

**ROCKEFELLER IS UTTERLY OPPOSED ON PRINCIPLE**

**Would do Nothing to Continue War—Thinks Some Belligerents Partly Right—Views of Oil King's Personal Physician**

Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 18.—Dr. H. F. Biggar, sr., for over forty years Rockefeller's personal physician and confidante, was delighted to-day over Rockefeller's announcement, made through the United Press, that he will not help the allies obtain a billion-dollar war loan from American financiers. Dr. Biggar was present when the oil king told the United Press, in a special putting contest, Dr. E. on "the golf links of his Forest Hill estate here, that he already had refused loans to England and Russia. "I know positively from my conversations with Mr. Rockefeller that he is utterly opposed on principle to doing anything which would tend to continue the war," said Dr. Biggar. "It is in my memory that Mr. Rockefeller has said this to me, concerning the warring nations: 'Some are partly in the right, but all are in the wrong.' "During the interview with the United Press, Rockefeller turned to me and said: 'This war is awful! Don't you think it is awful?' "The United Press report of the interview, which I have read very carefully, is remarkably accurate. It tells clearly what I know to be Mr. Rockefeller's firm attitude—that he will keep hands off the war. "It is clear that Mr. Rockefeller would gain millions by making war loans—first because of the high rate of interest such a loan would bring; secondly, because it would probably result in his supplying oil to the navies of the allies. "But the possibility that J. Pierpont Morgan, in accordance with the present Wall street rumor, will take from Mr. Rockefeller the title of the 'richest man in the world,' has absolutely no weight in Mr. Rockefeller's decision not to reap war profits. Rockefeller was playing golf when the original interview was obtained. His opponent was Capt. Scofield, who beat him with a card of 54. However Rockefeller evened up for this a little late by tying Dr. J. H. Lowman in a special putting contest. Dr. E. B. Rhodes was also present. After the interview was over Rockefeller said: "I bid you all good day," and, mounting his bicycle, he rode down the winding gravel path to his big grey and white mansion. "It was pointed out that a 'denial' issued by the Standard Oil offices in New York did not cover the interview as it said merely that 'no statement has been issued.' No formal statement to that effect has been made. On this point Dr. Biggar said: "I heard the whole interview and have read it in print. There can be no question about it." To eliminate the squeak, a Georgian lubricates itself with graphite.

**WILDEST OF BLUE DEVILS**

**How Private Courtin of the 73rd Chasseurs Won the Legion of Honor.**

Cannes, Sept. 17.—Yesterday was a field day at the Ambulance Sud-Africaine. Three of our wounded received the war medal, having been previously mentioned in despatches. Two of them were Chasseurs Alpins, the so-called "Blue Devils," the terror and the nightmare of the Germans in the Vosges and Alsace. It is an ordinary occurrence for Chasseurs to distinguish themselves, but seldom has one man accomplished so much, single-handed, as did Private Courtin of the 73rd, now the proud possessor of the Legion of Honor and the darling of his corps. Before the war Courtin lived at Bethune. Thirty-three years of age, a short, thick-set reservist, he was by trade a vanner, that is, a basket maker. Modest and retiring, no one ever knew of his remarkable fighting qualities until he joined the Alpine Chasseurs. He then became a Blue Devil, the wildest and most determined of them all.

**Became A Hero.** One dark night on sentry duty he became a hero. The night was a disturbed one. From one end of the trench to the other the Germans kept up an incessant rattle of rifle fire, interrupted here and there by the louder crash and tearing report of a hand grenade; more irritating still to the overstrained nerves was a machine gun, which persisted in playing its deadly tattoo on the parapet. Courtin was "fed up." This terrible din had been going on for four nights with but little cessation during the day. The company was worn out with incessant fighting, and from his post of observation Courtin could see the men huddled together, some half-crouching, sleeping in batches, one eye always open. "This cannot go on. It must be stopped somehow," said Courtin. Just sixty yards ahead he vaguely distinguished the German sapshead and his barbed-wire defences at each flare of the guns. His mind was made up. To roll out of his hole and lie flat on the ground was the work of a moment. Then, gun in hand, like an Indian, with all the cunning and patience of a bush-ranger stalking his game, he crawled silently towards the enemy.

**One Wild Whoop.** Stopping at intervals, feigning death when the darkness of the night became less friendly and the rifle fire too concentrated, he at last reached the barbed-wire entanglement. How he wriggled through their meshes without harm he does not remember, but he landed safely on the trench parapet. His time had come! With one wild whoop—the whoop of the "Blue Devils" the Boches knew so well and feared so much—he was at them! His hand by a lucky shot closed at once on the muzzle of the machine gun; pushing it aside he bayoneted on the spot the two gunners. Then followed the most glorious and bloodiest of scrimmages. Twenty German square-heads flew at him, but the deadly Rosalie (his bayonet) was at her best. In one grand tussle she accounted for every one of them, clearing the whole sapshead of its occupants.


