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We always do our best to please you. You can help us by placing your order with us early. If you do, you will have the satisfaction of having your goods arrive early. Your shelves will be stocked with new goods; you will have your window decorated nicely with new arrivals of rubbers, and you are likely to be ready for the "wet weather trade" before your competitors.

We know we can please you, but order early, and give us a chance.

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New Martin Building, St. John's.
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Fishermen, Notice!

We want to purchase at our stores
3,000 BRLS. CODROES.

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"First put the roes in a tight package in strong pickle for 3 or 4 days, then put them on a clean floor and leave them drain, afterwards salt them dry in bulk and leave them till you are prepared to pack them in flour or pork barrels, then pack these in flour or pork barrels and put a good iron hoop on each chime and securely nail the heads, putting 250 pounds of roes in each barrel and place your name on each barrel either in writing on the barrel or on a ticket."

We won't buy roes after August 1st. Take notice and have your roes all shipped before that date.

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YOUR reputation and your success as a Merchant depend, above everything else, on the accuracy and promptness with which you fill your orders.

We offer you a real opportunity to have all your orders to us filled by experts—with absolutely accurate and exact results. Not only that, but every order that comes to us goes straight through and back to you in the shortest possible time.

Think what it means to be able to turn all your orders over to us—no matter how particular or how simple—and be perfectly sure that they will come right back to you complete in every way. Our service, our men and our equipment practically become your own—without the slightest bother or care on your part.

There is never any question about accuracy or the quality of material when you send your orders to us. We buy our goods from all factories, wherever we can get the BEST material, and that is the only kind that you or we can afford to use.

Hundreds of others have proved the value of our service. Why don't you join them by sending us your next order?

HALLEY & COMPANY,
Wholesale Dry Goods Men. St. John's.

THRILLING STORY OF RESCUE OF SURVIVORS OF DESTROYER SHARK

Clinging to Raft Seamen Sang "Nearer My God to Thee" -- Commander Served Last Gun in Battle.

LONDON, June 24. (Correspondence)—Clinging to a raft on the oil-covered water off the Jutland coast, a lieutenant and a number of seamen who had played their part in the great battle, and were now at the mercy of Fate, sought solace in the hymn which comforted the victims of the Titanic. They had been for some hours amidst the horrors of the din and confusion of the terrific conflict. A lack of food and exposure to the cold and wet had reduced them to a state of exhaustion. "Let us sing something," said the brave young lieutenant, and the brave men started. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," but before they had reached the completion of the hymn their weakness and the awfulness of everything around overcame them, and they had to stop. The story is told by Charles Herbert Smith, an A.B., who was one of the survivors from the destroyer Shark. Smith was landed in Hull with five other men. The Shark, as has already been stated, was one of the first British vessels to draw the fire of the German fleet. "It was not long," said Smith, "before we drew the fire from the long line of German ships whose smoke rose on the horizon. In a few minutes the fire had become intense, and our vessel shivered and shook as shells exploded around us. Many shells fell short, but eventually the Germans got the range of us, and after about ten minutes one shell took our propeller and damaged our steering gear, and another penetrated our oil-tank. Being out of control and the centre of such a heavy fire we were in a precarious condition, but our commander cheered us and said we were all right. The dead were lying about the deck, and most of the guns had been put out of action. Then the shells burst right over us, and when the smoke cleared away I saw Commander Jones and two men fighting our only remaining gun. So far Commander Jones had escaped injury. He was still cheering the men, and, by working the last gun, he drove off two destroyers that were heading for us. Then another shell came, and a fragment, striking the commander on the leg, severed the limb. He remained at the gun until a torpedo struck us, and we went down by the stern with our flag still flying. I slid down the deck, and the next thing I remember was striking out and swallowing mouthfuls of oily water. A raft was floating by, and I and others, including a lieutenant, got on it. We were on the raft for several hours. We saw the German fleet pass us, and then the tide carried us out of the battle line. The enemy's ships passed us as if they were pressing the British fleet back, but Admiral Beatty's vessels succeeded, before the arrival of the main fleet, in sending the Germans back. I can recollect being on the raft, and then nothing more until I woke up in the bunk of a steamer. I must have been washed off the raft, as the men of the steamer, the Vidar, which had rescued me, told me that they took me out of the water. My last recollection is of someone calling me Charlie. It gradually dawned on me that I was on a steamer. Then came the recollection of the battle followed by the momentary thought that I had been taken prisoner and was on my way to Germany, but the depression caused by that quickly gave place to a feeling of elation when I realized where I was and found that we were bound for my native town.

