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ADVERTISE IN  
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**FIGHTERS FOR  
THE FLAG**  
(Continued from Page 2)

tongues swollen, and the cheer died in their throats. But on the top of that excitement came another. The plateau on which they had halted bearded above the Bachelo River, and down the face of the precipice an excellent if winding road had been cut. It had been made by Theodore's engineers when they had carried to Magdala the guns which fortified the town.

The sight of water—flowing water—banished every other thought. Men and horses alike were quivering with eagerness to reach the river and pell mell they rushed down the narrow way. When the foot of the hill was reached there was disappointment, for the stream was black with mud; but at least it was water, and men who are dying of thirst are not hypercritical. So they drank their fill, and the unpleasant-looking muddy water must have been less evil than it seemed, for no evil effects resulted.

When their thirst had been satisfied they looked around and wondered at the broken sternness of the country in which they found themselves. The precipice down which they had come bearded a good four hundred feet above the river, and on the other side of the stream lay a wide, long space of round-topped hills alternated with deep valleys and ravines. One on-looker compared it to a mighty frozen sea, with every hill a billow; and in their midst, some four miles from the river as the crow flies, rose one great solitary rock, sheer as a wall on every side, the rock which was crowned by Magdala. "It seemed a ship upon a stormy ocean," says one authority, carrying out that idea of the likeness of the hills to a wild sea, but others spoke of the rock as a rearing giant saddle with high-peaked promonts back and front. Pinnacles of rock rose high at either end, and between them lay the city.

The only approach was a narrow, zig-zag road cut in the sheer face of the rock, and it was known that Theodore had a large store of modern cannon cast by his European workmen, together with many thousand trained soldiers and a large quantity of small artillery and muskets. Such was the prospect before the way-weary men who had come these many hundreds of miles to the heart of the unknown land.

By a bad blunder never properly explained, all the baggage animals, with the munitions and stores, were pushed forward under the charge of a mere handful of men. The main body remained behind, and these stores went on and on until they were close to the rock of Magdala, and almost within range of its frowning guns. Had the enemy made use of his artillery no human power could have averted the most ghastly disaster, but for some providential reason he preferred to trust to an infantry charge, and the result was that Napier riding up to his advanced guard, discovered to his horror that it consisted of everything that ought to have been in the rear, that there were only a handful of troops to guard it, and that out of the gateway half-way up the height the enemy was pouring to the attack in a mighty horde.

Retreat was impossible; it would have made confusion worse confounded; so such men as there were were pushed forward to stay the wild advance, while aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp rushed back to hurry up the main body.

It became a race, on which the lives of that little band of British depended. Which would win, the Abyssinian warriors from the rock city ahead or the naval brigade and the infantry that were still beside the river?

The Dragoons who had formed the vanguard made a brave show, but they were few and the foe was overwhelming. They dared not fire too soon, they dared not ride forward to meet the advance, to have done so would have been to go to certain death amid the sea of dusky foes. They could only wait to sell their lives dearly if no help came, and wait they did with splendid discipline, with splendid self-restraint.

The Abyssinian force was magnificently picturesque. Here and there on Arab steeds galloped mounted chiefs, their gay burnouses making vivid splashes of colour, and brilliant also were the trappings of the horses they rode. The men on foot were mostly clothed in white, with here and there a solitary figure in vivid scarlet, while countless banners of all hues fluttered over the force and the brilliant sunshine glittered on

a thousand points of polished metal, where cuirass or shield flamed in its rays or bared sword or scintillating spear-point shone brilliant as a star.

A race it was, and the British won. The enemy were close ahead, those in the vanguard had prepared for the last struggle, when a rousing cheer rang from behind, and in an overwhelming tide Punjaubi and Jack Tar, Sherwood Forester and West Riding man, charged at the double. Their rifles spoke and after that the fight was practically over. It was the first time the British troops had ever used the breechloader in action, and the superiority of their weapons made them invincible.

Five thousand strong, King Theodore's men had rushed from Magdala's gate, but scarce five hundred of them made that gate again. Yet there was no rout, no confusion. Even the sorely wounded retreated in good order, though it was but to creep into some cranny of the rocks to suffer further and to die. They would not even accept help from the hands of the enemy, they clung to their weapons while their hands could hold and still, with faces to the foe, gave way sullenly. Only the dead remained upon the field when all was over.

On our side we had not lost a single man killed and only about thirty wounded, so when the reckoning was taken Tommy Atkins grumbled.

"I hope we are not going to take the blooming town," said one of them, voicing the general opinion. "It's too like murder shooting down the niggers who don't get a chance to go for us, and a jolly fine fight they try to make of it too, poor beggars."

It seemed as though the wish would be granted and that Theodore had learnt his lesson, for the next day a deputation arrived, bringing all—or nearly all—the European prisoners and a request for peace on certain terms. But Sir Robert Napier spoke to those prisoners and learnt that there was an ugly rumour of a massacre in Magdala which they had only just escaped, and in which other prisoners had fallen victims. The general replied to the deputation that he would promise the Emperor or his life if he surrendered, but he could do no more.

