

YOU'LL BE SURE TO FIND IT IN "The MAIL and ADVOCATE"

THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE.

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ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914.

(Sec. 1. Pages, 1-8)

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PEOPLE OF EUROPE ARE SPENDING A RED CHRISTMAS

RUSSIANS ARE ON THE OFFENSIVE

And Are Making Slow, But Perceptible Advance Against the Germans in East Prussia and Galicia

London, Dec. 23.—The Russians in East Prussia and Galicia continue offensive operations, but the advances gained have been so slight as to be almost imperceptible. In the long run however, the ground which being taken may prove vital to the various armies which are fighting with intensity which has not been exceeded since the war began.

In Poland the centre of interest has shifted slightly to the south. Finding the direct road to Warsaw blocked by Russian reinforcements the Germans made an attack from south-west and have reached Skierniewice which is some forty miles from the Polish capital. They have thus far failed to pierce the Russian lines, but they have forced the Grand Duke Nicholas to withdraw his forces from before Cracow.

Fire Destroys Deity's Palace

Big Blaze in Mongolian City Causes Enormous Losses.

London, Dec. 23.—A despatch from Urga, Mongolia, relates that the palace of Kutuktu, the deified Lama of the Mongols, with all its priceless treasures has been destroyed by fire. The loss is said to be enormous. The wealth of Kutuktu was derived from the contributions of devotees, and is described as great. In and about Urga he owns 150,000 slaves, an abundance of worldly goods, and the most pretentious palace in Mongolia.

MORE ARTICLES NOW CONTRABAND

Washington, Dec. 23.—Britain has decided that resins, turpentine, and other products, such as camphor and turpentine, are to be placed on the list of absolute contraband. The British Embassy notified the State Department late to-day, of the receipt of a telegram from London to that effect. No date is given as to when the order would become effective.

H.M.S. NEWCASTLE AT VALPARAISO

Valparaiso, Dec. 23.—The British cruiser Newcastle (27 knots), arrived here to-day.

At other points similar fighting is proceeding with. Here success and there reverse, or failure of attack. Airmen of both sides have been extremely busy and aeroplanes have been swarming over Belgium.

Aviators reconnoitering the movements of opposing troops are occasionally dropping bombs. Bruges and Brussels have been visited by aviators from the ranks of the Allies, while B thune and other towns of northern France have received attention from the Germans.

Armies Battle In The Snow

Men Frozen On Firing Line

Hardships Of The Soldiers

SNOW has thrown a mantle of white over the scars of the war in Belgium and parts of Northern France, but it will be a red Christmas in the great battle zone. The thundering roll of guns will be the Christmas chimes of struggling Europe. There will be no holiday truce. War and winter have met and where they cannot burrow underground men are freezing on the firing lines. The snow has worked havoc with the tactics of both sides. The fighting has been left as much as possible to the big guns. Nothing is more treacherous than snow in disclosing the position of the trenches. When thick dark lines stretch across the dim distance they indicate the ridges of trenches, and the enemy's shells begin to drop there.

by the weather. While the allies claim to have continued their advance at points particularly in Belgium and in Alsace, there seem to have been few important moves lately. In Paris it is generally expected that a general offensive movement will soon be begun against the Germans, "as the war cannot be won by remaining in the trenches." It has been intimated, however, that General Joffre, the French Commander, has been waiting for the British to increase their army in the field before beginning the decisive attempt to drive the invaders out. In the meantime the Germans continue to strengthen their positions. No German troops have been sent east recently.

IN THE EAST. The main issue in the eastern theatre of the war—whether the German and Austrian armies will shake the Russian grip from the Przemysl and Cracow fortresses—remains unchanged. The Russians claim to have gained another victory, in throwing back the German column which was attempting to strike at Warsaw from the north. The Germans, however, have not abandoned their plans in Poland, and admit no decisive repulse. French airships are now coming into action, and have attacked German camps in northern France. German airships were reported near Amiens, France, early in the week.

Belgium Now Vast Expanse Of Arctic White

PARIS, France, Dec. 22.—Conditions in the lowlands of Belgium can never be worse than they are now. Rain and sleet have given away to snow, and snow has again been succeeded by a cold snap. The country is one vast expanse of Arctic whiteness, while a biting frost has covered the canals, reservoirs and all still waters with a filmy sheet of ice. The soldiers are frozen and benumbed, and they are longing for something to do rather than remain inert in the trenches.

Used Dummies To Entice Men To Make Move

PARIS, Dec. 22.—Near Montanville, a doctor noticing that many of the men were wounded in the legs and feet by bullets slanting downward, warned the French to look into the trees. Sure enough, German sharpshooters hiding in the branches had put dummies in the trenches which they would lift slightly by means of cords. When the French stood up to shoot at these dummies the German sharpshooters would pick off the French at leisure.

Santa Claus Represented By Deputies

LONDON, England, Dec. 22.—It was announced several days ago that the German government in co-operation with the governments of towns and cities had arranged for the sending of Christmas gifts wherever possible to the Kaiser's soldiers on the battle lines in west and east. England, France and Russia have made similar preparations. Wherever possible, gifts from home will be conveyed to the soldiers in the trenches. Santa Claus will not be able to appear in the trenches in person. In the first place, there are no chimneys in the trenches, and even a saint may be excused if he is a little nervous about crossing the shell-swept zone, where the soldiers do not care to go unless it is dark or the enemy's fire has slackened a bit. The reindeer, too, are gun-shy.

Gen. Joffre's Great Faith In Celerity

Fight To Warm Up The Blood Of The Men

NEAR ARRAS, France, Dec. 22.—It was very cold here on the fighting front the other morning and hot coffee failed to warm the benumbed soldiers, who stamped their feet and thrashed their arms miserably. Finally a corporal exclaimed: "It is idiotic to stay here freezing this way. Tell me my children, suppose we make a bayonet charge and warm ourselves?" No sooner said than done. The shivering Germans 100 yards away were surprised and two of their trenches were taken. Cause of Mirth. There is a Parisian in this company whose mistakes regarding rural matters have caused much laughter among his rustic Breton comrades. One black night he was standing guard at the trench while the others slept. Suddenly something ran against the barbed wire fifty yards ahead, setting the bells jingling. Immediately a pitiable "Baa, baa!" sound

Gen. Joffre's Great Faith In Celerity

PARIS, Dec. 22.—A French diplomat who recently had a long interview with Gen. Joffre gives this picture of the French commander-in-chief: "He listened to every word I said with the greatest attention. Toward 10 o'clock a general entered with a telegram. The general read it at a glance and wrote a few words on the margin. Not a muscle of his face moved as he handed it back to the major, who left immediately. Then the general turned to me and reminded me exactly where our conversation was interrupted. "Toward 10.30 a colonel entered with another telegram. The general nodded three-times and said: "That village must be taken by 2 o'clock." Then he turned to me again and resumed the conversation. "About noon the colonel reappeared and announced that the village had been taken. 'Good!' said Gen. Joffre. 'I shall not forget that it was done quickly.'"

Gen. Joffre's Great Faith In Celerity

Presently the bells jingled again and there was more bleating. The sentinel became restless and awakened his comrade, a young farmer, who, when he heard what had happened, listened attentively. He burst out laughing and said: "Those aren't sheep, you silly Parisian. Those are Boches" (Germans). The French fired several volleys into the darkness and the next morning several Germans lay dead near the barbed wire.

Afraid British Will Starve Them

So Their Papers Advise Germans to Economise.

Amsterdam, Dec. 23.—The Vossische Zeitung of Berlin, prints an appeal, signed by the leading German professors of political economy, urging Germans to live on vegetables and rye-bread, leaving meat, white bread and delicacies for the sick and wounded. Britain wants to starve us, and we must, therefore, do everything possible to economize in the use of our food, the appeal says.

AUSTRIAN KAISER REPORTED DYING

Rome, Dec. 23.—A rumour is in circulation here that Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, is dying. The report has it that the Emperor has received the last sacraments.

Indemnify Victims Of the German Raid

London, Dec. 23.—The British Government has decided to indemnify from Imperial funds, those who suffered bodily or property losses, as the result of the recent German naval raid on the coast towns of Scarborough, Whitby and the Hartlepoons.

Get Close Up To German Trenches

Paris, Dec. 23.—An official statement to-night says:—"Progress through our attacks between the Meuse and the Forest of Argonne has been almost entirely maintained. According to latest news from our front in this region, we have reached the barbed wire entanglements of the enemy at a salient angle, south-west of the wood of Forgen, and have lined the road leading to the Forest of Bourneilles. There is no other incident to report.

Diphtheria at Long Hr.

Diphtheria has made its appearance at Long Harbor, P.E. Mr. R. J. Devereaux made arrangements for Dr. Chisholm to visit the patients. Prospero left Little Bay at 9.15 a.m.

ENORMOUS WAR ORDERS FOR THE U.S.

Contracts Placed With American Firms Since War Began Total in Value Three Hundred Million Dollars

New York, Dec. 23.—The nations of Europe have placed contracts in the States for more than \$300,000,000 worth of supplies since the beginning of the war, according to Charles M. Schwab, President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, who returned here to-day from England, aboard the S.S. Lusitania. President Schwab predicted that for this reason the States was now at the threshold of its greatest period of prosperity it has seen in many years. Schwab, who sailed for England less than a month ago, admitted that his visit was to capel provisional contracts he had made with the British Government for building submarines. "This he had done, he said, after having been advised by Secy. Bryan that for an American concern to supply submarines to any of the belligerent nations would be a violation both in letter and spirit of the neutrality of States. The contracts he had given States.

SHELL PICKING LATEST INDUSTRY OF THE FRENCH

Paris, Dec. 23.—The war has given rise to a new industry in France. Peasants follow the battle-lines picking up unexploded artillery shells for which the French military authorities pay eighteen cents apiece, because they can be used again. Many peasants have gone in for "shell picking" on a large scale, and risk their lives in the work.

RUBBERS!

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- WOMEN'S range in prices from45c. to 90c.
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- BOYS' range in prices from54c. to 90c.
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- WOMEN'S GAITERS, \$2.50, \$2.80, \$2.90
- WOMEN'S LONG RUBBERS, \$2.25
- MEN'S LONG RUBBERS, \$3.60, \$4.20, \$4.90 to \$6.00
- GIRLS' LONG RUBBERS, \$1.50, \$1.60, \$1.70 to \$2.05
- BOYS' LONG RUBBERS, \$1.90, \$2.00, \$2.10 to \$3.00

The QUALITY of the above will COMPARE FAVOURABLY with those USUALLY SOLD at much HIGHER PRICES. They are the RIGHT KIND, and some with SPECIAL FEATURES such as HEAVY CORRUGATED SOLES, TAP SOLES and EXTENSION HEELS

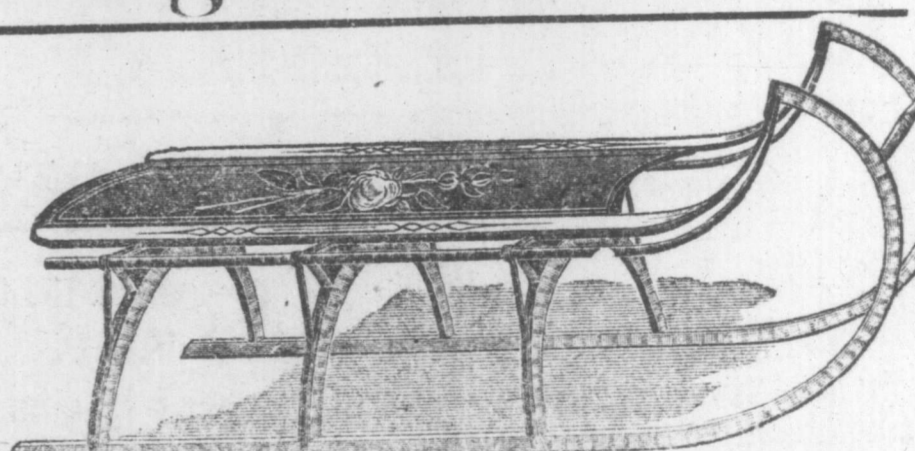
G. Knowling's

EAST, WEST and CENTRAL STORES

dec14,16,18,22,24,26

This Issue of The Mail and Advocate is in 3 SECTIONS
Totalling TWENTY-FOUR PAGES
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Sleighs and Skates

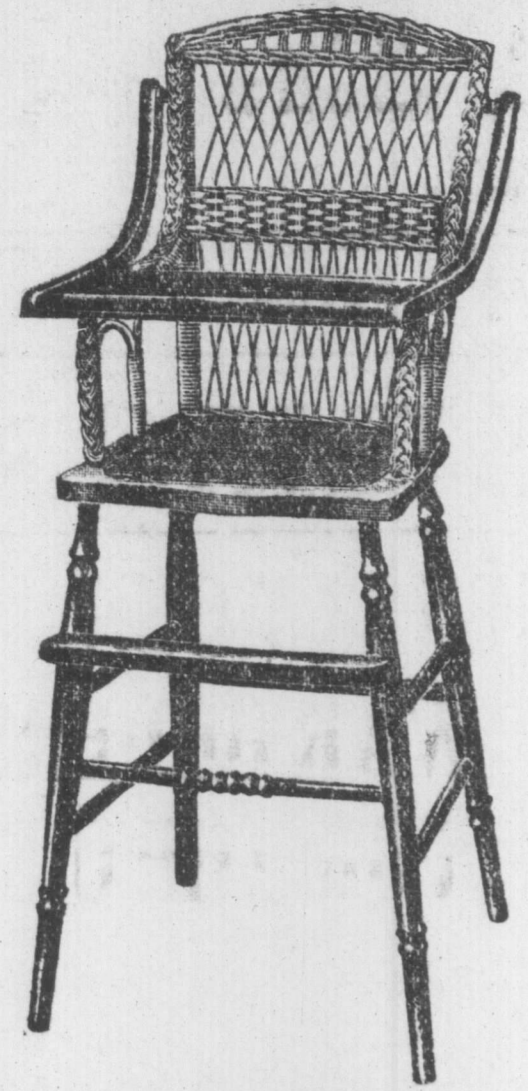


- GIRLS' SLEIGHS, 40c., 50c., 65c., 75c., \$1.50, \$1.75, \$1.80 each.
- BOYS' SLEDS, 35c., 55c., 60c., 80c. each.
- CHAMPION COASTERS, \$1.40, \$1.80, \$2.20, \$2.50, \$4.00 each.
- BABY SLEIGHS, \$3.95, \$6.00, \$8.25 each.
- CUTTER BOXES, \$1.50 each.
- SKELETON SKATES, 23c. pair.
- ACME SKATES, 47c., 80c., \$1.15 up.
- Ladies' Glacier Skates, Ladies' Beaver Skates, Regal Featherweight Hockey Skates, Velox, Mic-Mac and Velox Hockey Skates, Hockey Sticks, Hockey Pucks.

G. KNOWLING

Central, East End, West End

dec15,17,19,22,24



Nothing is too good for the Baby This Xmas.

Every New Baby and a whole lot of the older ones will have to have a High Chair or a Rocking Chair this Xmas. We have a nice line of Chairs to show you.

Pope's Furniture Showrooms
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AUNT JANE'S XMAS LETTER



Aunt Jane's Xmas Smile

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I was looking over some of my old papers and things last week and what do you think I found but last year's Advocate Christmas Number, and it seems only a short while since I sent you my last Christmas letter and here we are nearly up to Christmas again, but oh! what a difference.

Last year everything was quiet in this country—true most of the people to the North of St. John's were feeling bad because we lost the Government (which we never had), but then there was that quiet about Christmas that made us all feel like saying "Peace on earth, good will toward men," but this year our hearts are sore with the thought of so much misery from the great war which is causing so many happy homes to be broken up and so many brave men to be sent to their last reward through no fault of their own.

Remember the Poor.

When we are keeping up Christmas this year we mustn't forget the poor people around us who cannot have a good time because of trouble in their homes through losing some loved one or because of bad times.

Jim sez everybody in Newfoundland ought to be as happy as clams because they are so far away from the Germans; and nine times out of ten Jim is right when he sez anything like that, but I tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself because he is always growling because the English battleships can't get at the Germans, but sez I, it's alright for us to talk about the English Navy being slow but we mustn't forget it is better to be slow and sure than like Kyser Bill fast and sore.

Valiant Young Men.

I'm glad to see that our outport men are coming to the front and offering themselves to England. Jim sez that my last letter helped to get some of them on the move but I think they didn't need my help, for everyone knows that our men are not cowards. All you have to do is show them their duty and they'll be there every time like a crack at dinner time.

What would become of Newfoundland if the Germans got out of their hiding place? Would we be able to help ourselves then? I say no, and the time for our men to offer their help is NOW not when it is too late. I'm glad that Change Islands has done her part by sending men with the Volunteers and Naval Reserve.

If we didn't do something to help England I'd pack up and go away from here after the war is over, for I'd be ashamed to belong to a place that wouldn't answer England's call for help. Well done Flat Islands, Bonavista Bay, we are proud of the noble Volunteers from that place.

Will Santa Claus Come?

But I'm forgetting that it's a Christmas letter I'm writing and that we must be as bright and jolly as we can when Santa Claus comes around to visit the little boys and girls. I wonder will he come this year? I hope he will call on the poor little children of Belgium and cheer them up because the poor little things lost their homes and some of them lost their fathers and mothers. If I get time I'll write a Christmas letter to the Union boys and girls.

Mr. Editor, you will please excuse me if my letter doesn't read right, for I can't think of what to say now for the boys are in the kitchen talking to Jim and you'd die to hear what they are saying.

Great Xmas Box.

Slippery Bill was in last night and told us he was talking to a man that was on the Fogota and the man told him that Mr. Coaker gave the Greenspond chaps a great Christmas box. Jim and our fellows got a bit jealous and wanted to know what it was, then Bill said that Mr. Coaker bought Mr. Ryan's place at Greenspond, house, land, stores and wharfs and the Union storekeeper was going to move in shortly after the Xmas holidays.

You'd die to see our chaps, Jim, he hit Bill over the head with a boot jack and knocked him spinning, then they started a set to round the kitchen until I had to yell at them to stop for if I hadn't they'd a knocked down that old dish that Aunt Susan gave me on my wedding day and I think more of that dish than I do of anything else in the house, except Jim.

Wild Time.

Well sir! then the talking commenced, Bill wanted to talk but Jim and the boys wanted their say and between the whole of them I was nearly stunned, but if our boys were delighted with the news what happened in Greenspond when the news was known? I wish some one in Greenspond would write and let us know.

As business is so good with the Union Store here, Jim sez Mr. Coaker

the Germans everyone would think more of them and besides it only does harm when people are always grumbling about hard times.

Isn't it strange how things get mixed when you're writing, I started out to write a Christmas letter and now I'm getting what some people call patriotic, but you will excuse the rambling remarks, for it is as I said before hard to write when your mind is on the war.

I've written a longer letter than I thought I would, but I cannot close this time without again wishing all the readers of *The Mail and Advocate* a Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year. May Peace soon come and may we live to see it is the wish of your old friend

—AUNT JANE.

Change Islds., Dec. 17, '14.

SIBLEY'S COVE NEW OFFICERS

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir,—Sibley's Cove Council is in the fight in good faith, and is winning all along the line. It may be said that we have the Grab-all Fleet bottled up, just as the British have the Germa. They tried the game on us, but our plans carried where theirs failed. They thought they had us cornered, but now they know better for we have turned at bay, and our turn has come.

We have one Dreadnought and she is worth the whole fleet of Grab-all vessels. Her name is F.P.U. The F.P.U. flag is flying top-mast high, while the Grab-all flag is a shade below half-mast. This means business for the F.P.U.

We held our annual meeting and elected our officers for the year 1915, as follows:—

Chairman, Thomas Sparks, re-elected;

Dpt-Chairman, Archibald Button, re-elected;

Secretary, Fleamon Button, re-elected;

Treasurer, James Sparks, re-elected.

Sibley's Cove Council wishes our worthy President every success and a complete victory over all his enemies.

OLD SPORT.

SCORES CITY HALL METHODS

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir,—If you will allow me a little space in your paper, the only paper, probably, that a person can voice his sentiments in a thoroughly open manner, and where you maintain the proper newspaper sentiment "un-awed by influence and unbribed by gain," I would like to draw attention to a matter that should not go unnoticed by the public. I refer now to the attitude Mr. Mullaly has taken in regard to the payment of our Municipal funds, as recorded in your paper a couple of days ago. The voters of St. John's should never forget or go back on Mr. Mullaly, as he stands out alone, among his brother Councilors as the only genuine representative of the taxpayers and of the taxes they contribute.

Run it as a Business.

I particularly refer to the way he voted on the matter regarding the extra pay for officials of the Council for "extra" work, and it is about time we had other men of the Mullaly type in the Council to see that that office is run as a business should be.

How many places on Water Street are there where the employees can have such extended holidays as the office staff enjoy from time to time? How many places are the hours from ten to four? How many places would the employees dare to ask for extra for the many long hours they work in the spring and fall of the year? Their answer would be the same as the officials of the Council should get.

Why the Difference.

Look at the difference between those men in the office and those poor men who are doing the hard work of the Council on the outside, and the treatment accorded both, then compare notes.

Right you are, Mr. Mullaly, those men should not get the extra pay, and less so the men who received it on a previous occasion, the desk staff, as if they are not satisfied with what they are getting, let them step out, and see how quickly their places can be filled with much better men who are not afraid of a couple of hours extra work.

If ever the Commission comes before the public for election, I will support you and work for you, Mr. Mullaly, as every conscientious taxpayer should do, as it has been proved to us time and again that you are not "afraid," the others have not got the courage of their convictions and do not like to displease so-and-so.

Stand to your guns, Mr. Mullaly, and the time will come when the public will show their appreciation of your actions.

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Newest Designs

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Get our Prices for Delivery from Ships Side.

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No matter what your trade, you must attract the Outport buyer. Let us advise you as to the best means to that end.

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The *Mail and Advocate Weekly Edition* is read by fifty thousand people. It has a circulation of six thousand, and next year will greatly exceed that number. Avail of this splendid medium and you will thank us for this advice.

The *Mail and Advocate Weekly Edition*, the best advertising medium in Newfoundland.

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The Bolinder will run light indefinitely without any load whatever, and without any recourse to the Blow-lamps.

The Bolinder will run at any load down to a speed which only enables the engine to just turn over, this manoeuvring is carried out by a special device which entirely does away with the necessity for the Blow-lamps.

Bolinder Engines reverse in under 3 seconds—according to the power of the engine—and what is more reverse without a failure and without a strain on the crankshaft.

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Olives, Queens, large btl. Ginger Wine, 35c. per btl.
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Lemon Cheese, 1 lb. Jars.
Fresh Eggs, Cranberries, Heinz Mince Meat.

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New Table Raisins, 3 lb. Boxes and 1 lb. Packages.
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3 Pieces for \$6.50.

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JOB'S COVE.

dec. 21, 22, 23.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HELPED AN UNFORTUNATE

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)
Dear Sir,—On Dec. 1st Patrick Dwyer had his house burnt and everything belonging to him. We held a meeting of the Council and decided to build him another house. Every man came forward and on Thursday we started to build. By Saturday we had completed a house better than the one he had before. We took up a collection to provide him with tea, sugar and household utensils, to the amount of \$11.00. \$5.70 was donated by the C. of E. Women's Association, and \$20 was voted by the Council. \$50 was collected at Boy's Cove, making a total collection of \$86.70.

Our officers for the coming year are as follows:—
Chairman—George Mercer;
Deputy—Arthur Robinson;
Secretary—F. W. Freake;
Treasurer—Richard Pope;
Door Guard—Thomas Clair.
GEORGE MERCER,
Chairman.

Boy's Cove,
Dec. 12th, 1913.

WELL DONE GOOSEBERRY I.

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)
Dear Sir,—While reading a recent issue of your paper, I saw an item from a Flat Island correspondent telling the number of recruits who have answered their country's call. The writer thinks that Flat Island has done just as good as St. John's, and they have done very well.

But I am glad to relate that the little settlement of Gooseberry Island has done better. We have a population of 220 and 7 are at present serving their King. That is, sir, one out every 30, and if any other settlement is able to beat that, I would be delighted to see an account of it in your esteemed paper.

If the same spirit which prevails here, prevailed in all the towns and villages of Newfoundland, there would be no need of meetings to get men to go to the front or to fill Britain's battleships.

We have one on H.M.S. Niobe, Jas. Parsons, son of William and the late Francis Parsons. The remaining six are in England waiting for orders.

Their names are Samuel and Mary Ann Warren (married), son of Jonas and Mary Ann Warren (single); Albert Warren, son of Eli and Mary Ann Warren (single); Jared Perry (married), son of Samuel and Honor Perry; Lewis Perry (married), son of Henry and Lucy Perry; Frederic Perry, son of Henry and Lucy Perry (single).

May God grant them to return, crowned with glory, when the Allies gain the victory.

CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.
Gooseberry Islid.,
Dec. 19th, 1914.

[Gooseberry Island contains 224 persons, about 42 men between the age of 19 and 30.

Seven of the young men are serving the King—one in six—very good. Flat Island has a population of 621 embracing 76 young men between the age of 19 and 30.

Nineteen of them are serving the King—in four.

Hodge's Cove has a population of 169, embracing 29 young men between 19 and 30—nine of whom are serving the King.—Editor.]

RAPS SEALING COMMISSION

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)
Dear Sir,—I feel safe in saying that you voice the opinion of the whole country when you protest against the Sealing Commission now being held.

This Commission, is as far as the fishermen are concerned nothing more or less than a huge farce, got up no doubt for the purpose of throwing dust in the eyes of the public.

What good can come out of a commission made up as this is? There is not a single representative of the fishing masses on the board. What guarantee have we that the gentleman Commissioners have the necessary experience to conduct a Commission of this nature? In their own sphere of labour they are well above reproach, but I think that their experience as regards sealing conditions will only be gained now from the evidence of the various witnesses as the latter appear before them.

Why the Delay?

Why was not this Commission granted last Spring when President Coaker who represented the entire North demanded it? Why was not its personnel made up of the type of man the fishermen wished to have on such

COMFORT COVE COUNCIL OFFICERS

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)
Dear Sir,—We had our election of officers for the ensuing year and the names of those elected are as follows:
John Watkins, chairman;
John W. M. Goodwin, dpty-chairman;
Thomas Cooper, secretary;
Herbert J. Cull, treasurer;
Jeremiah Judge, door-guard.
EDWARD CONNORS,
Past Chairman.
Comfort Cove,
Dec. 11, 1914.

R.B.P. ELECTS ITS OFFICERS

Prince Edward R.B.P., No. 818, encamped at Lower Island Cove, held its annual election of officers, Saturday, Dec. 18, which resulted as follows:—
W. P. Sir Knight Joseph Morris, elected;
D. P. Sir Knight Edgar Tucker, re-elected;
Chaplain, Sir Knight E. B. Tucker, re-elected;
Registrar, Sir Knight Chesley Morris, re-elected;
Treasurer, Sir Knight Hedley Morris, re-elected;
1st Lecturer, Sir Knight Josiah Cull, elected;
2nd Lecturer, Sir Knight William Rogers, elected;
Censors, Sir Knight William Bur-Knight William Bursley, Lower Island Cove, elected;
Standard Bearers, Sir Knight John Champlin, elected and Sir Knight Samuel Bixon, elected;
1st Committee, Sir Knight Thos. Cull, Caplin Cove, elected; Sir Knight Josua Tucker, re-elected; Sir Knight Stephen Johnson, re-elected; Sir Knight John J. Wheeler, elected; J. Fudulvant, Sir Knight Eli Reid, re-elected;
Tyler, Sir Knight John G. Snelgrove, re-elected;

We are pleased to be able to say that Prince Edward R.B.P., No. 818 is well represented at the battlefield, or will be in the near future. The past W. P. Sir Knight Kenneth Morris joined for active service with the first Newfoundland contingent, while Sir Knight Arthur Reynolds joined with the Canadian contingent.

—OFFICER.

ST. BRENDAN'S LOCAL OFFICERS

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)
Dear Sir,—We had our annual meeting on Saturday night, Dec. 9 and the following officers were elected:—
John Fennell, re-elected chairman;
Herbert Hynes, re-elected dpt-chairman;
Thos. Hynes, re-elected treasurer;
Herbert Hynes, re-elected secretary;
Thos. Fennell, door-guard.

We are stronger than ever to stand by our President, and the F.P.U., as we know he is the right man in the right place.

SECRETARY.
St. Brendan's,
Dec. 9, 1914.

OUTPORT C.L.B. DOES GOOD WORK

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)
Dear Sir,—While glancing over your columns sometime ago I noticed an item with regard to what the C.L.B. has done in this our hour of need? Perhaps it would be interesting to you and others to know what the C.L.B. here at Heart's Content has done. I think it has done a fair share.

Here are the names of those who are serving on H.M. fleet and one in the volunteers:—
Bernard Reid, R.N.R., son of John Reid, on H.M.S. (armed merchant ship) Columbella;
William Eaton, now in Scotland with the Volunteers;
Walter Reid, son of Stephen Reid, sr., now at Plymouth; John Welsh, son of Joseph Welsh, of Islington, now at Clatham; Stanley Crocker, son of John Stanley Crocker, now at Clatham; Sidney Reid, son of Stephen Reid, jr., on his voyage across to England; Aeneas Welsh, son of Naaman Welsh, of Islington, on his way across to England; Joseph Reid, son of William Reid, H.M.S. Cayuse, St. John's.

This makes eight boys from here and there are three others belonging to the detachment here who, if they had passed, and one now on his way to St. John's to join, would have made a total of twelve boys, all belonging to the C.L.B. detachment, which was formed here five years ago and which is still doing good work here now.

C.L.B. BOY,
Heart's Delight, T.R.

Live Fox

For Sale a Live Fox, dark red in color, with silver hairs on back. In perfect health and beautifully furred. Female. Just the thing for a ranch.
JAMES LITTLE of Geo., Bonavista.—nov9,14

HELPED AN UNFORTUNATE

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)
Dear Sir,—The enquiry before Judge Knight was in the nature of a coroner's inquest, such as is generally taken in cases of death by accident or otherwise and cannot be regarded as an enquiry into the sealing conditions now existing in this Colony.

North Aroused.
The whole North is aroused to-day over the action of the Government in this matter. No greater farce was ever perpetrated on a long suffering public than the holding of a Commission to enquire into a sealing disaster which twelve months after it happened.

It looks as if Morris were eager to add insult to injury when he appointed Richard Anderson Squires to conduct the case for the Department of Justice. This is the man who was told last fall by the people of Trinity that their use for him was a thing of the past. Trinity Bay is more interested in this sealing tragedy than other Districts and their feelings to-day can be better imagined than described.

Does Morris know the feelings of the men of Trinity and Bonavista Bays to-day over this matter? Does he think they are going to stand this kind of treatment in a free British Colony? Does he think that this chocking of public opinion is going to win out? Or does he still say "to him—with public opinion"? The fishermen of Nfld., especially the men of the North, are more interested in this Commission than ever Morris was or will be.

Will the Premier arise to the occasion? Will he do what is expected of a man occupying a man's place?
A WIDOW'S SON.

COMFORT COVE COUNCIL OFFICERS

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—OFFICER.

STEBAURMAN'S OINTMENT

I can highly recommend Stebaurman's Ointment as a complete cure for Eczema. I was troubled with Eczema for a long time, and after using a few boxes of Stebaurman's Ointment I became completely cured.

G. A. HUTCHINGS,
41 Scott St., St. John's, N.F.

Stebaurman's Ointment, 20 cents per box or 6 boxes for \$1.00—oct23,2v
Cash Must be Sent With Order.
P. O. Box 651, or 15 Brazil's Square.

Good Morning! We Are Introducing

American Silk
American Cashmere
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HOSIERY

They have stood the test. Give real foot comfort. No seams to rip. Never become loose or baggy. The shape is knit in—not pressed in.

GUARANTEED for fineness, style superiority of material and workmanship. Absolutely stainfast. Will wear 6 months without holes, or new ones free.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER to every one sending us \$1.00 in currency or postal note, to cover advertising and shipping charges, we will send post-paid, with written guarantee backed by a five million dollar company, either:

3 Pairs of our 75c. value American Silk Hosiery
or 4 Pairs of our 50c. value Am. Cashmere Hosiery,
or 4 Pairs of our 50c. value Am. Cotton-Lisle Hosiery
or 6 Pairs Children's Hosiery.

Give the color, size, and whether Ladies' or Gent's hosiery is desired.

DON'T DELAY—Offer expires when a dealer in your locality is selected.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOSIERY CO.
P. J. Box 244,
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Rattan Chairs for every use

DAME Fashion is as particular about the way her house is furnished as she is about the way her gowns are made, and her latest craze is for Cane Furniture—The very newest designs in Cane and Rattan Easy Chairs, "Odd" Chairs and Rockers, are now on view in our Show rooms, and were only received from the makers last week; the latest color scheme in this furniture is a deep cream tint shading to rich burnt brown tones; which forms a very effective combination.

Now you are arranging your rooms for the Christmas Season, see our large stock of Cane Furniture in new models specially designed for comfort and elegance, you will certainly find among them just the Chair you've been needing for a long time to fill some awkward space, or to make a real nest-for-rest by the fireside.

Our prices have not been advanced on account of the war, in any department.

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.

"No man with eyes wide open can fail to appreciate the fine points of St. Lawrence Construction."

The St. Lawrence Two Cycle Marine Motor Engines, Kerosene or Gasoline.
From 2 to 55 H.P.—Complete with reverse gear.
The St. Lawrence Fay and Bowen Four Cycle Engines No. A. 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10—12 to 35 Horse Power—specially made to suit Newfoundland Fishing Schooners from 20 to 120 tons.

THE PRICE IS RIGHT. THE ENGINE IS RIGHT.

Full particulars and Illustrated Catalogues with price list will be forwarded on application to

R. FENNELL, 92 Military Road,
St. John's, Nfld.
Agents for The St. Lawrence Engine Co., Ltd.
dec.19, sat., tu., th.

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD ROTHCHILD, G.C.V.O. Chairman
ROBERT LEWIS, General Manager.

TOTAL ASSETS Exceed \$120,000,000.

Fire Insurance of every description effected.

LEONARD ASH, Carbonear,
Sub-Agent for Carbonear District.

BAINE, JOHNSTON & CO.
Agents for Newfoundland.

Boy's and Girl's

Sell the Latest
War Budgets!

Published in London every week containing 75 to 100 War Pictures taken on the Battlefield, at the Volunteer Camps and the Navy. They sell at 12c. and 14c. each, and your customers will want a new one every week. We pay you cash or give you valuable prizes for selling them.

Write for a dozen at once. We trust you. Pay us when sold. Do not delay, as we only appoint one or two boys in each town as agents.

Boys wanted in town every Thursday, Friday and Saturday to sell The Daily Mirror (weekly edition).

J. M. RYAN SUPPLY CO.,
227 THEATRE HILL, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.
WAR NEWS AGENCY.

The Mail and Advocate.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, DECEMBER 24, 1914

PRESIDENT TO VISIT CONCEPTION BAY

THE Conception Bay Delegates at Catalina Convention expressed the desire of the Councils to be visited once again by the President and a promise was given by the President to visit some of the Councils after the New Year.

The question of the price for Labrador fish has now become a serious matter for the fishermen and President Coaker is resolved to take a hand in the purchase of Labrador fish off the coast and he has decided to tackle the matter the present winter.

Recently the Councils in the Districts of Harbor Main, Brigus, Harbor Grace and Carbonear have been informed that the President will convene a Convention of those Councils at Coley's Point during the second week of January, when the officers of all Councils concerned will be enabled to meet the President and formulate a plan of action.

The President will propose the formation of a Special Conception Bay District Council which will embrace all Councils in Conception Bay except those situated in Bay de Verde District.

This District Council will be presided over by the President and meet once a year to consider the larger problems which confront the Union in wages, Labrador fishery, establishment of two stations of the Export Co. on the Labrador shore to handle the fish caught by the landmen, and export it direct in casks by steamers, and to sell supplies on the spot to the fishermen, arranging for salt supply and other problems connected with the fishery.

Conception Bay issues are peculiar and must be solved by the efforts of their own men and Councils, and the only way to do so successfully is for all the Bay to work together—hence Mr. Coaker's decision to initiate this new move.

ANOTHER FORWARD MOVEMENT

THE Union Trading Company has just completed negotiations with Messrs. Earle Sons & Co. of Fogo for the purchase of their extensive business premises situated at Joe Batt's Arm. Immediate possession will be given and the Trading Company will use the premises as a branch of their business for the transaction of the Union members business at Barr'd Island and Joe Batt's Arm. The wharfing accommodation will be extended in order to afford facilities for loading and discharging steamers the size of the "Can't Lose."

The property has been erected during the last fifteen years and is modernly equipped and fitted. A large stock of supplies will be carried and fish will be collected and purchased there for export. Joe Batt's Arm and Barr'd Island Council of the F.P.U. is the largest in Fogo District and the securing of this premises will consolidate the Union's work in that vicinity.

Joe Batt's Arm is thickly populated and property there valuable. It would be very difficult to secure accommodation in the harbor for the Union business and the securing of the premises of the Messrs. Earle Sons & Co. is considered a lucky stroke for the Union.

This is the second extensive business property purchased by the Trading Company within the past two weeks and is a criterion of the marvellous progress of the work of the Union and the wonderful confidence which exists in President Coaker's ideas.

The most remarkable feature of those progressive moves is, the members of the F.P.U. residing at the settlements concerned are finding the money to purchase those properties by purchasing Trading Company shares to cover the cost of the property.

The Union in Fogo District possesses several business premises erected since the Trading Company was started. Cat Harbor, Doting Cove, Carmanville, Tilting and Fogo already possess splendid new stores. Change Islands and Seldom occupy rented premises. Joe Batt's Arm operated a store which was purchased two years ago, which is now too small to accommodate the demands of the Union trade.

Those who imagined the Union would go smash when the war opened and who chuckled with delight over the thought of the Trading Company being thus entangled will now drink their Xmas whiskey with deep sighs, for present indications prove the Trading Company to be one of the strongest financial business concerns operating in the Colony and making progress that is astonishing the whole Country.

For the last five years the Water Street know-alls have been giving Coaker another six months only to be down and out, but they have now to confess with Mr. Morine that the F.P.U. is the greatest organization the Colony has ever beheld and its organizer and leader is the most remarkable man the Colony has ever produced.

THE PRICE OF FLOUR ADVANCES

THE provision dealers Xmas box to the people to-day is an advance of 40c. per brl. on flour, which took effect this morning. The Trading Company by importing a large quantity of flour this fall prevented prices from advancing here although the prices at the mill have advanced very considerably from time to time the past two months.

The Trading Company's big importations are now about exhausted and as we intimated in the early fall, the price would advance when the Union flour was sold out. Our prediction has been fulfilled to-day and the probabilities are that the price will advance here to eight dollars by the 1st of May.

AT THE CASINO! CHRISTMAS DAY!

Grand Holiday Show!

Presenting

Franklyn and Hiatt

NOVELTY IMPERSONATORS IN SONG AND COSTUME, IN THEIR ORIGINAL VOCAL SUCCESS, INCLUDING:—

(a) Mrs. Gotham, (b) The Shoreditch Handicap, (c) The Midnight Sons.

Each with its own line of patter that has made the act so popular. This is a novelty you will enjoy.

A Feature Programme of Motion Pictures, Representing The very best in Animated Photography.

PROF. P. J. MCCARTHY AT THE PIANO. TWO SHOWS IN THE AFTERNOON! TWO SHOWS AT NIGHT!

Follow The Crowd to THE CASINO Christmas Day.

WHERE SMILING IS ACCOUNTED SIN

THE relentless severity with which Germany dealt with any civilian whom it was considered in any way served to hinder her in her unprovoked in-mind us how very different German law is from our own enjoyment of free institutions. Take a visitor to the country. Before he has stayed in a German town for a week a policeman calls. He politely enquires your age, your nationality, and how long you intend to stay. Your answer he notes down in one of a small library of little books which he carries with him.

All foreigners renting a house or a flat have a form of eleven columns to fill in for delivery to the police. You must give your Christian name, surname and birthday; state whether married or single, or divorced; your nationality and occupation; whence you have come; your last settled address; whether you intend to stay more than three months; whether you have ever been in the present police district before, and if so, with whom, when, and at what address; and finally you must describe your residence in detail, whether your own flat or sub-let flat, on what floor, whether in front of the house or facing the yard!

Every member of your family and every servant must be entered. When you change to a new address, even in the same police district, you must again go through this procedure; and if you come from another Prussian police district you are required to bring therefrom a sort of police discharge, clearing up, so to speak, your accounts at the old address, and establishing your identity.

When you hire a servant girl you must purchase a yellow blank, and report the fact. When she leaves a green form must be sent to the police stating why she is dismissed.

