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Danger of the Empty Cradle.

The Problem Britain will Have to Face

By **AUSTIN HARRISON.**

The more men destroy life, the more essential it becomes to create life, says Mr. Austin Harrison, the brilliant Editor of the "English Review," who urges that steps must be taken to deal with the problem of Britain's declining birth-rate.

Long before the war, German professors started a philosophy of state-manship, which they called "mass-force." What they meant was numbers, and by numbers soldiers.

It was mass armies who would win wars, they said; mass numbers who would Germanise Europe; mass organization which would implant the German faith; the sheer, overwhelming weight of men who would overrun and override the Continent.

We need not linger over German purposes any longer. To-day we know our Hun and his ghoulish cant of kultur and machine-gun infiltration, and we have sworn to stamp the thing out. But that, too, means numbers, and when we get to numbers we find a very simple mathematical sum, which is that two from ten leaves eight, thus leaving a void and hence a population problem. Now we know that certain ideas have grown until our population may be said to be stationary—to-day we have the great war and its lessons.

War is a ferocious scavenger of life. Already tens of thousands of the bravest and the best have fallen; the summer is coming, and tens of thousands more, it is to be feared, will fall—how many we cannot tell, we avoid even thinking of our losses.

The Cradle and the Soldier

Yet life goes on, eternally fruitful, for such is the law of life, as it is of peoples. Finally, it would seem our purpose on this planet to create, to leave behind the image of ourselves, to sow that others may reap.

But in England we are faced with a peculiar problem. Our surfeit of women. It was nearly two millions before the war, women doomed never to be mothers.

What that figure will be when the war is over I will make no attempt to guess at. Anyhow, this population question is our very particular problem; and now that we are at war, and we know that the birth rate is falling and that infant mortality is increasing, it is clearly the duty of citizenship to face it for the God of country that we serve.

In Germany they have already legislated for the future. In England, "wait and see" does not legislate, for here it is the individual who acts; moreover, we have always that little difficulty to overcome, Partisanism plus the lack of national education which teaches men to think Imperially.

Yet our race problem remains, and soon we shall have to take steps to compass it. How is this to be done? We should all to-day think and fight? Unquestionably it is self-sacrifice. Apply that to the race question, and the answer is beautifully simple. It is creation. It is the law of life—life, more life. It is that in the crisis of war the cradle fights side by side with the soldiers for country, and that every mother is the mirror and glory of the man who dies for England.

Way to Race Suicide.

Women are apt to think they can only serve in war by active help; that they are doomed to passivity; but that is an error. Woman is the sex antipode of man. Her essence is thus the exact opposite to that of the male, so that when man goes off to fight woman in her polarity of function and purpose is called upon to create.

Remember, every soldier was born of a woman. Two from ten leaves eight. Add our normal surfeit, say, one, which leaves seven. Add again, accident, and the fact that a great many women and men don't, or cannot, marry, so we have six—six men, whereas we should have ten to fulfil our continuity of race; now six are not sufficient. Children die; sterile marriages are on the increase. Five

and a half; it is not well. That way leads to race suicide.

And so we arrive at the significant paradox of life, which is that the more men destroy life the more essential it becomes to make life; or, in other words, the greater the losses in males the higher is the duty of woman to fulfil her supreme function. War always brings us back to primitive facts, and, naturally, because war signifies man's return to savagery and so to its corollary—evolution.

In the great struggle of human progress this is the outstanding truth. As Tennyson said "Every day a man dies, every day a man is born." Alas! in war, two men die daily, ten men, a thousand men, and each death cries out for a mother.

Great races have passed in this way—the Aztecs, the Red Indians; and the great empires have fallen for neglect of this truth—the Egyptians, the Romans; and great Empires have sunk to little empires, thus our loyal friends, the Portuguese. Some years ago in France the cry was "Faire des Gosses"—France is not bled white, as Bismarck foretold of the war that was to come.

Our business, man's business. To many no doubt the sympathetic connection of the cradle with war may seem incongruous, but women, who see essential truths more clearly than men, will not think so. Indeed, very wonderful is the calm of the war mother, the war widow, the war lover, for love is curiously close to the fighting spirit, and the end is said to be the beginning. There is no cant in this connection. It is just the parable of our being, perhaps what we are fashioned for.

The fruitless marriage, in war, is consequently a national disability, because all selfishness in war is contrary to the interests of the State. The more life is destroyed, the more precious life becomes. Behind the soldier there stand the reserves, and behind the reserves the draft. Armies moulding for the fray. Behind them, at home yet not one wait the less indispensable to country, there stand the women who are the mothers of our future. A victory which left a country motherless would be a barren win. Without the cradle man can only win the negation.

