

# NOTICE.

The 8th Annual Convention of the Supreme Council of the Fishermen's Protective Union of Newfoundland will open at Catalina on MONDAY, the 4th of December.

All Councils of the F.P.U. will please send Delegates.

By order of the President,  
**W. W. HALFYARD,**  
Secretary.

St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 5th Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Fishermen's Union Trading Co., Ltd., will be held at Catalina on TUESDAY, December 5th, at 2 p.m.

By order of the President,  
**W. W. HALFYARD,**  
Secretary.

St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 6th Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Union Publishing Co., Ltd., will be held at Catalina on WEDNESDAY, the 6th of December, at 2 p.m.

By order of the President,  
**W. W. HALFYARD,**  
Secretary.

St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 2nd Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Union Export Co. Ltd., will be held at Catalina on TUESDAY, December 5th, at 4 p.m.

By order of the President,  
**W. W. HALFYARD,**  
Secretary.

St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 8th Annual Meeting of Fogo District Council of the F.P.U. will be held at Catalina on WEDNESDAY, December 6th. All Councils in Fogo District will please send Delegates.

By order of the President,  
**W. W. HALFYARD,**  
Chairman.

St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 7th Annual Meeting of Bonavista District Council of the F.P.U. will be held at Catalina on TUESDAY, December 5th. All Councils in Bonavista District will please send Delegates.

By order of the President,  
**R. G. WINSOR,**  
Chairman.

St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 7th Annual Meeting of the Twillingate District Council of the F.P.U. will be held at Catalina on THURSDAY, December 7th. All Councils in Twillingate District will please send Delegates. Important matter in relation to the next General Election will be discussed.

By order of the President,  
**W. B. JENNINGS,**  
Chairman.

St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

The 7th Annual Meeting of Trinity District Council of the F.P.U. will be held at Catalina on MONDAY, December 4th. All Councils in Trinity District will please send Delegates.

By order of the President,  
**J. G. STONE,**  
Chairman.

St. John's, Nov. 1st, 1916.

## An Open Letter to Count Zeppelin

(From "To-day")

Count! They tell me you are a very old Zeppelin now. I also read you are ill in bed—a very sick man indeed. I am a great believer in diplomatic illnesses, and I shall not be surprised to hear your indisposition is another tactful evasion of the limelight—a habit now quite fashionable amongst the German highbrows. Whether you are ill or merely diplomatically indisposed, I know not, but I do know that mentally you must be a very sick and disillusioned old man. Obviously amongst your own people, you are under a cloud you set out to conquer. You are another of the pain-taking Germans who in peace promised much, in the early days of war promised more, and now, when achievement is necessary, find yourself caught helplessly short and unable to deliver the goods.

**Hurling Hate from a Sick Bed.** I gather from your German press that you spend your time in your sick room, tossing on your pillow and breathing hate and extravagant threats. You are a typical German trying to sustain the waning fires of your old age by hating the English—from a distance. Indeed, assuming you are ill, but for these lurid expressions of your hate, I should have been tempted to spare you this letter. As it is, I find you are a typical German, and it is perhaps as well for your later peace that the old man who is always spitting venom at us should know just what we think of him. There are some men who do not gather honour with age, and a man hurling hate from a sick bed is one of them. Indeed, such men as you have made it impossible for the most of Europe to respect a German, even when he is old.

They say you still dream of strutting England—that is, you still think you may hit us with a frightfulness that will influence the war. You are going to send innumerable Zeppelins—processions of the monsters that bear your name. Anything we may already have suffered at your hands will be as nothing to the future frightfulness you are planning to inflict upon us. You are going to send twenty, fifty, or is it a hundred Zeppelins? all at once.

**A Frightful Figure of Fun.** As you grow older you are trying to grow more frightful. If you live to be a hundred, and progress in the art of hating as you are doing now, you will become so unutterably frightful that you will be considered on this side a frightful figure of fun. England, according to you, must be knocked out of the sea. Your navy cannot do it. Your army has not begun to try. Your submarines have failed—and failed hopelessly. All that remain are you and your Zeppelins. Where all else has failed you—pulling old man—are going to succeed. The destruction of London remains your great ambition. The whole of the dear old city is to be laid in ruins—not one stone left upon another. Even Buckingham Palace has to be razed to the earth. And you are the elected one to achieve a task every British enemy has hitherto found impossible. A great work indeed.

