

"Island Brand" Boneless Codfish

Absolutely pure, cleansed by the waters of Wind-sor Lake.
Study economy and buy our brand packed in 2, 5, 10, and 30 lb. wooden boxes.
Try our Shredded and Tinned Codfish made ready in a moment.

Packed only by
John Clouston,
Phone 406. St. John's, N.F.

feb2.eod.1f

"No man with eyes wide open can fail to appreciate the fine points of St. Lawrence Construction."

The St. Lawrence Two Cycle Marine Motor Engines, Kerosene or Gasoline.

From 2 to 35 H.P. complete with Reverse Gear Engines No. A6, 7, 8, 9, and 10—12 to 35 H.P. are specially made to suit Newfoundland fishing schooners from 20 to 120 tons.

The St. Lawrence Fay and Bowen. Four Cycle Engines 10 to 65 H.P. are in construction and operation the "last word" in Marine Motor Engines.

Full particulars and Illustrated Catalogue with price list will be forwarded on application to

R. FENNEL, 92 Military Road, St. John's, Nfld.

Agent for The St. Lawrence Engine Co., Ltd.

dec.19.sat.,tu.th.

Are YOU Getting YOUR Share?

of the Outport trade, or do you think you should have more?

No matter what your trade, you must attract the Outport buyer. Let us advise you as to the best means to that end.

You admit, you want the Outport trade, then you must advertise in a paper that is read by the people whose trade you want. That paper is **The Mail and Advocate Weekly Edition.**

The Mail and Advocate Weekly Edition is read by fifty thousand people. It has a circulation of six thousand, and next year will greatly exceed that number. Avail of this splendid medium and you will thank us for this advice.

The Mail and Advocate Weekly Edition, the best advertising medium in Newfoundland.

Write For Our Low Prices

—of—
Ham Butt Pork
Fat Back Pork
Boneless Beef
Special Family Beef
Granulated Sugar
Raisins & Currants

—and—
All Lines of General Provisions.

HEARN & COMPANY

St. John's, Newfoundland.

OFFICER FOUGHT IN HOT CORNER

Trenches so Close to Enemy That They Often Bombarded Germans With Tins

An interesting narrative of his experiences in that historical corner of Belgium which has seen the hottest fighting of the war was told to a Daily Telegraph representative by Corporal George Welsby, of "The Blues" (Royal Horse Guards). Corporal Welsby, who in times of peace is a constable of the Metropolitan Police, has just returned home convalescent after receiving a shrapnel bullet-wound in the leg.

Speaking of their work in the trenches, Corporal Welsby referred to the difficulty of arming the men at first. In the ordinary way the Horse Guards are armed with sword and revolver, and for some time the close proximity of the enemy's trenches rendered their revolvers efficient weapons. The service revolver, however, fires a bullet of lead, and it was found that officers and men captured with these cartridges in their possession were shot out of hand by the Germans, who apparently regarded the leaden bullet as a species of "dumdum." When this became known an order for the destruction of all lead-bulleted ammunition was given, and the men were supplied with rifles.

Lighter Side.
Much has been said of the lighter side of the trench warfare, and Corporal Welsby saw his share of this. So close were the enemy's trenches at times that the men frequently bombarded the Germans with empty tins after a meal. They had orders to throw all tins in front of the trenches, in order that any night attack by the enemy might be revealed by the tins being kicked in the advance, and this gave ample excuse for daily fusillades of bully-beef tins against the enemy's trenches.

"The Indians are fine," said Corporal Welsby, "but there's one funny thing about them—they can't let an aeroplane pass without firing at it. It doesn't matter whether it's German, French, or British, you can't keep their rifles down when they hear it. One day I was with some Gurkhas in charge of a transport wagon when a British aeroplane passed over. Up went all their rifles at once, and began blazing away at it for all they were worth. Try as hard as I could, I couldn't make the little chaps stop until it was out of range, but fortunately none of them hit it."

Thrilling Air Duel.
Corporal Welsby had the satisfaction of witnessing a most thrilling air duel. A Taube was making a scouting flight over the British lines, but to avoid disclosing their position the men were not allowed to fire. Just as the Taube passed overhead two British machines rose to meet it, and a most exciting duel took place right above the trenches. The German turned to escape, but was too late, and the three machines, darting round, above, and below each other like huge birds, were engaged for several minutes, until a lucky shot from one of the British machines brought the German fluttering down.