So woman, as the complement of man, in war fights like the happy warrior, conscious of her own vic-

tory—the victory of life. To-day we may say it is the civic duty of the sexes to mate and create, even as they go their ways on their so cruelly different purposes.

Ultimately, the passion of war is love—love of country. And what is love of country but the national expression of that personal love of man and woman, which, if it bear no fruit, is but the semblance of its natural truth?

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That's NEWS. Telephone us. The items in this column that are starred (*) are by no means news. They are B.M.D.'s and cost fifty cents for one insertion and a dollar for three.—ED.

INDUCED 8,331 MEN TO DON THE KHAKI

Sergt. C. W. Niemeyer, Who Made Record in England, Joins Recruiting Staff—Fought at St. Julien—Member of Western Battalion in First Contingent and Comes From Edmonton

Sergt. C. W. Niemeyer, who was wounded at the Battle of St. Julien while serving in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and afterwards achieved a record as a recruiting sergeant in England, has returned to Canada, and arrived in Toronto yesterday. He is to be a recruiting officer in No. 2 Military Divisional Area, and will report to Brig-General W. A. Logie, the officer commanding the district, to-day.

After he was injured at St. Julien Sergt. Niemeyer returned to England, and was attached to the Imperial Recruiting Staff of the War Office, London, under Major Passingham, the chief recruiting officer. For four and a half months he was actively engaged as a recruiting sergeant, and during that time he brought into the recruiting offices more than 15,000 men, of whom 8,331 were accepted

and attested. He created a sensation in London by his methods, and was the subject of a number of articles in newspapers in the metropolis.

The London Graphic artist sketched him in some of his effective poses and spoke of him "the Canadian spellbinder of Trafalgar Square." Sergt. Niemeyer accepted no pay for his recruiting work, but on the basis of one day's leave of absence from duty for each recruit obtained for the army, he would be entitled to a furlough of 22 years and 10 months. Taking this in mind, he wrote a jocular letter to the War Office applying for his discharge and pension and his wakening the audience up, after the long service and good conduct medals. So far, he says smilingly, he has not

received a reply. Sergt. Niemeyer is a newspaperman and was formerly a member of the staff of the Edmonton Journal. When war was declared he joined a battalion in Edmonton and went overseas as a member of the first contingent.

Some Job.

"What is the hardest part of your work as a lecturer?" asked the man designated as toastmaker. "As a rule," answered Mr. Peckins, the hardest part of my work is wakening the audience up, after the long service and good conduct medals. So far, he says smilingly, he has not included his remarks."

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"FIGHTING SAM" OF CANADA RISE OF THE DOMINION'S WAR MINISTER.

The life-work of General Sam Hughes has been the reform of the Canadian Militia. He is the maker of the present Dominion Army, which to-day is holding that glorious line around Ypres.

Like Hughes of Australia, Hughes of Canada is a great Imperialist. But Hughes of Canada is more. He is a proved and experienced soldier. The Canadian Minister of Militia is a man given to prompt decisions. When the war broke out he telegraphed to Lord Kitchener undertaking to land 10,000 Canadians at the seat of war within a fortnight. That is Hughes "all over." That half division has now become a great army.

From the very day that he came forward to guide opinion in Canada Sam Hughes impressed his arresting personality upon the people of the Dominion.

Rather more than thirty years ago the worthy folk of the Ontario town of Lindsay were informed that "Mr. Samuel Hughes," a Toronto schoolmaster, who is also an athlete, an orangeman, and a captain in the Militia, has acquired the "Warder" newspaper, and is about to embark in journalism.

Not quite without significance is it that a week later the further entertaining announcement was made: "We are asked to state that the proprietor of the 'Warder' is not Mr. Samuel Hughes, but Captain Sam Hughes."

The "Warder" instantly became a notable paper, and its circulation quadrupled. I am convinced there

never has been a journal which so accurately reflected the character of its editor and proprietor. It gave a great many shocks to numerous well-meaning, fastidious people, and it went for political timidity and Little Canadianism—how shall I put it?—"baldheaded."

Sam Hughes was an Imperialist. There were even then many stalwart Imperialists in Canada, but his Imperialism was different from most. It was a practical, full-blooded, fighting Imperialism, having a definite end in view.

You went into the office of the "Warder," and you saw a sturdily built, black-haired, black-moustached man of thirty-five or so, in regimentals, with piercing grey eyes, who brought his fist down on the table with a bang that shook the office furniture and the type cases; who told you flatly that Imperial unity meant Canada's right arm in the case of a fight, and that Canada's right arm was her Militia, and that the Militia was getting shabby, wanted overhauling and bracing up and getting into a fit state against the day when it would be needed. No wonder the editor of the "Warder" was known far and wide as "Fighting Sam."

You have no need to look at him twice to see both power and ambition for power.