The circumstances of the rescue of the survivors of the Shark are vividly described by two nurses who travelled on the Vidar. About 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday, as we were walking the deck we observed a Zeppelin flying westward, or towards the coast of England. Through our glasses we could plainly see the number—124. Just about nine o'clock we sighted a great black object in the sea. It looked at first rather like a sail lying on the water. We discovered that it was a wrecked German battleship. On the upturned side "meters" were marked instead of "feet," as in the case of British ships. Very soon afterwards our attention was directed to

A Great Ship on Fire.

At first it seemed rather like a three or four masted sailing ship, but, as the captain of the Vidar steered toward it, with a view to rendering help, it became plain that it must be a battleship. Just at this time we noticed a light on the face of the darkening sea. It was like a torch being waved about. Then peering over the sides of the Vidar into the foam-lit blackness one's eyes suddenly began to realize the terrible fact that the sea was full of floating bodies. There were dozens of them. It may be that there were hundreds. They could not be counted. Hardly had we grasped the meaning of it than one noticed a number of floating mines. Again one could not say how many. Here was danger for ourselves, as well as tragedy. Among the flotsam and jetsam, human and material, were five men clinging to a gigantic buoy, probably 30ft. or 50ft. in circumference, and large enough for men to sit on its rim. One man was lairily lapping the water with his hand and throwing the spray upon a patent fire signal-device affixed to the buoy which, I believe, only burns so long as it is "fed" or "struck" by water. It was just the action of an automaton, and nothing more, so lifeless was he. The other poor fellows appeared to be cataleptic almost, but from either the man mechanically lapping the water, or from one of the others, we could hear a faint and plaintive cry. Gradually we distinguished the words. It was, "We are alive!" "We are alive!" "We are alive!" They were alive in that sea of dead! It would be difficult to tell you what a thrill, right to the marrow, as you say, those words gave. And the pang! Captain Christiansen instantly set about a rescue. With only a small crew he was only able to lower one boat, and this, manned by the first officer, slipped down the sides of the Vidar and made for the great black circle, with its living freight. "We are alive!" "We are alive!" they continued to say. Whether because of the flow of the water, the darkness, or what, the wrecked sailors rapidly drifted towards us in the steamer and away from the boat we had launched. As they got beneath us a ladder was let down. They made no effort to reach it, and it was plain that they were too ill to do so. One man only was able to make signs. The others remained practically motionless. One by one, with great difficulty, they had to be carried up the gangway and laid upon the saloon floor.

Their Limbs Were Frozen.

and the eyes staring and the teeth perpetually chattering. Nothing could warm them in the least for a time. Brandy we gave them in suitable doses, at intervals, and, having no water-bottles, we kept continuously massaging the frozen limbs and rendered other aid. In this our fellow-passengers did everything they were asked, and the feeling of sympathy was so intense among us that even men had tears in their eyes as they worked. When we took off their clothes, we found that three of the men were wounded and bleeding. The first officer's boat brought two more survivors, making seven. Unhappily, one died, despite all we could do for him, and we rather feared that we should lose one if not two of the others. But they pulled round. The first man to speak did so an hour afterwards, but he was only able to mutter the words like "From Shark." "Went down," "Battle." Another man helped him, with similar words to convey to us what had happened. The first man made an effort, and said: "Whole of German Fleet—'whole of British Fleet—battle! After making the poor fellows as comfortable as possible for the night, at midnight we continued our voyage. The captain had remained about in the hope of picking up other survivors, but decided that there were no more, although there were hundreds dead. When morning came our charges were, happily, very much better, and, in fact, one of them was quite chirpy, as you say. The body of the comrade who died was wrapped in the Norwegian flag and carried to a separate cabin, where the captain saluted it by taking off his cap, while the women cried. Ordinarily, the body would have been buried at sea, but as the Vidar was near port the dead hero was put ashore in his own country.