If you use the telephone in Ger-

many you must be careful how speak to the employees. At Carlsruhe a gentleman, impatient at long delay, called out "Are you asleep, miss?" and was fined El for offering "an unjustifiable insult!"

Whatever you do, be careful not to use red ink when writing to the police. The president of the Social Democratic Society at Hettendorf did so, and was summoned and fined for "inciting the representatives of law to break the peace."

In all small matters you must exercise the greatest care, so as not to run the risk of insulting

other people. A certain count had a quarrel with an insurance agent the count presently summoned the latter because, as he alleged, the agent stared at him wherever they met in a manner which revealed hate and contempt. The poor insurance man was fined £2, with the alternative of ten days imprisonment.

In another case, a man was watching a fat policeman chase the vision of the former's stout legs twinkling along amused him so that he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. This was construed as an indictable offence—serious scandal—and the unhap-

py weight went to prison for a week.

The proprietor of a well-known patent medicine took a quarter of a column in a German newspaper. The publisher was summoned and fined for "bombastic advertisement." It was considered that the advertisement was too long, and that it irritated the readers.

The punishment for a German soldier hauled up for the serious offence of failing to salute his officer in the street is two months' imprisonment. He may plead that he is short-sighted, and at once he will be sentenced to an extra ing to report his infraction.

With the downfall of militarism, which we trust and hope to see as the outcome of the present war will no doubt come a remodelling of German institutions, when laws ridiculous in their barbarity and severity will give place to a code more in keeping with twentieth century civilisation.

CURIOUS YULETIDE GIFTS

THE season of goodwill brings us all many tokens of regard and good wishes from friends near and far away. It is strikingly remarkable the strange form these gifts take, and one may well be set thinking as to the cause and reason why such-and-such a thing was sent as a Christmas gift.

There are many cases on record which are freakish, and no doubt, the donors have been prompted to make the gift an odd one, owing, perhaps, to circumstances and occasions being unique, such as these.

PRESERVED BEAUTY.

QUEEN VICTORIA once received as a Christmas offering from that famous horticulturist, Mr. David Fuerstenberg, of Philadelphia, a bunch of twelve magnificent Queen of Edgley roses, each flower being eight inches in diameter, with a stalk a yard long. The marvellous part of this gift was the flowers arrived in perfect

condition after their journey of more than three thousand miles. Each stem had been placed in a separate sealed tube of wax, each bud wrapped in wax paper, and the whole buried in cracked ice and snow.

DICKENS'S "XMAS CAROL."

M R. H. F. Dickens, K.C., tells an interesting story concerning the original manuscript of his father's famous Carol. The novelist presented the M.S. to Thomas Milton, an old schoolfellow.

In 1875 Mr. Milton sold it to Mr. Francis Harvey, a bookseller, for \$2.50. Then it passed into the hands of Mr. George Churchill, an enthusiastic autograph collector. Mr. Churchill treasured it until 1882, when circumstances compelled him to part with it.

After photographing every page of it, it was sold to Mr. Bennett, a Birmingham Bookseller and curio dealer, who eventually found a purchaser who readily signed a cheque for \$1,000 for it.

Finally it was bought by Mr. Stuart M. Samuel, of Kensington, Palace Gardens, for \$1,500, who is said to still retain the precious document.

EXPENSIVE CRACKERS.

SOME time ago a firm in the Midlands received an order from a millionaire to manufacture a box of crackers of special design.

The box had to be placed in the hands of a jeweller to be made, for the customer and stipulated that it was to be a handsome silver casket.

Inside the casket were placed six crackers, the wrappers being of figured satin and old lace. That box of crackers cost \$1,200.

LACK OF DISCRETION.

LAST Christmas a poor clergyman's wife received from a rich friend in town a magnificent piece of Oriental embroidery, gorgeous in crimson and gold, with a kindly hope that she could use it for a Sunday dress! The poor lady smiled grimly as she laid the present away. A pair of new boots or a piece of black silk now—either would have been invaluable.

In another case, a would-be philanthropist, also of the fair sex, sent a poor old cottage woman a beautifully bound copy of Milton's poems. That the latter could barely spell out her Bible with the aid of her spectacles never seemed to have occurred to the sender; nor that a pound of tea would have been much cheaper and infinitely better appreciated.

BRANCHES OF GOLD.

PERHAPS the most remarkable, and certainly the most costly Christmas tree ever provided was that which graced the apartment of a Klondyke millionaire at a New York hotel. Its every branch was loaded with gold nuggets, and around the trunk was planted a large pile of \$20.00 gold pieces.

Altogether the value of this tree was between \$60,000, and \$65,000. He was a young man who had just returned from the Klondyke, and provided this unique Christmas tree for the amusement of his wife and children. Before going to the Klondyke he was a poor brakeman on the Southern Pacific Railway.

Several years ago one of Chicago's millionaires put a substantial fortune on a Christmas tree. It was decorated with all kinds of valuable articles, from gold watch-

es to infants' gold rattles, as well as with costly gems set in rings, brooches, bracelets pins, and other things.

Altogether their value was estimated at upwards of \$50,000 and, what is more, each article was given away to one or other of a numerous Christmas party. When brilliantly illuminated, this valuable Christmas tree, with its glistening gold and flashing gems, presented a spectacle rarely met with, even in the gorgeous palaces of American millionaires.

CURIOUS LEGACIES.

EVERY one at the not so very distant date, comparatively, of 1821, a certain John Hall left Consols to the value of \$700 for providing a Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum pudding for the prisoners in Northampton County Goal; while in 1556, Thos. Cattell, left a rent charge of £35 per annum to purchase beef and oatmeal for the poor prisoners of Newgate and other prisons of the metropolis.

There may be seen on the benefaction table at Deptford Church a record to the effect that "a person unknown gave a load of peastraw at Christmas yearly, for the use of the church." The bequest has since been put upon a strictly money basis.

FOR SALE—One Dwelling House, Store and Work Shop combined. Will sell at a bargain. For further particulars apply to W. J. DOVE, Chance Hr. East.—dec.14

TO LET

The office lately occupied by Mr. John Syme, Commission Merchant, situate on Water Street West, next to premises occupied by J. J. Mullaly, Coal Merchant. Apply to BAINES JOHNSTON & CO., Agents.—nov.14

FISH For Retailing

we offer at low prices

**Large Labrador Codfish
Canned Salmon
Canned Codfish**

SMITH Co. Ltd.

HOW SLIGHT PRETEXTS HAVE EMBROIDERED NATIONS

A STUDY of history reveals the fact that the flimsiest pretexts are often used by nations as the ostensible cause for going to war with their rivals. The following are examples:—

Capt. Jenkins's Ear (1738.)

In 1738 a certain Captain Jenkins lost an ear. This he carried about in a box and when he was examined at the bar in the House of Commons he flourished it dramatically in support of his story of Spanish cruelty to British subjects in South Seas. The report aroused great public indignation and Pulteney, writing in support of war, said: "We have no need of allies to enable us to command justice; the story of Jenkins will raise volunteers." War against Spain was actually declared the following year.

Boston Tea Party (1773)

In 1773 the colonists of North America were smarting under the duties imposed on glass, paper, paints and tea—a measure which was represented as a cold-blooded attempt to exploit the Colonies for the benefit of the home taxpayer. To spite the Government smuggling was indulged in to an abnormal extent and not content with this, an organized attack was made in Boston Harbour on the cargoes of the East India Company's ships. This was the affair known as the Boston Tea Party, so-called because all the tea on board the vessel was pitched into the harbor by a band of prominent Bostonians, who were disguised as Indian braves. This incident was one of the direct causes of the American War of Independence, which began in 1775.

Struggle With Napoleon (1803.)

Britain and France had signed a treaty of peace in 1802. In the following year great anxiety was caused in this country by the ubi-

quity of French agents in Ireland, and the examination of British Harbors such as Hull, despite Napoleon's statement that they were for commercial purposes only. A further cause of ill feeling was the publication of Sebastiani's report on Egypt in the official "Moniteur," drawing attention to the case with which the country could be reconquered by France. Under these threatening circumstances the British Ministry refused to evacuate Malta, as they had promised under the treaty, and war was declared on May 18th, 1803.

The Crimean War (1854-6.)

By a treaty of 1740 France had obtained from Turkey the custody of several of the Holy Places in and near Jerusalem. The Latins became neglectful of their rights in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the guardianship fell to Greek monks. In May, 1850, however, Louis Napoleon asserted his right to place Latin monks in possession of the Holy Places. This demand was supported by Austria, Spain, and other Roman Catholic Powers, and after some delay it was in substance conceded by the Sultan. Czar Nicholas of Russia was bitterly annoyed, and sent Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople with a series of demands which were wholly inadmissible. They were refused, on July 21, 1853, a Russian army crossed the Pruth, and on Oct. 23 Turkey declared war, with the approval of Britain, France, Austria and Prussia, being actively supported at a later date by the former two Powers.

American Civil War (1871.)

The election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States was the occasion of the rupture between North and South, though if this had not supplied the occasion something else would. The struggle was one for life and death between slavery and the

principles of modern society. Early in 1861 the Southern Confederation was formed, and President Jefferson Davis announced the termination of the South to maintain its independence by the final arbitration of the sword. A vessel containing reinforcements for Fort Sumter, in South Carolina, was fired at by the excited secessionists, the fort itself was bombarded, and forced to capitulate on April 14th. This was the beginning of hostilities.

Franco-Prussian War (1870)

A demand was made by France requiring that King William I. would never at any time sanction the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen for the throne of Spain. The French Ambassador accosted the King with this demand on the public promenade at Ems, and it was, of course, refused, for there was no alternative but humiliation. The incident stirred up an outburst of fury on both sides of the Rhine, which was cleverly fanned by Bismarck's sub-editing of the famous Ems telegram and his subsequent publication of the same. The result was war, which was declared on July 19th, 1870.

South African War (1899-1902.)

In 1886 the discovery of gold on the Witwatersrand led to an immense influx of aliens into the Boer State. Disquieted at the presence of this foreign element, the authorities refused to recognize the language of the Uitlanders, or to admit them to the franchise, except on conditions which were illusory. The newcomers, however, were taxed up to the hilt. So serious did the grievance of the Uitlanders become that they decided to use force, and the ill-advised Jameson Raid of 1895 was the result. It was in vain that though if this had not supplied the occasion something else would. The struggle was one for life and death between slavery and the

The Imperial Government were warned that the Boers were preparing to wage war; but, in their anxiety not to give needless provocation, they sent reinforcements insufficient for defence, but just enough to bring matters to a crisis. In October 1899, the two Dutch Republics issued an ultimatum demanding the immediate withdrawal of the British troops on pain of instant war. They calculated upon a rebellion in Cape Colony, and upon the eventual interference of Europe. No answer was returned, and the struggle began.

MISTLETOE

ALTHOUGH in many Christian homes mistletoe is displayed at Christmas time, it is remarkable how little is known of this curious plant. Mistletoe is a parasitic growth, appearing most frequently on apple trees, although it is also found on evergreens and on poplar, hawthorn, pear, and oak trees, but very rarely on the last named. It is an evergreen bush about four feet in height, thickly crowded with branches and leaves. Unlike all other plants, its leaves extend down as well as up. The plant flowers every year, but does not bear the little whitish berries until it is four years old.

The mistletoe proper is found in various parts of Europe, especially of England and Normandy. In olden times it was considered a sacred plant, because its berries grow in clusters of three—emblematic of the Trinity. The ancient Celts used to hang sprigs of mistletoe around their necks as a safeguard from witches.

A prevailing superstition was that the maid who was not caught and kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not be married within the year, so the tradition goes. According to the old rules the kissing was not properly performed unless a berry was pulled off after each kiss and presented to the maiden. When all the berries were gone, the privilege ceased.

READ THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE.

BEYOND THE BAR

O, England, Mother England, in this hour Firm stand the younger nations at thy side, Strong in the faith that builded Britain's power, Seaward our hearts are beating with the tide. And, O, my kinsman, we are bond of blood, Linkt by the sea, not sundered as of old; Alien at ebb-tide, kindred at the flood, Brothers in peril at that mighty mould Of ancient Saxon, suckled by the sea— Bound in the nobler bondage of the free.

Saxon and Celt and fruit of England's vein— Heirs of a mightier Empire yet to be— Holders in trust of Freedom's holy fane, Or sepulchered within the silent sea, Though darkened lights upon the deep are laid We follow in the path our father's trod; Calm in the waiting, British, unafraid, And naked to the vision of our God— Fed of that fire that leaps from shore to shore The glory that is England evermore.

—Rustic Rube.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

CHRISTMAS carols originated, it is thought, in the eleventh century. They were sung between the scenes of the mystery and miracle plays. These plays were the popular form of religious entertainment, and between the scenes it was the custom to introduce songs dealing with the redemption of mankind. The songs naturally became fixed in the popular memory. At the Christmas gatherings later it was customary to call upon each person present to sing, and the merry makers generally sang songs

which had been handed down by their fathers. So those which were sung at the plays emerged as Christmas songs, and thus the carol was evolved. During the time of Oliver Cromwell the wave of Puritanism over-swept Christmas festivities, and merrymaking was abolished. Later when Charles II. came to England's throne, celebrations were resumed, and the carols became popular once more.

HOLLY

NOTHING is quite so "Christmassy" as holly, and to most of us its dark green, shining leaves and brilliant scarlet berries seem symbolical of the real spirit of the joyous Yuletide. The decoration of the houses with holly dates way back to the old, old pagan times, when ancient peoples held a yearly feast at the time of the blooming of the holly, in honor of the god of agriculture, who made the cheerful holly to shine forth over the snow when all things else were bare of leaves and no green plant showed its face on the face of the earth.

In the beginning the church forbade the Christians to deck their dwellings with its greens, fearing the custom savoured too much of the ancient heathen rite, but later such good and far-seeing men as Augustine and Gregory made splendid use of the old custom and not only allowed the people to make their homes gay with evergreens, but persuaded them to decorate public shrines and churches as well. Mistletoe was not brought into the churches in those early times as the people still held it too closely connected with the pagan ceremonies.

SNAPDRAGON

SNAPDRAGON is a very old English Christmas sport, usually played on Christmas Eve, very well known almost the world over. It has been handed down from time immemorial, and a curious

reference to it occurs in the quaint old play of *Lingun*.

"Memory: 'Oh, I remember this dish well; it was first invented by Pluto to entertain prosperpint withal.'"

"Phantastes: 'I think not so, Memory; for when Hercules had killed the flaming dragon of Hesperia, with the apples of that orchard, he made this fiery meat; in memory whereof he named it Snap-Dragon.'"

For those who never played the game here are the rules: A quantity of raisins are placed in a large shallow dish or bowl, and brandy or some other spirits is poured over the fruit and ignited. The bystanders now endeavor, by turns to grasp a raisin, by plunging their hands through the flames; and as this somewhat of an arduous feat a considerable amount of laughter and merriment is evoked at the expense of the unsuccessful competitors.

It is better to turn out all lights in the room while the game is in progress so that the lurid glare from the flaming spirit may exercise to the full its weird effect.

THE BOAR'S HEAD

ALTHOUGH the mode of enjoyment in the good old days may have been of a less refined nature than it is today, there is no denying the fact that it was distinguished by a lavish and open hearted hospitality.

The Christmas revels lasted for a fortnight, and during that time barons and knights kept open house. Christmas Night was, however, the grandest feast of the holiday. The feudal chieftain's retainers and friends assembled in the great banqueting hall, and the boar's head—the great dish of the evening—was carried in shoulder-high to the strains of music and the flourish of trumpets.

An old book of instructions for the proper service of the Royal table says emphatically: "First set mustard with brown; take your knife in your hand, and cut brown in the dish as it lieth, and lay on your sovereign's trencher, and see there be mustard!"

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

GEORGE KNOWLING

CHRISTMAS GOODS Grocery Department BEST QUALITY

Cadbury's Chocolates in 1/2 lb., 1/4 lb., 1 lb., 2 lb. and 4 lb. Boxes, all prices and quantities; King Edward, Viennese, Kenilworth, Regals, Balmore, &c., from 3/6. 1/2 lb. to \$1.00 lb.

Huntley & Palmers' Biscuits in tins and by the lb.; a very large variety.

Assorted Soups, Lunch Tongues, Camp Pies, Oxford Sausages, Cambridge Sausages, Tomato Sausages, Assorted Meat pastes in glasses.

Raspberry Vinegar Syrups.
Honey, Enos Fruit Salts and Beecham's Pills; all at very lowest prices.

Crystallized Pineapples Cubes; Cryst. Ginger Cubes.

Christmas Stockings for Girls and Boys, from 2c. up to \$2.00.

Cosmetics in endless varieties, from 15c. to \$1.00 box.

Ideal Toffee, the finest manufactured, 40c. lb.

Nut Milk Chocolate, in 1/2, 1/4 and 1 lb. bars.

Jersey Caramels, Diamond Jubilee Toffee, Crosse & Blackwell's Raspberry and Strawberry Jams.

Crosse & Blackwell's Sweet Pineapples, English Plum Pudding.

Mince Meat in Cartons and Glasses, from 12c.

Lemon Curd for Cheese Cakes, Almond Paste for Letting, Pink or White Icing Sugar.

Sliced Ham in tins, Sliced Bacon in tins.

Camp Breakfasts and Camp Rations.

CHINA DEPARTMENT

Hot Water Jugs, 35c, 45c, 50c. up to \$1.00, \$1.15, \$1.50, \$1.55 up.

Teapot Sets, \$1.50, \$1.55 up.

Trinket Sets, 85c, 95c, \$1.10, \$1.50.

Vases, China, 20c, 25c, 40c, 55c.

Fruit Bowls, China, 18c, 23c, 40c, 55c.

Berry Sets, China, 60c, 65c.

Toy Tea Sets in Box, 10c. to 80c.

Tea Sets, 21 pieces, China, \$1.15, \$1.55, \$2.20.

Steak Dishes, 10c.

Toast Racks, 25c. up.

Decanters from 25c. up.

Fern Pots, 30c, 35c, 50c. up.

Cheese Dishes, 25c, 40c, 50c. up.

Cruets, China, 8c. to 35c.

Figures, China, 20c, 35c. up.

Glass Fruit Bowls, 14c. to \$1.40.

Shaving Mugs, 14c. to \$1.40.

Moustache Cups and Saucers, 15c. to \$1.10.

LADIES' CLOTHING For Holiday Wear

Ladies' Silk and Satin Underskirts in Navy, Saxe, Tan, V. Rose, Purple, Cerise, Pink, Cream, P. Blue, Black, from \$1.70, \$2.80, \$2.50, \$2.70, \$2.30, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00.

Ladies' Umbrellas, from 45c, 70c, 90c, 1.10, \$1.50, \$1.70, \$1.90, \$2.10, \$2.30, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$4.00 up.

Ladies' Blouses in Silk, Crepe de Chine, Plain and Printed, Mince in Cream, P. Blue, Pink and V. Rose, from \$2.50, \$3.10, \$3.50, \$3.90, \$4.10, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00 and \$10.00.

Ladies' Black Silk Blouses—\$1.50, \$2.20, \$2.80, \$3.10, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.20, \$4.50, \$5.00 to \$10.00.

Ladies' Fancy Wool Delaine and Crepe de Chine Blouses from \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.20, \$3.00.

Ladies' Jerseys in all shades, from \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.10, \$2.50, \$2.70, \$3.10 to \$10.00.

Ladies' Dressing Jackets, in Flette Flannel, Elderdown, in Crimson, Pale Blue, Pink, Saxe, Roseda, Navy, from 80c., \$1.10, \$1.50, \$2.10, \$2.50, \$3.10, \$3.50, \$4.10, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50 to \$9.00.

Ladies' Dressing Gowns in Flette Flannel Elderdown, Colors: Crimson, P. Blue, Pink, Saxe, Roseda, Navy, from \$2.20, \$2.50, \$3.10, \$3.50, \$4.10, \$4.50, \$5.00 to \$15.00.

Ladies' Shawl and Cashmere Dresses—\$10.00, \$12.00, \$14.00, \$16.00.

MISSES' WEAR

Misses Cashmere and Serge Dress, to fit girls from 3 to 17 years, in Cream, Navy, Saxe, Roseda, V. Rose, Tan, Brown, from \$1.40, \$1.75, \$2.10, \$2.50, \$2.90, \$3.20, \$3.70 up, according to size.

Misses' Jerseys, in all shades, from 70c., \$1.00, \$1.30, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.10, \$2.50, \$2.70, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.10 up.

Misses' Jerseys, with Cap to match, to fit girls from 4 years to 10 years, \$2.20, \$2.50, \$3.10, \$3.50.

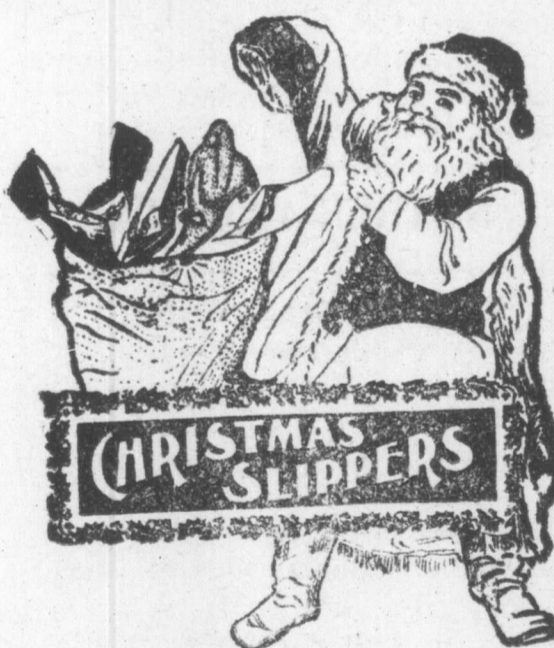
Misses' Fur Sets in Cream and Colored and Astrachan, 75s. set, suitable for child 5 years.

LADIES' DAINTY UNDERWEAR

Camisoles—Mull Muslin and Nainsook trimmed fine Val. Lace and Insertion, from 30c., 35c., 70c., 90c., \$1.10, \$1.50.

Knickers—Mull Muslin trimmed Val. Lace and Insertion, from 60c., 70c., 90c., \$1.10, \$1.25, \$3.

Night Dresses—Mull Muslin trimmed Val. and Torchon Lace and Insertion, short sleeves, low neck, from 70c., \$1.25, \$2.20, \$2.60, \$3.00, \$3.50.



FANCY FOOTWEAR For Christmas Presents

Women's Kozy Slippers, Cherry, Saxe and Beaver, \$8.00, and \$1.00.

Women's Arctic Cloth Bedroom Slippers—55c., 90c., \$1.00 to \$1.20.

Women's Felt House Slippers—55c., 60c., 70c. to \$1.45.

Women's Kid Julets, Rubber Heels—\$1.50, \$1.90, \$2.20.

Women's Carpet Slippers, 22c., 32c., 40c., 50c., 80c.

Men's Arctic Cloth Slippers, Fancy Checks—60c., 80c. to \$1.40.

Men's Kid House Slippers—50c., \$1.20, \$1.60, \$1.80 to \$2.20.

Men's Carpet Slippers—30c., 35c., 50c., 60c. to \$1.

Girls' Arctic Cloth Slippers—45c., 50c. to 74c.

Women's Buttoned Gaiters—\$1.60, \$1.95 to \$2.30.

Men's 4 Buckled Gaiters, 22c., 25c., \$2.65.

Men's Strapped Gaiters, 22c., \$2.80.

Women's Low Rubbers, 45c., 65c., 70c., 80c.

Women's Storm Rubbers, 52c., 70c., 80c., 90c.

Men's Storm Rubbers, 65c., 90c., \$1.10.

Men's Low Rubbers, 70c., 95c., \$1.10 to \$1.65.

Children's Buttoned Gaiters, \$1.55, \$1.60 to \$2.

Children's 2 Buckled Gaiters—\$1.55, \$1.60, \$1.65 to \$2.00.

Child's Colored Leggings—35c., 40c., 45c., 50c. to 78c.

LADIES' FUR COATS

Mole Squirrel, Electric Seal, Fur Lined in Navy and heavy tread cloth. Prices \$68.50.

FANCY GOODS For Christmas Gifts

Fancy Ribbons, Pearl Necklets, Brilliant Buck Combs up to \$1.25.

Silver Trinkets up to 60c.

Cy Brooches, Fancy Handkerchief, up to \$1.10.

Fancy Brooches and Fancy Handkerchiefs up to \$1.10 each.

Clocks in China, Marble, etc.

Big Ben Time Pieces, \$3.00.

Watches for Ladies, price up to \$6.50.

Watch Wristlets, Fancy Neck Wear, Kid Gloves for Ladies' or Gents' wear.

Tea Aprons, Matt's Aprons, Fancy Girdles & Belts.

Prayer Books for all denominations.

Prayer Beads, prices up to \$1.40.

Writing Cases, 45c., 65c., \$1.50, \$2.00 each.

Autograph Albums, 20c. to \$2.10 each.

Correspondence Cases, with Pads, \$1.10 & \$1.29.

Photograph Albums, 90c., \$1.50.

Stamp Albums, 50c. & \$1.20.

Post Card Albums, 20c. to \$3.00 each.

Writing Stationery Cases, 30c.

Ink Stands, good variety, 20c. to \$1.50 each.

Music Cases, 65c. up to \$1.50.

Writing Desks, Baskets of different makes.

Baby Clothes Baskets, 35c.

Attache Cases, \$2.25 to \$4.20.

Tie and Brush Baskets, \$2.40.

Photo Frames, from 12c. to \$2.50 each.

Children's Companion Cases, 15c. to 55c. each.

Fountain Pens, 15c. to \$3.20 each.

Collar Boxes, \$2.00 to \$2.70.

Stationery Boxes of Envelopes and Paper, Poems in high class binding.

Telegraph Outfits, \$2.90.

Brush and Comb Sets up to \$3.00.

Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Cases.

Pocket Books in large variety; Poker Sets, Playing Cards, Bridge Scoring Books & requisites.

Pipes of good quality.

Hat Pins, all qualities, up to \$1.00 each.

Ladies' Companions, \$1.10 to \$1.00.

Fancy Pin Cushions, 50c. to 80c.

Handkerchief Sacket up to \$1.00.

Fancy Handbags up to \$7.00.

Celluloid Soap Boxes, 35c.

Silver Back Hair Brushes.

Perfumes from 50c. to \$3.00.

Purses from \$2.00 to \$2.10.

INFANTS' WEAR

Infants' Cashmere Dresses, in Cream, Pink, P. Blue, Crimson, from 55c., 65c., 70c., 90c., \$1.10, \$1.30 to \$2.60.

Infants' Wool Caps, in Cream and Colored, from 20c. to 50c.

Infants' Feeders from 5c., 7c., 8c., 10c., 13c., 15c., 20c., 25c.

MEET YOUR CHUMS At Knowling's for \$1.70

Below is a list of the names of his neighbors.

Boys' Own Annual, \$1.75.

Girls' Own Annual, \$1.75.

Quiver, \$1.70.

Sunday at Home, \$1.70.

Chatterbox, 70c.

Sunday, 70c.

Father Time's Annual, 80c.

Girls' Empire Annual, 70c.

Boys' Empire Annual, 70c.

Children's Empire Annual, 70c.

Torch Strings, Tiny Tot, 32c.

Penny Magazine in 4V ols., Nos. 60, 61, 62, 63, 35c. per vol.

Wonder Book of Ships, 70c.

Wonder Book of Railways, 70c.

Wonder Book of Animals, 70c.

The Wonder Book Annual, 70c.

Prize, 35c.

All Kinds of Toy and Picture Books—2c., 6c., 7c., 9c., 10c., 12c., 15c., 20c., 25c. up to \$1.00 each.

Painting Books, 12c., 25c., 30c. each.

Rag and Lichen, untearable, 70c. up.

Books of good moral reading, suitable for presents or library for Boys, Girls or Adults. Prices from 70c. to 75c. each.

Our range of books that we keep suitable for Xmas are too numerous to mention. If you want to get a Book of any kind, we won't charge anything for the inspection of our stock and we guarantee to charge very low for our Books. 3c. each.

WAR MAPS, only DIARIES for 1915.

INFANTS' WEAR

Infants' Frocks, Organdy and Mull Muslin trimmed, fine Lace and Insertion, daintily tucked. Prices: 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.30 to \$3.00.

Infants' Wool Jackets, Pink, Cream, P. Blue and Crimson. Prices: 40c., 50c. and 70c.

Infants' Robes in Silk and Mull Muslin, from 70c., 80c., 90c., \$1.10, \$1.30, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$1.90, \$2.20, \$2.50 to \$7.00.

Infants' Bibs, in Cotton and Silk, from 4c., 6c., 8c., 10c., 12c., 15c., 18c., 20c. to 35c.

Infants' Booties and Infantes in Pink, P. Blue, Cream and Crimson, from 10c., 15c., 18c., 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c.

Infants' Bonnets, in Swansdown, Bearskin, Plush and Corduroy Cashmere, White and Colored, from 45c., 50c., 70c., 80c., \$1.10, \$1.50 to \$2.50.

Infants' Coats, in Bearskin, Serge, Cashmere, Cream and Colored, from \$1.10, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.10, \$2.30, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.10.

GEORGE KNOWLING.

WHAT CONSCRIPTION MEANS

IT is one of the consequences of the conscription system which prevails practically throughout Europe that millions of armed men, attended with all the dread appurtenances of war, can so suddenly be clad in their campaigning coats and sent to war in summary fashions.

Every German lad, when still a schoolboy, is imbued with the significance of "Wehrpflichtig"—an awesome looking word, which means liability to Army service.

And as sure as ever he reaches the age of twenty, "Wehrpflichtig" comes to him. Comes to him in the shape of the Recruiting Commission—stern-looking, fierce-moustached officers, who carry in their hands lists copied from the parish registers.

No Escape.

The young German cannot escape his fate. There is his name in black and white, revealing, say, that on this twenty-fourth day of August he attains the age of twenty, and is therefore a soldier of the Fatherland.

Presently he must, with hundreds of other youths in the same condition, present himself at the headquarters of the company district to which he belongs, and there he will be medically inspected.

If physically unfit for active service he will be put back awhile, but not lost sight of, for the Fatherland will still have work for him to do in time of war! When conscription countries go to war, even the cripple, the short-sighted man, or the dwarf may be found of use as a hospital attendant, a camp servant, a mess steward, or in some way or other be made a hewer of wood and drawer of water.

25 Years' Service.

For the twenty-year-old who is physically fit there is a prospect of twenty-five years' service, first in the army next in the Landwehr, and lastly in the Landstrum. The middle-aged men are Germany's backbone of home defence; the lads are in the front in the firing line.

And how carefully are these lads picked out and allotted to their various regiments under the German militarist system! Those who are conspicuously strong-chested, muscular of leg and so strong of foot are assigned to the infantry; those who are suited by physical build and experience of horses are drafted into the cavalry. A young gamekeeper or forester is likely to make an excellent rifleman or artilleryman; the young mechanic is sent to recruit the engineers.

Use For Inferiors.

Those of inferior physique are utilised for the military train organisation, which comprises the ambulance

and provisioning departments, the field bakeries, and other army services generally. Every man carries his gun and finds his place in this huge machine.

The French machine is not less practical or comprehensive, though perhaps a little more elastic than the German method. The French Army was not always raised on the "conscription" system. The very word "conscription" was cordially hated by French peoples when, after Waterloo, the country lay exhausted, drained of all the best of its manhood by the long Napoleonic wars. The abolition of compulsory military service partly helped the Bourbons to ascend the throne again.

Back to Old System.

But the illusion of a voluntary army did not long deceive the French nation. Three years of it was enough; then France went back to "conscription." By the "rotation" system, however, the young Frenchman with more money than patriotism could buy himself off army service. It cost him £2 a rule, and the Government harvested as high as two million pounds in a single year out of exemption money.

After the Franco-German war of 1870, military service was made compulsory on all men between twenty and forty-eight years of age, and there is no more buying oneself out.

Only Voluntary Armies.

Of all the nations now in arms, only Holland and Belgium have a voluntary army of sorts. The Dutchman draws lots for the compulsory service if he draws "the red" he must serve himself; he may not offer a substitute. If he does not, yet wants to be a soldier, then he may enlist just like any English Tommy Atkins.

The French Navy is manned partly by conscripts and partly by voluntary recruits. But all the "Maritime population" are liable to service, as in Germany, so that whether a man be a fisherman, a boatman on the beach or a chaulker in a shipyard, he may be called upon to serve in the French battleships.

Russia, of course, is a conscript nation. The Cossack who holds even the tiniest cabbage-patch by military tenure, on something like our old feudal system, is a soldier all his life. His liability to military service does not end at forty or so; he is always at the Czar's command.

DO IT NOW!

Its no use waiting till somebody else gets ahead of you. Now is the time to advertise in The Mail and Advocate.

A Christmas Appeal

FROM the Minnesota penitentiary at Stillwater comes this verse, the work of a convict who is not a skilled writer but who has made a stirring appeal, bringing home what Christmas may mean to many. The author is H. S. McD. (No. 4183.)

I see through the maze of Christmas joys
The countless thousands of girls and boys
And poverty stricken mothers and wives
Whose hearts are breaking, and whose lives
Are devoid of laughter, song and cheer
Because of the absence of one held dear;
And I hear their cries on the Christmas air—
"O Father in Heaven, does not one care?"

While men rejoice and are merry to-day,
And laughter and song are in full sway,
And the bells chime loud from hill and glen
Their "Peace on Earth, Good-Will to Men."

I think of the ragged girls and boys
Who never receive nice Christmas toys;
And from my heart goes up a prayer—
"O, Father in Heaven, does not one care?"

I see a mother so old and gray
Who has no pleasure this Christmas Day,
But weeps and sighs the whole day long
Because her boy, so big and strong,

Behind the bars must serve his time
While the Christmas bells so merrily chime;
And her head is bowed in mournful prayer,
"O, Father in Heaven, does not one care?"

Ring on, ye bells! Heed not the woes
Of widows and orphans who stand high froze
Before the stove that is frosty and cold
Because of the lack of a little gold.
Or the helping hand of a strong one near
To furnish a home for the loved ones dear.

Ring on, ye bells! Heed not despair!
"Oh, Father in Heaven, does not one care?"

TALK IS CHEAP—

Advertising is also very cheap, if carried in the right medium. The Mail and Advocate is the Can't Lose paper now. Must be true. Everybody's talking. It's not the price you pay but the returns you get.

WHO SAID ORANGES?

A few years ago about the Christmas season, a man-o-war, not unknown in Newfoundland waters, was lying at anchor at the Port of Spain, Trinidad, and as is usual on Thursday afternoon (known in naval parlance as "Spunyarn Sunday") the watch was given shore leave.

Among those who availed of this privilege were two stokers, two inseparable chums, neither of whom indulged in ardent waters. After wandering for a considerable time around the town, seeing pretty well all that was to be seen of interest to strangers, Ned proposed to his chum Jock, a canny Scot, from Glasgow, that they take a stroll into the country, to ascertain what was to be seen there.

Jock being willing, they therefore made their way to what seemed to them the nearest way to the open country.

As they strolled along, they found themselves gradually ascending a hill, and ere long found themselves among wild tropical vegetation which bordered either side of the road.

Presently Ned said "Lock Jock, do you like oranges," and looking in the direction indicated by Ned, he observed two orange trees, growing alongside each other.

"Yes," answered the wily Scot, "but how are we to get them? I cannot climb a tree; you ought to be a good hand to climb. You climb up, and I will gather them as you drop them."

It was not long before Ned was among the branches, reaching to pick what were within reach. After plucking and dropping what he considered to be about three or four dozen, he looked down with the intention of asking Jock if it were enough, but was somewhat surprised to see Jock calmly sitting between the two trees, and rapidly devouring the luscious fruit almost as fast as Ned could pick and drop it.

"Is that it?" thought Ned, "you could not climb, eh? Well you shall pick your own oranges, if you want any more," and suiting the action to his thoughts he broke off two or three large branches, and dropped them down, following in person.

The two then set about removing the fruit from the branches, and after cleaning them, they counted their spoil, realizing six dozen and nine.

"Now for a feed" said Ned, and they commenced to make short work of the pile in front of them.

After eating as many as they could they found they had consumed the six dozen between them.

They tied the remaining nine in a handkerchief, as Ned drily remarked, "I think we had better get back to town and look for some tea."

Needless to say that the mention of oranges always draws a smile from either of the two since.

J. J. St. John

Readers of the Fisherman's Paper! We have the largest stock of FLOUR in St. John's.

Our prices will surprise you.

250 Barrels Pork and Beef, 150 Barrels Granulated Sugar, 150 Puncheons and Brs. Best Molasses.

—Also— A full line of Teas and all other Groceries.

N.B.—Goods sent with dispatch to any part of the City or Train.

J. J. St. John

136 & 138 Duckworth St.

Things of Interest to You

Men Eastern Brand Caps, Maritime Brand Caps, Scotch Wool Gloves, French Kid Gloves, English Knit Mufflers, Canadian Rubbers, American Ties, Woolen Sweaters. Women Handkerchiefs, Rubber Sandals, Woven Knickers, Tea Aprons, Lace Collars, White Blouses, Bargains in Coats, Fancy Glassware. Children Wool Bonnets, Warm Gloves, Dolls of all kinds, Pinafores, Jersey Suits, Boys' Jerseys, Children's Coats, Mechanical Toys.

A Special Line of Christmas Calendars Only 7 cents Each.

Robt. Templeton.

The Elite Tonsorial Parlor,

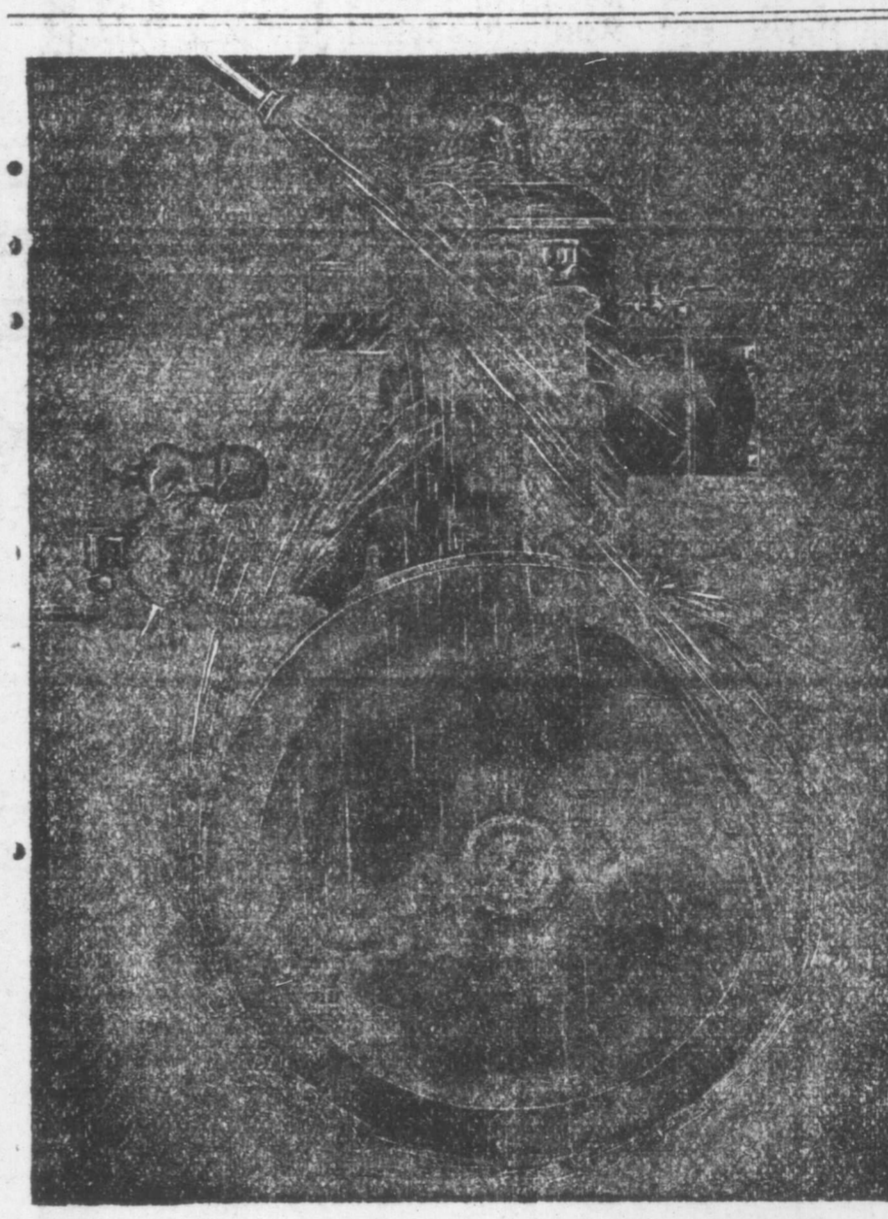
Prescott Street, near Rawlins' Cross, F. ROBERTS, Proprietor,

Mr. F. Roberts, of the Elite Tonsorial Parlors, begs to announce to his many patrons, that he has installed the very latest Massage machines for face and hair; also that he will carry full assortment Choice Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco.

