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MAY 27th.	JUNE 3rd.

The S.S. FLORIZEL will also leave St. John's after the Sealshery, and will probably leave New York between May 2nd and 20th.

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HAVING enjoyed the confidence of our outport customers for many years, we beg to remind them that we are "doing business as usual" at the old stand. Remember Maunders' clothes stand for durability and style combined with good fit.



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AN ATTACK ON THE GERMAN TRENCHES-- WHAT IT COSTS TO WIN A FEW MILES IN THE FACE OF ARTILLERY FIRE

Terrific Bombardment of the German Lines is Followed by Infantry Charge.--Men Fall Like Leaves Before Blasting Fire of Machine Guns and Rifles.--Scenes at Dressing Stations Behind the Lines.

There is something sinister in the incessant rumbling and clanking as the endless line of overladen vehicles bears into town. The train rolls in over the sloppy road from the horizon in the rear. Passing through the village the consuming rattle of chains and the weighted, drawn-out creaks of heavy wheels stiffle the senses.

The soldiers passing along the road, sitting at windows or standing in doorways feel an ominous tenseness in the monotony of it, and the murky, choking atmosphere sinks deep in the chest and suffocates with a feeling of an impending crash.

For the last four days the long line of wagons passing up to the trenches with supplies has been doubled, and the soldiers say there will be an attack. The younger of the reserves of the famous Iron Division in the town six miles back would rather face it at once. The hard strain is printed on their faces. Among the thousands there is a little common speculation to relieve thought somewhat and the writing of many letters. The last mails have been big ones.

Close to the trenches in the last wreck of a town before the wilderness of utter devastation the first-line men quartered here while off duty also feel the strain. Here it seems to embrace everything. In the air there is something that is not dust, for it has rained for many days, but that seeks to strangle with its heaviness. It is the result of the heavy bombardment of the last few days.

The sun through the yellow haze is sinking blood red. It has been thus for four days past. Sometimes a soldier reels across the road, unsteady with vin rouge, which thing is a rarity even among the soldiers.

Trenches Close at Hand.
About half a mile to the right, through the forest of blackened stumps and torn earth, run the trenches. Fighting has been terrible here for five months back. In the last attack, hardly more than a week ago, a thousand soldiers were wiped away while trying to take the crest of a little hill now vaguely seen from the road at the end of the village.

Since then the Germans have been bombarding the first line. They are tearing yawning holes many feet across with mines, wiping trenches out of existence and all in them. When the mines explode the town shakes as though in terror. Then men say that at present it is a land of gnashing teeth and the strain is almost too great to bear.

So occasionally, almost periodically they lead or drag into town from the road that leads down from the trenches at the far end of the street something like a man, struggling and with eyes wide and foaming at the mouth, saying wild things.

The soldiers in the town are gathered along the side of the road, still lined with occasional houses. They pass the minutes making little tokens, souvenirs for cherished ones at home. There is but little talking, and when someone speaks his voice sounds strange. There are other times when in the face of almost certain death these men are merry and joke on their way to it. It is the infernal thing, they say. Sometimes a shell whistles over and breaks into the street. Then generally the brancardiers rush out of an ambulance and picking up something in the road take it back with them. In a few minutes the soldiers forget about it.

The long wagon train pours into this town also. There it stops and the stuff is unloaded. The drivers then drive their teams back to safety once more. If they are forced to remain here it would be different, perhaps, but the drivers are glad to get back again and lose little time in their work. Tomorrow they return, but that is another day.

Ambulances Arrive.
Suddenly come a number of canvas-bodded ambulances along the street. They pour into town one by one and pull up at the right-hand side of the road near a string of low buildings through some freak of chance left intact by the shells that buffet their way into the town daily. The cars are drawn up with intervals between them in case of sudden bombardment.

Soon there is a line of a dozen ambulances, and more are coming. The drivers stop their motors as they arrive and keep to their seats, prepared for emergency. At their base, in the rear a short time ago word was re-

ceived from the medical division to be ready for an attack. The soldiers, seeing the ambulances, now know the time has arrived.

And then it breaks. Somewhere nearby there is a deafening explosion. It makes some of the men crouch for an instant with the thought of an exploding shell at close quarters. There are three quick repetitions and a French seventy-five battery concealed on the other side of the houses begins to shoot death at the Germans in their trenches over the hill.

Terrific Bombardment.
Its sound is immediately lost in the roar that now bursts upon the ears, and it seems as though the drums must break. The world itself seems to be breaking apart.