You have heard of his physical prowess—he had won the running championship of Canada—of his exploits at lacrosse, at football, cricket, baseball, bicycling and rowing.

He was a good rifle-man, as became

the son of a soldier—John Hughes, of the "Royal Bengal Tiger" Regiment, the famous 67th. His great-grandfather was a Huguenot cavalry officer Polmier Buonaparte. He himself was only fifteen when he offered to become a recruit—like another hero, "perjuring his immortal soul" in the matter of age.

At eighteen had begun school teaching in a country town. "He taught us," testifies one of his pupils, "self-reliance, hatred of sham and pretence, whether in history, religion or daily life, and he taught us patriotism."

No wonder that the people of Lindsay soon began to want Sam Hughes to represent them in Parliament; but he had turned forty before he was triumphantly elected. This was in 1892, and Sir John MacDonal had just died. Hughes' maiden speech dealt, as everybody expected it would, with Militia reform. He had the whole subject at his fingers' tips. He knew exactly what was wanted, and in fifteen minutes he made the House realize that he knew.

Patriotic Breach of Discipline.

Seven years passed. In the interval Lieutenant-Colonel Sam Hughes was in command of the 45th Battalion. His increasing Parliamentary and Militia duties had caused him two years before to relinquish the "Warder," but his voice was now heard all over the Dominion.

When the difficulties became acute in South Africa there was much ominous shaking of heads, much debate as to whether in the event of Britain being drawn into war Canada should assist. Many political leaders thought not. It would be a bad precedent. It was no affair of Canada's. There was nothing of this indecision in the utterances of the members for Victoria.

He addressed a definite offer to raise a regiment or a brigade, not to the general officer commanding in

Canada, but to the Minister of Militia, and the Secretary of State for the Colonies, who just then happened to be Mr. Chamberlain. This was considered a gross breach of discipline, for which Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes was threatened with dire pains and penalties.

A veil must be drawn over the quarrel that ensued. It ended in Colonel Hughes being relieved of his command of the 45th Battalion, being felled in his purpose of leading his men into action overseas, and to his sailing as a private passenger on board the Sardinian for South Africa.

Services in South Africa.

Once landed at Capetown, he succeeded in obtaining employment from the Imperial authorities, and was several times mentioned in dispatches. Sir Charles Warren reported that Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes had proved himself an excellent intelligence officer and leader of irregular mounted troops.

Naturally, when the Conservatives came into power in 1911 Colonel

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Complaints Regarding Clareville Wharf and Station.

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir.—Passengers going or coming by the S.S. Petrel and landing at Clareville must be prepared, it seems, with eyes strong enough to withstand the wiring clouds of coal dust, and feet hard enough to walk ankle-deep in coal strewn all over Clareville passenger wharf. When you step from the S.S. Petrel on the R. N. Co.'s wharf at Clareville you sink ankle deep in coal dust left there since the discharging of a coal boat, and in addition to this passengers have to make a zigzag trail up the wharf to avoid colliding with broken trolley wheels, wheel borrows, railway ties, rails and other material that obstruct their road to the dirty waiting room. The wharf is in an awful, indecent and dangerous condition for passengers travelling to and from the boat by night. It shows beyond question how much the Reid officials care for the comforts and facilities of those who have made them rich.

I am informed that the R. N. Co. have road masters appointed to look after such matters, as referred to above, but their carelessness regarding same has no equal anywhere else on the globe where railroads and passenger boats are handled. With the enormous sums of money our government have given the Reids can they not afford to appoint an extra man to have such little removed from the road of pedestrians.

The repairs done to the S.S. Petrel in erecting wash-stands, tables, etc., and the outrageous sum the Reid Ntd. Company overcharged the government and received for same, would be sufficient cash to pay an extra person to have the wharf cleaned and swept and the waiting room put in a state more healthy than it is at present. To be obliged to sit and wait in a dirty, filthy waiting room for an express train twelve hours overdue, speaks well for the Reid system of railroading and their regard to common decency.

PASSENGER.
Clareville, June 5th, 1916.



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THE WAR: WHAT ENGLAND IS DOING.

An Answer to the Question, Why Doesn't England Do Something?

By John Henry Culley in the Navy (U. S.) Magazine for May, 1916.