On and after to-day the Parlors will be open each weekday from 8 a.m. until 11 p.m.

SOME CHALLENGE!

TIME TRIED CAILLE PERFECTION STORM TESTED



The Trouble-Proof Engine. PERFECTION WATERPROOF IGNITION SYSTEM. No Coils—No Batteries—No Timer. Only One Wire on the Whole System. The only safe equipment for boats that must be used every day. No danger of your engine stopping if caught in a storm. Advantages of Perfection Igniter. No batteries, no coil to need adjusting, no complicated wiring, no variation in current, no adjustment, not affected by water, makes an easy starting engine. Runs in either direction. Spark does not depend on speed of engine. Simple and durable. Test shown in photograph was made to prove that "Perfection" Igniter is absolutely waterproof. We challenge any engine manufacturer in the world to produce an engine with an ignition system that will stand a similar test. Every part of the ignition system was submerged in water and engine continued to run, showed the same power and speed as when running perfectly dry, proving beyond any doubt our claim AN ABSOLUTE WATERPROOF IGNITION SYSTEM. Caille Perfection Motor Company World's Largest Builders of 2 Cycle Engines.

F. G. HOUSE & CO., Columbus Building, St. John's. Sole Agents and Distributors.

A Special Offering Of Table Linens.

We have made tremendous reductions in all Table Linens. Our splendid stock of these was never bigger nor better than this season, all beautifully patterned designs, and of exceptionally good quality.

White Table Damask

Reg. Price 40c. Now 32c. Reg. Price 95c. Now 75c. Reg. Price 50c. Now 40c. Reg. Price \$1.00. Now 80c. Reg. Price 55c. Now 48c. Reg. Price \$1.20. Now \$1.00. Reg. Price 60c. Now 50c. Reg. Price \$1.40. Now \$1.15. Reg. Price 65c. Now 55c. Reg. Price \$1.50. Now \$1.25. Reg. Price 75c. Now 60c. Reg. Price \$1.60. Now \$1.35. 5 Pieces 72 inches American Special, 60c. yard. 10 Dozen White Mercerized Table Napkins. Reg. 14c. Now 10c.

White Linen Table Cloths, as Follows:

Regular 90c. Now 75c. Regular \$1.50. Now \$1.20. Regular \$1.20. Now 90c. Regular \$2.40. Now \$2.10. Regular \$1.30. Now \$1.00. Regular \$3.80. Now \$3.00.

A Lot of White Twilled Sheeting

Reg. 35c. yard. Now 28c. Regular 60c. yard. Now 50c. Reg. 50c. yard. Now 40c. Regular 65c. yard. Now 55c.

STABLE AND STAR

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

(S. Gertrude Ford.)

Three kings seeking the King of Kings,
(Proud the palace that towered afar):
Long the way of their wanderings
(Over the stable shone the star).
Halted they by the wayside wells;
Brief the halt, for the goal was far.
Journeyed they to a throne—what else?
Over the stable shone the star.

Wisdom they knew of the tribes grown old,
Wealth they brought from the lands afar:
Store of frankincense, myrrh, and gold—
Over the stable, shone the star.

Back they rode from a bootless quest;
"Where is He that is born afar,
King of the Jews?" On a throne unguessed,
Over the stable, shone the star.

Nazareth, Bethlehem—lowly they:
Proud the palace behind, afar!
Over the carpenter's workshop lay,
Over the stable, shone the star.

Entered they where a Mother smiled;
Pomp and palace they left afar.
"Kneel, O kings, to the King, the Child!
Here, in the stable, shines the star.

NOTICE

All Local Councils in Trinity District who haven't yet sent in their district assessment, will please do so before the end of the month to the treasurer, George Fowlow, of Philip, Trinity East. J. G. STONE, D.C. Dec. 10, 1914.

NOTICE.—Trinity Bay Councils of the E.P.U. will please notice that January 16th will be observed as Union Day in Trinity District, when every Council is expected according to the Constitution to parade. By order, J. G. STONE—dec8

Marshall Bros

ONLY ONE MORE WEEK

We Must Vacate Our Store

All our goods are marked regardless of cost. Don't lose this golden opportunity. Buy Your Xmas goods from us and save money.

The Sample Bargain Store

J. P. MAHER & COMPANY, LTD. 167 WATER STREET, EAST,

Germans Advised To Economise Food Stocks Are Running Short

London, Dec. 19.—The German and French official communications do not disclose much of what is going on in the West, but it is apparent that the Allies are still on the offensive from the coast to La Bassee and at various other points along the front. While not very marked advances are reported, the French claim to have made some progress and to have organized the ground which they gained during the preceding days. The Germans on the other hand assert that the attacks by the Allies have been repulsed.

From the number of wounded reaching the hospitals of both the Germans and the Allies, it is evident that the fighting in Flanders today was of a more severe character than shown in the official statements. The correspondents report that the hospitals are again filling up, while along the Dutch border continuous firing can be heard.

The long expected proclamation bringing an end to Turkish suzerainty over Egypt and the establishment of a British protectorate over that country has been officially issued. The last straw was doubtless the action of the Khedive, who was the Sultan's representative in Egypt, but, with little or no power, in taking sides with Turkey against Great Britain.

Lt.-Col. Sir Arthur Henry McHahon who has been appointed High Commissioner, although a soldier by profession, has had long and varied experience as a political officer in India and other parts of the East. He has been Foreign Secretary to the Government of India since 1911.

Foodstuffs Scarce in Germany
In view of the increasing scarcity of some kinds of foodstuffs in Germany a memorandum has been drawn up by the Frankfurt Medical Association in conjunction with the Municipal Food Commission, which advises people concerning what they should eat.
The consumption of meat, it says, should be restricted, especially in the case of children, and it could well be

reduced by one-half. The flesh of full grown animals should be preferred, as younger ones are needed for breeding purposes.

Eggs should be economized, for only a small proportion of the demand can be supplied by Germany herself. Fat of all kinds should not be used so extravagantly as is generally done in German households.

Food Stocks Diminishing.
The stocks of wheat are diminishing though rye is plentiful. It is therefore advisable to restrict as much as possible the consumption of white rye bread. The admixture of twenty per cent. of potatoes, as prescribed by the Government, makes bread more crusty and keeps it fresh longer.

Barley, oats and millet, the memorandum continues, are plentiful, and are very nourishing. They should be prepared in all kinds of ways, especially for children. Rice and maize are scarce, and should be used economicaly. As many vegetables as possible should be eaten, and it is urgently recommended that every foot of ground wherever practicable should be planted with them. Fruit of every kind is strongly recommended.

The consumption of alcohol, especially in the form of beer and spirits could be reduced, for barley and other grains can be better employed for the nourishment of men and animals.

FORGING AHEAD!
That is the position of The Mail and Advocate, as each issue sees a larger sale. What about that WANTS ADVT?

FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS

Watches, Printing Outfits, Cameras, Footballs, Fountain Pens, etc., etc., for selling 25 of our Beautiful Art Pictures, size 16x20 at 20c. each. Write for some today. Address GOLD MEDAL ART CO., P.O. Box 63, St. John's.

IN EVERY HOME
ROYAL YEAST CAKES
ARE USED, AND ALWAYS GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION

GERMANS SHELL AN EMPTY TOWN

British Had Retired Therefrom, but the Enemy, Not Knowing This, Kept Up a Useless Bombardment

An officer in a regiment of hussars sends the following account:

"Two nights ago we also had some excitement. Our brigade was ordered to clear the Germans out of a town close by here. We started to do so late in the afternoon in a dense fog. By the time we got there it was pitch dark, and my regiment got into one end of the town before the Germans discovered what was happening. Then the fun began in earnest. The houses were full of Germans and we got our Maxim's going down the street. You can't imagine the noise that the shooting made in the empty streets, and you could see nothing but the flash of rifles."

"The 16th Lancers brought up a field gun by hand and blew down one of their barricades, and eventually we got into the centre of the town. Here the enemy set fire to some houses which lit up the streets and made it impossible for us to get any further, so we retired out of the town again. Our object was to capture a bridge over the river on the far side of the town, which we could have done but for the burning houses. Shortly after we got outside the town the Germans started to shell it, and this they kept up for four hours, thinking we were still there."

THE PERILOUS SUBMARINE

All hands on board submarine craft receive extra pay and leave, and it will be seen from the list of accidents to this type of war vessel that the men run great risks.

It is to the credit of the British Navy that, despite the danger, the number of highly qualified men who put their names down as volunteers for the work is far in excess of requirements.

Collision is the most fatal form in which an accident can overtake them, and the "A" type has been peculiarly unlucky in this respect, three vessels having been lost to the Navy by collisions. The impact of the other vessel breaks the thin skin of metal of which these submarines are constructed and lets in the water to drown the crew.

Though the material of the hulls is the finest steel, calculated to resist agreat and steady water pressure, a blow from another ship's stem will drive through it as through paper.

This was the case with the A1, which was struck by a liner off the Nab Light, and sunk with all hands, and the circumstances were similar when another submarine collided off Harborough, near Cromer, with a steamer, and was lost.

Attempts were made to raise her but nothing could be done, and the vessel became the grave of her crew, whose bodies still lie in the sunken craft in the North Sea.

It will be remembered that the service for the burial of the dead was read over the spot where the submarine was sunk by one of the Naval Chaplains.

Provision exists in all the submarines now on the active list of the British Navy for enabling the crew to live for a long time, under water should any hitch occur in connection with the lifting machinery. Through this means the men can be rescued from their perilous position should their craft have come to grief in a reasonable depth of water. The men have then also time to effect repairs to the machinery.

The period when life ceases to be possible through lack of pure air varies, but in the later types of submarines it is quite lengthy. It may be recalled that in the recent accident to a Japanese submarine, the officer in command left a diary behind, detailing hour by hour his experiences before the end came—a wonderful example of devotion to his service.

Germans Shot Men Who Bore Flag Of Truce

Lord Hay and Lord Guernsey Were Foully Done to Death by the Enemy

London, Dec. 19.—Members of the families of the Marquess of Tweeddale and the Earl of Aylesford have laid before the War Office evidence that Lord Arthur Hay, heir presumptive to the Tweeddale marquessate, and Lord Guernsey, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesford, were killed by Germans who bore a flag of truce.

Both were subalterns in the Irish Guards. With a detachment of their regiment, they were on reconnaissance when Hay caught sight of a group of Germans, headed by an officer carrying a white flag.

Ordering his men to halt, the two lieutenants advanced toward the enemy. Suddenly a murderous fire burst forth from the branches of trees upon which a dozen snipers were perched, concealed by the foliage.

The party with the flag of truce was directly beneath this tree. Hay and Guernsey fell instantly, their bodies torn by many bullets.

The Irish Guardsmen, seeing the treacherous attack on their officers, charged forward and killed every one of the enemy, returning to the British lines with the bloodstained white banner as evidence of what had occurred.

The King, and although there is no doubt that side-arms, and possibly many rifles, too, and other weapons taken from the enemy, are kept by our men as trophies, yet the custom is opposed to official sanction, except where permission is given.

"Many of these trophies are kept by military authorities in some instances for distribution among technical museums. I am, however, quoting exceptions to the general rule."

"Captured arms are never at any time used by our own forces in the field. Every particular rifle has its own particular kind of bullet, and the bullet used for the standard rifle of the British Army would not be practicable for the Mauser rifle."

"All arms taken from prisoners of war become at once the property of the War Office."

Wonderful Results From the A. I. C., The World's Cure

The remedy discovered at far Labrador has given relief to many a sufferer; hundreds testifying of this great remedy. Another gives her testimonial from the City.

Couldn't Eat a Half Meal. St. John's, Oct. 12, 1914.

I have been troubled with indigestion for a number of years, in fact I have been so bad I couldn't eat half a meal of anything.

A friend advised me to try A.I.C. and one half pint bottle cured me. I couldn't believe I could be cured in such a short time and now I can eat anything, and food does not trouble me in the least. I think I am perfectly cured, I haven't felt indigestion since this month.

I recommend this medicine to all sufferers from indigestion. You are at liberty to use my name, and anyone not believing this statement can write or consult me personally.

MRS. GEORGE WELLS, St. John's.

Sold at St. John's by M. J. Malone, M. Kent, Walter Gosse, J. C. Ryan, J. Healey, C. P. Egan, Soper & Moore, Wholesale Agent.

Manufactured by Saunders & Mercer, Shearstown, Nfld.—oct20

The Bear's Onward March

In the eastern theatre of war, the success of the Russian Bear seems assured. Winter is coming on—the Russians are prepared. They are a hardy race and cold does not affect them. We in Newfoundland consider ourselves hardy, but nevertheless we must also prepare ourselves to withstand the elements. To be comfortable during winter, dry feet are essential. You can have them by wearing only the Best Rubbers, i.e., Bear Brand. You can buy them from Monroe & Co. (have you seen the bear in their window?) W. R. Goobie, Nicholle, Inkpen & Chafe, Steer Bros., Jesse Whiteway and J. M. Devine.—decl

Picked Up, Herring Net.
Owner can get same by sending names and particulars to ELI SQUIRES, Sibley's Cove, Trinity Bay South.—nov28

To Let—That Centrally
situated shop in the City Club Building, Water Street, now occupied by Mr. F. E. Wood, also basement of building. Possession given May 1st. Apply to the Secretary, the City Club.—nov21,61,sat,tues

FOR SALE—We have a
quantity of Large Dry Codfish, suitable for eating, which we are retailing at a reasonable figure. Anyone wanting eating fish should see this before buying elsewhere. FISHERMEN'S UNION TRADING CO.—decl8

OUR POLICY
Is to ask small premiums and to pay prompt, generous reimbursements. Why not have Santa Claus leave one of our **INSURANCE POLICIES** as a gift of real value and practical use? Come in and talk the matter over with us to-day. We have some Christmas suggestions to make to you. **PERCIE JOHNSON, Insurance Agent.**

Tailoring by Mail Order
I make a specialty of **Mail Order Tailoring** and can guarantee good fitting and stylish garments to measure. A trial order solicited. Outport orders promptly made up and despatched C.O.D. to any station or port in the Island, carriage paid. **JOHN ADRAIN, MERCHANT TAILOR, ST. JOHN'S.** (Next door to F.P.U. office.) Jan20,tu,th,sat

THE PERILOUS SUBMARINE

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HOW ABOUT
your filing system? Is it not improvable? If so, we believe you would be interested in the simple and reliable **"SAFEGUARD"** system of Filing and Indexing. Every point that could save time, labor and expense has been featured in the "Globe-Wernicke" Office Equipments. Why not ask us more about this? **PERCIE JOHNSON, Agent Globe-Wernicke Co.**

St. John's Municipal Board.
PUBLIC NOTICE.
All persons having claims against the St. John's Municipal Board are requested to furnish same to the undersigned not later than the 31st day of December. By order, **JNO. L. SLATTERY, Secretary-Treasurer.** dec22,tf

P. J. Shea.
I respectfully ask the Members of the F. P. U. to purchase their Christmas and New Year stocks —AT—

P. J. Shea's
314 Water Street, St. John's.

Anderson's Great Removal Sale.

SOME Bargains here that will make thoughtful Women sit up and reason, and tell their friends that our Removal Sale is in full swing.
It started last week with great vigor and thousands have already made their purchase, and are thoroughly pleased with our splendid offerings.
We mentioned last week that we would soon be going to our

NEW MODERN STORE in the WEST—can you wonder then, why we are giving—not a few cents off, but liberally cut prices, can you wonder why we are offering such excellent Bargains—before that great Removal day comes.
We invite you to come, write, or send a friend, and derive the Full benefits of this great Removal Sale.

Removal Sale 2000 Women's Stylish Blouses
\$1.25 for \$2 values.
handsome, White Silk Blouses, richly, embroidered fronts, long sleeves, good values—truly a wonderful bargain.
\$1.55 for \$2.40 values, perfectly made, White Silk Blouses, high and low necks, Peter Pan and other style collars, trimmed lace and padded silk-worked embroidery, like hand-work, latest style—genuine gift bargains.
We have hundreds of fashionable Blouses, various fabrics, suitable for any occasion, all manufacturers samples.
See them and lay in a stock at Sale Prices.



Removal Sale Colored Blouses
55c. for \$1.00 values.
\$1.15 for \$1.80 values.
\$1.70 for \$2.50 values.
These few examples of genuine reductions in Blouses—truthfully stated, is what will make thoughtful buyers ponder, and then act quickly to secure these splendid bargains.
Some of the daintiest Blouses that you have ever seen, are amongst our manufacturers' latest style Samples.
You will surely aim to buy three, or four, because it is not every day that we remove to a New Modern Store and cut the prices like now. Come now.

REMOVAL SALE FASHIONABLE FURS
HERE you will find we can save money for you on Furs. We can give you a rich, well-furred, stylish, Brown Martot real Fur Stole, trimmed with eight tails, and superbly lined with sunny brown satin. Length when folded as worn 35 inches—exact copy of a nine-dollar Fur. Sale price \$1.45. Remember all Furs go at Removal Sale prices. See them.

Removal Sale Wee Tots Knobby Coats
made of various fabrics such as Serge, Velvet, Corduroy, etc., prices about half the original. Length 20 and 24 inches. Also White Serge Pelisses. Original \$2.00. Sale price \$1.00.

Removal Sale Women's Coats
WOMEN'S Colored Coats, manufacturers' Samples no two alike, all the leading colors, some with straps, belts, pockets. Newest Styles, neatly trimmed. Worth from five to six dollars each—Wonderful bargains.
Removal Sale Price \$3.25.
Another lot of manufacturers' Samples, worth from ten to fourteen dollars each: Colors—Tan, Saxe, Royal, Helio, Reds, Navy, etc., with belts, straps and pockets. All imported this season.
Removal Sale Price \$6.25.
All our Black Coats for Women are at Sale Prices.
We have Handsome Fur like Coats at greatly reduced prices. You'll find Coats here to suit every figure and every purse.
Come and see them to-day. Electric Seal Fur Coats \$25.00 and \$30.00 each.

Removal Sale Women's and Children's Hats
THIS year's imported, high-class Millinery and Ready-to-wear Hats are marked at prices to remove them quickly—no better styles, nor richer fabrics, can be found at the price anywhere.
Each are trimmed by expert foreign milliners that know how to twist, turn, bend, and shape the fabrics to give an artistic appearance.
For Women we have Silk Velvet, Colored Felts, etc.
For Children we have similar fabrics, including Teddy Bear and Plush.
Here are a few prices:
Regular prices, \$1.20. Sale price, 95c.
Regular price, \$2.30. Sale price, \$1.75.
And many at HALF PRICE.
The variety will not allow us to give all prices. Come and judge for yourself.



Anderson's, Water Street, St. John's, N. F.

SENT HOME AUSTRIAN AMMUNITION

Withdrawal of Servian Troops Was Due to Lack of Shells—Captured a good Supply After their Victory

London, Dec. 24.—With the loss of Belgrade by the Austrians, forced to evacuate close on the heels of occupation, the dual monarchy's disasters have reached high tide. Austrian military authorities are dazed by the suddenness of the reverse.

The Servians, harried by the invaders and believed to be beaten, whirled suddenly upon their foes and in fierce fighting the veteran Serbs drove them to the west and north back across the Servian frontier.

Has Only Two Towns.

Austria now holds only two towns in Servian territory, Shabats and Losnitza, in the extreme north-western corner of the little kingdom. Cutting off part of the right wing of the Austrians, which had fled into Bosnia, the Montenegrin army has given substantial aid to the Servians. A despatch from Cetinje tells of this successful manoeuvre.

Captured a Supply.

Back in their capital the Servians explain that lack of ammunition caused the retrograde movements which deceived the Austrians into the belief that conquest of the invaded kingdom was almost complete. The ammunition captured from the invaders replenished the Servian supply and made possible the routing of Emperor Francis Joseph's army.

Retirement of the right wing, says the Austrian headquarters in Vienna made the abandonment of Belgrade seem advisable. The withdrawal, it is declared, was made without a battle.

Allies Steady Advance in West Still Continues

Gain Ground in Many Sections of Long Battlefield—Germans Active in Poland

(French Official Bulletin.)

Paris, Dec. 23.—In Belgium yesterday we slightly progressed between the sea and Nieuport Road to Westende, Aislin, Stenestrate and Bix schoote districts, where we captured wood, several houses and a redoubt. East of Bethune, co-operating with the British Army, we have taken possession of Givinchy Les LaBasse recently lost.

Fog Stopped Fight.

In the Arras region, owing to heavy fog, activity has decreased. East of Amiens, on the Aisne and in Champagne, there have been artillery contests.

In the District of Perthes les Hurles we have secured, after a sharp cannonading and two assaults, the remainder of the line partially gained on the 21st, a maximum advance of 500 metres. In the latter trench we captured a section of quickfiring battery including men and material. A violent counter attack was repulsed.

We have also progressed northeast of Beausjour, where enemy counter attack but failed.

Substantial Advance.

Substantial advance was made in Gurie Woods on a line of trenches of 400 metres and a depth of 250 metres. We exploded by mines two German lines and occupied the excavations. Fighting continues around Bourneuilles but the rather important results acquired yesterday morning do not seem to be entirely maintained. There is nothing important to report elsewhere.

In Eastern Prussia the Germans are thrown back on the line of Neidenburg-Soldau-Lutenburg.

Gained Footing.

In Poland the Germans managed to gain a footing on the lower Bezura north of Sochaczyn. Further south they have reached the River Rawka to Bollon and have gone beyond Skiernewico.

To the eastward, the Austro-German forces are coming down in Poland on a front extending from the southeast of Piotrkow to the west of Nidda.

In Galicia they have reached Dunajec and occupy the line Grybn-Smitz-rod-Sanok.

A sortie attempted by the Przemysl Garrison completely failed.

Civic Commission

The members of the Civic Commission held a brief meeting this morning to pass the pay rolls.

Schr. Montana is loading herring at Bay of Islands for Halifax.



MR. A. B. MORINE, M.H.A.



MR. J. DWYER, M.H.A.

VOLUNTEERS GET LEAVE

Inspected at Government House by His Excellency Who Pays Them a High Compliment

The City Volunteers were given leave yesterday and will not parade until 9 a.m. Saturday, while the outposts are off until Monday.

His Excellency inspected the young soldiers at Government House yesterday and delivered an appropriate address.

The Governor was pleased with them and they made a very favorable impression on him. The opinion of the man in the street is that, as they marched along Water St. yesterday, they were the finest looking bunch ever seen in parade here.

SMOKER CONCERT FOR VOLUNTEERS

Interesting Time Arranged For Our Soldier and Sailor Boys

To-night, at the Grenfell Hall, King George the Fifth Seamen's Institute, a smoking concert is being put on for the entertainment of the members of our second contingent and Naval Reservists. The excellency of the programme may be judged from the numbers listed below and from the names of the performers who are to render them. Coffee and other refreshments as well as cigarettes, are being provided at the buffet and the management of the Institute plan to make the affair a time of great good Christmas cheer for our soldiers and sailors of the King.

Sir Walter Davidson has promised to spend some of the time at the concert, and is due to arrive at the Hall at 9 o'clock.

The concert begins at 8 o'clock this evening.

PROGRAMME.

Mandolin and Violin Selections, Messrs. Macklin, Laundry and ago, H.M.S. "Calypso."
Song—Mr. Fred. M. Ruggles—"Your King and Country Need You."
Recitation—Mr. T. O'Neill—"How Liege Held the Road."
Song—Mr. H. J. Cornick—"In the Navy."
Song—Petty Officer J. Collier, H.M.S. "Calypso"—"It Serves You Right."
Song—Mr. H. W. Stirling—"Soldiers of the King."
Song—Mr. J. Ashworth, stoker.

An Irish Concert Arranged By B.I.S. For New Year's

A very attractive programme has been arranged for the concert by the members of the B.I.S. on New Year's night.

Many of our leading artists will assist, and included in the programme are several male choruses.

We understand that His Excellency of the Governor and Lady Davidson have signified their intention of being present.

WEDDING BELLS

Peddle-Curtis.

At the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Hodge's Cove, a very pretty wedding took place on the 9th inst., when Mr. Walter Curtis led to the altar Eleanor Catherine, daughter of David Peddle. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. A. Butler in the presence of a host of friends.

The bride was attended by Miss Annie Randell, while Mr. Elijah Peddle supported the groom.

After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the home of the groom's parents, where all partook of the marriage supper, accompanied by many friends.

To Mr. and Mrs. Curtis we extend our heartiest congratulations and hope they may have many happy years of wedded bliss.

Fogata sailed northward at 11 a.m. taking a full cargo and a large number of passengers.

H.M.S. "Calypso"—"The Maple Leaf."
Song—Mr. J. L. Slattery—"Soldiers of the King" (new).

Song—Mr. Chas. Hutton—"The Veteran."
Violin Solo—Chief Writer F. Jago.

H.M.S. "Calypso"—"Spring Song."
Comic Song—Mr. D. Connelly, A.B.

H.M.S. "Calypso"—"Cock Robin."
French Horn—Mr. Arthur Bulley, of C.C.C. Band—"Good-Bye" (Tosti).

Duet—Messrs. Luxon and Collier, H.M.S. "Calypso"—"The Golden Wedding."
Song—Mr. J. O'Neil Farrell—"It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

Song—Mr. W. H. Jones—"Private Tommy Atkins."
Song—Mr. G. A. Gill, A.B., H.M.S. "Calypso"—"There is No Home Like the Old Home."

Song—Chief Armourer S. Luxon, H.M.S. "Calypso"—"Homeland, Good-Bye."
Song—Mr. H. Courtenay—"Red, White and Blue."

Song—Mr. M. McCarty—"Songs of Old Britannia."
AULD LANG SYNE and GOD SAVE THE KING.

SANTA CLAUS REPRESENTED BY DEPUTIES

(Continued from page 1)
ta's gifts from the commissariat bases at the rear to the boys.

The people at home have been going ahead with the preparation of presents for the soldier boys, and the military authorities have promised that every effort will be made to see that the gifts are delivered on Christmas morning. Half the women of England have been knitting warm socks and gloves and mufflers, and the other half mixing and boiling plum puddings and baking cakes and other dainties that will stand the rather rough and ready means of transport that are available.

Taken the Lead.

Princess Mary, the King's daughter has given the lead in providing Christmas gifts for the men. A few weeks ago she made an appeal for \$500,000 and she has already received more than \$400,000 of this amount.

The money is to be spent in giving every form of chocolate and tobacco with, perhaps, a pair of warm gloves or mittens if the money runs to that. When Princess Mary's great-grand mother, Queen Victoria, sent gifts of chocolate to her soldiers in South Africa a good deal of ridicule resulted but the people who laughed didn't know.


Soldiers on active duty, especially men who have been used to a fairly regular allowance of alcohol, simply crave for candy, and chocolate, containing as it does, both the heat-forming sugar and the body-building food is ideal in this respect. Tons of it are being sent out every week now, both by the War Office and by the friends of the soldiers, but more is always welcome, and, of course, there is nothing so comforting to the men in the trenches as a smoke.

Princess Works Hard.

This particular gift will really be a gift from Princess Mary, as well as from the British public which has subscribed the money, for the little Princess has worked hard to assure the success of the movement, and, incidentally, she has displayed a lot of her mother's business ability and organizing power. She has had the assistance of the Duke of Bedford and of the household staff at Buckingham Palace, but she has supervised every detail of the arrangement herself and has spent several hours every day writing and signing letters in connection with the appeal for funds. At her suggestion a personal letter was sent to every householder in London and in a number of the big provincial cities, appealing for subscriptions to the fund.

Mostly 'Baccy.

It is likely that Santa's sack will contain more tobacco than anything



A Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year To One and All!

Ayre & Sons LIMITED.

else. A leading maker said the other day that he, in common with other large manufacturers, had received an inquiry from a high quarter for an immense number of pipes. This seems to indicate that the King is arranging to make a personal gift to the men in the trenches. The Queen also is making inquiries about warm shirts and body belts, so that she also will probably be represented in Santa Claus' bag on Christmas morning.

All gifts are sent to the forwarding officer at Southampton, which for the time being is turned into Santa Claus' depot in England. Each parcel must be marked with the name of the man for whom it is intended, his regiment, company, and if possible his regimental number. The sender, of course, cannot address it to the point in France at which the recipient is serving, for that is a secret known only to the military authorities.

Soldiers in their letters home are not even allowed to say where they are. In any case, it would be of little use for correspondence purposes, for by the time the letter was received at home the writer might be miles away in another part of the country. The forwarding officer, however, has a full list of the whereabouts of every regiment.

READ THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE.

CHURCH SERVICES ON XMAS DAY

Anglican Cathedral.

Holy Communion, 8 a.m.
Matins, 11 a.m. Service, Merbecke.
Procession, "Angels from the realms of Glory." Processional, "O Come all ye Faithful." Anthem, "Hallelujah. For unto us a Child is Born." Offertory, "Christians Awake." Communion, "God from on High hath heard." After Service, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." Ablutions, "The King of Love my Shepherd is." Procession, "Good Christian Men, Rejoice." Procession, "Nowell, Nowell!"

St. Thomas's.

On Christmas Day there will be three Celebrations of the Holy Communion, at 6.30, 8, and at noon. At the morning service the following music will be rendered by the Choir: Venite, Turtle; Te Deum, Hopkins, in G.; Jubilate, Fitzherbert; Kyrie, Bates; Anthem, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem," Hopkins; Solo, Miss Dunfield; Hymns, 92, 88. Evensong will be said at 5. The Carols will be sung on Sunday evening, and a good selection has been prepared.

St. Mary the Virgin

Celebrations of Holy Communion at 6.30 and 8 a.m., also at noon.

Carols at 10.45 a.m. 1 "Prince of Peace." 2 "Story of Bethlehem."

Matins at 11 a.m. Venite and Psalms—Crotch, in A. Te Deum Laudamus—Ribinson, E Flat. Benediction—Langdon in F.

Anthem—"The Brightness of Thy Glory"—Simper.
Hymns—84, 88, 92.

Voluntaries—"By the Herald-Angel Guided"; "In the Silence of the Night"; "Adeste Fideles" (F. Atkins, Mus. Bac.)

The Anthem and Carols will be repeated at Evensong on Sunday.

St. Michael's (Casey St.)

The services at St. Michael's, Casey Street, on Christmas Day, will be as follows: Holy Communion, 6.45, 8 and 11. Evensong and Carols, at 6 p.m.

R. C. Cathedral

Recessional, Adeste Fideles, C.C.C. Band; Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Benedictus, Agnus Dei, by Robert Arthur Turton; Offertory, Adeste Fideles, Novello arrangement; Recit., "There were shepherds abiding in the field." Recit., "And lo! the Angel of the Lord;" Recit., "And the Angel said unto them;" Recit., "And suddenly there was with the Angel;" Chorus, "Glory to God;" Processional Mozart's Gloria, C.C.C. Band.

St. Patrick's.

Masses at 7.30 a.m., 8.30 a.m., 9.30 a.m., 10.30 a.m.

Gower Street.

Service will be held at 11 a.m. tomorrow when Rev. D. B. Hemmion will be the preacher. Special anthems and carols will be rendered by the Choir.

George Street.

A bright inspiring service will be held at George Street Church Christmas morning, commencing at 11 o'clock. During the service the following musical program will be rendered:

Anthem, There were shepherds abiding, Dr. Charles Vincent; Carol, At Midnight a Summons Came, E. Cuthbert Nunn; Anthem, Where is He that is Born, E. Markham See, Mrs. Bach (Anthem Soloist, Miss Grace Colton); Organ Voluntary, Pastoral, Henry Smart, Mr. Gordon Christian, L.R.A.M.; Solo, Gounod's Nazareth, Mr. H. T. Courtenay; Carol, When at Christmas, Christ was Born, E. Cuthbert Nunn.

The church extends to all friends who may be visiting the city a hearty welcome.

READ THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

CHRISTMAS DAY AT THE NICKEL.

THREE SESSIONS—MORNING: 10.30; AFTERNOON: 2; NIGHT: 7—THREE SESSIONS.

Introducing Miss Margaret Ayer.

The latest addition to the Nickel's galaxy of Vocal Talent.

A BIG HOLIDAY FESTIVAL OF MOTION PICTURES!

A PROGRAMME THAT WILL GIVE GENUINE PLEASURE CHRISTMAS DAY!

A PICTORIAL TREAT THAT EVERYONE WILL ENJOY!

Three Sessions Of Wholesome Christmas Entertainment At Ye Olde Tyme Picture House.

IT WOULD BE WELL TO COME EARLY.

YOU'LL BE SURE TO FIND IT IN "The MAIL and ADVOCATE"

THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE.

Official Organ of The Fishermen's Protective Union of Newfoundland.

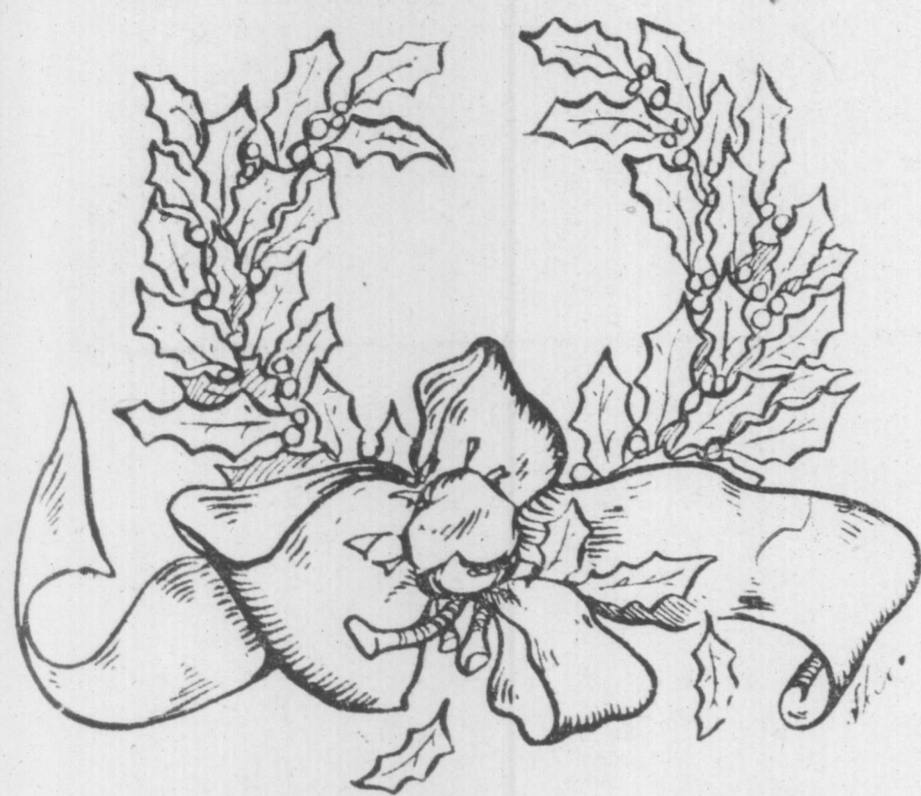
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(Christmas Number)

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914.

(Sec. 2. Pages, 9-16)

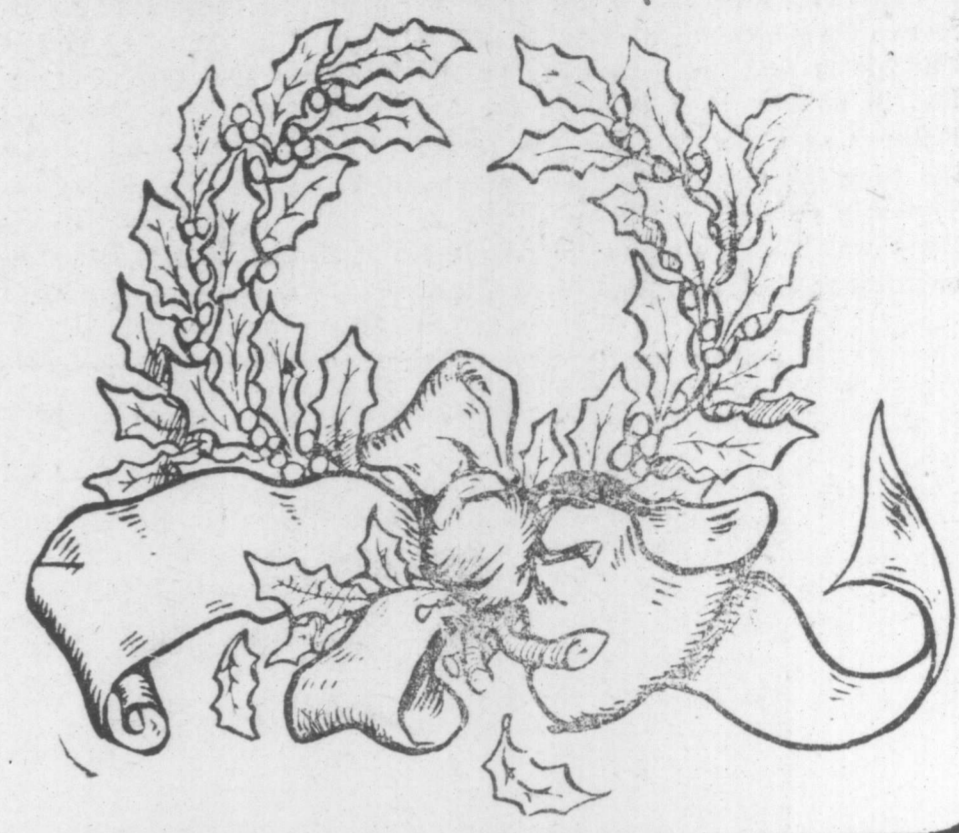
Price:—1 cent.



1914---Christmas---1914

Old Christmas Legends

By Arthur Watts.



"I SUPPOSE that most of us have heard at one time or another that old Cheshire myth which Thomas Hardy introduces in his 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' The basis of it is that for a little while at midnight on Christmas Eve the oxen kneel down in their stalls in meek adoration of the Christ Who was born in a manger. It is a singularly beautiful legend, I think, one that has almost disappeared now among the country people themselves. But in Berkshire and Cheshire the children will still tell you of how the sheep cry to one another across the folds—Bethlehem—Bethlehem; and how, if at midnight on Christmas Eve you steal out into the garden and put your ear to the beehives, you may hear very faintly and as it were far away, the bees humming drowsily an angel's song. It seems the greatest pity in all the world that such myths should ever die out; but amongst the country people they are dying—fast; and one cannot help feeling that the unborn generations are infinitely the poorer for their loss.

A Peasant's Myth—when Animals Converse.

In the past it was a very common belief amongst the peasantry all over Europe that during the twelve days from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night animals were gifted with speech. It was held to be a crime to listen to their talk, and indeed, any one who did so was sure to be visited, if not by death, then by some extreme disaster. There is, for instance, the legend of the dog and cat of Brittany. There was a certain old woman of Brittany who lived alone except for her cat and dog. Being an old woman, she kept them half starved, so that very naturally they had little love for her. One Christmas Eve as she lay in her bed she heard the dog and cat talking by the dying fire, so creeping quietly downstairs she fell to listening to what they had to say to one another. "Ah!" said the cat, "It is to-night that the robbers are coming to steal our old mistress's money. If she is quiet no harm will come to her, but if she cries out they will knock her on the head." This was enough for the old woman, and without waiting to hear what the dog might say in reply, she rushed shrieking from the house. Alas! she got no farther than her door, for the robbers had come, and, alarmed lest her cries should wake the neighbours, they knocked her on the head and killed her!

Another very similar story is that of the farm servant, who, like the old woman in Brittany,

fell a victim to his own curiosity and had to pay for it with his life. He wished to overhear his horses talk on Christmas Eve, and to that end hid in the stable. He was not disappointed—his horses did talk, but in a strain that must have caused the unfortunate listener's hair to stand on end. "There will be a hard job for us to do this day next week," said the first horse. "Yes," replied the second, "for the former's servant is heavy and the road to the churchyard long and steep!" Whereupon the wretched man dragged his shivering limbs out of the stable, fell sick, and died that day week.

By far the greater number of the myths and legends that surround Christmas Eve are, as in the case of the preceding two, accounts of the fatal consequences that have followed upon the disobeying of some superstitious belief. Thus, in Guernsey it was supposed that on Christmas Eve all the water in the wells turned to wine, and that on that night no buckets should be lowered and filled. There is a story of a woman who—again from curiosity—wished to see for herself if this was true and drew a bucket from the well. As she hauled it up, a voice cried to her from far away down below her feet—

"Tout l'eau se tourne en vin
Et tu es proche de ta fin."

And she, like the farmer's servant, fell down stricken by a mortal disease.