Corporal Welsby is one of a family of soldiers, having no less than six brothers now at the front, and at present he is the only one wounded—a record he is very anxious to retain, for their sakes.

LOOK OUT NOW!
Everybody's doing it now? Doing what? Why, reading **The Mail and Advocate** of course. It's surely the house paper now! Without doubt the most widely circulated in the country.



The Most Successful Men of to-day are those who are in command of all the details of their business.

It's easy to turn to the matter called for, if you use the famous "Safe-guard" method of Indexing and Filing and the always satisfactory

Globe-Wernicke
Filing Cabinets, Cabinet Safes, Sectional Bookcases and Unifiles.

Ask more about this. It will pay you to do so.

PERCIE JOHNSON, Agent
Globe-Wernicke

Some Good Yarns Of Leading Folks

The neutrality of Holland led John T. Conover, secretary of the Holland Society, to tell this story in New York:

"Queen Wilhelmina, in the first flush of her youth and beauty, was honored by the Kaiser with a review at Berlin.

"A troop of six-footers passed. The Kaiser looked at the young Queen interrogatively. She smiled and shook her head.

"Not tall enough," she said.
"A little later a regiment passed wherein every man was 6 ft. 5 in. in height.

"Not tall enough," laughed the young Queen again.
"Not tall enough?" exclaimed the Kaiser. "What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean, sire," the Queen answered, "that when we open our dikes the average depth of the water is eight feet."

What He Wanted.

In the middle of a public speech Lloyd George asked: "What do our opponents really want?"

"I know what I want," chimed in a member of the audience in a husky voice that told its own tale; "I want a change of government."

"No, you don't," answered Lloyd George in a flash. "What you want is a change of drinks."

Hates "Red Tape."

Lord Kitchener, head of the British army, hates red tape.

It was in the Khartoum campaign that Kitchener's abhorrence of red tape was first impressed upon whom it concerned, according to the World's Work. A certain general, who may be called Fussymah, insisted upon issuing a daily order with all due forms and ceremonies. So importunate was he that in sheer weariness Kitchener at last dictated an order. Buoyed up by a blissful sense of importance, Fussymah hurried off to have it duly copied, registered, duplicated, sealed and delivered in the good old style. Meanwhile Kitchener strolled out, accidentally met Broadwood, his cavalry commander.

"Oh, Broadwood," exclaimed Kitchener in his softest drawl, "will you kindly take four squadrons and a couple of guns and push on 40 miles to clear up the situation, and start in half an hour?"

"Very good, sir."

As the cavalry was jingling out of camp Fussymah came out of his tent with the order of the day. Upon finding that Broadwood's orders were totally different from the formal version entrusted to him by the commander, Fussymah gave Kitchener up as hopeless.

Kitchener's detestation of theatrical effect is no less fervent than his hatred of red tape. This was indicated at the battle of the Atbara. After the British had rushed through the Dervish lines Kitchener chanced to ride up and meet the lines reforming. He was received with a frenzied roar of applause. Obviously the sirdar would rather have been anywhere else just then. He had to be urged before he would say a few words to the men, words which were drowned by a fresh outburst of cheers.

STEBAURMAN'S OINTMENT

Mr. L. Stebaurman.

Dear Sir:—I was suffering for the past eight months with a sore leg and during that time was treated by several doctors, but all to no avail. I was recommended to you for treatment and after using your remedies, I was made a perfect cure.

Yours truly,

R. WEIR,
Petty Harbor.

Feb. 8, 1915.
Stebauman's Ointment, 20 cents per box or 6 boxes for \$1.00—Oct. 23, 27.
Cash Must be Sent With Order.
P. O. Box 651, or 15 Brazil's Square.

Tailoring by Mail Order

I make a specialty of

Mail Order Tailoring

and can guarantee good fitting and stylish garments to measure. A trial order solicited.

Outport orders promptly made up and despatched C.O.D. to any station or port in the Island, carriage paid.