Firstly, Britain's control of the sea is epic. No episode in the long history of the world approaches it in grandeur, vastness, completeness. A whole gigantic phase of the enemy's life has been suddenly blotted out; has evaporated; has apparently ceased to exist. The "silent victories"—as an eloquent Belgian calls them—of the British fleet find no headlines in the newspapers, yet they represent, so far, the one overwhelmingly decisive factor of the war. The British are accused of being backward, inefficient; yet Frederick Palmer says of their navy: "The British navy wanted nothing in the way of modern preparation. It led in all mechanical processes. Not a single bit of equipment or a single tool for war was lacking. The British navy was an up-to-date organization." It has done all that was expected of it; it has met with an amazing energy and ingenuity new obstacles such as the submarine danger. Under its protection the vast merchant service of Britain proceeds as usual; her ships, and those of her allies and the neutral countries sail the sea practically unmolested; every week four thousand trading vessels touch and leave British ports, load and unload, with quiet regularity—only the length of the state of New Mexico from a hostile fleet, the second greatest the world has ever known; innumerable convoys of troops pass unhindered and without mishap from every quarter of the globe; the fishery of the Scotch and English coasts ply their trade as usual. Meanwhile the patrol of the dark waters of the North Sea continues ceaselessly, countless coaling craft plying to and fro to feed the warships; a close blockade is maintained over a thousand miles of coast; ships are watched with sleepless vigilance; the oceans are alive with submarine chasers, newly contrived and built for the purpose; British submarines sink ships in the Baltic and dodge about the Sea of Marmora. Why doesn't Britain do something?

And on land? Well, at the beginning of the war Britain could only muster all told 200,000 soldiers. The allies asked her 120,000, they now want 4,000,000. Her artillery was not even on a par with the number of men; only a few guns; those of the wrong kind. She had no officers to train soldiers; no place to put men in, not even a shed; no ammunition, no establishments for making ammunition of any kind; no considerable factories for making guns; no organization of any kind; no general staff; nothing. (It is not my purpose here to discuss the question why Britain found herself in this position, though I know something about it, having a brother-in-law who, or several years, has been stumping Britain from end to end in a valiant endeavor to wake the people up to a realization of the German

peril.) The allies, as I said, asked her at first for 120,000 men; they asked her now for 4,000,000. So she started to work, started with nothing. To-day Great Britain is an armed camp. From end to end of the country there is hardly a man, woman, or child that isn't working—drilling, or making ammunition, or guarding the coasts, or doing police duty, or watching for Zeppelins, or making uniforms, or moving provisions of all kinds for what will soon be an army of four and one-half million men, with the British navy thrown in. Out of nothing she has now in full blast 2,000 munition factories employing a million men. Factory after factory turns out big guns. "Our largest guns at the beginning of the war," says Lloyd George, "are our smallest now." (In fact, the men at the front say they are practically useless.) She has reduced the cost of shell 40 per cent.; she has increased the output of machine guns five-fold since June; trench mortars are produced every fortnight in the whole first year of the war.

"A neutral," writing in the London Times, says: "I have just crossed Britain from one end to the other. Britain at last is mobilized for war. Her achievement to-day far surpasses the wildest German idea of 'Kottosol.' No more striking example of national energy, directed, consolidated, and centralized under direct government can be found. The master mind behind this gigantic enterprise has created a compulsory industrial system, stronger and more powerful than any hitherto devised, even in Germany." It is all practically, the work of six months; and is of course only a beginning.

Meanwhile the shipyards travel ceaselessly. In spite of submarine losses, Great Britain's merchant fleet is larger than at the opening of the war; while General Wood asserts that she has built more ships, dreadnaughts and submarines, since the war began than the United States navy possesses. Then she has enrolled and drilled an army of 3,000,000 men; equipping and arming them; all out of nothing—a city larger in the aggregate than Chicago has had to be improvised in a few months to hold them. Some of these men are not yet available for service, because there are not even now enough guns to send on with them. But even as it is, Great Britain has a million men on the western front, perfectly organized, and it is thought, better fed than any other troops in the war, with what is believed to be, perhaps, the most perfect medical organization that has ever been put in the field; she has an army at Salonika; she is fighting fiercely in the hundred miles from a regular base, in Mesopotamia; and has a large force in Egypt; she holds German Southwest Africa, and has got pos-

session of the Cameroons; while amid all the miscalculations and misadventures surrounding her, she calmly despatches one of her most successful generals with a large force of men, to German East Africa, the last of Germany's colonies (though of course, she has been fighting there all through the war—an exhibition of sangfroid that could only emanate from Britain). Meanwhile forces have had to be sent to various points on the Indian frontier to suppress outbreaks of border tribes; while troops are maintained, of course, in all the non-self-governing colonies and dependencies under the British flag. The above expeditions and undertakings do not work automatically; they have to be furnished with arms, big guns, ammunition, men, clothing, food, aeroplanes, horses (Britain is using probably a million horses), carried over vast distances of sea and land, amid great dangers. Now, why doesn't Great Britain do something?