There comes from Guernsey too an old tradition to the effect that no one might venture out after nightfall during the Twelve days. If any reckless being did so, his path was beset by black dogs and white rabbits, who by leaping and running about his legs, constantly tripped him up. One hopes that they had the grace to keep silent for to be hustled on a dark winter's night by a rabble of black dogs and white rabbits, who not only tripped one up, but kept up a running conversation at the same time, would be enough to appal the stoutest heart! I suspect that the derivation of this legend is less obscure than most. One can somehow very well imagine old inhabitants of Guernsey explaining to long-suffering wives that their being covered in snow from head to foot was not in any way due to too much sleet, but simply and solely to a lot of plaguey dogs and rabbits who persisted in getting between their legs and tripping them up.

The Dog that will not go away.

Another animal legend is that of the little white dog of Perchta. Perchta was a German witch who had many duties. Amongst others she haunted the towns, and to any one who had been foolish enough to leave a door open at night she sent a little white dog. A harmless looking little fellow he was, I dare say, but in reality a very plague, for as long as he was in the house bad luck attended it. You might stone him, throw him out of the window, drown him in a bucket of water, do anything you would, but it was to no purpose. The next day there would be the little white dog again and bad luck still attendant on you, and this would continue until the Christmas Eve following, when, having presumably learnt your lesson and kept your door shut, the little white dog would disappear.

This Perchta or Berchtyl is one of the most interesting figures in the legends of Christmas. And of her two separate legends are told, which show two very different sides of her character. The first is one of the most grotesque imaginable. It was Perchta's business to see that the spinners kept their rooms and machines neat, and also that everybody partook of "Zemmerde" (a mixture of flour, milk, and water that is the orthodox fare at Christmas time).

Horrible beyond words was the fate of any glutton she might discover who had eaten of other food than "Zemmerde." For, in the night, as the torpid wretch lay asleep after his sinful meal, in would glide Berchtyl. And then—for difficult as I find it to tell so ungallant a story of a lady, I must speak the truth—she would cut him open, extract what food might be in his stomach, and fill up the cavity with bricks and straw. Imagine the feelings of the wretched culprit in the morning with the unpleasant prospect before him of having to digest so ponderous and profitless a repast.

But there was a gentler side to her character, for she was also the guardian spirit of those little children who died unbaptized, and now and again some belated peasant has seen her gliding across the snow-covered fields in the moonlight with a long train of little children behind her.

There is in fact a legend of a Tyrolean peasant who saw her, and a particularly charming one it is. This good peasant, you must know, although a kindly man, was overfond of drinking, and given to frequenting the village inn until a late hour. One Christmas Eve, as he found his unsteady way home, who should he see but Perchta, with her pitiful train of little ghosts behind her! The sight sobered him and he dropped on his knees in reverence and awe. And as he gazed he noticed that the last little ghost of all had fallen behind the rest, for its shirt being too long it constantly tripped over it, and down in the snow. So being at heart gentle and fond of little children, he took off one of his garters and made of it a girdle for the poor wretch, so that it should trip no more. Whereupon Perchta, who happened to look round at that moment, thanked him graciously and promised as a reward that neither he nor his children should ever come to want.

A Sculptor's Miraculous Escape.

A story of a very different kind, but having the same curious texture of formalism and fantasy about it is that of the Madonna, the Sculptor and the Devil. A certain sculptor was engaged in carving a statue of the Madonna, high up on a certain cathedral. Under her feet he fashioned one that he conceived to be a likeness of the Evil One, and, being a good artist of some imagination, he made the portrait, to say the least of it, unflattering. Now, as he stood on his narrow platform working away, the Devil came and stood behind him, and, incensed at what he considered no doubt to be a breach of good taste, gave him a shove. In the ordinary course of events the sculptor would have fallen from his platform and been dashed to pieces far below, but in this instance a miracle happened, and the stone Virgin, leaning forward, caught him as he overbalanced, and saved his life.

What Happens if you Work on Christmas Day.

Many of these old myths have for their foundation the crime of continuing work after midnight on Christmas Eve.

Thus we hear of the grim story of the Breton blacksmith. At work in the small hours of Christmas, he was visited by a tall, gaunt man with a broken scythe whose face was hidden by his hood. After watching the smith for a little while in silence, he asked him if he would put an iron staple in his scythe. The smith assented, and having repaired the instrument, handed it back. "And to any one who has been foolish enough to leave a door open at night she sent a little white dog. A harmless looking little fellow he was, I dare say, but in reality a very plague, for as long as he was in the house bad luck attended it. You might stone him, throw him out of the window, drown him in a bucket of water, do anything you would, but it was to no purpose. The next day there would be the little white dog again and bad luck still attendant on you, and this would continue until the Christmas Eve following, when, having presumably learnt your lesson and kept your door shut, the little white dog would disappear.

Mummers and the Drama

Sometimes legends and traditions are merged into customs whose antiquity is so great that their origin is lost. There was, and I believe still is in parts of Europe a belief that on Christmas Eve the dead return for a little while to their homes. Everything is made ready for them, the fires lighted, the hearth swept—even food and drink prepared for these sad guests. In many parts of England the old legend of St. George and the Dragon is still told in a kind of crude play. It has become a garbled story, I am afraid—the greater part of it arrant nonsense, even to the performers, but it represents one of the last vestiges of the mummers, without whom at one time no Christmas would have been complete. Every house was open to them; into cottage or manor they would troop without ceremony, and one can very well imagine the fury of crusty old bachelors at being disturbed by these motley gentlemen. This rendering of St. George and the Dragon came, as far as one can tell, very nigh to being little more than a harlequinade, but, as I say, the original version is lost, and it is not fair to judge by what has come down to us. One character has changed little, I fancy, and his part is not likely to be cut out; that is the Fool who goes round and collects money in a ladle. Should his audience seem "narrow" and the ladle hard to fill, he has a broom with which to sweep the floor, chanting as he does so—

"For money I want and money I crave,
Give me some money, or I'll sweep you to your grave!"

In strange contrast to the latitude allowed to the mummers and play-actors is that curious old Cheshire belief which, long before the introduction of matches, forbade the lighting of any fires during the Twelve days, or the giving of fire to strangers or even neighbours. One won-

ders a little if there ever was a family so superstitious and benighted that having inadvertently let their fire out, they sat and shivered until after Twelfth Night before they dared light it again; but there is the legend, and where there is or has been a belief presumably there are or have been believers.

Soul Cakes and the Hunting of the Wren.

There were many customs akin to the play of St. George and the Dragon. There were the soulers, for instance (who, I believe, still appear in parts of Cheshire). The custom seems to have originated before the Reformation, but its actual derivation is obscure. Boys dressed up in fantastic clothes went from house to house begging for small round cakes. As they went they chanted the following lines—

"A soul cake, a soul cake,
I prithee, good missus, a soul cake:
One for Peter, two for Paul,
And three for Him Who made us all;
A soul cake, a soul cake."

If no cake were forthcoming, the soulers were not above taking pennies, or, in fact, "anything useful." And if not only cakes but pennies were scarce, they had another rhyme—

"If you ha' ne'er a penny,
A ha'penny will do,
Or give me a soul cake,
Or an apple or two."

But by far the oddest of these traditions is Christmas morning the servants in country-houses assembled, and in the bitter cold, hunted about till they found a wren, which they killed. This they fastened to the top of a long pole and, like the soulers, began a house-to-house visitation, singing—

"We hunted the wren for Robin the Bobbin,
We hunted the wren for Jack of the Can!"

The House-hunting Season.

At Christmas time there was supposed to be, in the language of our Society papers, much activity in the ghost-world. Many old country-houses have, in fact, spectres and apparitions of a very superior quality, who only condescend to appear on Christmas Eve. Now all ghosts, as everybody knows, have to obey a very stringent law, namely, that they shall disappear at cockrow. It is a peculiarly annoying one to the Profession, I dare say. To have to vanish into thin air just as he has succeeded in reducing some luckless being to a state of mortal terror, or while still in the middle of some imposing

and sepulchral speech would, humiliate any spectre who cared at all for his work. Be that as it may, cocks, knowing the immutable law that governs all apparitions, and posing for once as Friends of Man, crow all night on Christmas Eve, thus queering the pitch of any ghost who may be within earshot. So if at any time, my reader, while spending Christmas with friends in some old country-house, you should happen to be kept awake throughout the night by frantic cock-crowing, be not restless but devoutly thankful, and think that but for those friendly birds you might be burrowing beneath the bedclothes to the dismal accompaniment of clanking chains.

The Witch who could not get up.

In Romney Marsh, that low-lying tract of country that lies between Hythe and Dungeness, many old legends still live in the minds of the country people. I remember one in particular told to me by a village parson, who had in his turn heard it from a thatcher. In the village in which the thatcher lived there was a certain old woman who was suspected of being a witch. Farmers who offended her found their cattle mysteriously stricken down in the fields; neighbours that she did not like were visited by consistent ill-fortune. Eventually a wise woman who lived in the hills that lie behind Romney Marsh was consulted, and she, being a very wise woman indeed, provided a remedy. On Christmas Eve that witch was invited to a neighbour's cottage. Upon her arrival the woman of the house received her with a great show of hospitality, and bringing a chair, asked her guest to sit down. Tien while the other's back was turned she slipped a pair of opened scissors on to the seat. No sooner had the witch touched the seat of the chair than she made frantic efforts to rise, and set up a fearful howling. "Now now, why don't you get up?" said the wise woman coming forward. "Well you know that I cannot," howled the witch. "for that I am sitting on the Sign of the Cross." And there she remained immovable until she renounced her wicked ways and swore to be a good Christian.

It is pleasant to think that these old legends that speak so plainly of a simpler age than ours cannot quite die out altogether. The country people who created them have for the most part forgotten them again; great masses of our population never heard them; but for those who care to read of them they will be always safe in the printed pages of books.

Business As Usual

No increase in the price of our

PAINT, SOAP,

—OR—

OILED-CLOTHING.

No decrease in the time or wages of our Employees, the same as before the War.

Will you help us to keep this up by using

Home Made Goods

The

Standard Manufacturing

Company, Limited.

To Beautify the Bedroom

WE have a great variety of handsome Bedsteads in all sizes, of highly polished Brass, also Brass with the beautiful Vernis Martin finish. These Bedsteads are exceedingly elegant design, some have heavy square supports, others massive curved head and foot rails. Added to these is a full stock of Iron Bedsteads in White Enamel and Enamel and Brass combined. First quality Wire, Hair and Wool Mattresses on hand to fit all sizes.

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.

Complete House Furnishers.

PHENOMENAL PROGRESS MADE by the F.P.U. DURING the CLOSING YEAR.

JANUARY soon became interesting through the unwise, unfair and traitorous action of Sir Robert Bond's resignation as Leader of the Liberal Union Party and the opening of the Legislature. Sir R. Bond's resignation necessitated the appointment of a successor as Leader of the Opposition and no time was to be lost in coming to a decision for the House was about to open just about the time the matter became public. The only possible successor of Sir R. Bond was Mr. Kent and he was the unanimous choice of the United Opposi-

tion Party. The conduct of the Opposition Party during last winter's session was fully up to the people's expectations and the manner in which the Union members conducted themselves, and discussed vital matters of public importance surprised the whole country, and they received the universal appreciation of friends and foes.



The Union Wharf.

Cod Oil ready for shipment to Boston, Oct. 14th, 1914.

The Liquor tax was also considerably increased, and the House closed with the Morris Government hated and despised by the country. The Union had filed petitions against the return of seven supporters of the Morris Party. They were to come before the Court in the spring but owing to the financial embarrassment of the Colony, it was thought best to postpone their hearing until the Premier had arranged the Railway Loan. This he afterwards failed to secure. These petitions are still before the courts as the war situation prevented the cases from being pushed, and both sides agreed to allow matters to rest for a time just as they were in the Spring when the postponement was made.

The Union secured the passing of a new Sealing Law last winter which made the agreement of 1912 between the owners of sealing steamers and the F. P. U. binding and which conferred considerable benefits upon the men employed on the sealing steamers. Its efforts to pass a bill to provide proper food and accommodation for Loggers were blocked by the action of the Legislative Council which refused the measure a second reading. The Loggers and river timber drivers were admitted to the benefits of the Workmen's Compensation Act

organ of the F. P. U. and is owned entirely by the fishermen. The weekly issue has an outport circulation of six thousand and is appreciated as highly as ever by the fishermen. The low price of the weekly (50c. per year) enables almost every fisherman's family to become a subscriber. The daily is sold for \$2.00 per year, and is thus within the reach of a large number of outport friends who receive a daily mail. The establishment of a paper called for an investment of \$20,000.00, and is another instance of the awakening of the toilers in the outports.

The F. P. U. owns several first-class stores, erected during the past three years and operated by the Trading Co. at Champneys, Bonavista, Cat Hr., Doting Cove, Tilting, Fogo, Joe Batts Arm, Herring Neck, Exploits, Pilley's Island, and Botwood. At the other settlements where stores are in operation, the premises are rented. When the Export Co. is in full operation the Trading Co. will establish additional stores at Hr. Grace, Carbonear, Hant's Fir, Bonventure, Southern Bay, Valleyfield, Moreton's Hr., LaScie, Bay of Islands, Burin, Grand Bank, Belleor-

ed, making a total of about 210 now in operation. The membership has increased by about 3000 members with a total membership of over 20,000. The funds of the Union have grown to \$17,000, most of which has been raised from Trade Discounts on certain articles, which go into Union funds. A Permanent Disaster Fund was established this year which will provide assistance for the widows and orphans of members who lose their lives while engaged at their usual avocations, when they are not otherwise provided for. Those losing their lives

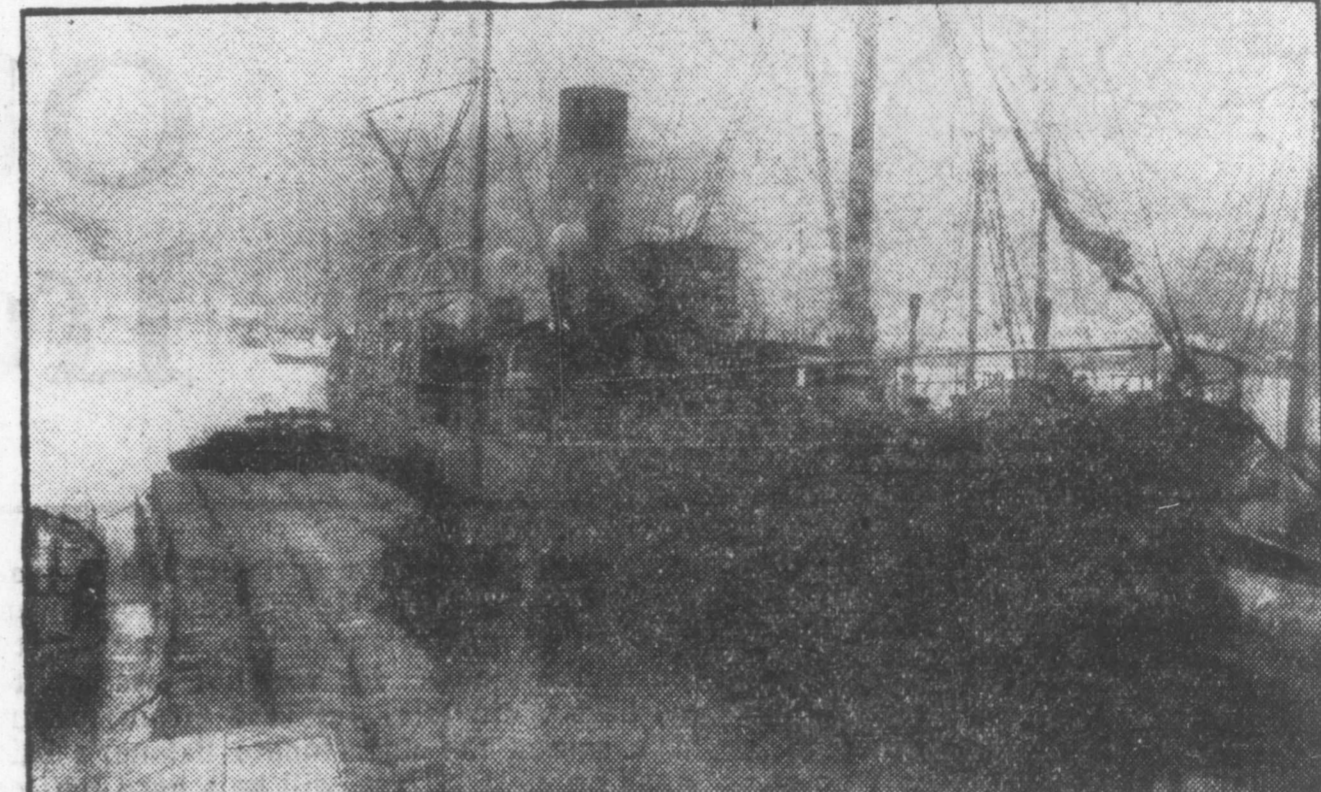
oil and of securing for the producer a large sum of money which would have been lost to the country had there been no Union in operation. The fishermen now realize that the advice given by the Union was well-founded and time proved that President Coaker exactly calculated the conditions, catch, and values. The result of the Union's action this year regarding prices will convince all fishermen of the advisability of strictly observing in the future the advice tendered by President Coaker. The alteration in the Sealing Law

will, if enacted into law, remove many of the causes which may and have led to loss of life and great exposure at the seal fishery. The unanimous decision of the Convention to petition the Legislature to pass a law to strip Abram Kean of the future command of a steamer is about the least punishment that could be administered for negligence and want of proper judgment, which resulted in destroying 13 lives and crippling for life another dozen. Only fool-hardy and pig-headed men will resent this mild punishment for such far-reaching consequences. We hear that the Legislature, which

THE TRADING COMPANY'S OPERATIONS.
The Trading Company which consists solely of shareholders belonging to the F. P. U. has now a paid-up capital of \$100,000.00 and at its annual meeting it was resolved to increase its capital to \$250,000.00 in order to operate more branch stores and accommodate the demands of independent planters in the Spring, for fishery outfits.

During the present year it has transacted a half million dollars worth of trade, which is an increase of twenty per cent. on last year's business. During the year past the company sold twenty thousand barrels of flour, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of butter, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of tea. Large quantities of fish and cod oil were purchased at the branch stores. About twenty-five branch stores were in operation this year, new stores having been opened at Bay Roberts and Winterton.

The large premises at Greenspond, owned by James Ryan, Esq., who transacted a business there, was recently purchased by the Trading Co. This is the first premises purchased by the Trading Company and it is probable that several other mercantile premises of the North will be purchased sooner or later, as by the establishment of the Union Export Company a large quantity of fishery produce will be handled and the Trading Company Stores will become agencies for collecting produce for the new Company. Thus it will be necessary to possess premises with proper facilities for transacting a large volume of the business of the sections served by the Union Stores.



The Union Wharf.

The S.S. Sable Island loading Cod Oil at the Union Wharf, Nov. 7th, 1914.

through shipwreck, drowning, being overcome by storms, etc., leaving loved ones unprovided for, will now know that they will find a friend in the F.P.U. Disaster Fund. Those who are disabled through loss of limbs will receive aid during incapacity and assistance in procuring artificial limbs, while friends who meet with the misfortune of losing their dwelling houses will also be assisted, when such losses are not covered by insurance, and the effect of their own misconduct. During the year the F.P.U.'s action in agitating the price of fish and in buying fish through the stores was undoubtedly the means of procuring such reasonable prices for fish and

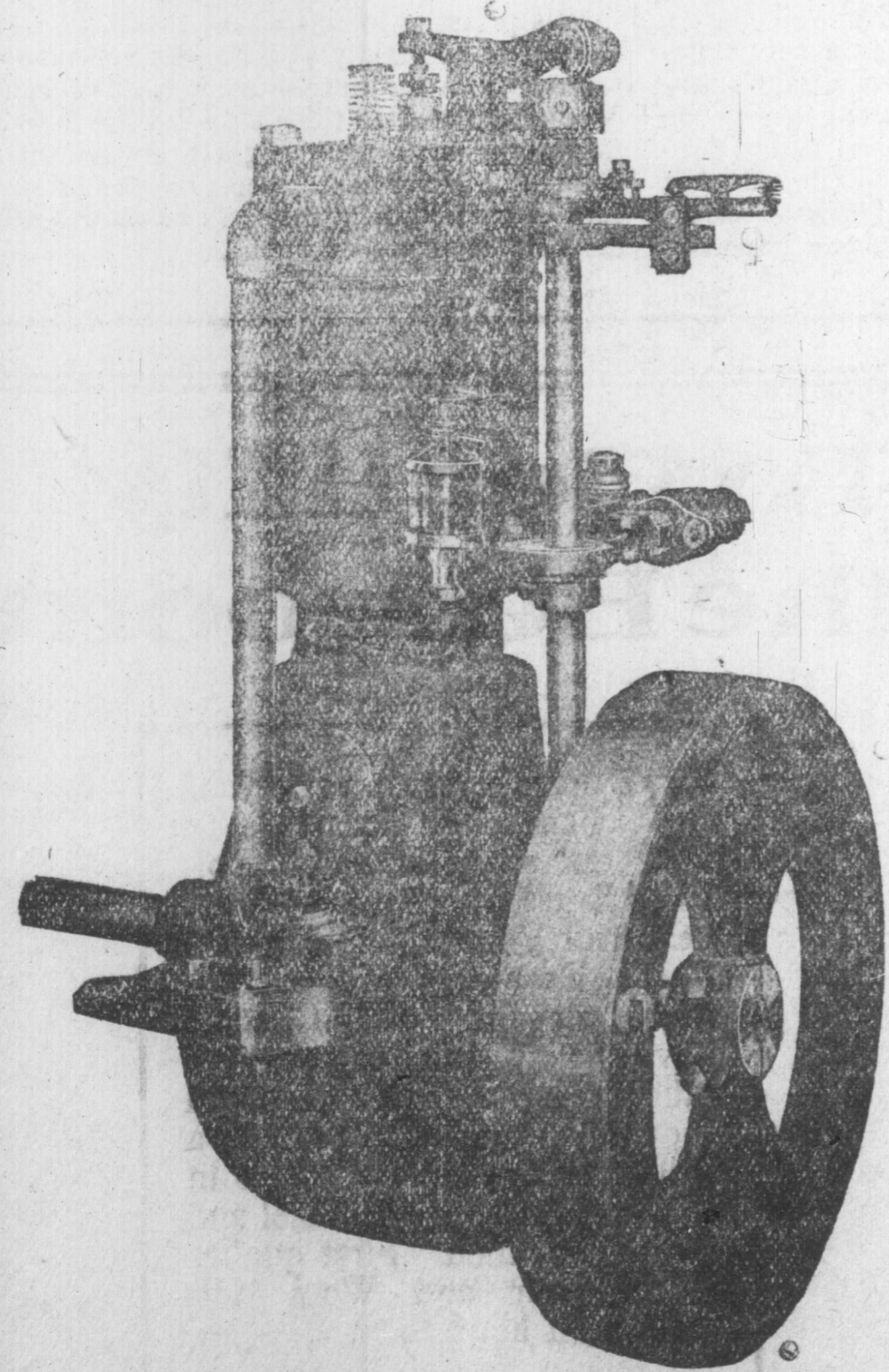
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(Continued on page 11.)

READ THIS! To The Fishermen:

"THE COAKER" Kerosene Motor Engine Is The Favorite!

A Motor Engine made for The Union Trading Co.
by the Largest Motor Engine Manufacturers
in America is now available to the Fishermen.

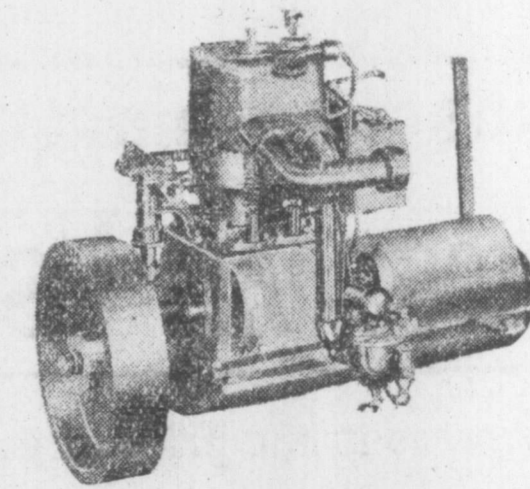


A 6 H.P. "COAKER" ENGINE.

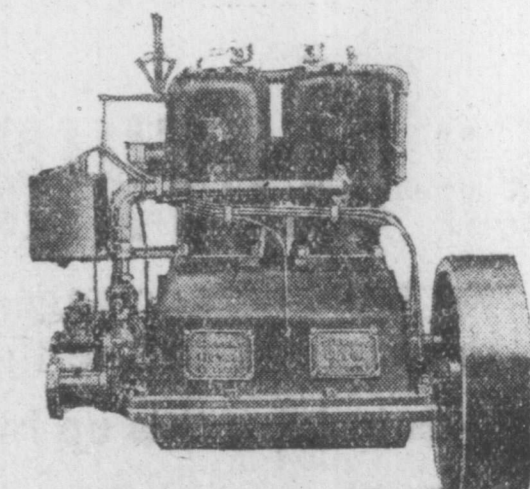
The "Coaker" 4 Cycle Engine can be operated on half the oil consumed by a 2 Cycle Engine. This Engine's power is equal to double the power of same 2 Cycle Engines. It is made for Fishermen's use and expressly for Trap Skiffs and the large size Fishing Bullies. It is sold to Union Members at wholesale prices, all commission and middlemen's profits being cut out. We have contracted for the manufacture of 1000 of these Engines. We sell no engine but the "Coaker." We have them on exhibition at our wharf premises. We carry parts and fittings in stock. We will arrange reasonable terms of payment to meet the requirements of men unable to purchase for cash. WE GUARANTEE THE ENGINE. Write for particulars and terms, applying to Chairmen of F. P. U. Councils concerning this Engine. We confidently recommend the Engine as being of the very best make and material, of being exactly what is needed for the Fishermen's use and GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

It is above all durable, simple and capable of doing heavy work; it is not a toy engine. The Engine starts on Gasoline, and when started, operates on Kerosene oil. The very latest improvements on Motor Engines will be found on the "Coaker." We have sold 200 of these Engines the past spring and all are giving splendid satisfaction. No other firm can sell you a similar engine. We possess the sole rights to sell this Engine in Newfoundland. The man who buys a "Coaker" Engine from us saves \$50 on a 6 H.P., \$80 on a 8 H.P. and \$40 on a 4 H.P. Engine.

We have the 4, 6, and 8 H.P. Engines on exhibition at our premises. We also sell 12, 16 and 24 H.P. "Coaker" Engines, all 4 Cycle make. We also sell 2 H.P. 2 Cycle Engines for small boats. This 2 H.P. Engine is fitted with a Kerosene adapter. No agents will be employed to sell these Engines. We will do our work through the Councils of the F. P. U. Send along your orders for Spring delivery. For full particulars, prices, etc., apply to



4 H.P. COAKER.



8 H.P. COAKER.

The Fishermen's Union Trading Company Limited,

The 1st Newfoundland Regiment!

are using fifteen 22 calibre rifles supplied by us for target shooting.

The instructors say: "Our boys can do better shooting with your rifle than with any of the other makes we have."

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Postage 14c. extra.

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Buy the Fishermen's favorite Brands of Flour.

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Fishermen!

When purchasing the following Lines of Goods, see that you get only the following Brands:

Perfection Soap, Matchless Paint, Standard & Schooner Oil Clothes.

These are the cheapest and best on the market. Have stood the test and are growing in Demand EVERY DAY.

The Standard Manuf'g. Co., Ltd.
WATER STREET EAST.

Phenomenal Progress Made by the F. P. U. During the Closing Year

(Continued from page 10.) met last year in the middle of January, will not meet this year until the middle of March, principally because the Government want to prevent any debate or agitation concerning Abram Kean's action until after the sealers have departed for the icefields. If the Legislature does not meet until the middle of March, all fishermen may reasonably consider that the delay in opening is none other than the Government's determination to whitewash Kean, no matter at what cost. The sealers will, therefore, have to take the matter in hand and deal with it, unless the Sealing Commission's report finds Kean did not use proper judgment and neglected to take proper action to ascertain the whereabouts of the men or whether they had reached their ship. Such a report would compel Bowring Bros. or any other firm to refuse to employ Kean in the future as captain.

We do not want to see trouble over this Kean business. It would be an outrage for Bowring Bros. to cause trouble over the retaining of one man in command of a ship when all the toilers say it should not be, and if Bowring Bros. are indiscreet enough to hurl such an outrage into the face of the people, then they must shoulder the responsibility. We again repeat, on behalf of the people, that if Abram Kean is again appointed Captain of a sealing steamer, there will be trouble arising out of the matter.

THE EXPORT COMPANY.

Mr. Coaker will devote a considerable portion of the coming winter to the establishment of the new Union Company which will purchase and export fishery produce and operate a couple of large branches in the north and east portion of the Colony. He

has secured options on property at Catalina, and if conditions are favourable, a large business will be operated there and the planters of Bonavista and Trinity Bays will be able to transact all their business there. The new company will purchase and export cod and other fish, salted and fresh, green and dry and boneless. They will establish depots for freezing fish and will export it in cold storage by steamers taking the dry fish abroad.

Early in the New Year the shares of the Company will be placed on the market and about \$200,000 worth will be sold by next July, when the Company will start to purchase dry fish. This Company will enable the fishermen to become their own exporters as the Trading Company has made them their own importers. It is a daring plan and one which appeals to every planter and fisherman in the Colony. The shares will be \$10 and \$50. The \$10 shares are common, open only to Union members, and the preferential are \$50, open to all.

PROOFS OF PROGRESS

The war has, of course, somewhat curtailed the activities of the Union, but the fact that the funds have increased and that the Councils and membership have increased, that the business of the Trading Co. has increased 20 per cent., that a daily paper has been established, that the Trading Company has had to increase its capital by \$150,000 additional to meet growing demands, that two bye-elections for Parliament resulted in the return of a Union member and an Independent Union member by acclamation, is conclusive proof of the political strength of the Union Party.

The fact that Mr. Coaker is the only public man who has ever been return-

ed to Parliament, for two districts by two elections in one year—one district by a majority of nearly 1900 against opponents four years before carried the seat by a 2600 majority, and in the second instance by acclamation—is another proof of the strength, in fluence and stability of the F.P.U. in the Colony.

When the next political fight takes place, Union candidates will ask for support in Harbour Grace, Carbonear, Harbour Main, Burgeo, Fortune Bay, Burin and Placentia Districts. Then the first fight of the people in this Colony for the control of public affairs will be fought and won.

The coming year will be one of much unrest and dissatisfaction, caused by destitution, high prices for food, and lack of employment. If 1914 has been a year that will long be remembered, 1915 will be even of greater importance, and its history will probably prove the most heartrending and mark the most stupendous changes recorded any year during the Christian Era.

In reviewing the transactions of the year 1914, last Christmas we stated "The year 1914 would be one of much unrest and financial worry. We refrained from wishing our readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year, for we stated "such is impossible when we know the country is pregnant with unrest and dissatisfaction which will certainly take form the coming year" (1914).

Much responsibility rest upon the shoulders of President Coaker. He has performed his duty faithfully and with much ability up to the present, and may be continue to do so during the coming awful year, for it will call for the best that is in him, and we have no doubt he will be equal to the demands of the situation.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN WILD AFRICA

CHRISTMAS Day in Central Africa and Christmas Day in the Old Country are two very different celebrations.

One at least spent in cold if not snowy weather, as the picture-books delight to depict for us, whereas the other is spent in stifling heat under a tropical sun, far away from all but the smallest comforts of civilization. Yet it is not a miserable day. Christmas Day and Boxing Day are fittingly celebrated.

Lake Ngami lies a thousand miles from anywhere. It takes two months by ox-wagon to reach it. A wide stretch of the Kalahari desert has first to be traversed before the Botletle River is gained; and then another 250 miles of thick veldt along the river. Lions here find a safe retreat. Big game of all descriptions roam without let. Few guns of hunters are to be heard.

When Fear Kills.

Tsau is the capital of Ngamiland, and the residence of the chief of this part of Bechuanaland. Tsau has only a small community of whites—all men. Thirty, all told, would more than cover the number. Only traders, a few policemen, and a resident magistrate dwell in this far out-of-the-way spot. And only a very occasional wanderer, such as the writer, visits it.

Christmas Day dawns early. The rains are on, and all vegetation is rich and green. And malaria is rife. Two of our small community are down with "blackwater," but they will pull through—if they don't worry. It's fun that kills the fever-stricken patient up here, not the fever. My camp is a few miles outside the Stadt. As I am invited to be one of the guests for dinner at the resident magistrate's quarters, I discard my everyday attire, consisting of old riding breeches and an open khaki shirt, and don, instead, a blue serge suit and a collar. I mount my pony and canter through the thick veldt towards the little capital.

When nearing the village I meet a few natives who greet me courteously. They, too, are in holiday garb, which only means, however, that instead of being in all but Nature's attire, a shirt now adorns the upper part of their bodies.

The sun is feeling uncomfortably hot by the time I reach the first trader's store; so I dismount and have—yes, I will confess it—a tot of "dop" (Cape brandy). We have a chat. Our talk ranges on the last deal in cattle the trader has done to the latest scandal in the Stadt. A little while afterwards two other of the small white community drop in and join in our refreshment.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Seventy years ago there were no Christmas cards. At the close of 1844 one lonely greeting was entrusted to the Post Office, and from that one have sprung all the various and beautiful specimens that form such an important feature, both socially and commercially, of this season of the year.

This one Christmas-card is believed to have been sent by W. E. Dobson, B.A. He had a friend from whom he had received many kindnesses and attentions during the past year of which he wished to show his appreciation in some way.

After some thought he painted a small picture, symbolising the spirit of Christmas, and sent it by post to his friend. It was a sketch of a family gathering drinking a toast to "Absent Friends," and surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of Christmas time.

This sketch was about twice the size of the postcard of to-day, and was painted on a piece of Bristol board.

One is a trooper of the mounted police, whilst the other is the village blacksmith. A hand of bridge occupies our time till lunch.

At half-past six I am at the resident magistrate's quarters. After the dinner, the menu of which includes mostly tinned delicacies, we toast the "absent ones," and midnight sees us all disperse to our respective resting places. I find a long ride in the cool air of the tropical night very refreshing. Everything on the sleeping veldt is now very quiet and still.

Boxing Day is, however, the day of the year—for Ngamiland. On that day is held the Ngamiland Races. The Tsau Handicap is run off. Other sports, such as foot races, bullock races, and obstacle competitions have been also arranged for the natives' enjoyment, and for the white man's edification. Both native and white man get a lot of fun out of it all.

In the Tsau Handicap, the chief's horse won, of course, though his horse, ridden by himself, was a good ten yards behind the two leading ponies when they passed the spot where I was. The chief's horse won, however—I repeat it; though not till I had witnessed one of the most masterly exhibitions of "pulling" I have ever seen.

The course was heavy sand, which meant clouds of dust. The sun was extremely hot; so after this event I left and sought the shade of a friendly baobab-tree and slept the sleep of the just till sundown.

Such is Christmas Day and Boxing Day at Lake Ngami.

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

SIXTY LONELY CHRISTMASSES

IN the January of 1850 there sailed out of Plymouth H.M.S. Investigator. She was under Captain McClure, who went in search of the ill-fated Franklin expedition.

For three long years Captain McClure remained in the Arctic, until, in April, 1853, starving and smitten with scurvy, he and his party were forced to abandon their old ship.

They made their way to Melville Island, where they were rescued by H.M.S. Resolute.

The old Investigator, meanwhile, remained fast in the ice of an inlet on the coast of Bank's Island, named by McClure the Bay of God's Mercy. And there she stayed, lonely and unvisited, until six years ago, when a whaling party discovered her, still held fast by the ice.

She is in almost perfect condition, and it has been suggested that a channel be cut through the ice to Medway Sound, and that the old warship then be towed to some American port to refit, in order that she may be able to return to Plymouth under her own sails.

Lord of Misrule Of the Olden Time

IN mediæval times there was a master of the Christmas revels, who was known as the Lord of Misrule. This merry person was, for the time being, "monarch of all he surveyed," and everyone was forced to do his bidding.

Stowe tells us that, "In the feast of Christmas there was in the King's House, wheresoever he lodged, a Lord of Misrule, or master of merry sports, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honour and good worship, were he spiritual or temporal."

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London had also their Lords of Misrule, and even in the homes of the more humble folk someone was usually appointed to play the part of King during Christmas.

These mock-monarchs began their sovereignty on All Hallow's Eve, and ruled—or, if you prefer it, misruled—till Christmas. In Scotland they were known as Abbots of Unreason, but were suppressed by a special Act in 1555.

In Tudor times their reign was marked by much costly display, so much so that in the Christmas of 1561 a Lord of Misrule rode through London followed by one hundred gentlemen on horseback hung with gold chains.

Fishermen, Read! 10 Reason's Why 10 "Acadia"

Gasoline and Kerosene engines are the most popular and most extensively sold engines in Eastern Canada and Newfoundland.

First: Because the construction is most simple and they are easiest to operate.

Second: Because material and quality are the best and cannot be better.

Third: Because equipments are most complete and superior to all other manufactures.

Fourth: Because the engines work equally as well on Kerosene as on Gasoline and by so doing one tank is sufficient.

Fifth: Because we have a real fishermen's engine and best suited for all kinds of work.

Sixth: Because water, wind and weather does not affect them and will run when most needed.

Seventh: Because they are the strongest engine on the market and have never been beaten.

Eighth: Because all parts are guaranteed and have been carefully tested.

Ninth: Because customers get more for their money than from any other company.

Tenth: Because all customers are satisfied and because you are using "ACADIA" Engines and because your neighbours are using "ACADIA" Engines and because every person wishing to use an Engine will use "ACADIA" engines.

We have a most modern factory and our sales increases each year from seventy to two hundred per cent. and we manufacture the largest assortment of marine two cycle engines in Canada, in sizes 3 to 80 H.P.

Write for circulars describing engines and New Combined Kerosene and Gasoline Carburetor.

Manufactured by

Acadia Gas Engine Co. Ltd.,

BRIDGEWATER, NOVA SCOTIA.

Local Agents in all parts of the Island.

Travelling Representatives:

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Are put up for use in 48 shades. Also Outside and Inside White.

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And Is IMPERIAL Measure.

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WE BUY

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WE SELL—Flour, Beef, Pork, Molasses, Butter, Bread, &c., &c.

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WE CAN GIVE YOU

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FISHERMEN!

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Stoves, Grates, Mantelpieces, Hardware Glass, Ships' Windlass Pumps, Hawse-Pipes, Chocks, Side Lights,

Send for Prices to

GEAR & Company

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MARINE GASOLINE ENGINES.

The undersigned wishes to inform the public that they have been appointed Sole Agents for Newfoundland for the J. W. LATHROP CO., Manufacturers of High Class Gasoline Engines.

We can Supply any size from 3 to 36 H. P.

All orders entrusted to the undersigned will receive prompt and personal attention, and a perfect outfit is guaranteed.

A. B. HARDING, Bonne Bay, J. W. CAINES, St. John's.

ap27/14. P. O. Box 1116. Sole Agents.

Mail and Advocate \$2.00 a Year.

President Coaker's Log of His Trip to the Ice Floe Last Spring in s.s. Nascopie

MARCH 13th.—Grand March morning. Left St. John's at 8 a.m., being the fourth ship to pass the Narrows. Passed Baccalieu Island at 10.30 a.m., being first ship. Ice gradually becoming closer and heavier. Made good progress. All steel ships in sight at night fall. Adventure last, about 10 miles from us. All foremost ships—Stephano, Bellaventure, Florizel, Beothic and ourselves all together.