JOHN ADRAIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
ST. JOHN'S.
(Next door to F.P.U. office.)
Jan 20, tu, th, sat

FOR SALE—A Few Barrels of Splendid Partridge Berries (preserved in water tight packages) at \$4.00 per barrel. A splendid lot for retailers. FISHERMEN'S UNION TRADING C.—dec 31

SOME SIGHTS UNFORGETTABLE

How Delirious Wounded Man Danced in Moonlight in Room Filled With Injured

"I have seen many terrible and unforgettable things during the war (writes a correspondent of the Bourse Gazette), but still I find that the horror of war is not exhausted; that there is still more of it, and that this many-faceted terror brings with it daily some thing that surpasses that which has gone before. The battle was in full swing when our sanitary train crawled slowly up. About a mile and a half separated us from the battlefield, and the station house was crammed with the wounded whom we had arranged to remove. We were compelled to hasten, as any moment a big shell might strike the house and bury in its ruins our wounded soldiers.

Room Was Cramped.

When the doctor and myself opened the door we found ourselves in a room in which there was not an inch unoccupied. An hour passed before we succeeded in getting half the wounded men into the railway cars, and darkness fell before we had concluded our task. The battle appeared to be abating, and we were about to start when my attention was called to the twinkling of a light in the window of the station house. There was a tiny point of fire which alternately appeared and disappeared; sometimes it appeared to glide slowly along the window pane, and then it died out altogether.

We returned to the room, which was full of wounded a short time before, and was now silent. We were on the point of returning to the train when we heard distinctly a metallic sound, and an uneven rapping. On looking round we discovered a small door, which we had not noticed in the confusion and the darkness. It was locked, but we opened it and entered.

Strange Sight.

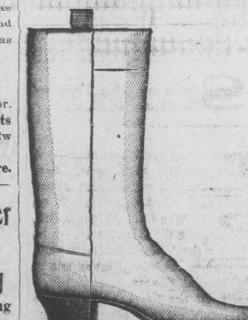
Our eyes met a strange sight. In the centre of the room, which was slightly illuminated by the rising moon a tall man was executing a wild and weird dance. In his right hand he held an electric torch, and in his glimmering light we saw that the inmate of the room was dressed in the uniform of a German cavalry officer. His chest was bare, his arms were covered with blood, and his eyes glared like those of a lunatic. A rattling sound came from his spurs as he danced, and a hoarse sound came from his throat, which had been shot through.

It appeared that he was recovering consciousness in the room with the locked door (which someone had slammed behind him), when he heard our voices. He called to us in vain, and in his alarm knocked his head against the wall of the room. Still he had not heard him, and it was only when he began his wild dance in the light of the electric torch that we were able to locate him and remove him to hospital.

WE SHOULD WORRY!

Hardly, but advertisers should worry, and that's a sure thing. Almost every newsboy in town sells **The Mail and Advocate**, as well as a large number of shop agents, in different sections of the city and outports.

Wellington Boot!



The Wellington or side-seamed Boot is custom made. Hand Made and Hand-Pegged Best Waterproof Leather.

Fishermen! When buying these Boots, beware of Imitations. See that the name **FRED SMALLWOOD** is on the Heel plate.

P.S.—All our custom made Boots has this plate with our name on it.

F. Smallwood,
The Home of Good Shoes.

Brass Bedsteads

OUR designs this season in Brass Bedsteads not only achieve a new standard of attractiveness but afford a greater variety for selection than ever before.

Single, Three-quarter and full size Brass Bedsteads in bright and dull finish, and in a great many different models of unusually graceful proportions are on view in our extensive showrooms. All can be fitted with A 1 quality Spring Mattresses where required.

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.

Make Your House Draft Proof

We can equip your doors, windows and casements, or French windows with

THE HIGGIN ALL METAL WEATHER STRIPS

There is no need of having snow, rain or wind come in through your front door. Let us show you how it is done.

PHONE 561.

The Direct Agencies, Ltd.

CABBAGE Cabbage

To-day, ex S.S. Stephano
30 Barrels
Choice Cabbage.
George Neal

Boys and Girls Sell the Latest War Budgets!

Published in London every week containing 75 to 100 War Pictures taken on the Battlefield, at the Volunteer Camps and the Navy. They sell at 12c. and 14c. each, and your customers will want a new one every week. We pay you cash or give you valuable prizes for selling them.

Write for a dozen at once. We trust you. Pay us when sold. Do not delay, as we only appoint one or two boys in each town as agents.

Boys wanted in town every Thursday, Friday and Saturday to sell **The Daily Mirror** (weekly edition).

J. M. RYAN SUPPLY CO.,
227 THEATRE HILL, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.
WAR NEWS AGENCY.