But that's nothing. On Britain has fallen the task, aided chiefly by America, of supplying with a large part of the manufactured necessities of life and war, including ammunition, France, Belgium, Russia; for Belgium has lost all and France the best of their manufacturing districts. So that Britain, although her industries have been disastrously crippled, is still, in addition to supplying her own needs, exporting goods at the rate of two billion dollars a year; and these exports are steadily increasing. The second largest merchant fleet of the world—that of Germany—being out of business, Britain is conducting a larger than ever proportion of the carrying trade of the world. If her government were to requisition all her merchant ships trading between foreign ports, to-day, the outside commerce of the world would practically cease. A vast enterprise in itself, employing armies of men; a vast business in peace time, but staggering amid the pressure of war. She is caring for hundreds of Belgian refugees—a friend writes me, "Britain is full of Belgians"—thousands of helpless women and children are being housed, fed and clothed. Charitable organizations by the score add to the press of business. Red Cross outfits at every front, to be supplied with funds, equipment; to be despatched to the different scenes of action. Relief organizations for every ally; for France (I noticed a large shipment of field seeds and sheep from British farmers to ruined French farmers, the other day); for Belgium; for Serbia; for Poland. One wonders how they get their relief stuff through to the front, but they do it. Blue Cross outfits for the horses of France and Italy; (the Blue Cross hospital is purely a British organization); funds for tobacco and extra comforts for the soldiers and sailors; overseas aircraft funds—the mind grows baffled—all requiring means, administration, transport. I give it

up; for over and above all this, the financial affairs and accounts of the nation, covering an expenditure of \$7,000,000,000 per annum for the war alone, are being quietly attended to; while the everyday needs and concerns of the four or five hundred million inhabitants of the British empire have to be provided for. Why the devil doesn't Great Britain wake up and do something?

"I give it up," I said a moment ago, but I had forgotten the British women—those militant suffragists, etc. Well, over and above hospital relief, ammunition, recruiting work and so forth, girls are taking the place of blacksmiths, making shoes for army horses. Cultivated, aristocratic women—members of golf and hockey, and hunt clubs—are working on farms, hauling the teams, pitching the hay, driving the cattle to market; are taking charge of army remount depots, where they feed, and doctor and groom the horses; are acting as chauffeurs.

—Mr. Lloyd George has a woman chaffeur—as constables, street car conductors, "dummers," "lady commercials" open up their sample cases and display their goods—doing any kind of work, in fact, that turns up, and clamoring for more. At the various fronts hundreds of British women are living, through all kinds of weather, in tents just behind the firing lines, acting as stretcher bearers, and the only women of any country doing this work—driving the motor ambulances.

It may interest my readers to have a little first hand evidence on the spirit of the average Britisher in the present crisis. A brother, who has a physical defect and cannot serve, wrote, in October last: "Here no one can think of anything but the war. We have raised three million men voluntarily, which must be a world's record, and people in all walks of life, unit for the field, are making ammunition. G—a (step-brother) was shot about three weeks ago, but is recovering; the bullet just missed his heart. Alas! a good many of our

A Thoughtful To-day! A Thankful To-morrow!

WHEN prices are soaring high on many necessities of life persons of limited means require to stop and think how these prices are going to affect their income. If not increasing in proportion to the cost of living a few thoughtful moments will suggest the need for economy. Then the problems arises HOW? A solution lies in exercising care where they buy and what they pay for their requirements. Our advice is buy at the old prices, where and when you can. This is made practicable on many useful and necessary articles of wear obtainable at our store. Purchase here. To-morrow you will be thankful.