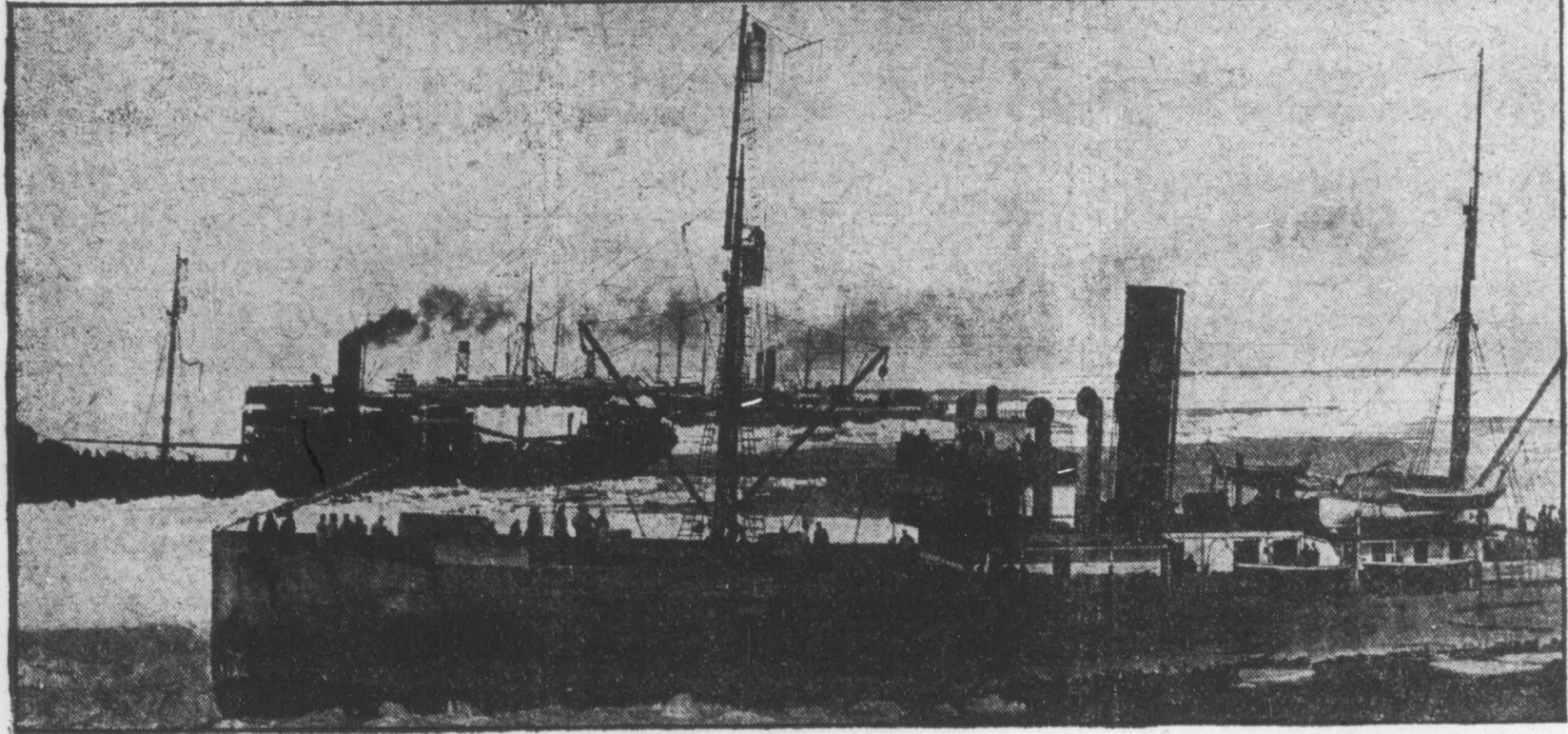
About 4 p.m., land out of sight, we passed through quite a few hoods, as we also did earlier in the day before making in for the land. The body of hoods would now probably be about 40 miles N. E. of Fogo Islands. Some of the hoods had not pupped, although many families were passed. The hoods commenced to pup this year about the 12th and the pupping would extend to about the 17th.

Some of the ships barely escaped being damaged to-day owing to this incessant practice which is anything but desirable or satisfactory. Reports state ships inside still jammed, and the balance of the steel fleet with the Sagona about ten miles North of Fogo. A splendid day.

March 17th.—The four ships started early but found ice rafting and very tight. It took all day up to 3 p.m. to get clear of a sheet across which lay a lake of water. The Bellaventure got across our bow.

Everybody on board was intensely excited. **All Stood Ready** The men all stood by with gaffs and hauling ropes ready to jump. We passed through this streak of seals which no doubt came South West of Belle Isle.

On and on the Nascopie went to the East. The other ships apparently were steaming about South East and were about seven or eight miles further South than the Nascopie.



Ships off Fogo, March 14th.

Ships headed for the land, and all the Steel Ships with the Newfoundland, congregated about 10 miles off Fogo, all lying side by side.

Steamed half speed, as many large pieces of ice amongst the floe; considered too dangerous to proceed. Spent night about 30 miles off Cape Freels. Stephano and Nascopie led whole day. Both splendid ships for forcing through close packed pannid ice. Crew preparing gaffs and hauling ropes.

Passed several foxy bedlamer seals on ice. Very quiet. Saw smoke two wooden steamers in afternoon, both well in on the land and must find ice close packed.

Ice Heavy **March 14th.**—Ships began to move at daylight. Ice heavy and close; here and there streaks of water which two ships availed of. Stephano leading, with us very close after most of the day. The Nascopie forged ahead two or three times and took the lead. At mid-day heaving ice was loose at Fogo. Ships headed for the land, and all the steel ships with the Newfoundland congregated about 10 miles off Fogo, all lying side by side. We took snap shot of the view.

Seeing no chance of getting North inside all resolved to force through Eastern. The Bloodhound was left at Shoal Bay where she probably laid up hoping the ice would pass out and leave clear water on the inside. The Sagona and Eagle were at Baccalieu Island, but the whole of Green Bay was a solid field of ice; not even a crack. The Newfoundland followed the steel ships as near as possible, but soon got far behind.

We passed one white coat about 8 a.m., about 40 miles W.E. of Cape Fogo. The little chap was quite lively and we knocked him into the water in forcing through. He soon managed to mount the ice.

At night-fall all the steel ships were in two groups. One group about five miles Eastern of us, consisting of the Florizel, Bonaventure and Adventure; the other group consisted of Stephano, Newfoundland, Beothic and Bellaventure. The four ships lying within the radius of one hundred yards; the Stephano about thirty feet from us. The appearance was more like a town than the Arctic Atlantic, as all the ships were brilliantly lighted. The ice very heavy and when the ships stopped it was impossible to proceed another foot. All decided to await developments that would likely present themselves at day-light.

Off Again at Daybreak **March 15th (Sunday).**—Our fleet started at day break. Florizel, Bonaventure and Adventure away to S.E., about ten miles; Newfoundland about eight miles distant nearer to the land. Apparently Newfoundland intends hold on for hoods—a wise decision—as it ought not to be hard to make up 20,000 hoods, old and young, especially in view of having guns to kill the old dogs. We passed through ice containing several families in the early part of the day. The Stephano leading our fleet, following leads of water which carrier

side ships still unable to get North. Not a wave of sea, the ocean one solid mass of heavy ice. Impossible to make headway by butting; can only follow leads and cracks if such occur occasionally.

Crew Enjoy Themselves Crew happy—enjoyed their fresh beef and figgy pudding for dinner; fish and brewse for breakfast was excellent. For tea they had soft bread and canned beef. Men in hold singing hymns all day. Some held free and easy Methodist service after tea, which went off just as though they were in a church building. The order was perfect.

Captain thinks we are about thirty miles from seals. Too bad other three ships should have been nipped and thereby delayed. Beothic lost blade of propeller.

March 16th.—The four ships in our company started together. Ice close, and a solid field. A few lakes of water which ships tried to follow. Did not make much progress. At night fall about twenty miles East of Groais Island.

The four shops spent the night close together, the Beothic being a very close neighbour. The Stephano was leading most of the day. Some of the ships gave considerable trouble owing to keeping too close to the sterns of the leading ships, which made insufficient space for backing when hard knots are encountered.

Bothered Each Other The four ships were working almost within a space of two hundred feet side by side. We had to go astern to allow the Stephano to come astern and by so doing our ship got nipped in a rafter. The other ships escaped the rafter but the three of them also became immovable. It took us until 6 p.m. to get clear of the position we were forced into owing to the Bellaventure getting in our way.

The other three ships went on West about eight or ten miles. We followed and at 8 p.m. when we had to "burn down," the other ships were a mile or two distant also "burned down."

It was too risky to venture further into field ice in the dark as it might mean being nipped in a heavy sheet, so the Captain wisely decided to "burn down" in a lake of water and await tomorrow morning's developments.

The day was an ideal one. Not cold, but clear, and very moderate. This is our fifth night at sea, and each night has found the ships "burnt down" and others of our fleet in close proximity. We took a couple of good photos when

much by the stern and all on board who sailed in her last spring say she is not near as good in heavy ice as she was then. Complaints reached me last night from the Beothic, Stephano and Bellaventure about food.

The Stephano did not supply brewse as by law provided. Neither did the Bellaventure, and in addition the Bellaventure did not supply fresh beef on Sunday. The same complaint is made South than the Beothic.

broken up owing to having come in contact with Belle Island. There was not a wag of sea. We took the first seals about twenty miles S.E. of Belle Island.

The Stephano and Beothic struck the patch about seven miles South of us. Learning we had struck the seals although the seals were not plentiful and were cleaned up within two hours. Bryant killed, scalped and plied fourteen, and I had nine for myself. It was an experience to kill those little innocents pleading so pitifully for their lives, and the sculping of them was even more sadder. Their bodies are filled with blood. I should say they contain fully sixteen pints of blood.

Freeing the Nascopie, March 17th. Our crew worked well and but for the blowing up of the ice to the windward of the ship, it would have been impossible to proceed.

I Marcanted the owners and trust their action will remove all grounds for future complaint; if not, owners and masters are responsible for the breaches of the law and may be sued before the courts.

The crew of the Nascopie are quite satisfied with the food which is fully up to the requirements of the new sealing law.

Did Good Work **March 18th.**—The Stephano, Beothic and Bellaventure were a few miles ahead in the morning but the Nascopie was not asleep. Soon Groais Island appeared out of the fog which prevailed. We sighted the three aforementioned ships and all raced for Cape Bauld in open water along the Treaty Shore. Captain Barbour decided to cut off South of Belle Isle as the ice appeared heavy. Soon the hull of other ships in our fleet appeared heading South having gone as far as Cape Bauld and receiving information.

We were now seven or eight miles ahead, leading to the East. The other ships had some difficulty in getting through. At 2 p.m. we ran into the patch of white coats when about ten miles South of Belle Isle. The patch seemed to run North and South and the young seals looked large. It was our first sight of the white coats and

I examined some hundreds of them during the day and the result of my investigations showed that about twenty-five per cent. only were female. They had subsisted from birth entirely upon their mother's milk and their stomachs contained a large quantity of milk. I examined scores of the stomachs of the mother seals and found all without a particle of food and many of the stomachs contained large numbers of small worms. Many

They realise their danger. The old race about the ice in all directions tossing their heads erect, splurging into their blowing holes, then with a spurge they throw themselves once

(Continued on page 13.)

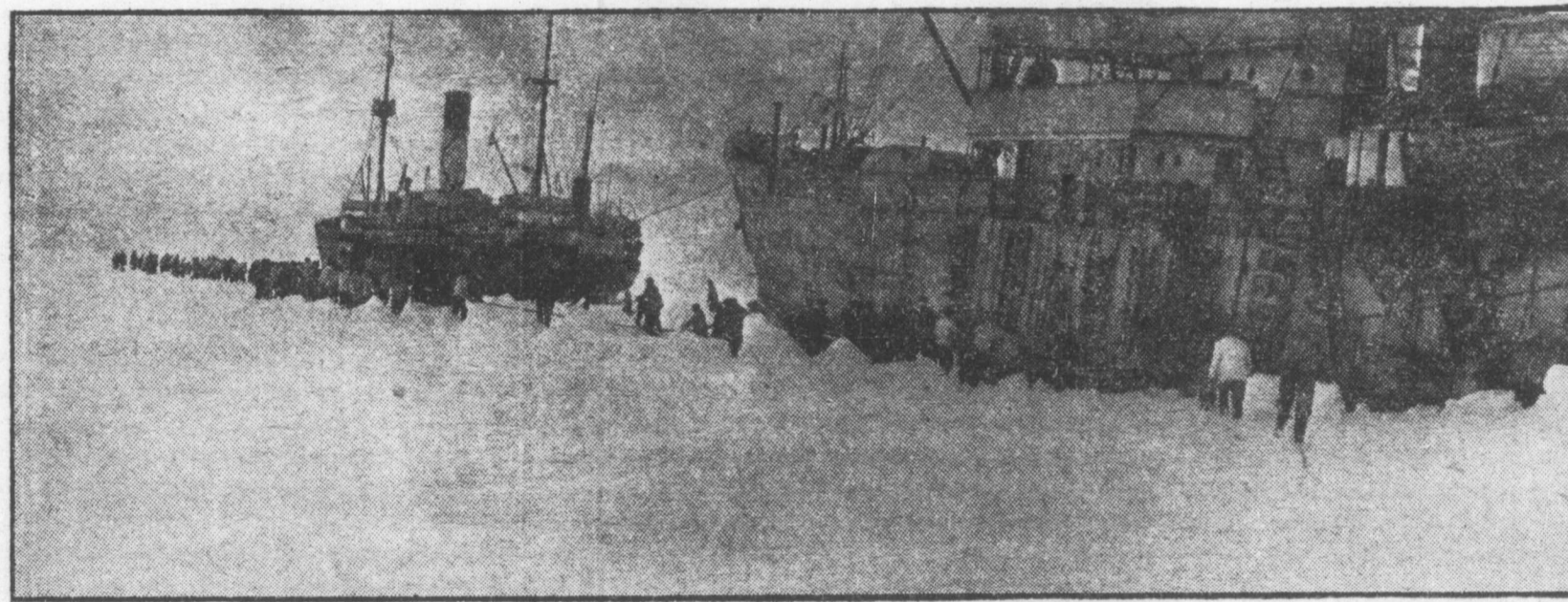


Capt. George Barbour, Commander of the Sealing Steamer Nascopie.

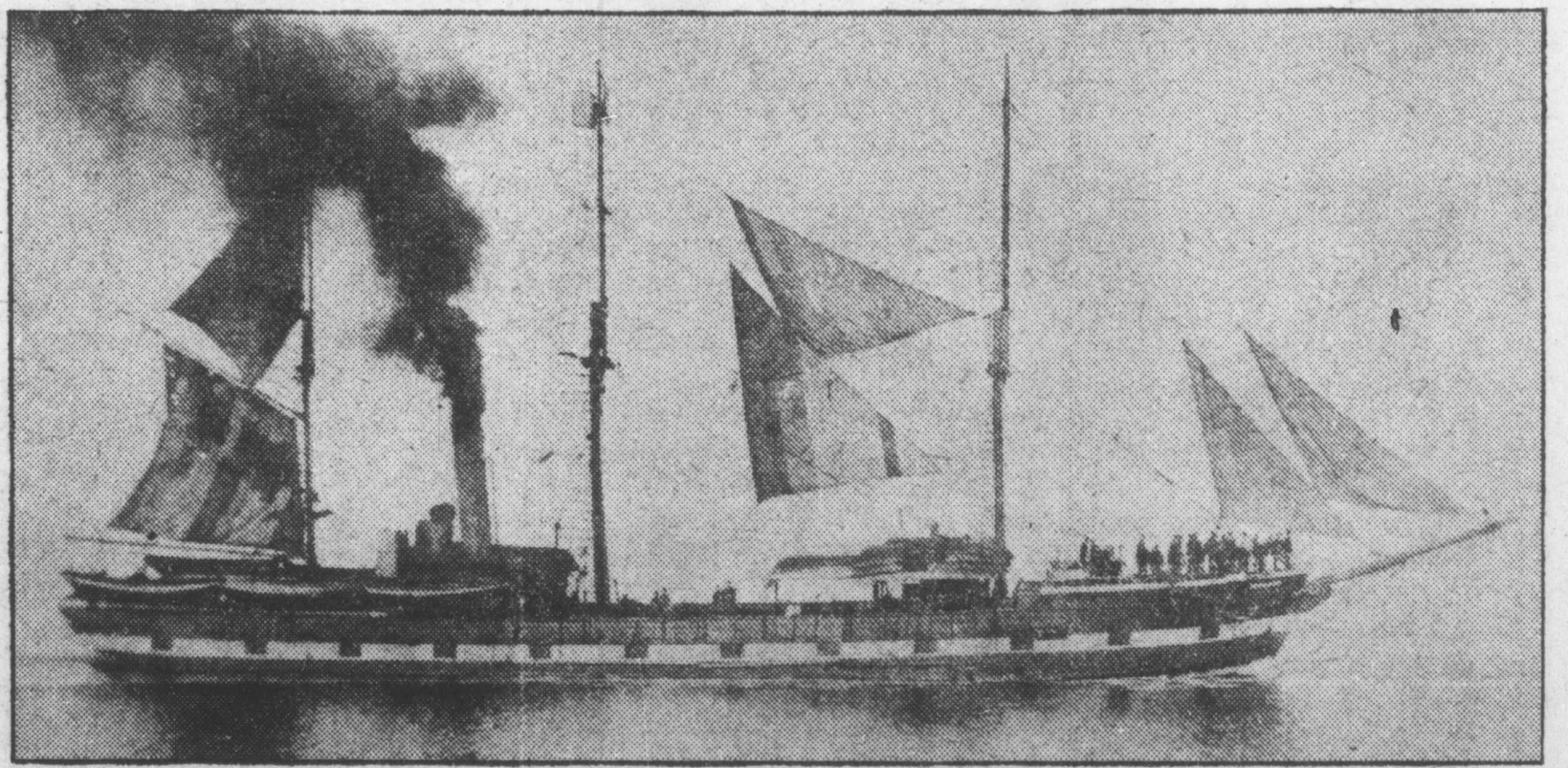
the ships were jammed to-day as the crews were mostly engaged in attempting to do what was possible to set them free.

Our crew worked well and but for blowing up the ice to the windward of the ship it would have been impossible to proceed.

Our ship is out of trim being too



Stephano and Nascopie Jammed, March 17th. The four ships were working almost within a space of two hundred feet, side by side. We had to go astern to allow the Stephano to come astern, and by so doing our ship got nipped in a rafter. The other ships escaped the rafter, but the three of them also became immovable.



The Illfated Southern Cross. Lost with all her crew of 173 men off Trepassay Bay, March 31st, 1914, en route for Harbor Grace, loaded with seal pelts.

Christmas Slippers!

If you should take a peep into our Store about now you'd think that we were going to Christmas Slipper the whole Country.

FOR MEN!

We've comfortable House Slippers in Felt and Leather, Romeos, Operas, Everetts, Dress Pumps, Bath Slippers, etc., etc.

55c., \$1.00 to \$2.00 or \$2.50.

FOR WOMEN!

We've House Slippers of Felt and Leather, Juliets, Dainty Party Slippers, Colonials, Pumps, Slippers of Satin and Kid, beautifully trimmed—exquisite creations.

50c., \$1.00, to \$3.00 or \$4.00.

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We've Slippers for the Boy and Girl and pretty Slipper creations for the Baby.

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The Christmas Slipper Store.

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LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

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General Agent for Newfoundland.

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At Half Price--50c. on a dollar
Values that have no equal in St. John's.
Prices to Suit Every Pocket Book.

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167 Water Street, East.

President Coaker's Log of His Trip to the Ice Floe Last Spring in s.s. Nascopie

(Continued from page 12.)
 of the udders of the mother seals contained no milk. They appeared to be drying up the milk supply. I doubt whether any of the prime full grown white coats would be nursed another three days by the mothers. fairly plentiful, they steamed towards us and when we "burned down" we were not more than two miles from the Stephano and Beothic.

Steamed East.
 March 19.—All were moving at 4.30 a.m. At five the ships steamed out further Eastern and placed the different watches on the ice; one watch mixed with men from the Stephano and the Nascopie's at one section.

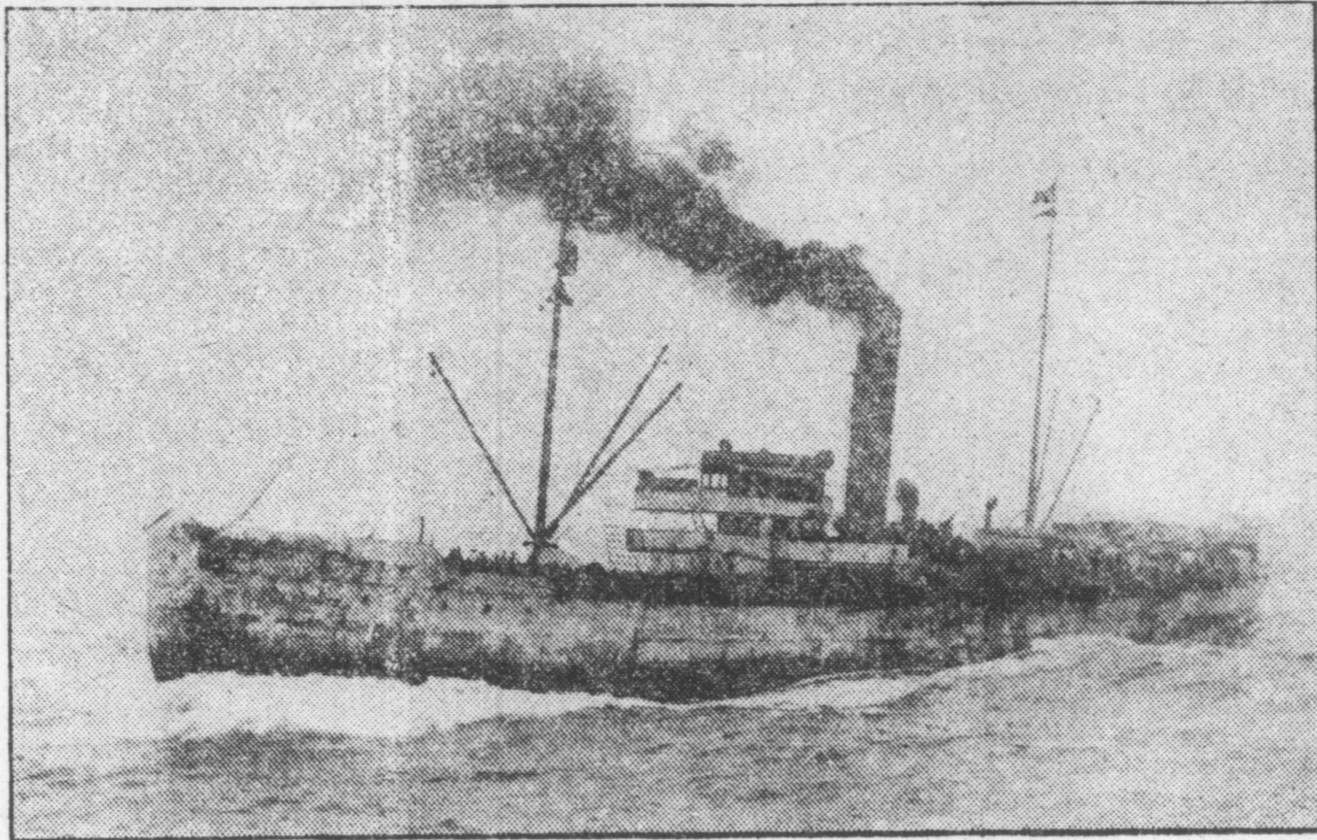
The men cleaned up the seals where they had been placed. The ship kept picking up the seals and replacing the men. This continued all day. My chum—C. Bryant—and myself went on the ice with the men after dinner and although the seals were not plentiful and were cleaned up within two hours. Bryant killed, skulped and piled fourteen, and I had nine for myself. It was an experience to kill those little innocents pleading so pitifully for their lives, and the sculping of them was even more sadden. Their bodies are filled with blood. I should say they contain fully sixteen pints of blood.

large numbers of small worms. Many of the udders of the mother seals contained no milk. They appeared to be drying up the milk supply. I doubt whether any of the prime full grown white coats would be nursed another three days by the mothers.

I should think that those seals would be full-grown about the 20th and would not gain much in weight after that date. The younger seals, of course, would probably continue to suck for another week. But seals—such as seven-eighths of those taken by us—would certainly not grow much more this season.

Twenty Days Old.
 They were probably pupped about March 1st and are about twenty days old. If they weighted fifteen pounds at birth some of them increased in weight eighty-five pounds in twenty days—that is carcass and pelt. The pelts averaged fifty-five pounds to-day, some went seventy-five, several sixty-eight.

I only weighed one at forty pounds. The carcasses weigh about twenty-five pounds for a pelt weighing sixty. The blood another ten pounds, which brings some up to a gross weight of ninety-five to one hundred pounds. The pelt of the mother seal will average about one hundred pounds—so while a young harp a t fifty-six pounds is worth \$2.25.



S.S. Nascopie.

which were well scattered. Some of the older men thought we might not be picked up before 9 or 10 p.m. A punt was left by the steamer as a mark to find the spot if it was late before we could be reached. Some men housed in the punt which had been placed on her gunnail and which provided shelter from the wind. A

squirted from the beating arteries of the day's victims.

Splendid Fellows
 A better company of men would be hard to find. Each of them this trying day had proved to be a man in a man's place—for a man must be a man when slaughtering white coats. He works as he never before worked unless he had been fortunate enough to have been in the white coats before.

Just at dark our ship appeared and soon she was alongside of our pan, and a rush was made for the side sticks and ladders which presented a sight impossible to comprehend unless viewing it on the spot.

How I wished it was light enough to secure a snap shot. The whole side of the ship was covered with black objects with faces all looking upwards, each pushing his gaff before him and an occasional back carrying a "cat white coat" slung across the shoulder. We were all on board once more and soon Bryant and I were enjoying a much-needed repast in the mess room. We had gone on the ice without any food as we had expected to be on board of the ship an hour after we left her. I was delighted with my first experience with the white coats and was well repaid for the inconveniences we had endured.

We did not make a good day's work for the seals were too scarce and scattered but when all we panned is on board we won't be far short of eight thousand seals.

The Adventure came in sight just before dark—five thousand three hundred on board.

Ideal Day
 March 20th.—With the exception of a snow drizzle about 9 a.m., the day was another ideal sealers' day. Ship started at 5 a.m. to place the men on the ice, but found seals very scarce. Put out some men. Started picking up pans. Bonaventure and Eagle came into the patch during the past night. During the evening the Sagona also steamed in from the N.W.

The Bloodhound, Florizel and Fogota are also in the patch inside. The Stephano, Beothic and Bellaventure are in sight picking up pans. Too far off to know what they are doing except by wireless which at this juncture is anything but reliable. Belle Isle reports that sixty miles of seals passed along during the month. There must be a large patch of seals to the South East.

The ice is broken up owing to being forced on Belle Isle. That makes it hard for panning and has scattered the number of seals somewhat. Fully ten per cent. of the young seals have escaped as a few here and there on a pan are not worth stopping to take.

Weighted several pelts to-day. They average fifty-five pounds; some weighed seventy-three, one only fifty. The pelts are in the prime condition. Weighed carcasses which average twenty-five pounds for young.

Splendid Sight
 Did not go on ice to-day; no good chance. Splendid sight to see fore

clock work. Sammy is constantly on the alert and his assistants are all performing their parts creditably.

The Doctor has developed into an expert winch manipulator and all the men say he is the only Doctor gentleman they ever sailed with.

If any one attempt to take over the work of driving the winch he is received with a head shake from the Doctor which is as good as saying: "No thank you, I am boss of this machine."

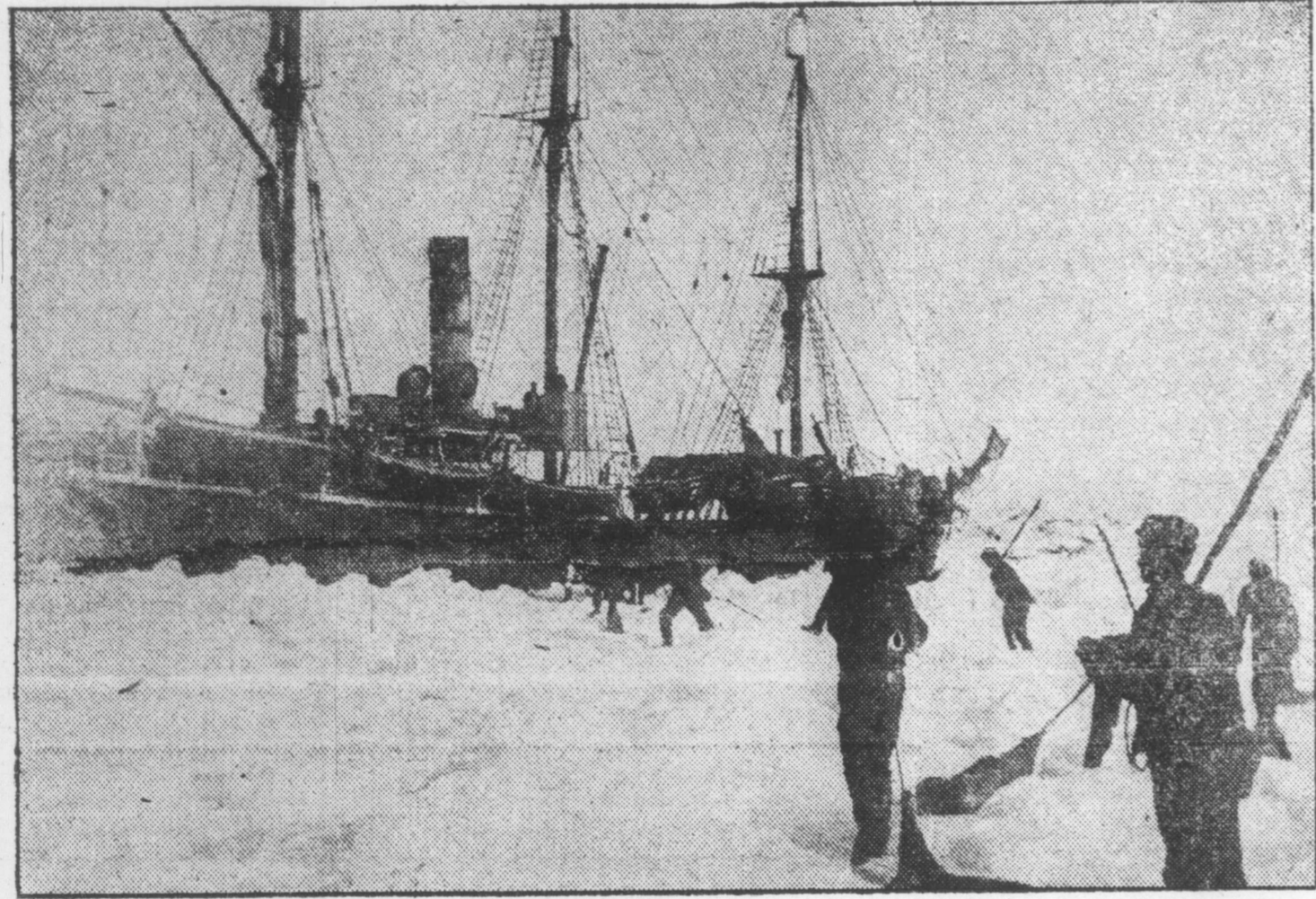
March 21st.—Wind N.W. by N., strong, with snow most of the day. Frosty and very unpleasant. See no distance. Took about five hundred seals in small patches. Working out to S.E. Ice heavy. Passed Bonaventure and Bloodhound. Ships on inside taking on board panned seals. Our ship endeavouring to get away to S.E. as a large patch of seals still remain untouched and that patch must be to the South East.

Slight Accident.
 Moses Waterman met with slight accident yesterday, one of the hatch planks fell and struck his toe, apparently breaking it, but Mosie's tongue is still as lively as ever. He will be about in a day or two if he will remain still and not use his foot.

March 22nd.—Bonaventure reports man dead—Henry Pridham, of Petty Harbor, having died from injuries

three times to-day, with much singing of hymns. Rosary also said by R. C. friends. Being Sunday the cooks had extra work to prepare the Sunday food for the crew. All expressed themselves as being well satisfied with the food on Mondays as well as Sundays. The cooks work night and day with sweat rolling off them. To cook the food now provided by law the cooks must keep constantly to work. Only once so far this voyage have the cooks done any other work. When all the men are on the ice and the cooks are willing to handle seals, one or two may be spared for an hour or two, but only once have I seen a cook handling seals.

True to Spirit
 The captain is true to the spirit of the law in reference to cooks; he abstained from ordering them to handle seals, and what was done was the voluntary act of a subordinate cook with the consent of the chief. The sealers on the Nascopie absolutely refused to consent to allow the cooks to handle seals. I hope this matter of taking the cooks from their proper duties to handle seals, is now about fixed. I don't think the men on any ship will in future be willing to have the cooking neglected in order to allow two or three cooks to handle seals. It will not be tolerated in future, and what will be lost by keep-



S.S. Diana.

I examined some hundreds of them during the day and the result of my investigations showed that about twenty-five per cent. only were female. They had subsisted from birth entirely upon their mother's milk and their stomachs contained a large quantity of milk. I examined scores of the stomachs of the mother seals and found all without a particle of food and many of the stomachs contained

The mother weighing seventy pounds is worth but \$3.00 to the sealers. During the afternoon it closed in foggy and looked as if it might snow. The men working in our section numbering sixty, all gathered at one place.

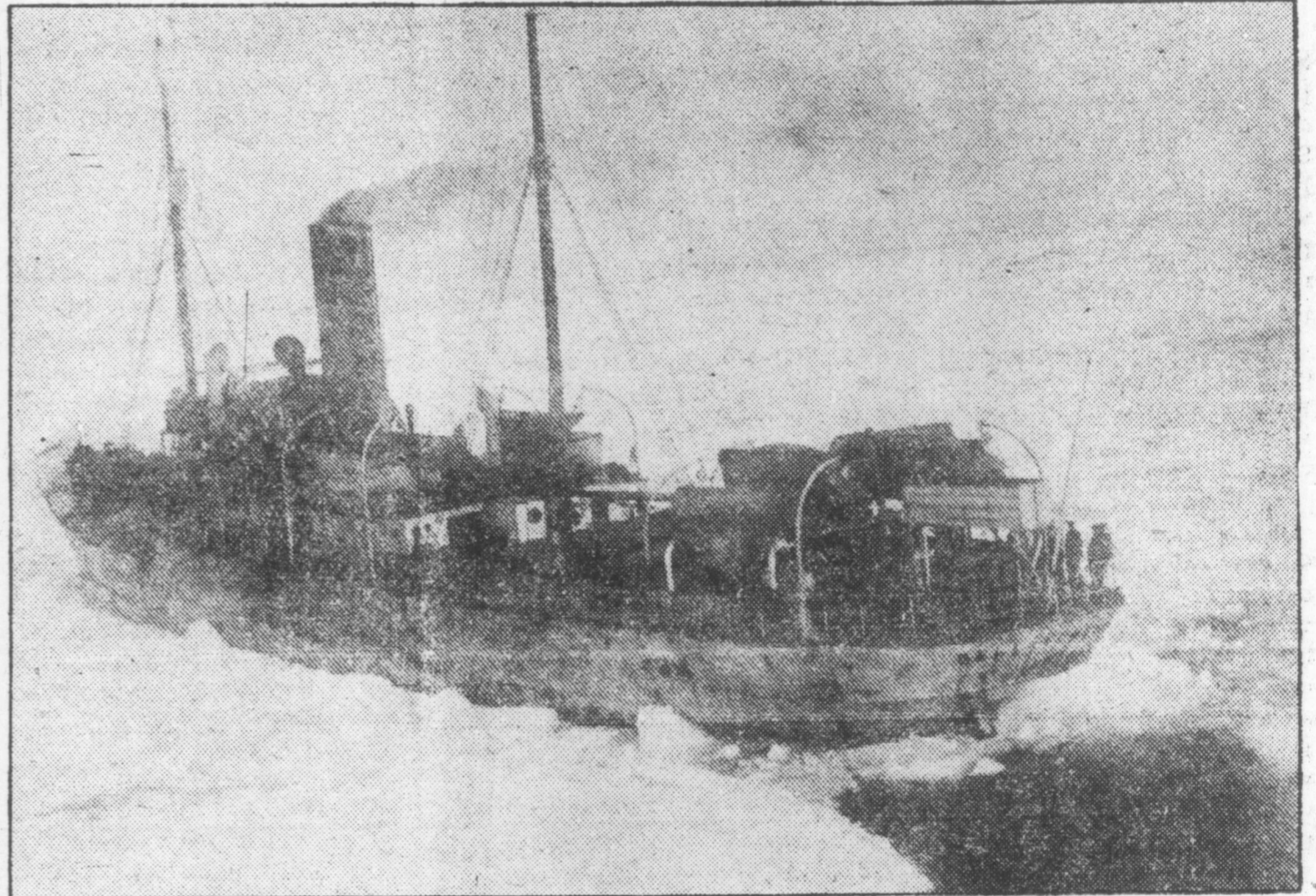
No Ship in Sight
 There was no sign of the steamer. The Bellaventure was not far distant and was picking up her men

fire was made from flag poles, seal pelts and carcasses.

Some of the men played a game called cat, which consisted of striking a seal flipper with a gaff and then running to the next post if not struck with the flipper by the bowler.

Others began telling of their many years experiences at the ice floe. Others who had survived the storm that had taken the lives of forty-eight of the Greenland's crew told of their terrible experience in that blizzard.

One—James Harris, of Harbor Grace—sang one of those old fashioned witty songs which compelled the singer to dance at the finish of each verse. Skipper Jim's exhibition brought down the house at the close and a hearty cheer was given him when he had finished. Although about twenty-five miles S.E. of Belle Isle—away out on the bosom of the mighty Atlantic Oceans ice floe—and with little hope of seeing our ship before eight or nine that evening and with the expectation of a snow storm, yet the men's hearts were full of life and enthusiasm. A smile might be seen on the countenances of each. Their faces were painted with blood which



S.S. Bellaventure.

deck piled with five thousand seals. All in this patch were cut up. Expect to finish taking on board to-night and be off to the S.E. in search of another patch without delay.

We will have about twelve thousand out of this patch which do not exceed fifty thousand, the Stephano Beothic and Bellaventure have probably taken ten thousand each; the other ships about eight thousand.

The Captain is a very cool man. Absolutely proof against excitement. Very little shouting. The old scaler, Skipper Peter Galton, is without doubt a sealing expert. What he doesn't know about seals and their habits and the handling of a ship in the seals and out very few can teach him.

The Captain's son Peary is second in command and is a chip from the old block in every respect. He says little but takes in the whole situation at a glance.

The crew are delighted. Every man carries a smile, and there is nothing but good said about the food.

Jewel of a Cook
 The cook—Samuel Teller—is indeed a jewel so far as his duties go, and the cook's duties are performed like

sustained by falling through the after hatch on the night of the 20th, and died early this morning. The Bonaventure has no doctor. Our doctor went on board at noon to-day. The Bonaventure having come up to us, Bonaventure and Nascopie in company all day. Did not steam much. At night seven ships in sight. Men had divine service on board

ing the cooks at their own work will not amount to much.

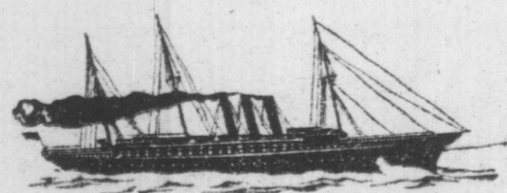
Faithfully Performed
 Captain Barbour has faithfully performed his part in carrying out the sealing regulations. The owners have done their part, for the food was placed on board of this ship. The chief cook has done his part nobly.

(Continued on page 14.)