It is a fearsome din. The surrounding hills roar and resound with the crash of mighty guns and the sky of the gathering night is filled with the continuous flashes. Guns of every kind now shoot death from every corner, the fields around the town are full of them, it seems. The place shakes.

Over on the hill the shells break with a glare of flashes. It is strange that men can live there in the midst of the crashing and the thousands of mangleing grenades tossed from trench to trench. There is nothing individual now. Everything is lost in the terrific thunder, the horrible pounding, the swish, roar, and shriek that blends into a great pulse, beating swiftly and regularly, like the work of some vast supernatural machine of imagination.

It pounds on the ears, eyes, face, everything shoots through the head and benumbs the senses. The soldiers standing around awaiting orders feel a sort of elation, a mighty sense of protection as the roar of the guns continues.

Evening comes on and the bombardment goes on. The Germans reply to the fire and try to exterminate the men in the first trenches, knowing that hundreds are gathered there ready to spring out at the finish of the bombardment. Come orders for more men to fill the places of those splattered out of existence.

Soldiers and Shells.
The road now as far back as the eye can reach is packed with troops on the march up. There are wagons of every description, lumbering motor trucks jog by, staff cars filled with officers rush past, motor cycles and the iron-wheeled ammunition transports rushing up more shells to the batteries skid along behind long teams of panting mad steeds dashing along with the fury of overexertion.

To prevent the supplies from reaching their destination the German guns now spout death over every part of the road. The ambulance drivers by their cars crouch low as shells burst about them. In turn they answer calls that begin to come in, picking up wounded here and there and rushing back to the dressing station. The wounded from the trenches have not yet been brought down. The fire is too hot.

The Infantry Charge.
Then through the heavy, choking air comes a new blast of sound, sharp countless reports of bursting grenades and a din as of thousands of ticks. German rifles and scores of machine guns, wither away the French ranks as the crack men of the Iron Division spring from the first line, and, with the bayonets fixed on their rifles, charge across.

The distance is interminably long, seventy yards, perhaps, and it seems as they it can never be covered. They fall in heaps, while those behind stumble on and also fall. Their distorted and yet expressionless faces are horrible to see in the greenish glare of the scores of rockets. These are the men from Paris and Lorraine, the best soldiers in France, doctors, lawyers, school teachers.

The French artillery again opens up. It is mostly .75 guns now, because accurate range is imperative, in an effort to finish the men at the machine guns in the German trenches shooting from the batteries at least a mile back must be good. There are

only a few feet to spare now, for the French are in the barbed wire before the German trenches, already scattered by the previous fire.

Almost Insane.
The German artillery also opens up and the soldiers face a wall of fire as they advance. They fall like leaves; it seems certain death; but still they advance.

"Dirty cows and swine!" they call out in front. They also yell with derision, for they are insane. They are finding their way through the spaces of barbed wire. Always they fill up from behind. Nobody knows exactly what he is doing.

Meanwhile, in back of the first trench line certain of the connecting trenches are cleared and lines of silent men walk the other way with burdens. Many are priests. From high overhead a star looks down, very bright to penetrate the smoke clouds and it throws a little light on wild-looking things, beings that shake and twitch as they are borne away. They are beginning to get the wounded.

There is a place some distance in the rear where the wounded are taken from the trench hammocks and placed on stretchers hung from light two wheeled carriages. While the bearers return to the first line for fresh loads another crew of soldiers bear the wounded away to the little town in back. Shells tear and rip over the earth as they stumble along in the darkness. Some of the outfits never reach the town.

The Dressing Stations.
Down there the reserves are coming up in a compact mass. They keep to the right of the road, for there is more protection from the shrapnel breaking over the town. The returning equipment train passes by on the other side, while other wagons bring up fresh supplies take the middle. The brancardiers, pushing the wound of into town—they are now coming down in great numbers—get through some way.

The dressing stations of the various regiments along the street are taxed. Rows of shrieking, moaning men lie on the floor. Excited brancardiers run about binding wounds, affixing tags and administering coffee or water, a little at a time, while the wounded cry out in their agony.

Steadily they are taken out, packed into freshly arrived ambulance and carried back, while other return from the hospitals in the rear and fill their places. The last ambulance has been sent for except two reserved at the base town in case of bombardment, and everybody works at white heat.