<p>LADIES' BLOUSES. English & American Styles. Made from the Latest Models. Some very special lines among the lot, much below regular prices.</p>	<p>Unequaled Values in HOSIERY. Women's Black Stockings . . . 20c, 30c, 40c. pair. Women's Black Silk & Wool Stockings . . . 70c. pair. Misses' Black Stockings . . . 20c. pair up. Children's Black Stockings . . . 15c. pair up. Infants' Black, Pink, Blue Sox . . . 13c. pair up. Men's Sox, 20c, 30c, 25c. pr.</p>	<p>MEN'S SPECIALS White and Cream OVERSHIRTS. 45c. each.</p>	<p>FOOTWEAR SPECIALS. Ladies Black Dongola Boots, Laced and Button- . . . \$1.95 Ladies' Box Calf Boots, all Leather, strong & durable. Pair . . . \$2.20 Misses' Black Gun Metal Boots . . . \$1.60 Children's Dongola Boots, Pair up . . . 60c. Infants' Boots . . . 25c.</p>
<p>Children's and Misses' Dresses. In White Muslins, Plain Colored Zephyrs and Fancy Colored Prints. Varying from 45c. up According to quality.</p>	<p>Wash Goods Trimmings. Dainty Patterns For Ladies', Misses', Children's Wash Dresses. 4 Yards to Piece—14c. per piece. 3 Yards to Piece—8c. per piece.</p>	<p>Unmatched Suspender Values. Men's Suspenders, made from strong elastic webbing, durable button straps. Pair . . . 18c. Men's Suspenders, new color assortments, Buff Leather button straps . . . 25c. Police Suspenders, extra strong, good color effects. Pair . . . 35c.</p>	<p>Rubber Heels. Cheaper than Leather. Boys' and Men's Sizes. 12c. per pair.</p>
<p>Lingerie Ribbons. Durable, Washable, Strong. For Young and Old. 6 Yds. Piece, 14c. piece.</p>	<p>Ladies Tea Aprons Newest Designs. 20c., 35c., 70c. each.</p>	<p>Men's Collars. In all the leading styles. 10c., 15c., 20c. each.</p>	<p>It's the Little Things That Count. Ever-ready Cement, mends glass, wood, etc. 10c. tube. Potato Mashers . . . 8c. each. Flour Sifters . . . 15c. each. Flowered Enamelled Trays . . . 15c. each. Rinsing Pans, 20c, 24c, 27c. Egg Beaters . . . 9c. each. Petroleum Jelly, 4c. bottle. Toilet Soaps, 3c. & 5c. cake. Talcum Powder . . . 9c. tin. Drip Pans . . . 17c. each. Braking in Tins . . . 9c. tin. 80 Page Exercise Book . . . 5c. each. Penholders . . . 5c. dozen. Pen Nibs . . . 30c. gross.</p>
<p>65c 70c PER PAIR CORSETS</p>	<p>65c 70c PER PAIR Ladies' Skirts</p>	<p>Men's Caps. The season's weights and effects. 25c., 50c., 70c. each.</p>	<p>Very Special! Men's White Unlaundered SHIRTS. Slightly soiled. 50c. each. Regular selling price would be \$1.00 each.</p>

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MR. HENRY COFFIN, No. 16 New Gower Street, has just received one of the latest style DAYTON MONEYWEIGHT SCALES. Mr. Coffin has made a success of his business by careful attention to every little detail. Coffin's Sausage and Pork is known to be of uniform quality and excellence at all times.

If any-one doubts that Mr. Coffin uses the greatest care in selecting Meats for his Customers; just let some-one try to sell him a Hog that is not of A-One quality, or which has been fed on fish, and see what happens.

Next to the quality of his goods, Mr. Coffin finds that an Absolutely Accurate Scale is the most important. Mr. Coffin's Customers can now be sure of getting carefully selected Pork and Sausage Manufactured with extreme care, and Weighed on the finest Weighing Machine in the World.

Mr. Coffin is planning further improvements to make his Shop up to date in every respect. Thousands of Butchers, and Merchants, have had the same experience as Mr. Coffin, and all agree that a Shop cannot be up to date or run to the best advantage without a Computing Scale of the very best Type.

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many has not succeeded in accomplishing more.

I wish I had time to deal with the case of Russia; for Russia has played a most spectacular part in the war, so far. Russia, without railroads, without adequate guns or ammunition, isolated, holding a line—single-handed—against three great powers—reaching from the Baltic to Persia! But I must finish up these remarks with one final reference to Great Britain.

The British themselves have been the most clamorous in their condemnation of everything and everybody. That's a characteristic of the British people; you may class it as a good or bad one, as you choose (as a matter of fact it's both). Everybody constitutes himself a committee of one to "kick" about something. If God Almighty with a cabinet of selected angels, were to establish himself at the head of things, there, some one would be found to complain that the harps were constituting a disturbance of the peace. It is not my object here to say that Britain has made a success or failure. It is my object to disabuse some people of the idea that Britain is driving along, doing very little, to make the point that any intelligent person considering the facts, as he may see them, if he chooses to look for them, and as I have inadequately tried to present them, will find it hard to avoid the conclusion that the difficulties Great Britain has had to face in this war are incomparably the greatest that ever confronted any nation; and that the work she is carrying on in the world, at the present juncture, for better or worse, constitutes the most stupendous, the most staggering exercise of human energy of which history has any record.

No Imagination.

Mrs. Hoyle—I don't like a person without any imagination.

Mrs. Doyle—Neither do I. Every time my husband comes home late at night he has some stereotyped excuse to offer.

friends are killed, mostly boys. It makes one savage to think that one can't be in it. Poor J. R., who had retired, went out in command of the new N. D. Leyles and was killed at the head of his men the first day they were in action, at Ypres. It is a good way to die, but alas! denied to a lot of us.

A brother-in-law, second in command of the new K. R. R. battalions, wrote somewhat earlier: "I am drilling a battalion of recruits. We have just got to the bayonet stage. The men are as keen as pepper, and wild to get to the front. They are now in the trenches in France."

If I make no reference to France, incomparable France; and Italy; and Canada, who proposes to give the empire one-eighth of her male population; and gallant Australia and New Zealand, it is purely because their case falls outside the purpose of this paper.