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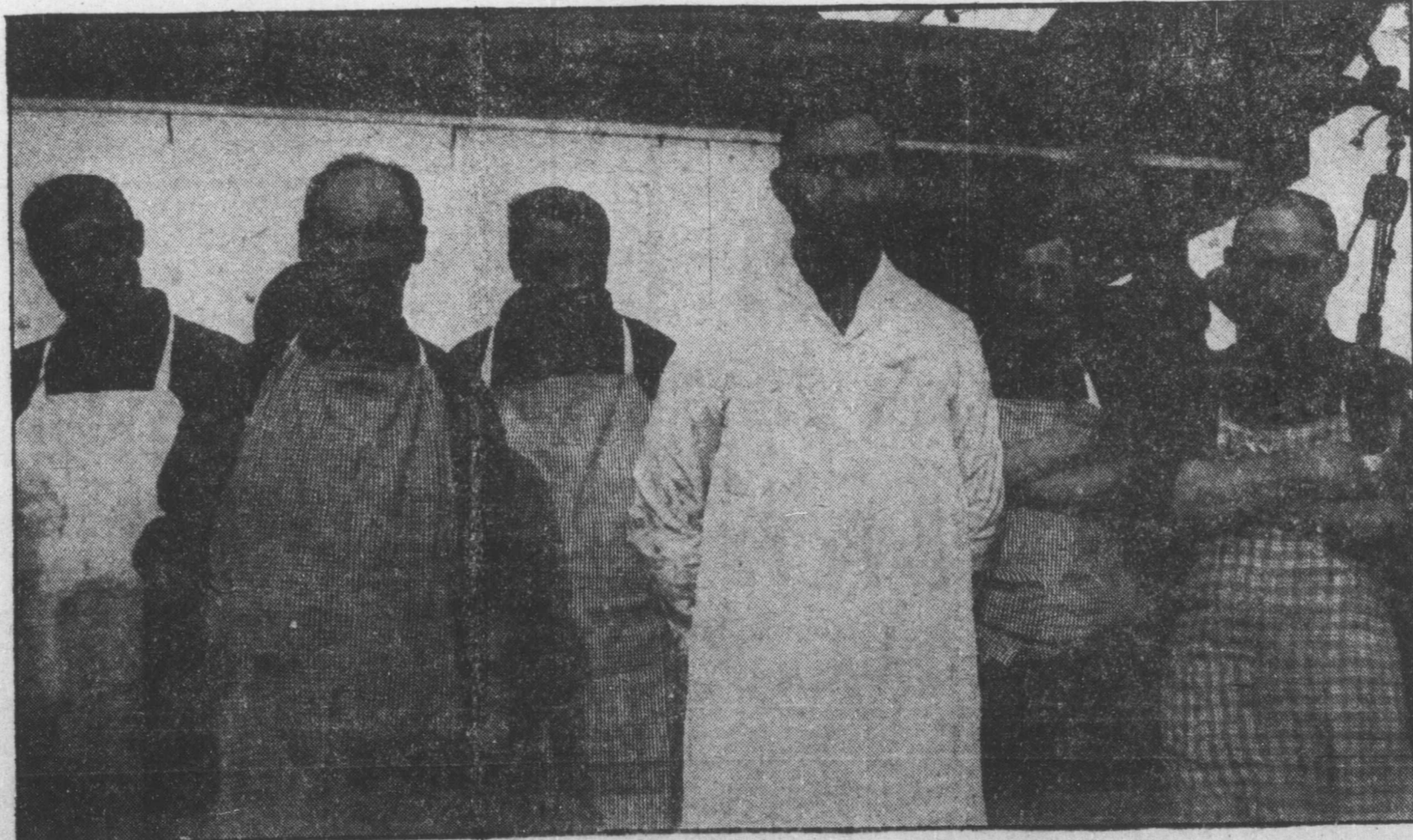
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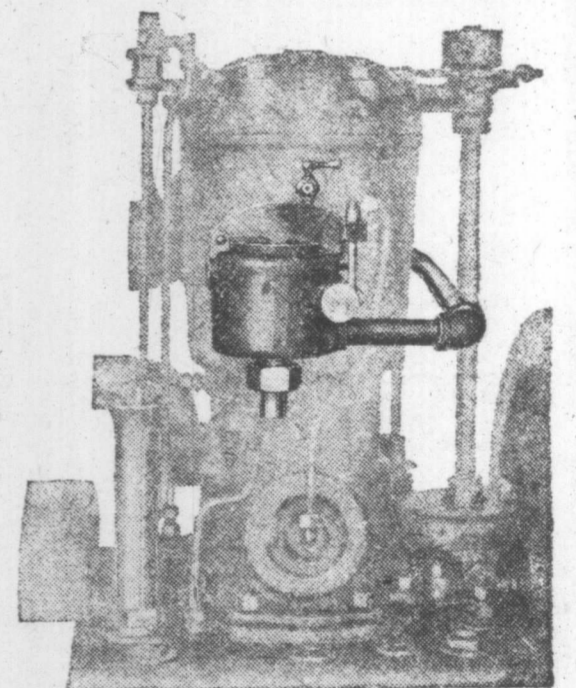
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President Coaker's Log of His Trip to The Ice Floe Last Spring in the s.s. "Nascopic"



S.S. Florizel.

(Continued from page 13.)
The greatest responsibility rests upon the chief cook, for he can make things go right if he feels so inclined. The assistant cooks have all done their parts well. The steward has also done his part well.
It will be difficult to have all the crews treated alike, unless there is one man placed on each ship by law, whose duty it will be to see that the regulations are observed, and to make immediate complaint when there is any negligence and falling improvement immediately after a complaint is lodged with the captain, notice should at once be given of a suit for breach of the regulations. After two or three years such an official could be dispensed with, as the men would by then recognize their full rights and what the regulations called for, and would see them enforced.

Twelve Men Astry

Beothic had 12 men astray on the ice until 11 p.m. When found they had prepared an ice house made from clumpers, and were enjoying a fire

of seal carcasses and pelts. A larger number of the Beothic's crew who were astray boarded the Stephano earlier in the evening.

March 23rd.—Crew out at 2 a.m. pelting seals. Ice very tight and heavy; about the tightest experienced since leaving St. John's. Our position is about thirty miles South East of Belle Isle. The Bella-venture and Bonaventure in company, while the Florizel and Fogota lay about 5 miles to the N. W. The Beothic and a large steamer supposed to be the Stephano lay about 10 miles East of us. Bay clear and no wind. Impossible to search for seals as ice too tight and heavy. So far as we can judge about 90,000 seals taken to date. All of these were taken between Belle Isle and Grois Island. Took about 900 seals to-day. Slight swell on which in latter part of the day permitted the ships to get around.

Best for Voyage

Seals taken to-day best for the voyage. Weighed several that tipped the scales at 70 pounds. Average 60, or

five pounds better than two days ago. Young taking to the water, coats becoming spotted. Mothers left the young, they will now decrease in weight. Very few old seals now seen on the ice or in the water. Stephano panned a few to-day to east of us. Stephano had 4 men astray during the early part of the night.
We have to-day passed through much of the whelping ice from which the first seals were taken. The whelping ice has drifted about 50 miles during the last eight days—or about six miles in 24 hours.

Dispute as to Quantity

A dispute arose in the fore hold regarding the quantity of seals brought in since 1900 by Captains George Barbour and Ab. Kean. Dr. Bunting sought Chafe's Sealing Guide which proved that during the last 13 years—1900 to 1913—Captain George Barbour brought in 2142 seals more than Captain Kean. The figures being:—
Barbour 365,994
Kean 362,852

This settled the dispute and a pound of F.P.U. tobacco changed hands.

Another dispute arose as to how many springs have passed since Capt. Wm. Barbour brought in two loads the one spring in the Diana, and what amount the men made. Reference was again made to Chafe's Guide, when it was shown that Capt. Wm. Barbour made his notable trips 23 springs ago, and his men shared \$182.30.

Mosie Waterman, of Fair Island, in this case won the forfeit. It turned out that Mosie was a stowaway on the Diana that spring and behaved so well that the crew gave him a full share. Consequently it surprised none to find that Mosie remembered the year so accurately.

Almost a Jink

In going over Chafe's book to confirm the doctor's figures, I noticed that Capt. Ab. Kean almost made a jink of it in 1905, when his voyage numbered 4,553, and his men made the small bill of \$12.97. Capt. Geo. Barbour's worse year during the period referred to, was 1904, when he brought in 12,874, his men sharing \$34.86. The value of seals brought

in by Capt. George Barbour in 14 springs, 1900-1913, exceed by \$15,000 the value of seals brought in by Capt. Ab. Kean during the same period.

March 24th.—Thick most of the day. Took about 300 seals. Ship moving all day, but found no new patch. Most of the steamers in our vicinity. Reports received from them show that we have so far done as well as most of them.

Fine Lot of Seals

Adventure has picked up a fine lot of seals this week, probably done the best work of the fleet since Monday. We cut through 21 miles of ice surrounding the ice from which the seals secured were taken. We burnt down for the night near the Stephano. We have about 13,000 stowed to date. Our ship calls 21 seals 20 in counting, the reason advanced for so doing is, to be sure not to hall for more than is on board. The system of counting is very reliable.

All the seals taken during the day are placed on deck. When the work on ice for the day is over, the watches in turn stow the seals below. They are thrown into a shute which direct them below, and each seal is counted one by one. Every man crying out the number in rotation. Each 21 seals are tallied by the master watch on a board. The tally is made by cutting a notch on the edge of the board. Each notch means 20 seals.

The landsmen in future in reckoning the seals reported as on board will add 5 per cent. If he wishes to find out the exact number on board the Nascopic.

Weighed several seal pelts, averaged 60 lbs. Weighed one round white-coat, weight 85 lbs, found carcass 25 lbs., blood about 8 lbs.

March 25th.—Fine day. Nine steamers in sight all day. Passed Stephano and Bonaventure. Took about 1,000 during the day. Steamed to S. East and again to West. Must have covered 100 miles during the day in search of a new patch. Steamed most of the night. Report from the two fleets, front and gulf, received. Glad to find Gulf ships did so well.

Gramophone Concert

Had gramophone concert in ball room for crew between 8 and 9 p.m., which helped the leisure hour to pass pleasantly. Skipper James Harris, of Harbor Grace, elected mock king of the common sealers. His duty is to govern the crew and to enforce sealers sea laws. The king is aided by a judge, sheriff and two constables. Each offender is reported to the court by the king and the court hears all cases, and where necessary submits

the case to a jury. The prisoner and king is represented by a lawyer. The two lawyers selected being Chief Engineer Ledingham and Dr. Bunting. The writer being selected for judge.

March 26.—Splendid day. Fine, warm and clear. Steamed into a small patch of seals about 8 a.m. The Beothic in company. Many of the seals dipping. A number able to handle themselves in the water very well. Ice open, in small pans. Very difficult to get about on ice. Beothic cut us off about noon and by so doing took quite a number of seals from our men. Spoke to several of Beothic's men. They hail for 22,900, with seven pans out. Reported with two blades of propeller broken. Beothic has been in the seals continuously from the start.

We took 2500 seals to-day, and have about 17,000 on board. Had men on the ice until after darkness set in. The day was the best in point of weather experienced since leaving port. The sun's rays warm as the day was calm throughout.

March 27th.—Came across few seals pelts by landsmen, weight of pelts 30 lbs. Found a knife and piece of unravelled rope on pan, also an old harp seal. The ice must have cut Cape Bauld shore. We are now 60 miles N. N. E. of Funk Island. Weather thick which has caused young seals to take to the water. Very little will be done in capturing them, except we get fine sunny days.

Spoke Fogota

Took about 800 seals to-day. Spoke to Fogota at night fall. She reports for 2,000. Beothic, Eagle, Bonaventure in our vicinity. James Davis, of Wesleyville, dislocated arm by a tumble over pinnacle. Doctor soon set it, as the accident happened near the ship. The poor chap lost one half of dislocated arm some years ago caused by the explosion of a gun. Our position now about 50 miles N. E. of Funk Island. Passed a few of the Beothic's missing pans, which were subsequently picked up by the Beothic.

Fogota spent the night alongside of us. Some of her crew complained loudly about the grub supplied and non-compliance with the sealing law.

They reported shortage in sugar, beans, potatoes. No fresh beef or brewse had been supplied as per regulations. One of the favored few on her swallowed all the whisky he could get on board of our ship, and begged all the tobacco obtainable. He has a long winded tongue and before reaching his own ship was privileged to "a ducking" in the briny icy

waters. We wished them good luck and much success with the old later on.

March 28th.—Took an S. E. course at daybreak, accompanied by the Adventure, and steamed South of the Funks in search of a new patch, but saw nothing in the shape of seals. Ice much scattered and broken. Weather thick, wind blowing a gale from the N. W. Took no seals. Adventure kept close to us all day and both ships burnt down at nightfall within hailing distance of each other.

Adventure's crew bitterly complained concerning negligence of chief cook in not providing meals according to the sealing law. Fresh beef was served once, having been boiled instead of roasted. Brewse only served twice to date. No breakfast being cooked on Sunday, as all cooks but one lay in bunk until 7.30 a.m., and the chief cook loudly proclaimed that he would cook breakfast for no one. He must be noted and prevented from sailing again as a cook.

Cooks Object

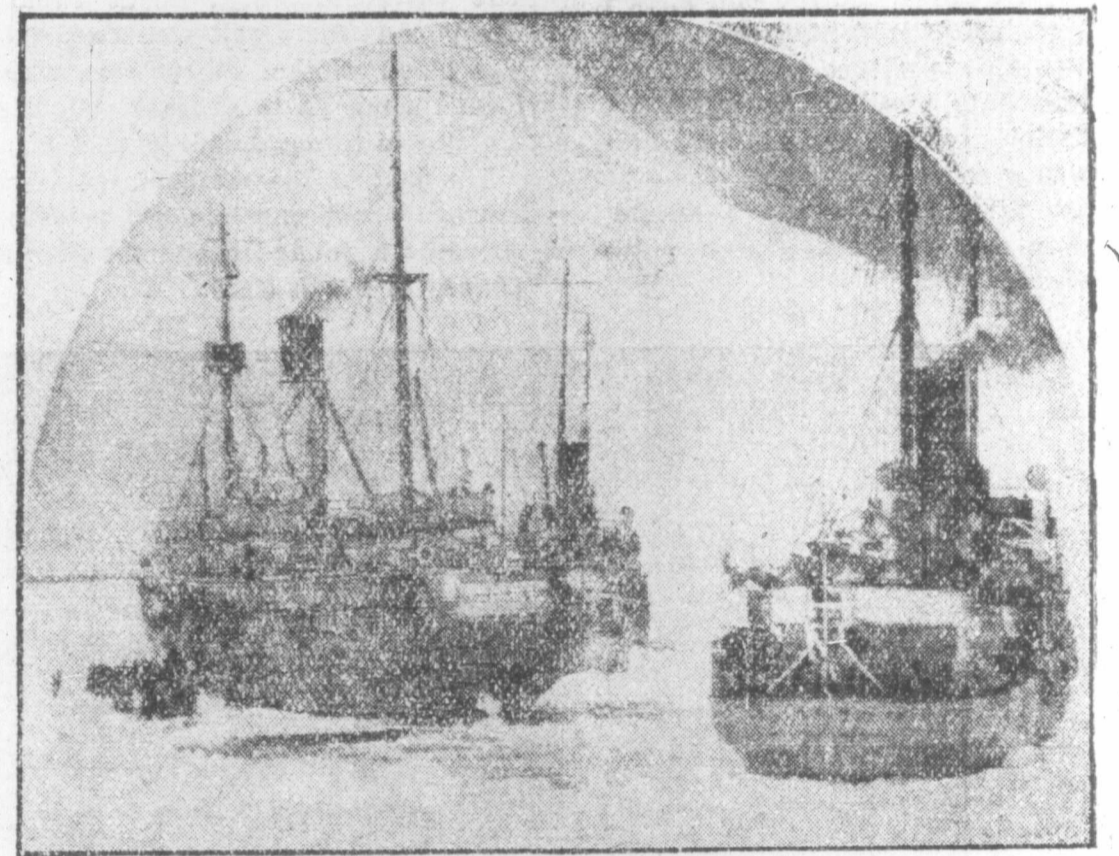
Adventure's men say Capt. Kean anxious to have meals served according to rules, but cooks refuse to do so. It will be necessary to amend sealing law and provide for the plac-

ing of an official on board of each ship to see that regulations are observed and in case of default to institute action against cooks, master and owner. Cooks will also have to be paid a bonus by the owners in addition to a share of the voyage, as their duties continually demand all their time and they work 18 hours every day. They probably put in three times as much time on duty as any of the men in the underdeck. A bonus of \$20 should be paid to each assistant cook and baker, and \$30 to the chief cook, then the chief cook will be in a position to demand the close attention of assistants, which they don't feel like doing under present circumstances.

Must Be Alike

Every ship must supply meals alike and all sealers must be accorded similar food, and until such conditions are accomplished, there must be no "let up" on behalf of the F.P.U. and tollers of the deep.

The experience afforded me as a result of this voyage to the icefields, will, I trust, result beneficially for those who tread the frozen pans. Captain George Barbour has continually interested himself in the matter of the food of his crew since leaving. (Continued on page 15.)



Stephano, Beothic, Bellaventure, March 17th. The Stephano was jammed. The Nascopic was jammed immediately astern; as seen in illustration.

Some of the ships gave considerable trouble, owing to keeping too close to the sterns of the leading ships, which made insufficient space for backing, when hard knots are encountered. Some of the ships barely escaped being damaged to-day owing to this incessant practice which is anything but desirable or satisfactory.



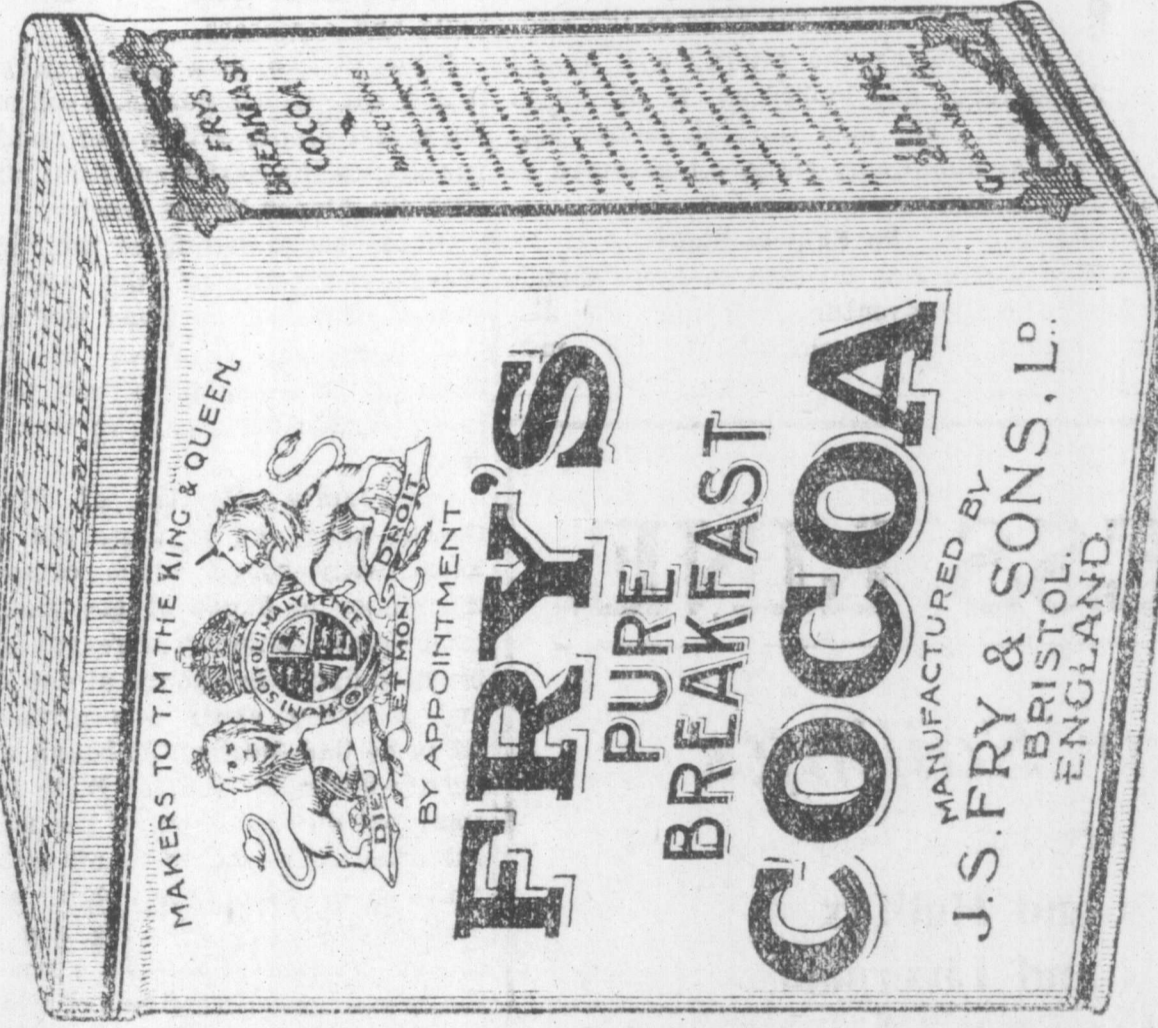
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BAIT!

Or rather the want of it, is one of the principal drawbacks to the fisheries of Newfoundland, and as it is tolerably certain that we shall have good markets and high prices in 1915, now is the time to prepare to capture Bait fishes.

As a means to this end we are making

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President Coaker's Log of His Trip to The Ice Floe Last Spring in the s.s. "Nascopie"

(Continued from page 14.)
ing port, and makes it his duty to visit the cooks' quarters regularly and consult with the chief cook in order to see that the regulations are respected and observed on board of the Nascopie.

Steamed All Day
March 29th.—Ship steaming all day. No seals. Adventure and Beothic in company. Held sacred gramophone concert in hold for crew. Methodist service held in afternoon and night by Ariel Burt, of Old Perlican, who has led service at the seal fishery under Captain Barbour's command for eight years. I attended evening service. Splendid order prevailed throughout the ship during service. The singing was excellent. The strong voices of 100 men singing some of the grand old hymns was something to be long remembered.

The only black spot I noticed was the action of one Henry Lockyer, of Bay de Verde, who outraged the feelings of all who attended the service by chewing tobacco. The indecency of such an action did not seem to disturb him, as he afterwards gloated over the incident when it was brought to his notice by one of those who attended.

Away to the North
The ship steamed over a large distance during the day and apparently Captain Barbour decided there was no seals South as he headed for the North in the afternoon.

Most of the men had washed, shaved, and were dressed in holiday attire.

The Beothic reports for 25,000 and hopes to reach St. John's by Wednesday.

March 30th.—Took out 200 seals. In company with Beothic, Eagle, Sagona and Fogota. Fine day, but seals very scarce. Ice tight with a considerable swell. Court held on board at 8 p.m., Mosie Waterman being the first to answer to a charge. He was ably defended by Dr. Bunting. The sentence of the court being that the left side of his moustache should be shaved by Constables Lidstone and Norris. His counsel pleaded for suspended sentence which was granted.

The next case being against N. Green. The charge was not proven but a minor offence being sustained, the sentence of the court was that he be taken to his bunk; his left boot and sock removed, his toes painted with molasses and the sock and boot replaced, which sentence was carried out by Constables Lidstone and Norris.

Prisoner Acquitted
The third case being a charge against W. Humphries, for manslaughter, which was not proven. The complainant being charged by the court with false arrest, was sentenced to have his left boot filled with water. The whole ship's company attended. Splendid order prevailed. Smoking was suspended and heads uncovered. N. Green and S. White were ably defended by G. Carter and Eli Mercer.

Another custom being sharing empty barrels, 100 applicants being made for one barrel. These barrels are filled with seals carcasses. The cook decided to dispose of the barrel today by ticket, and the ceremony of drawing was very interesting. 36 was the successful number, which fell to the lot of A. Haggood, of Port Blandford, who was immensely pleased with his good luck.

Scattered Seals
March 31st.—East from Fogota about 30 miles early in the day. Sagona, Eagle and Beothic in company. Steaming through ice; a few scattered seals about. Ice poor for getting around on. Took a young hood seal alive on board. Have also two screechers alive on board. The hood seal is the most interesting of the three. The hood is about two days old. It has a beautiful skin. The hood seal sheds its white furry coat before pupping. A screecher is a harp seal whose mother perished after giving birth to the pup. It is consequently very small and devoid of fat matter. It is not killed by the sealers as it is valueless in their estimation. About ten in a thousand are screechers.

Eagerly Wanted
Then there is the cat harp. This seal is eagerly sought by the sealer, as it is the seal that is dressed and known as the white coat. A cat white coat is so called because it was still-born. The fur of the still-born white coat will not pull, i.e. the fur will remain in its natural state. A white coat born alive will shed its white coat.

The proportion of still-born harps (cats) would average about 10 in a thousand. Out of 18,000 young pelts on board there is about 50 cat skins, but all the cats were not brought on board, as in the morning men often pass by cats as it would be using up

energy to carry a cat slung across the shoulders all day. The custom is to sling the cat across the shoulder and when once done it remains until the ship is reached. Consequently some men refuse to take a cat skin in the morning, unless they feel sure they will be picked up by their ship within an hour or two, for a cat slung across a sealer's back interferes somewhat with the free movement of his arms in pelting seals.

Valuable Pelts
Each cat skin is worth at least one dollar, as there is a demand for them in a dressed form. The smaller the cat the more it is worth as a curiosity.

The early morning was clear at 10 a.m., indications of weather observable. At noon looked as if we would have snow storm, weather mild. At 1 p.m. snow thick, lost sight of men on ice near ship; snow cleared a little and all men taken on board. Captain kept men close to ship all morning. Snowing and blowing bitterly all evening.

At nightfall the wind was blowing a gale from the N. with snow. Real wintry night. Our men all on board at 1 p.m. when weather came on. Considerable swell all day. A stow-away on board ill with mumps and is confined to hospital.

Blowing Gale
April 1st.—Blowing a gale from the North during early part of the day veering to N. W. in the evening, with very little abatement in the wind. Ice very tight. Ship made but little progress. Freezing hard. A real February Day. Took two or three hood seals. Eagle and Adventure sighted about 4 p.m. about five miles off.

Held a gramophone concert in the officers' quarters after tea. Uncle Darius Hall sang a song entitled "The Bold Hero." Levi Green sang "Come all ye jolly ice hunters," and David Rodgers sang "On the Banks of the Lyde." Each song was well received. That sung by Levi Green was composed by a sealer on board the Leopard, the spring Captain Bob Fowow secured so many white coats. Mosie Waterman told one of his remarkable "big fib" stories. The concert ended at 10 p.m.

In the fore hold "Greenspond" held a ball and danced to the music of an accordion, loaned by a fireman, until it was time to turn in. Ship supposed to be about 40 miles South East of the Funks. The ice must have drifted two miles an hour. The Marconi reports the Stephano about 20 miles distant.

Stormy Wintry Day
This is a stormy wintry day, but the boys of the Nascopie only knew of the storm when appearing on deck. All was contentment and enjoyment under decks. Such is life on a steel ice hunter on a wintry day, blowing a hurricane, on the bosom of the mighty angry Atlantic.

April 2nd.—Fine day; wind West. Met the Diana at 9 a.m. Several of Diana's men on board. Reports very bad cooking on board whole spring, and quite a lot of dissatisfaction. No brewse, no fresh beef and no canned beef. Bread only twice each week, and uncatable, being sour. Flour very bad, can't make good bread from it. No duff on April 1, being duff day. The chief cook is named Mr. Abbott. He should never be allowed to sail in a sealing steamer as cook. More care must be exercised in selecting the chief cooks for the crews. Captains will have to be hailed before the courts if they do not see that the cooks supply food as provided by law. The regulations can be carried out easily, as proved on board the Nascopie, where the food supplied exceeded what is provided by the new law.

Easy to Cook
One of the easiest meals to cook is the brewse. It takes three quarters of a bag of bread on board of the Nascopie for a meal of brewse. Our cook has a boiler with a double bottom and brewse is cooked as easily as a woman cooks it at home.

The men on board the Diana are furious over the treatment accorded them, and judging from the statements made to me, Capt. Barbour will have to answer before the courts for breaches of the sealing law in reference to the supply of food.

At 10 a.m. our operator picked up a message from Florizel enroute to St. John's, reporting Newfoundland disaster, which was followed by other reports confirming the same. The news caused tremendous excitement and sympathy on board.

The ship was headed at full pressure for the area where our captain supposed Newfoundland to be. The Adventure reported to us intimating that they could see Newfoundland with flag half-mast. The ice was as tight as it could be forced together

and of a very heavy nature, being chiefly Arctic ice. The ship kept butting continuously. At 4 p.m. the Adventure was four miles distant from us, the Beothic about six, the Florizel about eight, and the Stephano and Newfoundland about seven. The Bellaventure about six. The Stephano was nearest to the Newfoundland.

If 1000 men were on the ice dying we could offer no aid. The mighty powers of Nature had brought about conditions that the most powerful ship could not force.

All day our crew waited silently for news by the wireless. Men huddled together and talked in whispers about the awful calamity that had overtaken the poor chaps belonging to the Newfoundland. Some of our crew were fathers, with sons amongst the number sailing in the Newfoundland. Some had brothers on board.

Anxious Time
I passed the morning in the top cabin anxious to hear the latest news by wireless. In the evening I spent most of the time with the men. The one prominent feature that I noted was the universal cry of captain, officers and men to do away with pausing seals, as that system is responsible for most of the risks to life now experienced.

Captain Barbour told me that there would not have been a Greenland disaster had there been no practice of pausing seals. This practice must be annihilated. I had a minor experience of this the other evening. I with about 60 men spent an anxious hour or two owing to our ship having gone out of sight to pick up pans and men, when thick weather soon after set in, but fortunately for us it was a mist instead of snow.

The incident brought home to me the amount of risk to life incurred by the present methods of sealing.

Waiting Particulars
We must await full particulars ere we decide who or what is responsible for this last and greatest disaster known in the history of the seal fishery.

Our ship kept butting without ceasing. The captain spent the whole day and night on the bridge, but alas poor progress was made. Our doctor was especially anxious to reach the Bellaventure as he may be of some use in alleviating the sufferings of those who had been rescued.

The ship steamed all night, ice conditions remaining unchanged. Progress about two miles during the night. Continually butting at highest pressure.

April 3rd.—Ice continued tightly packed. About 1 p.m. a little swell rolled in and opened the ice a little. The ships were given some freedom, and about 4 p.m. the weather cleared, disclosing the Florizel, Newfoundland and Stephano within a mile of us, while the Beothic and Bellaventure were a little further distant. The Adventure and Bonaventure were about five miles distant.

Sixty-nine bodies had been recovered and placed on board of the Bellaventure. Nothing further could be done. The Bellaventure soon started for home and got away a few miles owing to the slack in the floe. The Newfoundland did not appear to make any attempt to follow.

The Beothic being homeward bound of course endeavored to follow the Bellaventure. Those on board here who had near relatives on the Newfoundland, are frantic with grief. All are grief stricken and don't want to handle any more seals this spring.

Anxious Inquiries
Several came weeping anxious to learn of the fate of loved ones who sailed in the Newfoundland. We spoke to no ship after we reached the scene of the disaster. All we saw was carcasses of seals and numerous gulls. Strange some of the ships did not attempt to communicate verbally. What we know of the awful calamity is but little, although on the spot.

The men are asking hundreds of questions which can't be answered. What caused the men to be out is the universal question which I fear won't be answered until evidence before a court of enquiry reveal the facts.

Our men were out until about 1 p.m. on that fatal day, but no careful observant master would have allowed his men to scatter far from the ship on that day. Our men were picking up scattered seals, but none of them went far from the ship. When the first dwe of snow came on we had several men on the ice about half a mile from the ship. We lost sight of them while the dwe was on. It soon cleared again and they came on board.

Uncertain Weather
Another dwe came on and lasted for, say, 15 minutes and again cleared up. This was followed by more snow which did not slacken for the evening.

(Continued on page 16.)

"Let Well Enough Alone" is an Old Motto.

¶ When you are quite satisfied with anything, don't look for something better—if you do, you may be disappointed.

¶ All users of

Neptune
and
Pillsbury's Best
Flour

in 1914 found them entirely satisfactory, making splendid bread and lots of it.

¶ Wise men and women will remember that in the coming year and will demand the same brands when they are buying their next supplies. It would be folly to take chances on brands said to be "just as good" when they can be sure of the above.

NEPTUNE
PILLSBURY'S BEST

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We are Headquarters for this
Company in Newfoundland. Safe-
guard your interests by insuring with
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protection in event of loss.

Bowring Brothers,
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Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

President Coaker's Log of His Trip to The Ice Floe Last Spring in the s.s. "Nascopic"

(Continued from page 15.)
 ing and night. The day was one that threatened weather, although not over cold. The wind increased in velocity. The temperature fell lower and lower. Not much snow fell. The drift was sharp, cutting like a knife. My opinion is that most of the men survived the first night (Tuesday). The first night's exposure coupled with the total absence of a warm stimulant left the men exhausted, and Wednesday's high wind, drift and bitter frost, was too much for human beings to overcome, and seeing no hope of rescue owing to the tight nature of the heavy Arctic floe, many laid down to die long before Wednesday's fearful night passed.

On Wednesday evening about 4 p.m. the sky cleared and had the other ships been notified of the disaster relief crews could have searched the floe before night fall, although it was bitterly cold and a close drift swept over the floe.

All Was Comfort

On board the Nascopic all was comfort and contentment, and no one thought of any poor chap being astray on the broad ocean on such a night.

We steamed until nightfall and once more burned down. This is another stormy night. Snowing with a stiff breeze. Our ship's company is silent; few gather in groups and in whispers discuss what they know about the disaster.

April 4th—Day fine and clear. Wind off shore. Ice very tight. Just as bad as yesterday morning. Ice opened a little at 2 p.m. Newfoundland and Adventure close by. Florizel and Stephano few miles distant picking up pans. No seals. Men anxious to get the list of dead belonging to Newfoundland, but in vain. Crews of ships grief stricken and every sealer expected owners of steel ships would order them in, accompanying the Bellaventure as a mark of respect for the dead, but all waited in vain. It is not 77 dead bodies of sealers sacrificed for greed they are interested in, but seals, which apparently are of more interest to them.

Message and Answer

Seeing no proper action taken I, on behalf of men marooned the following message:
 "Job, St. John's.

"Crews fleet grief stricken. Prospects nil. Suggest owners recall steel fleet accompany Bellaventure St. John's respect dead."

This message was sent as soon as the operator obtained a chance this morning. The Beothic is reported as having arrived at noon.

At 4 p.m. the following message was received in reply to the one mentioned above:

"Coaker, Nascopic.
 "Via Cape Race.
 "Decision as to prospects getting more seals must be left entirely to the captain. Please don't interfere. JOB."

Such a ridiculous reply show exactly what knowledge owners ashore have of the feelings of the sealers on the ocean, and how easily it is for them to deceive themselves as to

what transpire on board the ships at sea.

Unprofitable Work

Any one on the spot know what the prospects are when a ship like the Nascopic takes 250 seals in a week, and April the 4th is reached; when every harp pupped has taken to the water. But the object of the appeal, which was to have the 69 sealers bodies escorted to port in a national manner, compatible with the respect which the whole fleet considered was due to the memory of the 77 men who died in an endeavor to secure wealth to maintain their country, and whose lives were sacrificed to greed for gold.

Heartlessness in the extreme is the action of the owners of the steel ships in expecting men to mourn the loss of 77 comrades by scouring the seas in quest of more seals, while their loved ones were being outwardly mourned by strangers in port only 40 miles away, and to make the disrespect more pronounced, the Beothic should fly away at high pressure in order to secure the honor of being first ship to port, leaving the Bellaventure to creep along as she may with her 69 dead forms of human freight and 46 souls just rescued from the jaws of death.

Regrettable

The fame-seeking anxiety of the captain of the Beothic and the indifference of her owners for the feelings of the toiling masses of the Colony, whose sons and brothers had died as heroes upon the Arctic icefloes in pursuance of their calling, is to be greatly regretted, for the Beothic at least should have been ordered to closely accompany the Bellaventure to St. John's, and thus pay some reasonable respect to the many dead who through no fault of theirs had been called upon to sacrifice their lives upon the frozen floe, after enduring the most excruciating torture.

But even this small token of respect was denied our almost assassinated countrymen. They were only toilers was the inermost thought of the slave owners; let us take it quietly and the whole thing will blow over in a few days.

To the insulting reply above quoted we sent the following:
 "Job, St. John's.
 "Taken 250 past week. Exceedingly obliged advice tendered. COAKER."

Lack of Thought

Who ever penned the Job reply must have done so without consideration, for only an irresponsible could have imagined that I would interfere in any way to influence the captain or the crew under the circumstances. I hear on all sides the desire of the crew to see the faces of the dead heroes and their hope that the owners would respect the dead by ordering the ships to port in funeral order as a national mark of respect for their lead comrades.

Eight odies of the 77 deaths as a result of the disaster, not recovered. The Diana came in sight at 6 p.m. and we steamed towards her in order to give her a supply of coal, which we succeeded in accomplishing. Had conversation with several of the Diana's crew. They knew nothing of

the disaster until they came alongside. Some of the men report a slight improvement in the food on board since we spoke to her on Thursday. The Diana finished coaling at midnight.

Saw Sagona

April 5th.—Steamed 25 miles South in the early morning. Burnt down 50 miles East of Cape St. Francis. Sagona passed us in the afternoon; did not speak to her. Silent day on board.

Held memorial service at 7 p.m. consisting of Litany, Hymns and the Burial Service. Addresses by Wesley Howell, Skipper Peter Gaulton, Wm. Hounsell and myself, after which several prayed. It was a joint service by Churchmen and Methodists, and was exceedingly impressive. All the crew attended. It occupied nearly three hours. The Litany and Hymns seemed very appropriate. The Burial Service was splendidly read by Fred Tulk, of Newtown; Wesley Howell, of Cat Harbor, reading the lesson. Many an eye was wet with tears. Skipper Peter Gaulton spoke very feelingly of his experience at the

prise me to learn later that the captain had lots of trouble with some of the men.

Seven of the Diana's crew left her on Saturday and are on board of the Nascopic. One man with an injured arm, named Gardner, was also sent on board of our ship for medical treatment. We have also a stowaway named Noftall, belonging to the Diana. Took 21 seals to-day. Cape St. Francis and Cape Spear quite visible to the naked eye from the deck, Signal Hill from the barrel. We are south of Cape Spear. Sagona in sight all the evening.

Still no word of the Southern Cross reported. Not a word received from the shore concerning the victims of the Newfoundland disaster. It was no trouble to know how many seals the Gulf ships had taken, but there was money in seals, when ships were loaded, which is of far more importance than the death and burial of 69 sealers.

Reported owners refused our captain permission to give up the useless and costly quest for 20 seals per day, which strikes all as very singular, for few can understand why \$300 is spent to secure \$10 worth of seals; but like many other puzzles, it will not be solved by the simple minded toiler. I fancy I have a fair idea for the reasons for such inexplicable proceedings.

The night was beautifully clear and the moon shone in all its glory. The ocean was spotlessly white and a

lett, Geo. Hayter, Robt. Fermage, Saml. Rodgers, Fred Tulk, a baker, cabin cook, Martin Tulk; Wm. Grills, chief steward; captain's steward, Eli Hall; the mess room steward, Robt. Emerson.

The engineers are J. Ledingham, John Black, Chesley Bond and John Curran.

From my observations closely taken, I am of the opinion that every captain closely watches the movements and actions of Captain Abraham Kean. I don't believe any captain is content when he is not in a position to know or judge what Capt. Abram is doing. I state this not because I have any kindly feelings towards Capt. Abram, but because I wish to give all concerned in this narrative their proper due.

Pushing Man.

Capt. Wm. Winsor is a pushing young man and will, if he lives, become one of the foremost and most successful of our sealing masters. He has plenty of push and his judgment of seals is sound. His one fault being a careless disregard of his men when taking seals and his devil-darling in cutting off other crews. He came close to cutting down a pan of ice containing some of our crew while pelting seals. Some of them had to leave off pelting and run. Captain George Barbour is a very steady commander, always cool and collected, and very careful over his men. They all respect him.

There will be a stronger and far more better fight waged against those conditions during the next twelve months than has yet been experienced for the simple reason that we have now discovered that some of the owners have deliberately attempted to hoodwink and fool the people by pretending to do what they had solemnly agreed to do three years ago, and which binds their honor as business men and respectable citizens. Nothing can excuse the conditions existing on the Diana, Eagle, Fogota and Sagona—nothing but pure bluff. Almost every amendment made by the Legislative Council in the Coaker Sealing Bill has crippled the Bill, and will have to be rescinded.

The interests of a few sealing captains is not the interest of 4,000 sealers. The interest of three or four ship owners is not what will best preserve the interest of the Colony and the amendment of the so-called Upper House had no object but to serve the interest of the owners and captains.

Only Just Begun.

The work of protecting the interests of the people has but begun, and those who have used their well thought seals in the Legislative Council to block and nullify legislation on behalf of the Toilers will not be as reasonable and conciliatory as they have been.

The supporters of the Government in the House did the knitting in both cases the past session of the Legislature, and Sir Edward Morris is blamed by many for having supported in the House what he could not oppose without bringing upon his head the contempt of the people; but although supporting them in the House he did very little to aid their passage through the Upper House.

Why Mr. Goodridge, one of Morris's recent appointments to the Legislative Council, actually moved to have the Sealing Bill shelved and submitted to the Select Committee which was considering some fishery matters. This should be an eye-opener to the Toilers. The double dealing of those political highway men will in future be exposed, because the Toilers now possess their own papers, and are consequently in a position to fight their enemies.

Will Not Support Them.

Not a single Union vote will be cast again for a candidate that is not pledged to the abolition of the Legislative Council, and for this decision the Honourables of the Upper House can blame none but themselves. Sir Edward Morris has brought the Chamber into contempt by the manner in which he has stuffed it, and by using it as a blocking instrument to nullify the decisions of the electorate, for the appointment of two political undesirables like Sidne Blandford and R. A. Squires, who were ousted from their seats in the People's House by majorities of 190 and 1000 respectively, is about as hard a blow that any man could strike at the constitution of the Colony.

That two men could be four shamefaced enough to accept positions as Executive members and heads of departments, after being indignantly turned down by their constituents, is something reasonable men cannot comprehend. That it stinks in the nostrils of the whole electorate is beyond doubt. That it was the only course that could be adopted to keep a minority government whose death warrant had been

long since issued, in power in defiance of the electorate and the constitution no one now disputes.

Should be Impeached.

Governor Davidson should be impeached for allowing such an outrage to be perpetrated in a free country. His actions has called down upon his head the contempt of all right thinking people and few will now deny that Morris has no better friend or supporter in the Colony than the Governor.