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HUNS MURDER THE CANADIAN MEDICAL MEN

Toronto Officer Speaks of Attacks On the Canadian Wounded and Doctors

THE FIGHT AT YPRES

Lieutenant R. H. Joyce Tells How the 3rd Division Was Badly Cut Up

If further proofs were necessary to substantiate the assertion made in his report to General Sir Sam Hughes by Surgeon-General Guy Carleton Jones, director of Canadian Medical Services at the front, that the Germans were murdering Canadian medical men and wounding in the dressing stations, a letter which arrived recently from Lieut. R. H. Joyce gives support to the allegation. In the course of a most interesting letter to his mother, Mrs. R. B. Joyce, of 320 Brunswick Avenue, Lieut. Joyce makes reference to the Germans wounding medical men and their soldier-patients, and adds: "One cannot express the feeling such devilry arouses; you can imagine how vicious our counter-attack was and also the rest that are to come will be."

Lieut. Joyce went to England last November, and after nine weeks' stay at Bramshott was sent to the front. It is presumably of the fight at Ypres during the first week of June that Lieut. Joyce speaks in his letter. The battalion to which he was attached at the time was back behind the lines resting, but was rushed up to the support of the other Canadian troops in the front line. Lieut. Joyce in his letter, which is dated June 6th, describing the fight states:

"The Germans attack in great numbers on our front, after a terrific bombardment, in which three battalions suffered so heavily that they could not hold the line and the Germans came through. Our battalion was rushed up and kept in reserve, so we have not suffered many losses. The whole affair was as severe as anything that has happened yet in this poor battered-up corner. Our 3rd Division is so badly cut up that I think they will have to pull it out. General Mercer, as you may know, is missing, and also poor Lyman Gooderham. The line is now strongly reinforced with troops of all kinds, and there will be some hot fighting around here before the Germans are dislodged. There is nothing vitally important in it except the very heavy losses. They were stopped and suffered tremendously—the trenches are full of their dead and the ground covered with them. Once more this spot and Canada are linked up by a repetition of what happened last year.

"Don't think too much about the war. Everything is all right here. They may pick away at us and annoy us, but they can't do any more—they are stopped up. I am anxious enough to get home myself, so I am not running any unnecessary risks, but there are little jobs which have to be done now and then. If we all kept down behind the parapet we would not get anywhere, and the war would never end. . . . Continued talk of peace may mean something, and all this may be the Hun's dying struggles. He cannot hold out much longer.

"We had a visit while at the school from General Birdwood, who commanded the Australians at Gallipoli—a fine-looking man. The Australians are good fighters. I guess, though, they are up against something worse than Turks up here. Did I tell you that in the attack they wounded our doctors and soldiers in the dressing stations? One cannot express the feeling such devilry arouses. You can imagine how vicious our counter-attack was, and also the rest that are to come will be. There was no gas used, simply a preliminary bombardment of unheard-of intensity. Supports coming up were wiped out, but our artillery was doing the same to them. They lost tremendously. As I said, this division may come out to be reorganized in part, and reinforced, and it looks that way, as other troops by thousands are pouring in."

A Question

"I dress expensively. Do you think you could do as well for me as father does?"


"Perhaps so," said the young man, "still I shouldn't like to go around looking as shabby as he does."

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ANNOUNCES the removal of his LAW OFFICES to the New BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA Building at the corner of Beck's Cove and Water Street, and the formation of a PARTNERSHIP for general practice as Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries, with **MR. J. A. WINTER**, eldest son of the late Sir James S. Winter, K.C., under the firm name of Squires & Winter.

Address: Bank of Nova Scotia Building,
January 3rd, 1916. St. John's.

Hon. R. A. Squires, K.C., LL.B. Mr. J. A. Winter

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