I hesitate to turn my attention, for a moment, to the case of Germany. I do not wish to make this pamphlet contentious. My idea is simply to state some facts, and try to bring a little more imagination to bear upon them than the average man has time or inclination for. Not that I claim to be without sympathies in the matter; I had sooner be a leper, as white as snow, than the thing they call a "neutral" in such a struggle as this. But there has been exhibited with regard to Germany the same shallowness and cheapness of judgment as has been applied, I think, I have shown, to Britain; and I am a fervent foe of shallowness and cheapness. Let us take a look at the German case.

At the opening of the war, Germany's and Austria's superiority in numbers of effectives was overwhelming. It has remained practically ever since, for the British army is not yet nearly all available, and as for Italy—well, Italy is fighting not the Austrians and the Alps. Everyone agrees that wars are now won by guns and ammunition. We do not know how many guns Germany has had, but she

"A1 AT LLOYDS."

Lloyd's is One of the Most Singular Romances in the Commercial World. ---Started in a Little Coffee Tavern in London.

"A1 at Lloyd's" is an expression that is well known to most of our readers; but there are few who really know what and where is Lloyd's. Lloyd's is one of the most important institutions in the world; yet it is not, as some people suppose, an individual business, but a kind of stock exchange for British underwriters who meet daily within its wall and "price" different sorts of risks just as brokers make prices on the stock exchange. As Britain is the greatest maritime nation, so Lloyd's is the greatest of insurance marts where you can insure anything on earth, except human life. You can insure there against an earthquake or a Zeppelin raid; the loss of a limb or the loss of an Atlantic liner. Brokers at Lloyd's will insure the king's throne or crown; and the succession of his dynasty, or they will insure the attendance of an artist or a circus clown at the punctual moment.

Lloyd's is one of the most singular romances in the commercial world; and this world-famed association, with its thousands of members, started in a little coffee tavern, in London, soon after the great fire of London. It was the custom then for business people to meet at some convenient place to discuss their special interests, and coffee-houses were found to be the most convenient rendezvous: West India merchants assembled at the "Jamaica"; the stock-jobbers met at "Jonathans"; and those interested in shipping congregated at Lloyd's, a small place situated in Tower Street, near the Tower of London, and owned by one Edward Lloyd. In 1692 the coffee house was removed from Tower to Lombard Street, and in 1774 Lloyd's left the tavern to take up premises in the Royal Exchange, close to the Bank of England, where it has ever since remained.

Colonel Hozier, father of Mrs. Winston Churchill, who was Secretary of Lloyd's from 1874 to 1906, has left a very detailed description of Lloyd's, and the growth of this remarkable institution, which has been recently transcribed for The Washington Star to which we are indebted for the items contained in this article.

Edward Lloyd was the originator of marine insurance in Great Britain. Previous to his time, marine insurance in England was conducted by the Lombards, who came from Italy, and founded Lombard Street. When seafaring men began to congregate at Lloyd's tavern, the little coffee house became connected with various speculative and gambling transactions. The lives of men who had to pay the penalty of breaking the country's laws were insured at Lloyd's coffee house as a sort of speculation; also when any great statesman or great party leader fell ill his life was insured at a premium of 5 per cent. Travellers who went abroad were able to insure their safe return.

It was only natural that speculative insurances should be characteristic of the period, as in the early part of the century a wave of speculation swept over the country. One indication of the wave was the South Sea Bubble and the Darien-Panama colony scheme.

The institution known as Lloyd's to-day is, of course, a somewhat different establishment from that which existed in those days. It is now housed in a rather pretentious establishment, the entrance of which is gained through a barrier presided over by a gorgeous Cerebus in a scarlet robe and gold-banded silk hat. The underwriting room is a large, long, lofty chamber with a domed ceiling, down either side of which and along the centre are rows of long pews, technically known as "boxes." Each box contains a narrow writing table with room for three on a side and here the underwriters sit with their clerks beside them to record the risks accepted, sign policies, or take down claims. At the end of each writing table is a wire basket in which are placed the signed policies ready for collection by the brokers, and the two broad gangways are thronged by an ever-shifting and busy crowd of these and their clerks going to and from one underwriter to another most of them carrying in their hands leather cases of slips on which are

written all the particular risks offered and taken.

On the left as one enters is the desk of the superintendent of the room, and a little beyond it is a reading-desk, on which rests, open, one of the most fateful volumes in existence—the "Loss Book." It is a great tome, bound in green leather, in which each day is written the list of the casualties at sea. In normal times, it is said that the merchant navies of the world lose 1200 vessels every year, one out of every five of which is a steamer, but upon all of which Lloyd's pay out insurance.