Possibly it looks easy to you, as you sit humming hate in your robe de chambre, and plucking at the counterpane. And when London, hated London, is but a heap of smouldering wreckage, and its people are dead or have taken to the country and to cave dwelling, you very properly will sing the Nunc dimittis. Having fulfilled your great ambition and broken us into pieces you may then depart from the scene of your triumph in peace. All I can say to you, as you sit dreaming this sort of myopic madness, is that you are a supremely silly old man. While you hide, over there, mumbling hate and planning vain things, we look upon you as something almost as tragically funny as a pantomimic old woman. You make us laugh—d-risively.

**The Safe Pursuit of Blood-Lust.** Now, Count, man to man, what are you? Permit me to say you are a poor failure who has only succeeded in one task—that of humbugging his fellow countrymen. As far as I recall you have spent something less than twenty years in establishing the gasbag business on a practical footing. You have had as much money as you wanted, for if there be one thing for which your Hunnish backers like to find money, it is any system of frightful killing that leaves the murderer safe while pursuing his blood-lust. You have also been honoured by your Kaiser and countrymen. The latter have been taught since 1870 that the German army is invincible.

They had begun to believe the German Navy was capable of sweeping our poor imitation of a fleet off the sea. Conquerors on land, masters of the sea, the terror of the new world

underneath the waters, your nation, dreaming its way to disaster, was thinking in the grandiloquent manner of a sufferer in the last stage of general paralysis. And you came along and promised them something more: something that brought a touch of wild romance to their most sanguine conception of world domination. You taught your countrymen to believe in a Germany not only lord of the sea and the land, but lord of the starlit immensities of the air as well. The Kaiser with his army made the Germans foolish in their arrogance. Old von Tirpitz and his navy added more arrogance to their foolishness. But you, silly old man, with your Zeppelins, drove them mad with a dream of a Germany all-conquering in the skies. No wonder you are feeling sick these days.

**Despised!** Now, in the evening of your life, what do you amount to? You have spent your years in the gasbag business. You have taken your country's money as payment for their promised lordship of the air. You have worn your blushing honours thick upon you. Yet all you have to show is a long list of aimless murders which dabble your stupendous failure with the blood shed by Cain. Your soldiers in the field were at least men. They faced the horrors of war when they failed. The men of your navy were not unworthy of your country's ships, for when they came out, to seek the triumph they missed, they fought with foemen worthy of their ironclads, took the risks and did not disgrace the traditions of the sea.

You, on the other hand, planned to reduce the conqueror's role in the air to a form of warfare which does not allow an opponent to hit back. You, in your gasbags, shaped so significantly like your national sausage, were to float out of range and safe, hurling death to the helpless little people on earth, laughing above at the destruction below, free to come as an abominable blight, and to depart in safety when your blood-lust had been satisfied by the discharge of your cargo of bombs. War shorn of contest and reduced to safe killing was your complete philosophy. Compared with such a philosophy, the drug's method of expediting the departure of his victim is a gentlemanly act, and, in future, when we place earth's dastards in their order of ignominious succession, the Germans who worked your methods will come first, while your despised name will head the list.

**Arrant Failure.** And what of it? In the early days, your Zeppelins came and did just what you designed them to do. They hit innocent people, who could not hit back. And your countrymen were exalted. A method of killing old men, mothers and children without danger

to the murderers is apparently the sort of thing that fires the German imagination. But, latterly, something has gone wrong with the German dream. The Army has failed. The Navy has failed. The submarine, has failed. And now you, the apparently invulnerable hope of Germany, have also failed. Three times your Zeppelins have come of late, and in three visits three were reduced to flames and your crews burnt to cinders, while a fourth descended, with a crew ludicrously eager to find safety in surrender.

The population of London, people you expected to render helpless through terror, swarm the streets on Zeppelin nights in the sure hope of seeing one of your murderous monsters turned into a self-destroying flame. Our wounded soldiers cut up bits of your wrecked Zeppelins and work them into trinkets, sold for the profit of the nation's war charities. In four weeks you have lost a million pounds' worth of gasbags. In the same period, your crews have blazed their way to eternity in greater numbers than the people they set out to kill. For the ships you have lost and the men who perished in their flames you have nothing to show except a number of broken cottages in the outskirts of London and a few unarmed, defenceless people ruthlessly struck down by your blind murderers in the skies.

