

Fishermen's Protective Union of Newfoundland.

Established, 1908.

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Number of Local Councils—240.
Membership—20,000.
Disaster Fund—\$6,000.
Reserve Funds—\$11,000.

Fishermen's Union Trading Co., Ltd.

Cash Capital Subscribed and Reserve—\$125,000

Managing Director—W. F. COAKER, M.H.A.
Secretary—W. W. HALFYARD, M.H.A.
Inspector of Outport Stores—J. G. STONE, M.H.A.

Head. Offices, Warerooms, and Water Front.
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DOTING COVE	SELDOM
TILTING	JOE BATT'S ARM
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(Change Islds.)	(Change Islds.)
HERRING NECK	BOTWOOD
LEWISPORTE	TWILLINGATE
EXPLOITS	NIPPER'S HR.

FRENCH OFFICER RELATES SOME AWFUL GERMAN ATROCITIES

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—Lieutenant T. Mallet of the French Army, who is a son of Ernest Mallet, one of the French members of the Anglo-French commission, which successfully negotiated the \$500,000,000 loan, has written to a friend in this country a long letter in which he relates stories of German atrocities committed in Northern France, which he says came to his attention as an officer of the French Army. The letter, which was written "somewhere on the front," is dated October 31, last.

"Personally," writes Lieutenant Mallet, "we see and hear so many ghastly things that one atrocity more or less does not seem to be worth remembering. The men who fight know that atrocities have been committed and we are here to kill the men who have done such things."

"Soldiers have not the same ideas as the civilians in the rear. We have too many things to think about to bother about what is the opinion of neutrals. That is why the soldiers who have witnessed the most appalling things never thought of making an inquest, of finding out names, etc., so as to be able later on to prove the truth to doubting neutrals."

"I have fought through all the war, from August to November, 1914, from January to March, 1915, and from June, 1915, to now. The only periods I have passed away from the front were spent in hospitals where I lay wounded. Although I am absolutely certain that several atrocities were committed in places through which my battalion passed during the fighting, and although I have seen bodies of civilians—men, women and children—which, had I the time, would have proved, after inquest, what the Germans have been and are still doing, I shall refer only to those instances concerning the facts of which I can vouch for under oath."

"At the end of August, being in Lorraine, in front of Lunville, my men found outside the village of Anthlupt, in an orchard on the right-hand side of the main road, going from Nancy to Lunville, the body of a child, a little girl who could have not been more than eleven or twelve years of age. The body was cold and had been dead at least a day. It was then about 4 p.m., and the Germans had just abandoned the village after a few minutes' fight. There was in the street one dead woman, shot in the chest, and a fifteen-year-old boy, dead, shot in the neck. These two may have been killed by stray bullets, and so I pass them. The bullets may have been German, or they may have been French—I do not know."

"But the body of the little girl was cold. She had died hours before we attacked Anthlupt. There was not a mark on her body—I mean a wound due to shell or bullet. My men brought the corpse to where I was. It was naked, except for a small chemise, torn and covered with earth. I examined the child. It is impossible for me to tell you in English what had happened, but you understand. Furthermore, the little girl had been strangled. One could see the marks of fingers about her neck, and her eyes were half out of the sockets."

"My company was on the move, and we did not even have time to bury the body of the little child. My battalion never passed through Anthlupt again. The village was destroyed a few days later by German shells. I cannot say who the child was, but I can swear to the truth of what I have just written."

"On the 13th of October, at mid-day, my battalion stormed the village of Hannescamp, in the Somme valley. At 8 a.m. the next day we were counter-attacked and had to give way, leaving our dead and a few wounded. At 4 p.m. the same day we stormed the village a second time, took it, and kept it. Two of our wounded had been shot by the Germans. I saw their bodies. They had been wounded in the legs. They were strapped to a ladder and the ladders placed upright against a wall and their brains blown out. I saw the bodies. They were still strapped to the ladders. I forget the name of one of the victims; the other was called Pierre Durand."

"In July, 1915, in Alsace, at the Barrenkopf, a battalion somewhere on our left, charged and was repulsed, leaving one or two men in the enemy's trench. A few hours later in front of our trench, about 400 yards distant, we saw above the barbed wire entanglements in the German trench a high pole. We watched for some time, wondering if it was a flagstaff and waited to see the flag, intending to shoot it down if possible. Then, instead of a flag, we saw a live body suddenly hoisted above the parapet, dangle, kick, and then die. With our glasses through the loopholes we were able to make out

the uniform. It was that of a Chasseur Alpin, probably one of the men who fell into the enemy's hands a few hours before. When the body was hoisted we could hear the German's howl, cheer, and 'hoch.'"

"I do not mention the cases of villages like Gerbeviller, near Lunville, which I have seen burned to the ground. We found not only the traces, but the evidence, in the shape of incendiary packets, of the wilful firing of the place."

"Though I have not much time to think of America and can not very well realize that there are still people who have time and leisure to talk and argue, I must say, as a soldier, that the thought that some neutrals still doubt the truth of our accusations against the Germans seems to me to be incredible. We here do not see how any one can doubt. If there are still people in New York who insist on defending one German's method of carrying on war, such people are mad, or more likely they are Germans in the bottom of their hearts. In that event, of course, there is nothing to be done."

"I don't know what the Americans—I mean the real ones—think about the end of the war. The only thing that I can say is that every man in the French Army believes that Germany will be squashed. It will take another year—perhaps more—but we must win. I have just been through the Champagne fighting. We have lasted fifteen months, and we are ready to last double that length of time if necessary."

