the Fleet at the news of the war ashore, is represented in an article headed "Poldhu and Norddeutsch," it says:
The daily Press messages are as like unto each other as the Harris sausage and its German kinsman. The component parts are theoretically similar, but mysteriously different. When Poldhu says the Umpteenth Army Corps got a good-sized dent in the front rank," Norddeutsch tells us that the Tiddley-Um-Pom-Hussars added another glorious paragaffe to "Willie's War Book." Both armies capture the same towns several times weekly. Just like "Beggars my Neighbor." Until everything is over and Conan Doyle has written a book about it we shan't know who has won.

"P.S.—No news of the High Sea Fleet in either."

BRITAIN LIKES RUSSIA'S ACT

In Making Permanent the Prohibition of the Sale of Intoxicants—Teetotal by Pen Stroke

London, Oct. 26.—A great impression has been made on English opinion by the Czar's attempt to make Russia temperate and an almost teetotal empire at one stroke. So much for despotism.

People ask how long it will take under constitutional government for the people to get a bottle of red wine in France or a glass of beer in England. Yet Germany asks the world to believe that Russians are still barbarians.

For the Government to deprive itself voluntarily of \$465,000,000 of revenue in peace time is unprecedented, and to do so in war time, when several millions of men are in the field, is almost incredible.

London writers acclaim the Czar's act as "a splendid illustration of a New Russia created by the war." They say the Sovereign and the people are showing unitedly an example to the whole world in discipline and self-restraint.

This is the Kaiser's unconscious work. He may well be proud of it. English temperance leaders urge that the closing hours of London hotels should be greatly extended, particularly in the morning, when women mostly drink.

FORGING AHEAD!

That is the position of The Mail and Advocate, as each issue sees a larger sale. What about that WANT ADVT!

NOTICE

To parties interested in acquiring timber, pit props, etc. Proposals are invited for the cutting and shipment of timber, pit props, etc., from the property of The International Timber Company, situated inland Hall's Bay.

This property is considered one of the finest timber tracts in the Colony. Intending operators may have the use of the mill and dock of the Company, if required, on terms to be arranged.

All offers to be addressed to the undersigned Solicitor for said International Timber Company, who will be prepared to furnish any particulars as to the property.

Applications from irresponsible parties will not be considered.
WILLIAM R. HOWLEY,
Solicitor for The International Timber Company.

Address:
Board of Trade Building,
Water Street, St. John's, N.F.
Oct 21, w, sat, 3w

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Guaranteed Human Hair Switches, all shades, soft and fine, \$2.50 to \$6.50 each. (We have a cheaper one that we do not guarantee.)

- Wine Glasses 5c. each.
- Tumblers, at 4c. to 10c. each.
- Decanters 20c., 25c., 29c. each.
- Butter Dishes 15c. each.
- Sugar Basins 15c. each.
- Fancy Vases 25c. pair.

It's worth more in some places than it is in others—More in the One Price Cash Store than in the store that does a credit business—More at W. R. GOOBIE'S Variety Store than any store we know of.

- Brown Rock Teapots at 12c., 15c., 18c., 20c., 25c. each.
- Fancy China Teapots, 20c., 25c., 35c. each.
- Cups and Saucers, White Granite, 3 for 20c.
- Enameled Kettles, 65c., \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.35 each.
- Enameled Saucepans, 20c., 25c., 29c., 35c., 45c., 55c., 65c. each.
- Enameled Boilers, 65c., 75c., 85c., 95c., \$1.05, \$1.15 each.
- VEGETABLE DISHES
- White Granite, 39c. each.
- White Granite Dinner Plates, Extra Value, 7c. each.
- White Granite Barm Bowls, 10, 12, 17c. each.

- Kitchen Knives and Forks at 10c., 12c., 18c. set.
- Coal Shovels 5c., 10c., 12c. each.
- Pokers at 10c. each.
- Good Strong Dressing Comb at 15c. each.

- ### Specials! Specials!
- Collar Supports, with Pins, 2 sets for 5c.
 - Framed Pictures 15c.
 - Large Bottle Peroxide 20c.
 - Scrub Brushes 10c.
 - Boot Brushes 15c.
 - Kitchen Mirrors, Nickel Plated 10c.
 - Pocket Knives 10c.
 - Large Roll Toilet Paper 5c.
 - Long Manila Clothes Line 18c.
 - Cake Handles 5c.
 - Hair Brushes 10c.
 - Flour Sifters 15c.
 - Nail Brushes 5c.
 - Sud Dippers 10c.
 - Ladies' Fleece Lined Singlets, 29c. each.
 - Wool Hose 30c. pair.
 - Men's All Wool Singlets, 95c. each.
 - Ladies' Top Skirts . . . \$1.75 each.
 - Men's Railway Gloves, 45c. pair.
 - Towels (Engineers) . . . 5c. each.
 - Large Bath Towels, 45c. Now 39c. each.
 - Men's Caps 75c. each.
 - Men's Canvas Gloves, 15c. pair.
 - Rubber Gloves 45c. pair.
 - Teddy Bears 25c. to \$5.00.
- We now have a big stock of Xmas goods opened.



LAMPS Fitted complete, 15c, 25c, 39c, 45c, 50c each.

Men's Colored Handkerchiefs, 10c., 15c. each. Also a good line of White, 7c., 9c., 10c., 15c. each.

W.R. Goobie's
THE VARIETY STORES
Men's Home Made SOCKS 25c. pair.

Corner Job and Water Street, Opposite the Railway Station.

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