The remnants of your triumphantly murderous conception have become shows for the crowd. The failure of your ships to do the work you set them has once again made Germany the laughing-stock of the world. And you—silly old man—sit at home in your robe de chambre and vomit hate. The best part of your punishment is that you are compelled to this nauseous task of coughing up frightfulness. You have had your country's money; you have worn the honours of your Kaiser; you have promised your fellows the conquest of the skies. And now, when we kill your gasbags as you send them, you dare not stop.

**Too Deep for Tears.** The flames of your hate are burning German souls because you dare not admit you are the last and the most grotesquely futile of the German failures. Many people in this country consider you an arch-murderer and think the gibbet too good for you. But they are too busy laughing at your futile fireworks to think with the single-mindedness of the hangman. Also, they are much more interested in waiting to see what your countrymen will do to you, who, starting to murder innocent non-combatants in enemy country, have only succeeded in roasting your own German dupes alive. If you are a sick man I am not sorry, but, whether you are sick or only sorry for your failure to be frightful, decency demands you should be silent. Muzzling hate from your bed-chamber, you present the kind of spectacle that excites the sympathy of those who look on the antics of the violently insane. You are so monstrously grotesque as a failure that even German men and women may begin to laugh at you. And a German laughing these days must be a sight too deep for tears. G.E.

### A SOCIAL PRODUCT

Walter A. Ratcliffe in Citizen and country.

'Twas the eve of a chill November day, As he sat at his desk in the gloaming gray, And mused for a while, ere the light was spent, On his profits of mortgage, and loan, and rent, He watched the pile grow, night by night, Though he had not tolled for his shekels bright; And he softly sang as he stroked his chin, "I gather them in! I gather them in!"

"And why should I not? I own the soil, And my tenants must pay me for leave to toil; By day and by night, in the sweet of their brow, They have wrought for the harvest I'm reaping now. The cream of it all is my legal due; And if that suffice not, the skimm'd milk, too; Their food may be poor, and their raiment thin; But my rents, my rents! I gather them in!"

"I gather them in as the seasons go, While the tollers sink lower, and still more low; In spite of our learning the less they know. Soon the days of the years of their toll will be o'er; Then they'll crawl to the yawning poorhouse door. For I build great asylums to shelter them in; But my rents, my rents! I gather them in!"

READ THE MAIL & ADVOCATE



### CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR MAILS.

The early mailing of Christmas and New Year parcels for Naval Reservists and members of the Newfoundland Regiment at the front is urged by the Post Office department. The mailing of such parcels should take place before the middle of the present month.

It is possible that letters mailed up to within the last week of November will be delivered to Overseas Troops before Christmas, but irregularities and uncertainties in the Field Mail service cannot be avoided.

The rates for parcel post are:

**TO BRITAIN.**  
Up to 3 lbs. .... 24 cents.  
Over 3 lbs. to 7 lbs. .... 48 cents.  
Over 7 lbs. to 11 lbs. .... 72 cents.

**TO FRANCE.**  
Up to 3 lbs. .... 62 cents.  
Over 3 lbs. to 11 lbs. .... \$1.00.  
Over 11 lbs. to 15 lbs. .... \$1.38

Parcels should be securely packed, and bear, in addition to the name and address of the sender, the value and description of the contents.

Parcels sent to any members of the Regiment, whether in France, Belgium or England, if directed

to Pay and Record Office,  
58 Victoria Street,  
London, S. W.

will be transmitted at the rates for Britain, as above quoted.

**J. ALEX. ROBINSON,**  
Postmaster General.  
Nov. 17, 1916.



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Ladies' Skirt Waists.  
Ladies' & Misses' Costumes.  
Ladies' Costume Skirts.  
Ladies' Under Skirts.  
Ladies' Cashmere Hose.  
Ladies' Showerproof Coats.  
Ladies' Sport Coats.

#### Mens' Section

Mens' Underwear.  
Boys' Underwear.  
Mens' Sweater Coats.  
Mens' Jerseys.  
Mens' Shirts.  
Mens' Half Hose.  
Mens' Ties.  
Mens' Waterproof Coats.  
Mens' Showerproof Coats.  
Mens' Caps.

### General Goods:

Flannels, Flannelettes, Percales, Cheviots, English and American White Shirtings, English and American Unbleached Calicos, Gingham, Towels, Outing Flannels, Cotton Blankets, Ticks, Cotton Blankets, Blue Serges, Dress Goods of all kinds.

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