"I am willing to have this letter read by anyone and my name used, for I have given you my word of honor that everything noted therein is true. I hope you excuse my writing for I have not written in English for a long time."

In another part of his letter Lieutenant Mallet mentioned a Dr. MacIntyre of the British Army, who told him that after the battle of Neuve Chapelle three British soldiers—two Canadians and one Englishman—had been crucified by the Germans into whose hands they fell. Under one of the bodies Dr. MacIntyre said a fire had been built, the victim's shoe having been removed to make the torture still more dreadful. All three men were dead when the British found them."

"I have no doubt whatsoever that the story is true," adds Lieutenant Mallet.

A TREMENDOUS SPECTACLE.

Boston Transcript:—For this war little Britain, with a national wealth much less than that of the United States, has already taxed herself six times the entire national debt of this country, and stands ready, if such a thing be possible, to tax herself as much more. Richmen pay half their incomes to the maintenance of the war; poor men do more, for they sacrifice every chance they have in civil life and flock to give their lives to the nation. It is a tremendous spectacle of patriotic devotion, when all is said and done.

THE JOY OF "KICKING."

New York Press:—Both the British people and the American people, at all times, in full possession of all their liberties, are much more prone to abuse the free privilege of speech and the free exercise of opposition than any other peoples in the world. Indeed, it is possible to few other peoples to abuse those privileges without earning powers over them. No man in Germany, for example, could say and do the things that any man in England can do and say without finding himself in jail, not to mention losing his head.

THE BRITISH ARMIES.

Le Temps (Paris):—The necessities of the war demand that England should place in line armies more and more numerous. England's effort has surpassed the most optimistic expectations; and her magnificent soldiers now unfurl the Union Jack in the Entephates, in Gallipoli, in Macedonia and in Artois, while the British Fleet assures the Allies the liberty of the seas. England, sometimes slow to get into her stride, never stops once she has got on the road. She realizes what the arrival of German troops in Constantinople means for her. The King, during his visit, made inquiries regarding the needs of the Army, the effective necessary for England to play a military role in proportion to her power, and to ensure the British soldiers shall face the enemy wherever British interests and duty towards the Allies demand it.

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

How a Frenchman Escaped from German Detention Camp

An exciting tale of escape from prison in Germany is told in Le Figaro by a Frenchman who has since joined the French army, in which his father and three of his brothers are also serving.

He was imprisoned a year ago which on a trip through Germany and taken to Knaueschingen, a town on the upper part of the Rhine about fifteen miles from the Swiss frontier. While the Frenchman was revolving plans of escape he was suddenly transferred far to the north and placed in a big concentration camp in the Duchy of Brunswick, which is about 10,000 other civilian prisoners. To get away from there was out of the question, but the tenacious prisoner never once gave up hope, and last May managed to get permission to be sent back to Knaueschingen. He was allowed a fair degree of liberty, but, being obliged to report twice a day to the military authorities, escape was still a matter of great difficulty.

Finally, however, on a moonlight night last August he left his shoes, as was his custom, at the door of his bedroom, and having attached pieces of rubber from pencils to another pair of shoes as a precaution against noise, he silently descended the stairway of his lodging.

Armed with a map, a compass and an electric pocket light, he headed for the Swiss frontier, through forests and across streams. After a few miles his feet were sore and he found it almost impossible to move further. Then fog made him blunder into a village which he was aiming to avoid. A farmer's dog barked and hurled itself at the stranger. "I silenced him with my knife," remarks the Frenchman.

Then he came to a river, with no bridge in sight, and there was nothing to do but swim. "When I got to the other side," says the doughty prisoner, "there was no part of me dry but my hair." But on he pressed, sore and dripping, until he reached a railroad and saw, close at hand, a customs post. The real dangers were beginning.

There were still five miles between him and Switzerland, his haven of safety. He crawled across the railroad tracks with the greatest precaution and without arousing the nearby customs officials. Then came a strip of woods, where thorns pierced his flesh and tore his clothes, and at last he arrived dead beat, at a clearing and saw ahead of him the frontier separating Germany and Switzerland.

It was guarded by three files of soldiers. After much further hardships and many narrow escapes he at last reached his goal—Switzerland, received every attention from the kind and sympathetic peasants and finally made his way him to join the army of the Republic where he is now serving with distinction.

IDENTIFICATION CARDS CARRIED BY SOLDIERS

The Russian soldier wears a numbered badge; the French soldier has an identification card stitched into his tunic; the German soldier has a little metal disk that bears his name; the British soldier has an aluminum disk, with identification marks and church affiliations; the Japanese soldier has three disks, all alike, one round his neck, another in his belt, and another in his boot; and the Austrian soldier has a gun metal badge, with his name on a tiny parchment leaf within.

The Turk is the only soldier so lightly valued that he carries no badge. Identification is evidently regarded as unnecessary in his case.

REASONS FOR CHEER.

Westminster Gazette:—We will take the risk of being called optimists by saying that, in our opinion, nothing whatever has happened in the last three weeks to justify the depression and agitation which some people think to be the right mood in which to meet the new German stroke. The situation in France, if it has not justified some unreasonable expectations, has belied a great many unfounded alarms. The recent offensive has left both British and French in fine spirits and with renewed confidence in the future. There are no doubt battles still going on in the East, but the Germans have no decision before the winter and the spirit of the Russian people and their determination to be more than even with their enemy are steadily hardening. The Germans, unable to obtain a decision in either of the main theatres of war, are trying a grand diversion, one of principal objects of which is to confuse our politics and dissipate our energies. We have to defeat this design, and can defeat it.

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