The result of that message was that Theodore resolved to fight to the finish, and then there was mutiny in Magdala, most of his chiefs being in favour of unconditional surrender to the white men with the magic guns. In the result, a large body of the Abyssinians came over to us and capitulated, while Theodore with half a dozen chiefs prepared to hold the city. So strong was it natural advantage that well-armed and provisioned as they were that they had every prospect of success.

Then it was that another side of Theodore's character was suddenly revealed. The enlightened ruler who had become a besotted savage, developed into a heroic adversary in his last hours.

Our men went forward to prepare for the attack on the city, and while they waited for the final orders one of them climbed a ridge of rock, from which he could look into a deep ravine upon the other side. His shout brought others clambering up the rocks; they, too, looked down a hundred feet and there in the heart of the craggy hollow saw the horror that had been done. Three hundred and fifty of Theodore's prisoners lay murdered there, most of them still wearing the chains that had made their last days torment. Men and women and little children lay in that dreadful bloodstained pit, and though it is doubtful, whether there were Europeans among them, the sight was one to stir the manhood of those who looked upon it, to blot all thought of mercy from their minds.

Those murdered bodies cried to the British soldier for vengeance and did not cry in vain.

Under cover of fire from the guns and rocks, the engineers charged the hill to the gate, intending to blow it up. But when they reached it there came the astounding discovery that in their haste they had neglected to bring the explosives. "An act of forgetfulness unparalleled in the history of warfare," says Henty. But undismayed the pioneers attacked the gate with axes and then came another of the surprises of the day. For suddenly the gate was opened from within, to reveal a crowd of cheering Sherwood Foresters on the other side. They had found a place in the walls through which it was possible for a man to scramble, and through it they had all managed to squeeze, the smallness of the garrison within being in their favour.

After that the end was near. The inner gate was rushed with little difficulty, and beyond it they

found Theodore—dead. He had shot himself in the mouth.

In the prisons another hundred chained captives were found and were of course released and so the siege of Magdala ended. The few of the garrison who remained alive surrendered, and three days later the town was set on fire.

The British force turned its face to the coast, leaving but blackened ruins to crown the great rock where the Emperor of Ethiopia had made his last stand.

Magdala is but one of the many names you may read in the list of honours the 3rd Dragoon Guards have won.

They were called the Cuirassiers when the regiment was first raised by James II., and as the Cuirassiers they took part in that Battle of Sedgemoor. After Sedgemoor, its name was changed and it became the 4th Horse, under which title it went with Marlborough to Flanders and distinguished itself at Blenheim, at Malplaquet and at Ramillies, when it came to grips with the Bavarians and captured the Bavarian standard and kettle-drums. In 1746 it was called the 3rd Regiment of Dragoon Guards, and then in 1765 became the Prince of Wales' Regiment of Dragoon Guards, adopting his plume as its special badge. In the Peninsula War it won fresh honours, then in Abyssinia, as has been told, and later in South Africa.

To-day they are where British soldiers should be, in the "foremost ranks of the fight." When the story of the British Army in this World Tragedy comes to be told it will be found that the 3rd Dragoon Guards have taken a leading part.

—Next—  
PRINCE ALBERT'S SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY.

**Our Herring Fishery**  
Wanted More Buyers In Green Bay--The Government Should Fix the Price of Herring at \$2.00 per Barrel From the Nets.

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir.—Will you allow me space in the fishermen's paper to have a little to say to them and the public in general about the herring fishery. It is a business that we fishermen here at Jackson's Cove take a good share in, and would take a much larger share in if there was someone to buy all the herring we could catch. Of course we have Redman Bros. & Co., M. J. J. Monerel and other buyers call to buy a few, but all of those besides Redman Bros. & Co. don't buy much. In fact all of them put together can't buy half the fish that could be taken.

Someone may say how can this be so? Do not those buyers take all the herring and pack them that is caught? Yes, they do, but not all that we could catch if there was more buyers. We can supply another buyer as large a packer as Redman Bros. & Co. with all the herring they want if the herring come as they have other years. Let me explain how we can do it. I for myself use two fleets of nets, and if there was buyers enough I would use three; others that use one would use four, and so on. Where we have to wait all day (sometimes) to ship our herring, and perhaps that same day have to let some stay in our nets and not ship them at all, and where the fishermen have to go in the factory now and get and pack the herring, in order to clear out the vats to ship more, if there was more buyers we could be taking the herring out of our own nets and shipping them. This is how we could supply more buyers, for the herring comes very plentiful some times.

Last fall we don't know what herring could have been taken if there had been more buyers. No doubt it is grand to have the buyers that we have now, and I hope their business will prosper, but we want more buyers and we would give an invitation to any good buyer who would wish to come, as there is plenty of room for more. If the readers are doubtful of what I say I will call the fishermen to witness and give you their names. I think we ought to have an opportunity now to sell all that we could get, as the herring are in good demand and a good price is given.

The Government ought to make a law for no herring to be sold in our country at less than \$2.00 per barrel from the net, and do away with the old system of \$1.25, that's a thing of the past. Do it now while the house is open.

I must close by wishing the fishermen and buyers a prosperous year, and also hoping Mr. Editor you will find room for this. I remain your humble fisherman's friend.

CHARLES BARTLETT,  
Jackson's Cove, Green Bay,  
March 18th, 1916.

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