It is the same at all the stations along the road. Comrades lying side by side sometimes recognize each other and give little moans. It is hard to stop the blood. The floor is slopp, with it, and the sagging canvas of the stretchers fills with it. One can see the men paling from loss of blood as they stand there.

Out of the Way.
When the men die while their wounds are being dressed they are taken somewhere out of the way. A ambulance arrives in the town of the hospitals, some seven miles back the bodies of those who have died in the cars during the ride down through the blackness are shoved away into a corner until time can be given to their disposal. Here and there are numbers of dead lying disfigured and mangled. With last strength some of these fellows have torn their clothes, and pulled away the bandages.

The shaken nerves of the wounded who, after months of the terrific strain of hoping for the best, to be slightly hurt, now realize the terrible reality of lives crushed forever, go to pieces. They say frightful and incoherent things. They troops going by on their way up see the stream of mangled things coming down from the direction of the ghastly glare over the hill and shudder, for they are young men of ambitions, and from Paris. The shells break into the street, killing and maiming. It is hard to keep up courage.

Word suddenly spreads around that the trench has been taken. There is some excited talk among the soldiers and words of cheer are heard here and there in the dressing stations among the wounded. The bombardment has ceased and everything is quiet as though from dead exhaustion, except an occasional report of an exploding grenade or the sharp pop of a rifle.

The Counter Attack

The French know the Germans will counter-attack before the morning to retake the captured position, and the reserves continue to fill the trenches, working feverishly in the captured line to fortify themselves. There are few prisoners. These are huddled in back under guard.

Then it breaks anew. This time the Germans bombard the French trenches on all sides and an increased number of shells fall over the roads and in the town. It is a frightful night. The Germans come on this time in the fire of the French guns.

Late in the night—it is almost morning in fact—the attack finishes. The French were unable to fortify themselves strongly enough to hold the new quarters and they were driven back. They have not reattacked.

It is a disheartened task to clear their own trenches of the dead and debris after the terrific bombardment. Heaps of dead and wounded lie out there in the open. In several days the shapes of things like faces will become black, and later the eyelids will drop away, leaving eyes that stare at each other and into space.

Dawn is near. The air has cleared a little. There is not a sound except the crowing of a rooster, and an answering call from somewhere. Several bright stars look down, constant and unchanging. The night seems like a nightmare.

In the Grey Dawn

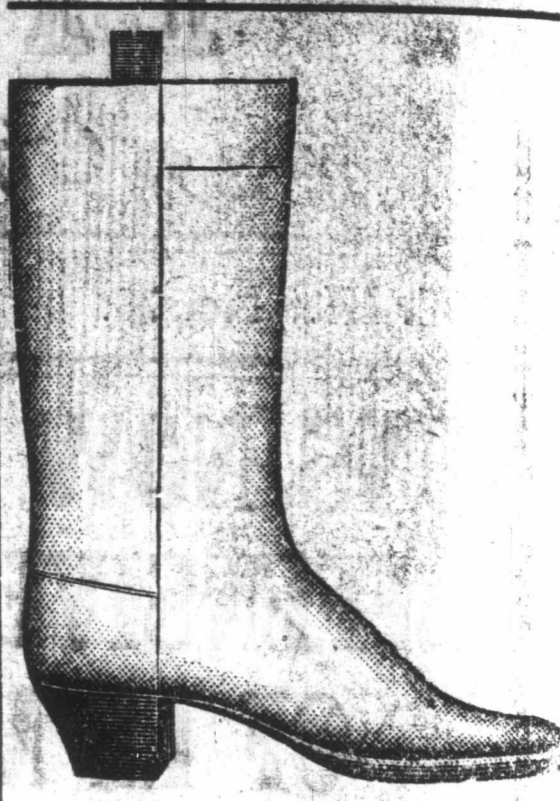
In the cold light of the morning some of the cases at the overcrowded hospitals still fill the entrances and corridors. Orderlies stumble over dead, dying and those who in utter agony, are praying to die. There is not enough help for a rush like this. Doctors sputter around injecting antitoxin serum here and there, take the worst cases first, and orderlies do what they can to catch up with the work. But it seems hopeless.

The air is filled with low groans. But it is the groaning of men not in their right minds. To know the French soldiers is to pay them deference second to no others on earth. When possible they bear their pain as they fight—in silence.

"Old man, old man, have mercy on my misery! Mon vieux!" some one pleads. But it is hard to find out who it is until a second later the voice repeats.

In the town fresh troops arrive. The tension is relieved somewhat. It will be so now for several days.

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