Never again will a Union members of the House of Assembly call upon him or pay him their respects. He allowed Morris to scorn the Legislature while it was in session the past winter in keeping those two positions vacant, in spite of the strong protest of the Opposition, and as soon as the House closed he allowed this constitution destroyer and outrager to place two monkey-like political pawns in the Legislative Council, and then accepted those two political moralists as his advisers and ministers of the Crown, while he knew right well that had the people a say respecting the two positions—as they undoubtedly had—that they would not secure enough votes to save their nomination fees.

Governor Davidson is just as guilty of tearing up the constitution and outraging the decisions of the electorate as Sir Edward Morris is, and consequently the Toilers have lost all confidence in him.

His Broken Promise.

He promised the delegates of the Supreme Council Convention of the F.P.U. last December when they called upon him to present resolutions passed at the Convention, that he would do what was right. If doing what was right means his acceptance of two defeated candidates as Ministers of the Crown and his advisers as Members of the Executive Council as soon as the House of Assembly closed, and could not show up he outrage, we pity the country over which he rules as a Governor according to his ideas of right.

Is it any wonder we ask, that the hand of God is now resting so heavily upon our native land. Where is the righteousness that exalts a nation? Where is the moral integrity of public men? How far have they travelled the path of faithful duty?

Our country has fallen very low indeed. Our watch dogs in defence of Right have nearly all disappeared. Wrong-doing and political degeneracy must bring its own punishment, not only upon the guilty, but alas, upon he innocent as well.

The voyage is ended. It occupied our weeks wanting one day. I enjoyed it very much and value highly the experiences and observations of the trip, some of which I shall always remember with pleasure. I advise all who can to take this trip. It is impossible to know what the seal hunt is like unless one sees it for oneself. Such ships as the Stephano and Florizel should offer trips to a limited number of passengers at a reasonable cost, say \$50, when I believe many would gladly avail of the opportunity to see things as they are.

Everything Interesting.

To the beginner everything is interesting from the time port is left until the young seals are cut up. I was treated with kindness and respect throughout by officers and men, and in avail of this opportunity to thank Captain Barbour for his unfailing courtesy and consideration while on board. I also thank the officers and

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The "White House" Shoe for Ladies: \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.75, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$4.75, \$5.00, \$5.25, \$5.50, \$6.00.

The "Dr. Sawyer" Shoe, the "Tally Ho" Shoe: \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00 and \$7.00.

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The "White House" Shoe for Gentlemen: \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50 & \$7.00. The "White House" Waterproof Boot, as above cut. Price \$7.50.

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F. SMALLWOOD, THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES

time of the Greenland disaster, he being one of the crew on that voyage. Probably 50 of our present crew were on board of the Greenland that spring.

Memorial Service

Those present at the memorial service will long remember it. Those heartless lovers of gold ashore so indifferent to the feelings of the toilers respecting the Newfoundland disaster, should learn a thing or two from the manner in which the Nascopic's crew respected the memory of their dead comrades to-night. Very few of the Nascopic's crew will waste much time in considering how much respect the ship owners at St. John's have for those who risk their lives from year to year in order to maintain their country, their homes and maintain in luxury those who reap the cream of the sealfishery.

April 6th.—Fine day, wind moderate. Steamed all day towards the inside water, but found ice packed and made no progress. Took 11 seals. Saw Stephano, Florizel, Newfoundland. Adventure reports the loss of two and a half blades of her propeller. Had ticket lottery for 3 empty pork barrels. Winner Skipper Darius Hall, Hr. Keefe and George Ivany. Winners had to boil a gallon of molasses into "bullseyes." They started at 9 p.m. and did not finish until 4 a.m. next morning. They well earned their barrels.

Uneasiness

No word of the Southern Cross all day; is causing much uneasiness on board, but the general opinion is that she is safe although driven to sea. Every one is asking why a ship costing \$250 a day is kept out to take 11 seals, probably worth \$15; but of course the wisecracks ashore know best concerning such matters. Burnt down at 8 p.m. in heavy ice. Snowing a part of the night with strong North wind.

April 7th.—Wind North, strong. Did not steam much in the forenoon. Men busy consuming "bullseyes." A report current concerning trouble amongst Eagle's crew in reference to taking coal from the Florizel. Not surprised in view of the feeling prevailing the whole fleet since the disaster of April 1st. A hard feeling existed on board of the Diana when we were coaling her on Saturday. She has a few tough chaps on board and it would not sur-

prise me to learn later that the captain had lots of trouble with some of the men.

April 8th.—Splendid day. Sagona came alongside. Had not heard of the Newfoundland disaster or the disappearance of the Southern Cross. Some of the Sagona's crew reported food conditions to be extremely unsatisfactory. Bread unfit for food. No fresh beef, no brews. Beans three times for the trip. No potatoes or turnips. Nothing for the pot. Even some cabin supplies short for some time.

North from 20 miles East of Cape Spear to about 25 miles East of Bonavista and returned.

The cook took a list of men approving of food supplied this voyage and all willingly gave their names. The only complaint possible being a shortage in the supply of fresh beef, which must be the result of an oversight. The cooks on the whole are well qualified for the work and would make good chiefs if any ship required such an officer.

Good Officer.

The chief cook, Samuel Tiller, who is known as the commodore, is indeed an attentive and efficient official and where he is in charge satisfaction must result.

The master watches are Kenneth Barbour, El. Barbour, sons of the late Capt. Wm. Barbour; Darius Hall and Walter Barbour, efficient and intelligent, as are also the assistant master watches, Isaac Squires, Robt. Barbour, Thos. Parsons and Martin Curtis. The brigemen are C. Barbour, John Collins, Alfred Gaulton and J. Gushue. The quarter masters are Charles Tuff, Levi Green, David Rodgers and James Davis. The wheelmen Edgar Parsons, William Green, Sam. Edward and Edward Perry. F. Newbury is the boatswain and Sm. Jolliffe is his able mate. Thos. Perry is carpenter. The captain's son, Pearce, is second in command and barrelman; Skipper Peter Gaulton second barrelman.

Excellent Crew.

There never was a crew more efficient or able than the crew of the Nascopic. Almost every sealer on board being a picked man. The assistant cooks are Chas. Mul-

sight worth seeing. The Sagona's lights about one mile distant broke the isolation and monotony of spending night after night either without a ship in sight, or if in sight invisible through a heavy mist or snow or storm.

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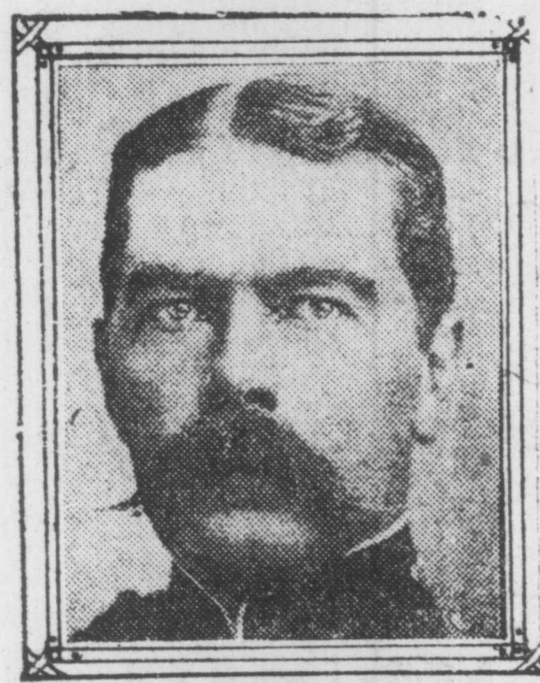
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(Christmas Number)

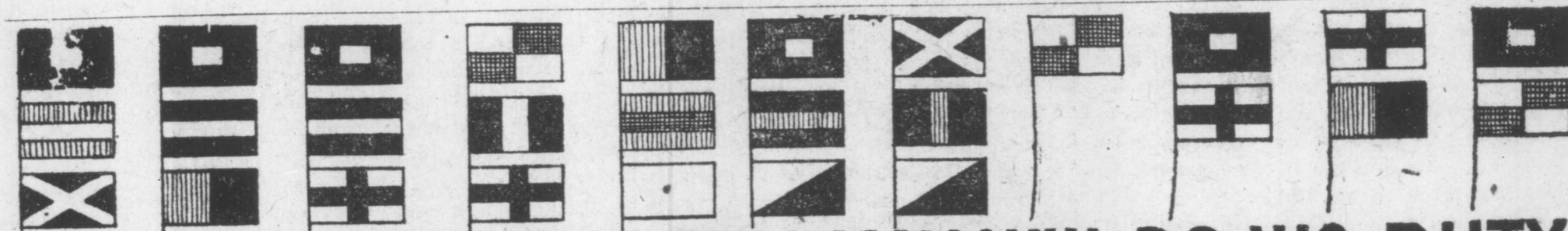
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914.

(Sec. 3. Pages, 17-24)

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ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY



SIR JOHN R. JELlicoe

Songs of Empire.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

For Freedom's Sake

By HENRY CHAPPELL.

The Bath Railway Poet, Author of
of "The Day," in the
London Express.

"Mother, you called us—see, we come, we come."
Your country needs you. Never yet in vain
Men of our land who love our land, arise!
That clarion call has quivered to the skies,
And spread as living fire o'er hill and plain.
Your country needs you; leave it not too late.
The human spiders brood on every hand,
Swarm overwhelming, pitiless as Fate,
Do as thy fathers did—up, grasp the brand.

Men of our land who love our land, unite
To wrest from land inept, perverted power.
The fearful streams they've loosed to Heaven's sight
Are but as drops to oceans red that lower.
Trust not to others in this hour of need;
Fight for thine own salvation, stand or fall,
O wait not idly by while brothers bleed;
Your country needs you, answer thou her call.

Men of our land who love our land, mark well.
The foe is strong in hoarded strength of year.
Will ye then let their cannon sound our knell?
Shall Britain's glory sink in blood and tears?
Shall it be ever written of our might,
"The sons she trusted failed her, so she fell?"
O God forbid that ever morning's light
Should see our doom and Liberty's farewell.

Men of our land, you love our land—aye, all!
Right well we know it is not craven fears
That dull your ear unto the tocsin's call;
'Tis but the apathy of bloodless years.
The spark once struck will grow into a flame
That, growing yet, shall blast with fiery breath
The sanguined foe, it calls a blush to name,
Who glut, with wanton hand, the halls of Death.

Men of our land, you love our land. Ah, see!
Rank upon rank is forming, closely set
To fight for all we love, to keep us free,
But still the call comes, "More are needed yet."
More thou shalt have, O Mother, in thy need,
From us and from thy children far away,
Till all lie low, or stand triumphant freed
From despot's rule and blown ambition's sway.

Men of our land, all love our land. I hear
The deep-toned thunder of a nation's rage.
From every clime that holds thine honor dear
Thy sons resistless come to keep their gage.
All tongues as one, the chorus swells afar
And beats against the vault of earth's vast dome
In cadence stern that drowns the din of war:

The Loyalists.

By SARAH ANNE CURZON.

If ye, who with your blood and sweat
Watered the furrows of this land,
See where upon a nation's brow,
In honour's front, ye proudly stand!

Who for her pride abased your own,
And gladly on her altar laid
All bounty of the older world,
All memories that your glory made,

And to her service bowed your strength,
Took labour for your shield and crest;
See where upon a nation's brow,
Her diadem, ye proudly rest!

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry.

—William Shakespeare.



"Rule Britannia."

By JAMES THOMSON.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blessed as thee
Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free—
The dread and envy of them all!

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

These haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine!

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair:

Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

"Recessional."

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!

"Our Fathers."

By JOSEPH HOWE.

Room for the dead! Your living hands may pile
Treasures of art the stately tents within,
Beauty may grace them with her richest smile,
And genius there spontaneous plaudits win:—
But yet amidst the tumult and the din
Of gathering thousands, let me audience crave!
Place claim I for the dead,—'twere mortal sin,
When banners o'er our country's treasures wave,
Unmarked to leave the wealth safe garnered in the
grave.

The fields may furnish forth their lowing kine,
The forest spoils in rich abundance lie,
The mellow fruitage of the clustered vine
Mingle with flowers of every varied dye;
Swart artisans their rival skill may try;
And while the rhetorician wins the ear,
The pencil's graceful shadows charm the eye;
But yet, do not withhold the grateful tear
For those, and for their works, who are not here.

Not here? Oh yes! our hearts their presence feel,
Viewless, not voiceless; from the deepest shells
On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal,
And names which in the days gone by were spells
Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells
The spirit here our country's fame to spread,
While every breast with joy and triumph swells,
And earth reverberates to our measured tread,
Banner and wreath will own our reverence for the dead.

Look up! their walls enclose us. Look around!
Who won the verdant meadows from the sea?
Whose sturdy hands the noble highways wound
Through forest dense, o'er mountain moor, and lea?
Who spanned the streams? tell me whose work they be,
The busy marts where commerce ebbs and flows?
Who quelled the savage? and who spared the tree
That pleasant shelter o'er the pathway throws?
Who made the land they loved to blossom as the rose?

Who, in frail barques, the ocean surge defied,
And trained the race that live upon the wave?
What shore so distant where they have not died?
In every sea they found a watery grave.
Honour for ever to the true and brave,
Who seaward led their sons with spirits high,
Bearing the red-cross flag their fathers gave!
Long as the billows flout the arching sky,
They'll seaward bear it still—to venture or to die.

Britain and Her Colonies.

By WILLIAM WATSON.

She stands, a thousand wintered tree,
By countless morn impetried;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown
'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown,
That wafted you afar!
For ye are still her ancient seed
On younger soil let fall;
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the mother in her need
With confidence can call.

ENGLAND INVINCIBLE.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself do rest but true.

One Flag, One Throne, One Empire!

**Jackman
The
Tailor**

Desires to avail of the columns of "The Mail and Advocate" to wish his customers

A Very
Happy
Christmas
Christmas

**Fire!
Fire!
Fire!**

Insure your property in the office of

Smith Co., Ltd.

And sell them your

**Codfish
Herrings
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Salmon
&c. &c.**

Robert Templeton

Nearly every firm has something that they specialise in. Something they sell cheaper, or have better value in, than any other firm.

We stock many lines, but we think no other firm can do just as well for you in the following lines as we can

Guarantee Combination Engines—four cycle—for land and water.

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Lobster Cans, Solder and Flux.

All kinds of Pound Goods.

Handkerchiefs of the Cheaper Grades.

Room Papers and Borderings.

Robert Templeton

**President Coaker's Log of His Trip to The
Ice Floe Last Spring in the s.s. "Nascopic"**

(Continued from Page 16)
The stewards were obliging and courteous. My mess mates were Dr. Bunting, Chief Engineer Ledingham, Second Engineer Black, Mate Keough and the third and fourth engineer in turn. Many a ten minutes chat we had over the mess table. Dr. Bunting is an intelligent and genial companion and all on board respected him. I have seldom met an equal more reasonable in discussion and moderate in his opinions.

Chief Ledingham and Second Black are both intelligent and genial chaps and it was a pleasure to converse with them. Very foggy approaching the land. Made in below Sugar Loaf. Arrived about 8 p.m. Dr. Campbell gave the ship a clean bill of health and kindly offered me a passage ashore in the Customs boat. The first thing I did was to read Monday's Daily Mail, which contained such a splendid account of the disaster, and the Evening Telegram of Thursday, which contained the evidence of several witnesses regarding the disaster.

All that sailed in the Nascopic returned in good health. The voyage was ended and many thankful hearts exclaimed "Thank God" for our safe return and sound health. This diary was begun with the intention of publishing it in the Advo-

cate Xmas Number, accompanied with illustrations. That idea I will forego in view of the awful disaster which overtook the Newfoundland's crew. I therefore publish it now for the information of the Sons of Toil, in order to show the conditions as they existed, which in a major degree has bearing upon the calamity that has come upon our country.

These notes will be reproduced in the Xmas Number of the Advocate accompanied with some very interesting cuts, illustrating the incidents referred to herein, as I have taken some fifty photos during the trip.

Meals Served Out.
The men's cook reports having served out to the crew the following meals during the voyage: Beans served 14 mornings, brewse and watered fish with pork dressing 13 mornings soft bread every second morning, 12 hot dinners served consisting of beef, pork, potatoes, plain and plum pudding, and on Sunday fresh beef or canned roast beef in addition; pea soup with potatoes, turnip, onions and dumplings served for dinner eight days; seal and other soups served for dinner seven days—thus a dinner was cooked every day. On Sunday canned beef and apple jam was served for tea in addition to sweet bread and tea, and the tea on Sundays was sugar and milked. Potatoes, turnips and meat were given out to the crew when required, which

the men cooked themselves for supper. Three pounds of soft bread being found insufficient, the amount was increased to five pounds per man per week. Warm soup was served to the men when coming off the ice, and if any of the sealers fell in they were served with a grog when they reached the ship. I fear a few of them when near the ship occasionally managed to get somewhat wet in order to qualify for a grog, but the steward soon caught on.

Capt. Randell, of the Bellaventure, pushed through well, and kept close to the larger ships during the whole voyage. Especially was he persistent in forcing along enroute to the seals and entered the patch in company with the other three foremost ships—Nascopic, Stephano and Beothic.

From reports made by sealers, the conditions and food on board of the Erik, Ranger and Bloodhound could not be much worse. The owners must be blamed, for the men speak in the highest terms of Capt. Jesse Winsor and Kenneth Kneec, who have done their best for the men. The facilities were not afforded and No. 2 flour was supplied for bread, and no cook can make good bread from bad flour and no cooking facilities.

Captains Joe Kean, John Parsons and Randell, are well spoken of by their crews, and we believe they did all in their power to live up to the sealing laws.

CHRISTMAS IN HOLLAND

NO festival in Holland exercises a more enchanting spell over both young and old than the Dutchman's "Feast of St. Nicholas." The jolly old Patron Saint of children corresponds in Holland to our Father Christmas, though coming three weeks earlier, on the birthday of the old Spanish Bishop, which falls on December 6.

The feast of St. Nicholas has its pathetic side this year, for while the children are to gather this evening to sing the old songs and welcome the coming of Santa, their elders are praying that the efforts of the good Queen Wilhelmina to induce the warring nations to accept peace may result in the restoration of happiness throughout stricken Europe. The Queen has sent a message by the American Minister to President Wilson at Washington, and the good people of Holland are hoping that something can be done.

The original custom was for the children to place their little wooden shoes upon the hearth on the eve of St. Nicholas Day, the legend being that on that night the holy man rode over the housetops on a snow-white steed accompanied by his little black servant, a Moorish negro.

"Sinta Klaas" was supposed to carry with him a large bag, full of toys and sweets of all kinds for the good children, and riding over the roofs he threw the presents in passing down the chimneys into the shoes below. After him came the little black boy carrying a birch rod as a souvenir for the very naughty ones.

In the early days, the Eve of St. Nicholas was given over to the children entirely, but by degrees the grown-ups have come more and more to share in it, until now in Holland it is a great gathering for big and little ones alike. People send presents one to another, and a good deal of teasing people about their pet weaknesses is indulged in.

St. Nicholas Day is for all Dutch children a day of tremendous excitement, of alternate hopes and fears (the latter for the naughty boys with a wholesome dread of the rod), and all that day they can talk and think of nothing else but "Sinta Klaas." As a rule, dinner is taken an hour earlier than usual, and after the meal is eaten a cosy red cover is spread over the table, according to the old Dutch custom, and all sit around the table, the biggest children being supplied with scissors to cut the strings for the parcels.

The father then says: "Children I think St. Nicholas may be here now at any moment; let us sing him a little song that he may hear you are all good children and are expecting him." Whereupon, all lights are turned down, and in the fever of expectation the little ones chant some quaint old song. While these songs are being sung, one hears a ring at the door bell and shuffling of feet on the threshold outside announces that last the great moment has arrived and old Father Nicholas and his little black boy are here. Steps are heard along the passage, and here at last the good old Saint

himself, a venerable, white-bearded man, clad in a long flowing robe of red or purple and leaning heavily upon his golden staff. His mantle is trimmed with golden embroideries, and he wears a golden mitre. Silence falls upon every one; even the children are too overwhelmed by the solemnity of the moment to chatter.

As he enters, he holds out a hand first to mother and then to father, and clasps them both; then he asks them if all the children have been good throughout the year, and calls each child by name to come and shake hands with him. And it is indeed a marvellous thing how St. Nicholas seems to know all their little faults and failings, and very often it has a very good effect on all the children when he tells them how it grieves him when they are naughty. The black boy conceals his birch rod and opens the bag, and the presents are handed round to each and all, but not till St. Nicholas has gone away are the lights turned on and the presents examined.

Then the children are hurried off to bed, tired and happy, after which the elders gather for their own celebration.

Plums and Romances

FOR well over half a century the Christmas pudding has been the central figure of the dinner which has gained such a tremendous notoriety in every part of the civilised regions of the globe where Britons do congregate.

Christmas puddings, especially when sent abroad to friends or relatives in scattered regions, go through many strange experiences. This was the adventure of one despatched by the wife of the writer to his son in a lonely part of Saskatchewan, as described by the young fellow in a later letter.

Was Diminished

"You said in your last that you were forwarding me a plum-pudding in a dish. Well, the dish came safely to hand, and in it was certainly a small—very small!—piece of pudding. But whereas you said the pudding weighed about four pounds, the amount that I received weighed something nearer four ounces! I tackled the postman about this the next time I met him, and he thus accounted for the loss:

"You see, my boy, puddings have a habit of drying up as time passes. Now, your good mother made this one at least a month ago, you say, so think of the drying a month will do! Then, also, keep in mind, the drying nature of the climate. Moreover, remember that every man between St. John's and Saskatoon, through whose hands that pudding passed, would be most eager to gauge your mother's skill in Christmas puddings, to re-arrived and old Father Nicholas and his little black boy are here. Steps are heard along the passage, and here at last the good old Saint

sell tells an amusing story about Christmas puddings, with regard to a dinner where he once assisted in feeding about a hundred starving dock-labourers.

"A more broken-down, jaded, or dejected crew," says Mr. Russel, "it would be impossible to imagine. The poor fellows had scarcely enough energy to eat the good things provided for them, and they lumbered slowly through their meal of meat-pies and coffee without a word, almost without a smile. Then, all at once a huge Christmas pudding, wreathed with holly and flaming with burning brandy was borne into the hall. When they saw it, a deep gasp of joy burst from the assembled dockers, and the whole company of them rose as one man and greeted the joyful sight with the quivering strains of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

"It was the most touching tribute to the power of the Christmas pudding that I ever witnessed."

One famous London firm, which sends thousands of Christmas puddings abroad every December, tells a romantic story of how a gentleman came to them one damp night at the beginning of November, and asked whether they would enclose in one pudding a small parcel he brought with him, without themselves looking at the contents. The firm agreed, and made a pudding with this parcel right in its centre.

It eventually turned out that that pudding went to New Zealand, where it was cut up at the Christmas dinner of a family who were in moderate circumstances, and consisted of a son daughter beside the parents. When the knife struck hard against something in the pudding they were all puzzled, but they were still more astonished when the parcel came to light.

It was found to contain a fine diamond ring, with a note asking that a young lady in the family who received it would keep it, and, if she were not engaged, would she forward her photograph to the sender, whose name and address were given?

A Pudding Proposal

This young lady did so joyfully, and in due course there came a formal proposal for her hand. He enclosed his own photo, however, and she wrote back accepting him the same day. They were married in New Zealand within six months.

A famous general tells a charming story of how he and his brother officers, during the Boer War, determined not to be done out of their Christmas pudding at dinner. Says he:

"I—and myself ferreted about the camp, and, finally, we got together an amazing concoction of maize, bread scraps, toffee crushed for sugar, currants, and jam. We boiled this lot together, tied up as it was in a private's red handkerchief for a pudding-cloth! And when we cut open the boiled mass we found that the red dye from that same handkerchief had come out and penetrated the pudding! "But did that stop us from eating it? Not a bit of it. We had to have Christmas pudding."

LOOK OUT NOW!

Everybody's doing it now! Doing what? Why, reading **The Mail and Advocate** of course. It's surely the house paper now! Without doubt the most widely circulated in the country.

At Christmas-Season

Treat Yourself to the BEST.

**McCallum's
Perfection Whisky**

All that Its Name Implies.

Dow's Invalid Port

Prepared by Special Appointment to
H. M. George V.

Sandeman's Sherry

No Finer Produced.

Thos. O'Neill,

168-170 Water Street.

1848.

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CHAMILSO & CO., Oporto. Old Port Wines.
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Extra Special 10-year old Whisky.
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Wholesale and Retail.

**Christmas
Greetings**

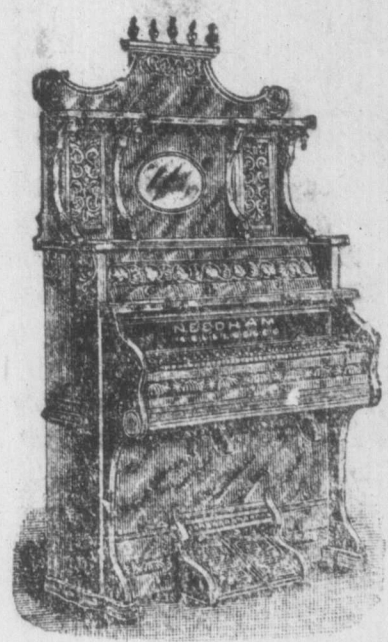
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We are still doing "Business as Usual" at 281-283 Duckworth Street. Help us to keep it going by your order.

British Woollens, cut and made by Colonial workers.

John Maunder

Tailor and Clothier.



Organs!
THE MASON AND HAMLIN
THE NEEDHAM

Thousands in use in Newfoundland. Sold by our house the past 30 years. Prices Down. Orders taken for Organs and delivered at a Commission Profit.

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No instalments—Write us for Catalogs and Prices.

Chesley Woods,
Mfrs. Agent, 140 Water St., St. Johns.

**IMPRESSIONS OF A DELEGATE
TO THE CATALINA CONVENTION**

THE Great Convention at Catalina this Fall, which brought together delegates from every centre which can boast of a Council of the F.P.U. should be an inspiration to all who desire the advancement of the working people to that status that the workers of this the twentieth century should occupy.

And men with steps tottering to the grave were there, who vied with the youth, who has just donned the honorable livery of the toiler and producer, in his ardent speeches and

self had, quite innocently, placed in power. He knows it now, and in future, the man who would crave election to the Assembly as a representative of the people, must give some earnest of his sincerity, and he must pledge himself to carry out, not the wishes of some corrupt party boss, but, the will of the people who elect him. And this pledge he cannot shirk, for the electors reserve to them selves the right of recall, and dismissal from the ranks.

You talk of wars and revolutions, could be selected for the columns of a secular journal at any time, than the one which speaks of a noble cause and strives to encourage a movement which means so much for the happiness and well being of the people. Among the many very important discussions that occupied the attention of the Catalina Convention, perhaps the subject of the most far reaching importance was that in relation to the establishment of an Export Company.

ment of the Export Company, was the discussion over the sealing laws, and the consequent proposed alterations to those laws.

Those amendments and additions have already been published in the columns of The Mail and Advocate, and need scarcely be again referred to in any extended way.

Safeguard Human Life.

It is sufficient to say that the prime aim of the proposed laws is the safeguarding of human life. If the earnest and intelligent thought of men, well used to all dangers that beset the seafarers, can formulate rules that will make impossible a repetition of the awful disaster of last spring then the proposals adopted at the Catalina Convention may be reasonably expected to rob the seal fishery of many of its terrors.

These were the two leading features of the business which brought the

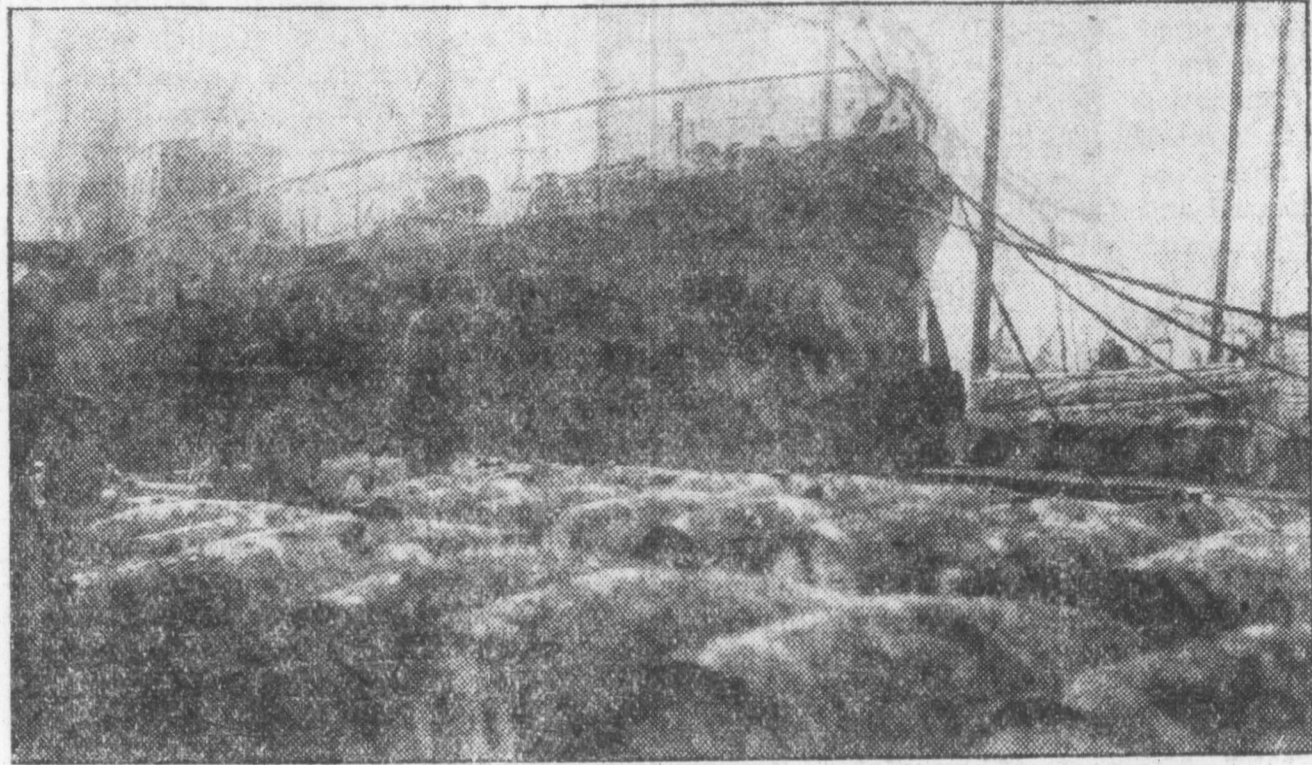
pedition with which the various features were handled.

The Catalina Convention was the greatest thing of its kind ever attempted in this country and future times will harp back to the days of November 1914, when a germ was planted that is destined to bring about a revolution in politics and commerce, and will bless the men who took part in that historic gathering.

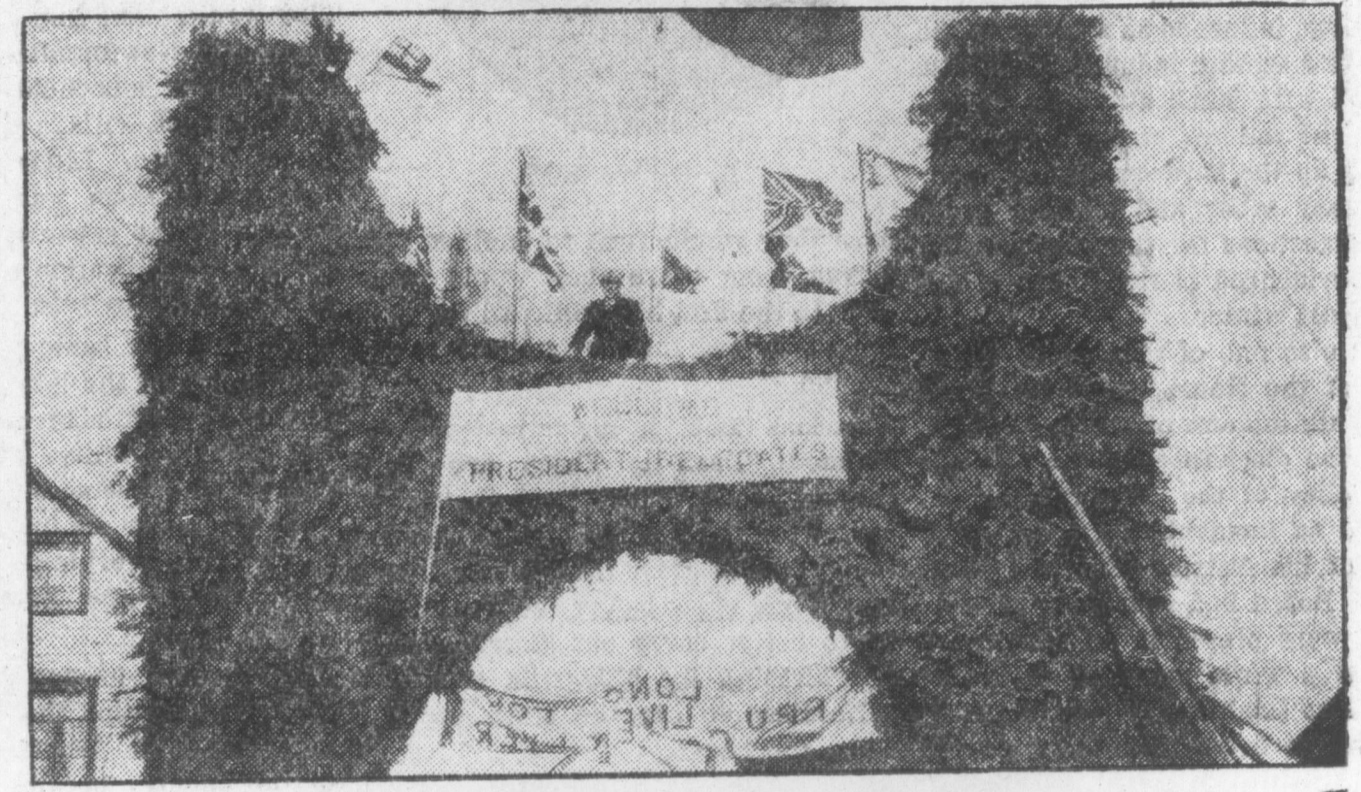
CHRISTMAS TREES

Germany the great day of the year for the children is Christmas Eve. On this day, in the homes of rich and poor alike, there blazes a great Christmas-tree laden with presents of all kinds for the little ones from their relations and friends.

For the best part of the day all the elder members of the family join in the jolly work of decorating the tree



Shipping Codoil at Union Wharf, St. John's.



How Catalina Welcomed the President.

You Can't Prevent the Rain

But You CAN Prevent the Leaks

How? Elastic Roofing Cement Paint will do it. It will absolutely destroy and prevent rot and decay. It will preserve your shingle, composition, felt and gravel or metal roof. What is it made of? It is made from the finest of gums, oils, pitches and minerals. How is it applied? With a whitewash or good strong brush of any kind. Elastic Cement Paint will stop and prevent leaks, will restore new life to your roof, will not run or wash off, will stand all weathers, will save you money and lots of trouble. Elastic Cement Paint is the very best for decks and bottoms of vessels. It is sold by the barrel, half barrel, and in five and ten gallon cans. For price and further particulars, apply to



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P. H. Cowan, St. John's
Representing
The Dominion Cement Paint Co.,
TORONTO.

been interest in the uplifting work of the F. P. U.

It was inspiring and ennobling indeed to see, foregathered at the trying place of a new found freedom, he in the scared leaf and the youth whose life has just begun.

To hear the grey bearded men, whose sun of life has long since passed the meridian express themselves in terms that vibrated with hope for the future filled the listener with pleasure. It was grand to hear the sire telling the son to nail the banner of freedom to the mast, and to stand firmly by the Union, that Time, although bending him to the grave, yet had permitted him the privilege of seeing launched upon the sea of hope as a bark of beautiful proportions, whose name was F.P.U., and whose bright banner was Forward.

He could not expect much benefit from it other than the great pleasure

why, here in this little Island of ours, a revolution complete has been going on, and a war been waged, the result of which will detract the usurpers who have too long used the toiling masses to further their own devilish ends.

Stubborn Fight.
The war we have been fighting has been the cause of no blood letting, but it has been a stubborn one, and has its heroes. One the one side was entrenched monopoly and petty tyranny on the other side, the people, weak, till they had found their strength, easily beaten, till they had been united.

This is a war, not of physical but of moral forces, and constitutional right is on the side of the giant, who is just shaking himself together after a long and ignoble slumber.

It was the policy of those who so long misruled this country to encour-

to handle half or two thirds of the fishery products of the country opens up a vista down whose paths the thoughtful person may see, in the light of a splendid hope, a rejuvenated Terra Nova, with her sons, living in the enjoyment of a full and complete share in the product of his labors.

All that this view holds out in enticing manner though born of hope, that is said to "spring eternal in the human breast" is not a mere rosy anticipation that has no substantial foundation.

Indeed it has a firm base, built upon the very reasonable expectation, that as the Union has already achieved wonders, it can more easily place this splendid idea, upon a staunch foundation on which can be reared a superstructure according to sound commercial principals.

Next in importance to the establish-

delegates together, but they are not all, by any means.

To one not in thorough sympathy with the Union and who fails to appreciate the spirit which binds so many men together in such perfect accord, perhaps the most astounding thing is in wondering how, such a vast amount of business can be accomplished in so short a time, but when one knows something of the grim determination with which those splendid men got together one has the key note to the whole.

Just to mention one other item of the programme of the Convention we may refer to the all important topic, fish markets and the price of fish. Not one feature of that great problem was overlooked, and parliaments might well copy, both the manner of reviewing all those points and the ex-

and hanging the presents to its branches. The door of the room is kept locked, and one can imagine the excitement of the youngsters as the time when it will be opened comes nearer and nearer!

When at last they are let in, what do they see? They see at one end of a long table the Christmas-tree, its branches aflame with coloured candles, and weighed down with the fruit that only grows on Christmas-trees—presents!

This custom dates back to mediaeval times in Germany, and very probably is a remnant of the magnificent pageants of the middle-ages.

British children did not have this treat until after the marriage of Queen Victoria with Prince Albert. Since when it has flourished exceedingly, though perhaps not to quite the same extent as in Germany.

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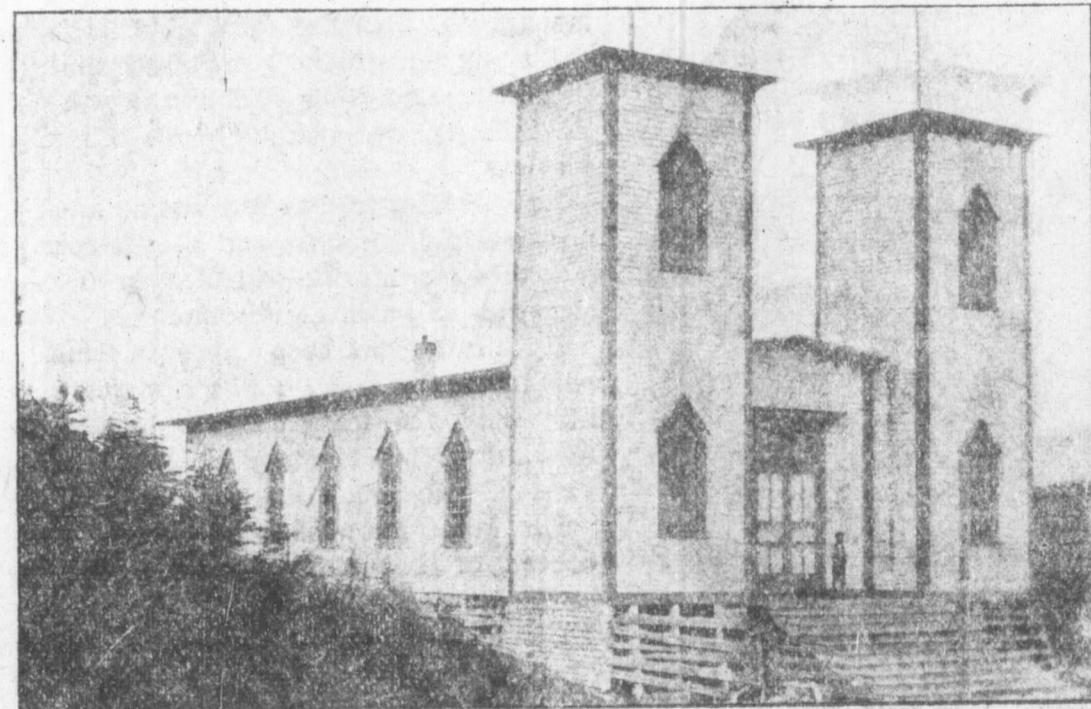
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Herring Neck Orange Hall, Birthplace of the F.P.U.