**Only Slight Wound.** Wonderful to relate, Courtin escaped with only a slight wound in his arm. Well pleased with himself, he retraced his steps, dragging after him the captured machine gun and gravely resumed his guard. The company slept soundly and peacefully until the morning. Courtin is now in hospital. His wound took a turn for the worse, mainly due to his carelessness in not reporting himself at once; but philosophically he has settled down again to a peaceful life and whittles away by making baskets once more, pretty little baskets of all shapes and sizes, of which he easily disposes among his friends. Nobody knew him to be the great man that he is until a laconic "order of the day" from his chief, conveying the beloved decoration, revealed his exploit. It ran thus: "He turned aside an enemy machine gun, seizing it by the barrel, and killing two of those who were serving the gun. He then leaped into a trench occupied by twenty Germans, killing nearly all of them with rifle and bayonet. Slightly wounded in the arm, he did not stop fighting. He only went to the doctor when ordered to do so next day by his captain. Signed, 'L'ANGLE DE CARY.'" Such a mixture of bravery, dash, heroism and modesty makes up the Blue Devils, the Chasseurs Alpins de France. No wonder their deeds are becoming legendary. Everywhere in the Vosges and Alsace when a bat-

alion passes the men take off their hats, while the women throw kisses and flowers and the children look on with awe. "Silence! The Blue Devils are passing," and with them—wrapped up in the golden-fringes of the Tricolor, which a neat little blue figure, wearing a tam o' shanter cocked on the side of the head, proudly bears at the head of the troop—flies past all the glory, all the spirit of chivalry, of sacrifice, of endurance which animated and made great the France of old. The esprit de corps among the Blue Devils is very strong. Men and officers know one another well, and have the completest faith in one another. Some corps indeed have such a reputation that they have become almost as exclusive as the most exclusive of London clubs, and only the bravest of the brave and those who have shown initiative, extraordinary pluck and endurance being allowed to join their ranks. Discipline is Draconian, yet the officer is a father to his men and shares all difficulties and dangers with them. Always ahead of his troop, he courts either death or victory. The motto of the corps which each man swears to observe is "The Blue Devils will die rather than surrender and will fight to the last."

**German Call T.R.'s Camp Talk Criminal**

At the twenty-first annual convention of the New Jersey State Federation of German Catholic Societies, held in St. Benedict's Hall, Newark yesterday, resolutions were adopted calling on this country to observe the strictest neutrality and denouncing the manufacture of munitions of war for shipment abroad. The recent speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Plattsburg were referred to as "criminal" and Secretary of War Garrison was praised for having censured Major General Wood for having permitted the alleged offending talk. The convention also went on record as opposing woman suffrage. Thirty-two societies were represented.

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**FEATHER IN CAP OF CANADIAN WIRELESS**

Receipt of S.O.S. From Santa Anna Pleases Men Who Improved Station

Ottawa, Sept. 17.—The receipt of the call for help from the burning steamer "Santa Anna" by the Canadian Government wireless station at Cape Race is a source of great satisfaction to the Naval Service Department. The distance was about 900 miles which was believed to be quite beyond the range of the station even with the extensive improvements a few months ago. Two large new steel towers, some 250 feet in height, were erected and the aerial was made much larger while the electric power was more than doubled. The object was to extend the range of the station so that it could communicate not only with vessels on the Canadian route to Great Britain, but also with vessels on the route from New York to Liverpool. The picking up of the message from the Santa Anna is regarded as an unusual occurrence due to specially favorable atmospheric conditions, but still it is recognized as a gratifying revelation of the unexpected possibilities of the improved station. With the Santa Anna now nearing the Azores and the fire extinguished it is understood that the Government steamer Stanley, which was ordered to go to the assistance of the liner, is being recalled. Jamaica has established several public quinine depots to enable poor persons to obtain the drug at cost. French poultrymen have nearly doubled the egg production of their hens by feeding them with bread soaked in wine.

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**The Location of New Land is Debated**

**Cyrus C. Adams Thinks Stefansson Has Charted New Land and Destroyed Nansen Theories**

New York, Sept. 18.—Satisfied with Stefansson's announcement that he is alive and well on Banks Land in the Arctic, explorers and geographers directed attention to-day to the new land he reports he has discovered in the Far North. In Stefansson's own report the newly discovered land is located near 78 degrees north latitude and 117 degrees west longitude. He actually saw about 100 miles of coast line running in an easterly direction and apparently penetrating to a distance twenty miles inland, where, from a hill top the explorer saw mountains at a distance of fifty miles.

**The New Land** Cyrus C. Adams, president of the Association of American Geographers, declared in a statement to-day that Stefansson's new land lies about 100 miles to the north of Prince Patrick Island and that the most southerly part of the land which the explorer visited is considerably to the east of the most eastward extension of Prince Patrick Island. The lands nearest to it, Mr. Adams said, are the Polynia Islands, a little group north of Prince Patrick Island about 75 or 80 miles from the New Land.

**What Discovery Proves**

Mr. Adams said the most northern part of the New Land, as far as Stefansson saw it, appears to be farther north than any other land in the great Parry Archipelago, to the north of the American continent. Mr. Adams expressed the opinion that the land discovered by Stefansson rises from the continental shelf in shallow waters that surround the Parry Archipelago and that its discovery shows that this part of the Arctic ocean is comparatively shallow.

**Chartered A Coast**

Mr. Adams also pointed out that another notable achievement was Stefansson's completion of the charting of the northeast coast of Prince Patrick Island. There was a stretch of some fifty miles of this coast line which had not been covered in previous surveys, but the gap has now been filled.

**The Nansen Theory.** The expedition was undertaken by Stefansson to test the theories which had been set forth by Dr. Nansen and others that the unexplored portion of the Arctic ocean is a deep basin virtually devoid of land. Other explorers asserted that land of considerable area lay undiscovered there.

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