The loss of a ship is announced in a quaint and picturesque way. At the top of the partition screen hangs an old ship's bell, around which hangs a mass of rusty chains; underneath it is sort of platform topped by a great sounding-board. On this stands a gorgeously robed official, known as a "caller." In the midst of a profound silence pulls a cord, and the great bell tolls once. This means that another ship has gone down, or as it is officially called, "posted at Lloyd's." Should the vessel arrive in port after this announcement the bell is tolled twice, and the caller makes it known from the rostrum amid a breathless silence. This old bell has an interesting history. The bell once belonged to the French frigate "Lutine," which captured from the French, became a British man-of-war. In 1790, when laden with a treasure worth more than \$5,000,000, she went down in the Zuyder Zee, with only a single man left to tell the story of the loss. Successive generations of divers have tried to recover the cargo, but only the value of \$500,000 has been recovered, and the rest remains for the fishes and the mermaids. The bell was recovered and presented to Lloyd's where it has ever since remained—"an old bit of metal that speaks the most solemn tones in the world."

Since the outbreak of the war, the business of Lloyd's has increased very largely; so too have insurance rates. In some cases, so states Sir Edward Cooper, one of the best known of British underwriters, they have increased from a peace rate of half-a-crown per cent. to a war rate of twenty pounds per cent., and may go higher yet. At the outset Lloyd's would issue a policy, for no one had any idea of the nature of the risks. But when the Government adopted the war risks insurance scheme business at Lloyd's began to revive immediately. The British Government assumed 80 per cent. of the risks and charged a premium varying from a minimum of 5 per cent. This scheme is still in existence, but it does not apply to foreign-owned bottoms.

The membership of Lloyd's is somewhat exclusive, as every candidate for election must give proofs of his integrity and financial soundness. He is obliged, moreover, to deposit the sum of \$25,000, this being the minimum sum he may deposit as security for possible liabilities; the total of the amounts so deposited is over \$17,000,000.

Lloyd's deals in big figures. When the Oceona went down in the Downs with bullion to the value of \$37,500,000 destined for India, in March, 1912, the underwriters within 24 hours handed over an equivalent sum to the Bank of England to make good the loss; and a duplicate golden cargo was despatched by the next steamer leaving for Bombay. The amount of insurance on the Titanic was over \$10,000,000.

It is a rare thing for Lloyd's underwriter at Lloyd's to assume the entire responsibility for any one risk. What generally happens is this: Suppose a ship of 1000 tons is to be insured for \$100,000. The owner gets a broker to draw out his policy and this is taken to an underwriter. The first underwriter may become responsible for \$10,000 of the amount. The policy is then passed to other members of Lloyd's and particularly if the first endorsement is a good one, these others will take up the remainder of the risk. They append their names under the first signature and thus become literally "underwriters." This is the origin of the phrase.

Risks, of course are classified; so, too, are ships. Hence we have the classification of "A1" at Lloyd's and other marine classi-

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fications. For this purpose Lloyd's has surveyors who make reports on shipping in all the large maritime centres. We have one here in St. John's.

In addition, there are some 2000 Lloyd's agencies scattered over the world who send to headquarters annually some 100,000 telegrams and even a greater number of letters. So remarkable has become this network of agencies, that standing beyond the barrier which leads to the great insurance room, you may know exactly where each of the 100,000 ships that plow the seven seas is at the

moment—all, that is except the missing.

The library of Lloyd's contains a wonderful collection of charts, gazetteers, and works of navigation. Here you may scrutinize Lloyd's List (the oldest journal in England save one) which shows every day the position of each vessel. Here also is the **Captains Register**, which contains the record of every one of the 60,000 commanders in the British mercantile marine. This is consulted daily by various members who make sure, as one of the first safeguards, that the man commanding

the best they are to insure, has a clean record.

We wonder how we are faring in this register just now!

THE SMALL NATIONS

There is, indeed, something that goes to the foundations of national character in the differences between our own and our enemies' attitude toward small nationalities that elect to be broken rather than to bend. Even when it was ourselves who were defied by and received shrewd blows from a tiny adversary, an appreciation of his

pluck and obstinacy seasoned all our feeling about the conflict, and it ended in those generous terms to the defeated which have borne such wonderful fruit in the course of the empire's present trial. But to Germany the crossing of her path of aggression by a small people is an outrage without any redeeming qualities whatsoever; the bolder the resistance the more furious the hatred aroused in the giant's bosom. The little nation, borne to the ground by sheer weight, is kicked and mauled in its helplessness till all humanity sickens at the spectacle and a final victory for Germany would mean for both Belgium and Serbia, not mere political absorption, but an endless effort to destroy by main force everything that supports the sense of national identity. The British detestation of that bullying propensity which colors all Prussian life and policy had as much as anything to do with the fervent unanimity with which this country threw itself into the war.—London Telegraph.

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