It gave him to be one of those who were in at the dawning of this, the brighter day, when the sons of Terra Nova will by united effort grasp from the withered hand of the tyrant the sceptre of power and unfold the new Magna Charta.

He can pray as did Simeon of old that the Lord would dismiss his servant in peace, for he has seen the dawn of the new era, and could be consoled with the thought that he was leaving a heritage that is priceless—a heritage that is unnamed as yet, but which leaves to men a knowledge of their potentialities, a full realization of the symbol, that "in union there is strength," and a full awakening to their position as men, and the rights that should be theirs to exercise.

Once that grand principle is, by the common people acknowledged and fully understood, that they have a right to regulate the laws, and have powers far exceeding those of their usurpers, then the happy day has come, when the few cannot longer mis-govern the many, when every man may have his own for the asking.

The education which the F.P.U. has afforded the toiler, has caused him to understand his true position.

Civil Rights Abridged.
For centuries this country has suffered an abridgement of civil rights, and although, fully realizing that injustice was being done him, the toiler scarcely knew just where to put the blame or how to apply a remedy for the evils under which he suffered.

He did not know till Coaker taught him, that his rights were cut short by the very men in whose hands he him-

age the sleeping of the people, and not to arouse them to united effort, for they knew that, divided they were weak, and had no coherence of either thought or action.

The common wrongs of the country could only seek redress by co-operation of forces, and the F.P.U. has solved the difficulty. Mr. Coaker recognized the principle and soon as his plans were ripe he launched them upon the turbulent sea of opposition.

All that the bitterest hatred, fear, rancour, and all that hateful brood of hates, could invent or suggest was done to throttle the awakening giant, was done, with what avail we all realize now.

Test of Principle.
But all this venomous opposition was but the test which proved the solid, sterling worth of the Union and its able instigator.

It was the test, and the proof that have stamped upon the movement the Hall mark of noble worth.

No movement to establish itself, first must, in order to establish itself, first combat and overcome the forces which rooted prejudice oppose to it, and on the other hand, should no evil forces present obstacles to its way, you may be sure, it already is doomed to early decay, for the seeds of disease and death are already in it.

This may not appeal as Christmas reading, to him who is content to skim the surface for nourishment for his thought, for him we do not write, but for the man who can go below the surface for a mental or spiritual stimulant.

No more edifying theme we believe

We shall be pleased to have you write or wire us for Rates on

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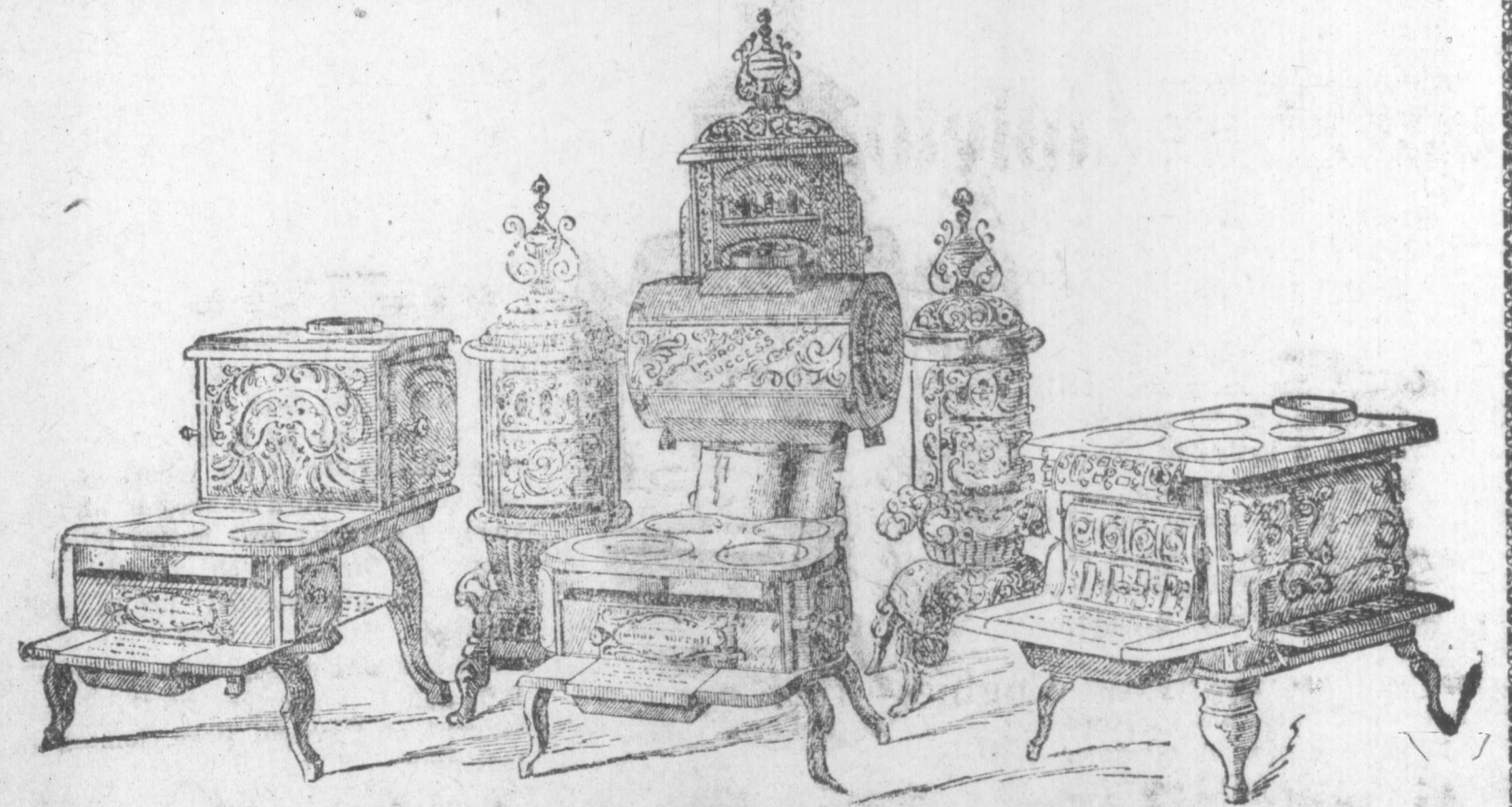
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We keep the best and largest variety of **STOVE** in the country. Send for prices and particulars, and we will gladly give you all the information required. Trouble is no object, we take it as a pleasure. We also keep in stock a large variety of **COOKING UTENSILS**, and many other goods too numerous to mention. Anything in the Tinsmith line made to order. At

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Water Street, St. John's.

THE UNION FIGHTING POWER IN THE ASSEMBLY

R. G. WINSOR, M.H.A.,
(Bonavista District.)

MR. R. G. WINSOR, who came from the fishing punt up, up to be one of the members for Bonavista District, was born at Wesleyville. He left school at an early age to follow the fishery and being ambitious he soon pushed his way from skipper to master of a vessel, meeting with varying success.

He was one of the first to associate himself with the F.P.U. when it first came to Wesleyville and eventually became Chairman of the Council. Later he became Manager of the F.P.U. Store at Newtown.

His large influence as a toiler in the fishery and sealing industry fitted him to speak with some authority on behalf of the toilers engaged therein, showing up the hard conditions under which they labor and offering practical suggestions for the improvement as was evidenced at the House of Assembly last winter.

He is also one of the good storytellers of the House and often lightens the atmosphere of a heavy debate. During the discussion on the Agricultural Policy of the Government he narrated an incident that occurred in a part of his district when the Agricultural Board had sent some sheep. They were placed in an enclosure but after a while managed to escape and took to the hills. When the keepers went to drive them back to the



R. G. WINSOR.

barn they would rush to another hill, driven from there they would come back to the first hill while all the time the sheep had their eyes close to the ground.

At last "Bob" in his impatience exclaimed: "Dash it. These are Tory sheep. See how they keep their eyes close to the ground looking for the two blades of grass that was promised where one grew before, hoping thereby to better carry out Morris' policy of whitening the hills with sheep."

Needless to say the story brought down the house.

JOHN. G. STONE, M.H.A.,
(Trinity District.)



J. G. STONE.

THE Hon. R. A. Squires when he went to Trinity District for reelection would never allow himself to believe that W. F. Coaker's influence over the people of Trinity District would effect his defeat. He built that hope upon the unmatched personal attention he had given the district during his term of office. Mr. Squires did not calculate upon the calibre of the men who were supporting Coaker in his efforts to bring about the end of graft in our political affairs—such men as Loder, Dug, White, Bannisters, Randall, Guppy, Fowlow and hundreds of others—among them being the subject of the notice, the redoubtable and energetic John Stone.

W. W. HALFYARD, M.H.A.,
(Fogo District.)

MR. W. W. HALFYARD, the member for Fogo District, defeated Mr. Fitzgerald—the Morris candidate at the last General Election, burying Toryism in such an avalanche of votes that there is little hope of it being resurrected in that district again. It may be said the F.P.U. Councils, under direction of President Coaker, dug its grave and Mr. Halfyard read the burial service.

Mr. Halfyard is a native of Ochre Pit Cove, Bay de Verde District. It is also the place of his earlier school days, the latter days being spent at the Methodist College, where success crowned his efforts in the examinations.

Leaving there he took up the teaching profession, his first school being at Bluff Head Cove, near Twillingate. From there he went to Greenspond, thence to Catalina, where he became Principal of the Methodist Academy, holding the position for 15 years, a length of service which is strong testimony of the general satisfaction he gave. He was also an active worker in the Church, holding prominent positions.

When the F.P.U. invaded Catalina he joined its forces to help in the overthrow of Toryism and Graft Rule in Trinity District and to aid Mr. Coaker in the work of improving the social and industrial conditions of the fishermen.

Mr. Coaker recognizing in him faithfulness, honesty and integrity



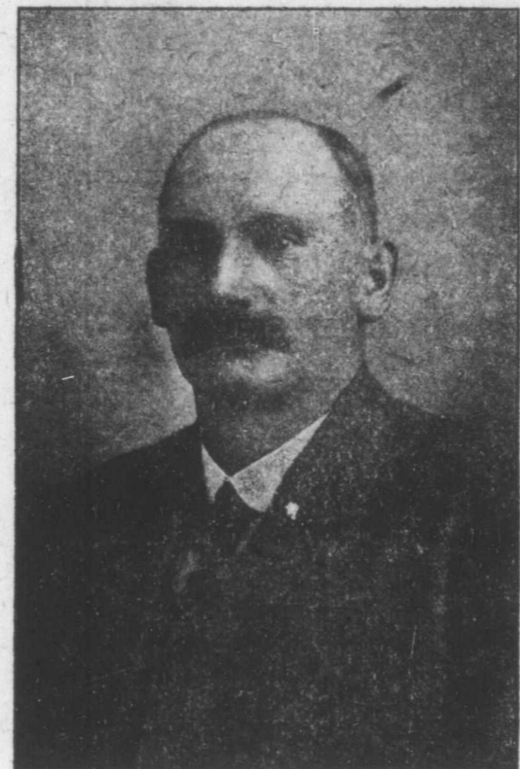
W. W. HALFYARD.

had him appointed as Cashier of the Union Trading Co. in July, 1912. Later he became Secretary-Treasurer of the Union and Chairman of the Fogo District Council.

In the House of Assembly he has acquitted himself creditably, both to himself and the district. He is a good debater and a fighter of no mean order, as the Premier and others of his supporters can testify.

Yet to meet Mr. Halfyard in the office you find him of such a genial manner and quiet disposition that gives the impression butler wouldn't melt in his mouth, although you know a lit-

W. F. COAKER, PRESIDENT OF F.P.U.,
Member for Twillingate District.



PRES. W. F. COAKER.

OVER forty years ago there were newsboys selling their papers on the streets of St. John's, the same as newsboys do to-day, but in that earlier period there was one among the number who was destined in later years to play a very conspicuous part in the affairs of the Country as no other man had done. The men and the women who bought their newspaper from that boy never dreamed with whom they were in such close contact and that wrapped up within the little fellow were forces which when the time came to give them free play would make him the most talked-of man in Newfoundland whose name would be a household word in every little hamlet, village and town within its borders. Little did they think that before them was the future organizer of the greatest industrial and political organization the Country has ever seen up to 1914.

We find the same young fellow in the employ of the late Mr. R. Templeton who recognizing in him a clerk of no ordinary ability placed him in charge of a business in a northern outpost. Later we find him grown into manhood working on a farm in a little village now known as Coakerville.

Somewhere around the year 1900 the dissatisfaction that had been growing among the fishermen and sealers of the country became greater and greater and finally broke forth in serious proportions in the Sealers' Strike which on the whole culminated successfully without physical or economic loss to anyone.

But the man in the lonely farm at Coakerville was set a-thinking. The surroundings were favorable to long and earnest thought. Shut in from the world there was nothing to disturb the meditation and gradually the ideas forming in his mind assumed definite shape with the result that in

JOHN DWYER, M.H.A.,
(St. John's East.)

HONEST JOHN DWYER, member for St. John's East, is a native of the district, being born at Oak Farm, the place he now occupies and exploits for his livelihood. He inherits the industry, the wit and humor of the Irish race from which he sprung and possesses their fighting characteristics as well.

During an election campaign no one can better see the humorous side of politics than Mr. Dwyer and at a political rally he will rouse the supporters of his party to a high pitch of enthusiasm by the stirring and witty manner in which he flags his opponents and his striking and humorous appeals for united and aggressive action to assure victory at the polls.

Mr. Dwyer entered the arena of politics in 1900 and was one of the elected trio in that year and has been re-elected at every election held since that time. He has worthily fulfilled his duties in the House; fearless in his attacks on the misdoings of the Government and ready to offer practical suggestions for improving things particularly in connection with an Agricultural policy.

His humor does not fail him in the House. In the discussion on the law relating to "Cruelty to Animals" he said "Gentlemen, we are told that it hurts an animal's feeling to see another animal killed. I don't know who got the information from the animals, though I know it is within the region of possibility to derive such information from those who are closely kin to beasts by nature."

As a farmer he is one of the few who by dint of industry, hard work, attention to details, has made farming pay, and in the later years of his life he can lay by if he choose and enjoy the fruits of his labor. While does not now work as hard as when a younger man he still bustles himself about the farm which largely accounts for his splendid health and activity.

He is a strong supporter of the F.P.U. and is a member of the Local Council of Portugal Cove, joining it last year.

The "Central Union" does at times. His quietness is the kind that tells that underneath is steady resolve, strong determination, fixity of principles that are built on rock foundations which the waves of adversity will not overwhelm or the plaudits of the crowd or worldly success undermine.

Mr. Halfyard is assiduous in his attentions to his constituents and counts no effort calculated to help them, any tribute to himself. He pays particular attention to such of his people as are unfortunate enough to be smitten by illness and sent to hospital, at which institution he has often acted good angel to the afflicted.

1908 a meeting was called in Herring Neck and the Fishermen's Protective Union with W. F. Coaker as organizer was brought into being.

There were nineteen present at that little meeting in the Orange Hall and those present not even the organizer himself ever dream the results of that meeting would be as we find them to-day.

The F.P.U., organized for the purpose of remedying the monstrous evils under which the fishermen sealers and other workers had suffered, soon spread all over Notre Dame Bay, down to St. Barbe District, into Fogo District, unto Bonavista Bay, then into Trinity Bay, on to Conception Bay, is now going around the South and West Coast and soon will encircle the Island.

From the nineteen members in that memorable year of 1908 the F.P.U. has now a membership of over 20,000. There is not the least doubt that in

GEO. F. GRIMES, M.H.A.,
(Port de Grave District.)

WHEN the returns for the District of Port de Grave came in last fall after the poll was declared, one of the Government newspapers announced the results in a huge scare line splashed across a



GEO. F. GRIMES.

whole page, the burthen of the announcement being "Grimes, Socialist, Elected." And Mr. G. F. Grimes, by the way, not only succeeded in winning Port de Grave from its former political associations, but left his rival, the former representative, and Speaker of the House of Assembly, almost two hundred votes behind him.

George F. Grimes has been a familiar figure round town for many years and was well-known, too, to many of the outpost business men, and especially those who dealt at Knowling's, where he held a post of much responsibility. Of wide experience in the general dry goods business; sober, impressive mien and straightforward in speech and action Mr. Grimes quickly impressed President Coaker as a valuable man for the business end of the Fishermen's Protective Union for which G.F. is now Manager of the dry goods department.

To the circle of acquaintances formed during his association with Knowling's Mr. Grimes has added myriads of others who ardently admire him for the ability shown during the proceedings of last regular session of the House of Assembly. Keen in perception, quick at retort, and sharp and reasonable in argument, Mr. Grimes bids fair to blossom into one of the ablest debaters of our Local Legislature.

A Socialist he may be,—it is doubtful if he would trouble to deny such an allegation "concerning himself"—but if George F. Grimes be a Socialist of the first water, then away must go

its earlier days The Advocate was the great dynamo of the movement. In the use of a newspaper to accelerate the progress of the F.P.U. was found the greatest weapon that could be wielded for such a purpose, and in this Mr. Coaker showed unmatched organizing ability. Nearly all the old Labor organizations elsewhere, had they made use of the press and had papers of their own, would be far away ahead of where they are to-day.

Another striking feat in commercial enterprise was the launching of the Trading Co. which was laughed at by every business man in the Island. To get fishermen to invest their money in such an undertaking was unthinkable. Other men with larger experience than Coaker had tried but without success and he could not accomplish that which they had failed to do.

They were mistaken. To-day fishermen have invested their savings to the amount of nearly \$100,000 and the end is not yet, as an Export Co. is under way which, if successfully launched, will revolutionize the whole commercial fabric of the Country.

Then there is the Union Party which was successful in electing eight candidates at the last general election and its influence in the Legislature has been such as to have laws enacted for the improving of conditions for the sealers and loggers of the country and other such remedial legislation is under contemplation to be put before the House at its next session.

Such has been the work of Mr. Coaker, the one-time newspaper boy of forty years ago.

As a debater in the House he speaks with no uncertain sound, and up to the present time no one has spoken more strongly on behalf of the rights of the fishermen. He tells the plain and unvarnished tale of their hardships and sufferings and appeals with passionate eloquence for redress of their wrongs.

A. B. MORINE, K.C. M.H.A.,
(Bonavista District.)

MR. A. B. Morine, one of the present representatives of Bonavista Bay, is one of our best known public men.

He has lived in the Colony for the greater part of his life and is one of the most prominent in political and legal circles.

As a lawyer Mr. Morine ranks among the learned and able. His ability is so widely recognized that those who may differ with him in political matters are anxious to retain his services.

As a debater he has few equals and no superiors. It is a well recognized fact that Mr. Morine can size up any situation as quick as any one else.

While he has been absent from parliamentary floors for a few years his many acquaintances are looking forward to his re-entry at the next session with much interest.

His great knowledge of law is, of course, of inestimable benefit to him in the House of Assembly.

His mastery of the English language is marvellous, his oratorical powers unlimited, and the manner in which he carries his audiences no matter what the subject may be, marks him at once as a brilliant leader of men.

As representative of Bonavista District, Mr. Morine has the good will of all, as few men are better known to their constituents and none have worked harder for the welfare and betterment of the masses.

While Mr. Morine is not a member of the great organization brought to such power and strength through the mastery mind and wonderful energy of its President, Mr. W. F. Coaker, he is its solicitor, and the F. P. U. has every confidence in him.

As to personal characteristics otherwise, Mr. Grimes is an assiduous reader, not by any means an irrational bookworm but of a discerning mind tempered and broadened by a careful observation of men and circumstances in his own neighborhood. The worst his most inveterate enemy can say of him is that he is an Utopian and idealist or anything else that represents an earnest striving after the betterment of the human toiler. He's earnestness personified, is G. F. Grimes—even when sampling the "best chewing" turned out by the baccy factories.

And he doesn't believe in "race suicide"—decidedly not, if a whole orchard of olive branches signifies anything.



ARCH. TARGETT, M.H.A.,
(Trinity District.)

MR. ARCHIBALD TARGETT is one of the F.P.U. members for Trinity District. Although a native of the district, many of his earlier years was spent in the Capital City, where he obtained a knowledge of the tinsmith business. Later he moved to Hant's Harbor, combining the tinkering trade with that of cod and lobster catching and acquired a fairly comfortable living.

Still he learnt in that greatest of all schools—Experience—that the larger part of the wealth he drew from the sea did not come to him but went to fill the coffers of the merchant class. Consequently he was a ready convert to the principles of the Fishermen's Protective Union and was one of the first to join when it was organized at Hant's Harbor.

When the District Convention met previous to the general election to select candidates for the district on the Union ticket Mr. Targett was one of the chosen three and on Oct. 30th, 1913, he was elected as member with Mr. Stone and Dr. Lloyd.

He possesses a practical knowledge of the lobster industry and contributed valuable information on that fishery to the House last winter. In the winter season President Coaker engages him to do organizing work in that side of the Bay on which he lives and to visit Councils already organized.

An honest and industrious citizen, and a loyal supporter of the F.P.U., Hant's Harbor may well be proud of him. He is an active worker in the Methodist Church and does not allow politics to interfere with his religion. More than once he has been a Delegate to the Methodist Conference.

As to whether he would unrock clergy-men, establish god-less school as The Daily News once asserted of the Party to which he has allied himself, the reader must determine for himself.

W. B. JENNINGS, M.H.A.,
(Twillingate District.)

WHEN the F.P.U. District Councils selected candidates to contest seats at the last General Election they were many friends outside the Union who said a grievous mistake had been made in selecting men from a class the Finance Minister designated as "cullage." They reasoned that such men might be able to spout to their own class in their little outpost villages but once in the precincts of the Assembly they would be completely flabbergasted, or like Premier Morris receiving a delegation of Temperance Workers asking for Prohibition, talk everything but the subject itself but put up the bluff he was talking to the point.

The idea is an erroneous one that only legal minds or those graduating from a College or having certain degrees of scholastic training are the only kind suited to fill such positions.

They forget to calculate that in the lowest strata of society men are to be found who no matter what may be their disadvantages and handicaps in life will struggle, struggle, struggle to improve their lot socially, intellectually, economically or otherwise, and among our fisherfolk are numbers of such men, of them being W. B. Jennings, member for Twillingate.

Though born in lowly circumstances with but a scanty education he improved the little spare time at his disposal to such advantage that when taking part in the debates in the House his remarks are given careful attention.

Modest and unassuming in manner he does not try to impress his hearers that he knows it all, and when pointing out some sore spot in our commercial or political life he will say, "Gentlemen, there is something wrong here; I have not the remedy, perhaps you may find one."

In the debates on the Regulation of Saw Mills, Pure Food Laws, Fishery Laws, etc., Mr. Jennings contributed valuable information. Having a wide experience in these matters and more than once the Premier has accepted his suggestions.

Mr. Jennings possesses the greatest confidence of his party associates. His deep sincerity and strong desire to do what is expedient but what is right has earned him that confidence.

He will not take a mean advantage to down an opponent. Always ready to fight in the open and on the square as the member for Ferryland—Mr. Moore—will testify; independent in thought, considerate of the opinions and feelings of others and determined to do what he believes to be in the best interest of the Country, Twillingate should be proud of this upright and conscientious man.

He is more of a writer than a talker, though his speech in the House of Assembly last winter was excellent in showing up the aspirations of the working classes in other countries, what their organization had accomplished and the many possibilities there exists for the same to be repeated in Newfoundland.

He is also a fond reader but we would have to refer to John Alexander to know if he is a reader of "Cotton's Weekly."

A total abstainer, he stands for a prohibitory law against the sale of intoxicants. Not even Dr. Lloyd's combination of mild beer and lemonade would tempt him. Spruce beer, a glass of Oxo or a ginger ale will answer Mr. Abbott's tastes.

He is also Manager of the F.P.U. Store at Bonavista, which bids fair to become one of the best connected with the Trading Co. That of course depend on the continued loyalty of the members of the Council.

An old saw states that "still waters run deep" and those who know John Abbott best realize that beneath a quiet, unassuming and almost retiring disposition there lies a depth of character and an independence of thought that manifests itself in no uncertain fashion when decided action on questions of right and wrong is called for. Straight as a die, his uprightness of life and consistent championship of righteousness has justly earned for him the proud title of "Honest John,"

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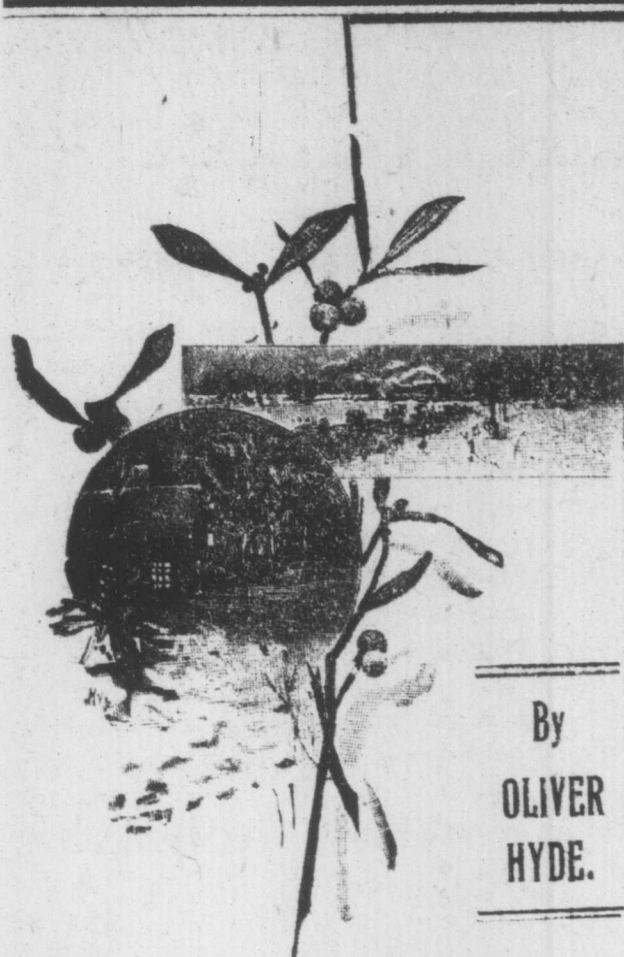
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CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS ANCIENT AND MODERN.



By
OLIVER
HYDE.

It is the Christmas season, above all other popular festivals, that keeps a matter-of-fact age in touch with the pleasant traditions, customs, and legends of our ancestors. The quaint observances that marked all the feasts of the Christian year have, for the most part, been utterly forgotten. Candlemas, Midsummer, and Michaelmas, to name but a few, pass without a memory of the popular rites formerly celebrated on these days, Easter is a wholly religious festival, but Christmas still calls forth many of those ancient pastimes and revels with which our forefathers used to speed the merriest season of the year.

Pagan Origin.

These customs, as is well known, had nearly all a pagan origin, but were turned to the service of Christianity by the pioneers of the new faith. The Church saw that it would be impossible to abolish the popular celebrations, so, instead of assuming a hostile attitude, it sanctified, as far as possible, the popular observance. Thus the great Nature feast, held at the winter solstice, to mark rejoicing that the sun was once more on his upward path, and that there was promise of a winter over and gone, was gradually associated with a joyful celebration of Christ's birth. The festival admitted many worldly elements. The old feasting was not prohibited, and the Yule of our Teutonic forefathers, with its coarse and careless revelry, prolonged for a month or more, preserved many of its characteristics under the new regime. The idea that Christmas is pre-eminently the time to indulge the appetite die hard, even in a more refined age, and "good cheer" is still the watchword of the season. It was also a season for the relaxing of the stiffer social relations. In the period when, as "Merrie England," Christmas-tide saw master and servant join with restraint in the season's revels, and meet on something of an equality. During these days lord and retainer were no longer separated at the board by the great salt-cellar, and they took part, on an equal footing, in the games and sports that were going. This passing equality may have been a survival of the Roman Saturnalia, during which the slaves enjoyed a temporary freedom.

Licence Resulted.

This Christmas-tide freedom often passed into licence, and even in the Church the Middle Ages permitted a curious levity which, to modern ideas, is hardly fitting, but in which an earlier age saw no real irreverence. Within the very walls of consecrated buildings a

strange buffoonery was tolerated, and on December 6, the Feast of St. Nicholas (Santa Claus), a boy-bishop was appointed, who performed a travesty of the sacred office. At the Christmas feast itself this ceremony had a secular parallel in the Lord of Misrule, who held sway over the revels, and was formally commissioned to set himself and his subjects at variance with established law and order. Not was

this passing madness without its deep significance. Radically it was no mere wanton indulgence. Quite recently, Dr. J. G. Frazer has offered a persuasive suggestion as to the origin of such apparent irreverences as the appointment of the boy-bishop. There are gods who must triumph, and their representatives who must die. It is the root idea of the scapegoat. The mediaeval boy-bishops enjoyed a brief moment of feigned power and passed away. Of the mystical significance of power underlying this apparently impious travesty, we have a curious indication in the sculptured figure of a boy-bishop in Salisbury Cathedral. The figure, clad in episcopal robes, has its foot on a lion-headed and dragon-tailed monster, in allusion to the words of the: "Thou shalt tread on the lion and the dragon."

Secular Mimics.

On its purely secular side, this Christmas-tide parody of authority and revolt from legal restraint has an apt parallel in the ceremonies attending the temporary reign of the Lord of Misrule. At the Inns of Court he had all the semblance of royalty, his ministers, his guards, and even his two chaplains who preached before him on Sunday in the Temple Church. He had even his formal warrant of commission, giving him "full power and authority to break up all locks, bolts, doors, and latches, and to fling up all doors out of hinges to come at those who presume to disobey his lordship's commands. God save the King!" In France he was the "Pope of Fools." In Scotland the "Abbot of Unreason." To-day he survives as the clown in pantomime, although that genial character—at least, in his early and mid-Victorian acceptance—is somewhat on the wane.

Only Incidental.

But the celebrations of the Christmas season in the mediaeval Church were not wholly burlesque. The burlesque was only one incident in observances otherwise reverential. As early as St. Francis of Assisi, we have records of the pious symbolism that sought to bring home to the minds of the people, by outward and visible signs, the mystery of the Divine Birth. The "creche," or little tableau representing the scene in the stable at Bethlehem, is still to be seen in Roman Catholic churches, and with this custom is associated the beautiful story of St. Francis, which tells how the saint set up a manger in the woods, and brought thither, in order to complete the symbolism an ox and an ass. Kneeling in ecstasy before the "Miracle," as it is still called, Francis appeared to his fellow-worshippers

actually to hold in his arms the Divine Babe. The story is itself a symbol of the saint's triumphant faith, which could discern the God-head through the Son.

Still Observed.

The custom of setting up a little model of the manger, universal throughout the ancient Church, is still observed yearly in the Church and Cave of the Nativity, at Bethlehem. In the case is a recess with an altar, under which, in the pavement, is a silver star marking, traditionally, the birthplace of the Saviour. Fifteen lamps light it, six belonging to the Greeks, five to the Armenians, and four to the Latins. At Christmas there is a service in the Franciscan Church, adjoining the Church of the Nativity, at ten o'clock at night. Thereafter, at midnight, the worshippers go in procession to the cave. The Latin Patriarch carries in his arms a waxen effigy of the infant Saviour resting on silken cushions which, in turn, are set on straw. At the recess in the Cave of the Nativity, the Patriarch gives the effigy into the care of a deacon, who afterwards places it on the silver star. Last of all, he bears it to the Chapel of the Manger, where it is left for the adoration of the people, on the spot where, according to the legend, the Magi worshipped the Divine Babe. The public is admitted to this chapel through a portal called "The Needle's Eye," a very low door, designed in former days for security against Moslem attack. To-day, curiously enough, Turkish soldiers are on guard throughout the whole ceremony, as they are at Easter, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to keep the peace between the rival sects of Latin, Greek, and Armenian Christians.

Survivals.

Closely associated with the manger symbols are those little semi-dramatic survivals of the story of the Magi and their star, which occur in Germany and Poland. The village boys go, their rounds at Christmas-time, bearing a huge lighted star and singing appropriate carols. Three of the party masquerade as the Kings of the East, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar. With them they carry a little puppet show, in which the scenes of the Nativity are enacted. Needless to say, they take a collection for their pains.

In the ancient Chester Mystery Plays occurs a Nativity drama, where the kings and shepherds present their offerings with words of homely familiarity. The shepherd's verses are especially quaint:

"Lo, Sonne, I bring Thee a spoon
To sup Thy pottage withal at noone."
And one brings
"A hook to pull down apples,
pears, and plums,
That olde Joseph may not hurt
his thumbs."

Many interesting variants of this Christmas pageantry are alive to the present day. The Christmas Mystery has been revived in England in two exquisite plays, Miss Buckton's "Eager Heart" and Mr. Housman's "Bethlehem." In Italy the survivals are very numerous. In

Upper Lombardy, pipe-players march through the towns and villages followed by children dressed as white-robed angels and crowned with snowdrops. The "angels" collect money from the charitable, and on Christmas Eve they distribute to the poor the gifts thus purchased. A figure of the Infant Christ is carried in these processions.

Special Grace.

We have already alluded to the ancient Christmas-tide relaxation of the laws governing the relations of master and servant. An instance of this special grace may be traced to another Polish custom. On Christmas Eve the peasants enjoy, by permission of their landlord, the right to hold a general fishing in preserved waters. As the rivers are usually frozen at that season in Central Europe, holes are cut in the ice, and through these the fishing is carried on with large scoop-nets. The fish thus caught are distributed among the villagers. Coming nearer home, we trace a curious survival, or, rather, restoration, of the sentiment that makes Christmas a time of freedom from ordinary obligations and duties. While so many good old customs are dying out, new ones are here and there, coming into being. About fifteen years ago the sergeants' mess of the 2nd Life Guards instituted an observance that is likely to last as long as the regiment. The custom has all the elements of a first-class superstition, and should the record of its origin be lost, folklorists would devise all sorts of ingenious explanations. The facts are these. In the mess-room an ordinary builder's brick reposes in state on a silver-mounted ebony stand, covered by a glass case. At the beginning of the Christmas (and other) holidays, brick is removed ceremoniously from its case and is hung by a chain over the canteen bar. As long as it hangs there, it is a sign that no unnecessary work shall be undertaken, and it is as effective as any trade union in limiting the output of labour. The custom had its origin in the chorus of a once popular music-hall song: "When the brick went up, we wouldn't work another minute longer."

Extra Cheer.

Both in the Army and Navy, Christmas is a season of extra good cheer. When the sailors are just about to sit down to their Christmas dinner, just after Divine Service has been celebrated, the captain and officers visit the mess-room. At the end of each table stands the cook of the mess, with samples of the Christmas fare he has provided. These are tested by the officers, the good wishes of the season are exchanged and the procession moves on.

On the question of Christmas fare alone, volumes might be written. The glorification of the season's good cheer is one of the most distinctive notes of Dickens, who has left an imperishable picture of the early Victorian Christmas. Good eating, choice drinking, and abundance of noisy merriment, great fires, big bundles of holly, and an atmosphere of genial stuffiness were the correct accompani-

ments of the festival. Dickens has made much of it, but nowhere better than in the Seven Poor Travellers, gathered together by chance in Watt's Charity at Rochester. The novelist realises the succulence of the viands, the mellow warmth of his own special brew of spiced wine. That coarse, enjoyment symbolised by "Phiz" and Cruikshank in "Christmas Among the Lower Orders," "Christmas in the Servants' Hall," and the ridiculous allegory of "The Swallow," was accompanied by ample paunches, jolly noses, and apoplectic faces. It is in curious contrast to the more refined banquets that now do honour to Christmas.

Amusing Prelude.

One of the most amusing pre- ludes to the Yuletide feast is the pig market held every Christmas near the Parliament House in Belgium. The pig is to the Servian children who refuse to believe in what roast beef and turkey are to us. Humber deputies travel back to their homes each with a live pig

over his shoulder. Five M.P.'s were recently seen in one railway carriage, each with a yelling porcine companion beside him. Pigs, too, are a staple dish in the Far North-West, and the great moment of the Christmas feast in the frontiersmen's log cabins is the entrance of Ching, the inevitable and invaluable Chinese cook, with roast sucking-pig, done to a turn. More splendid is the ancient service of the boar's head, the immemorial tradition of Christmas at Queen's College, Oxford.

Christmas may have lost something of its riotous mirth, the wild wassailing of the baron's hall has given place to gentler sports, but snapdragon still lingers at old-fashioned parties, and exercises all its old fascination for young and old alike. Santa Claus, too, prom- ises, happily, to be everlasting, and although we hear of sophisticated children who refuse to believe in him, their chance identification of the good saint with paterfamilias cannot really destroy the illusion

or make the expectancy of Christmas Eve less absorbing. The Christmas pudding, too, is still stirred by eager little hands in hundreds of homes.

Xmas Tree.

The Christmas-tree is another institution that has a firm root. But abroad it has its variants. In Naples they arrange a grotto with a tableau of the Nativity. This is placed in the middle of the room, with a flight of angels hanging from the ceiling.

The mummers, it is to be feared, are gradually dying out. Once they were a regular feature of the season, but now they are seen only in a few parts of the country. The carol-singers are also becoming, if not extinct, at least somewhat debased. Their singing is not what it was, although now and then a well-trained company may be heard. The same, unfortunately, is true of the waits. But enough of good old customs is left to make Christmas still the most genial feast of the year.

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more loaves to the sack or barrel than you have ever succeeded in doing before. The loaves will be more nutritious, too, because they contain the high-quality gluten, starch, phosphates and other muscle-building and blood-enriching elements of the hard wheat berry. Naturally flour that consists exclusively of the high-grade constituents of the best hard wheat has greater strength and nutriment, superior color, more delicate flavor.

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Tell your grocer you are in a hurry to try PURITY Flour. He will supply you promptly.

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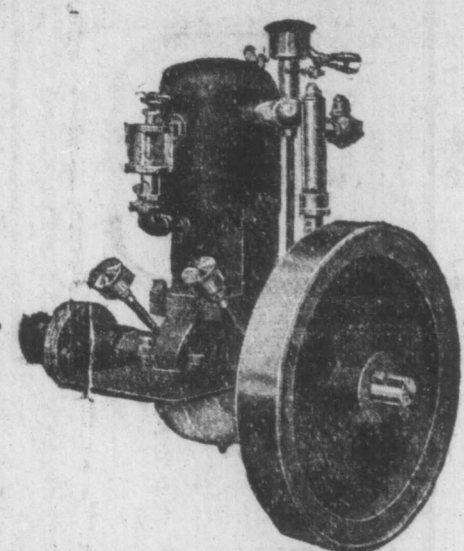
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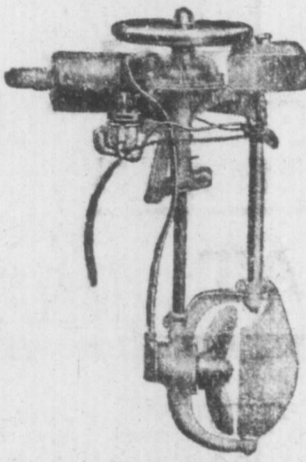
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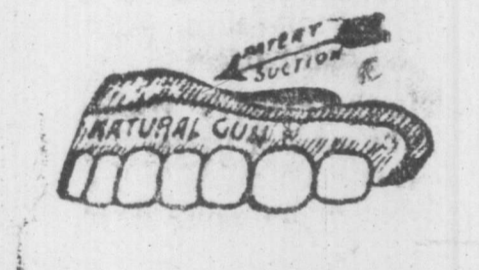
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OUR "CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY"

(BY ELLIS M. COOK.)

FROM the Kaiser, with his celebrated directions to his Headquarters staff to "walk over" "General French's contemptible little army," down to the ignorant Prussian sergeant who casts the hateful word "mercenary" at his British prisoner the wildest misconceptions prevail in Germany as to the military possibilities of the British Empire.

General Bernhardt assured the students of military tactics that "at most 150,000 men (British soldiers) can be reckoned upon for an expeditionary force," and that to despatch even this number to the Continent would deplete the forces which might at any moment be needed to strengthen our garrisons overseas. Moreover, he dismissed the "militia" of the self-governing colonies with the remark "They (the colonies) can be completely ignored, so far as concerns any European theatre of war."

False Statements.

Meanwhile, German newspaper, sedulously cultivate in their readers the idea that recruits cannot be raised in the British Isles for love or money, and that the few soldiers who have been got must be heavily bribed. As the British soldier is paid less, whether officer or private, than can be gained by men of his own class in any skilled trade or profession, the gibe is ill deserved; and, as a matter of fact the German professional soldiers get their living by the profession of arms. Still, it is true that we are not a military nation, and that is probably why few people understand our military organisation. A few words about it will help to explain the composition of our forces in the field, and the present situation as to recruiting

Lines of Land Defence

Great Britain and her dependencies have two lines of land defence. First the Regular Army—a professional body, enlisted for twelve years; seven with the colours for cavalry, engineers, and line infantry; six to eight for artillery; and three for foot guards; the remainder of the time with the Army Reserve. Second, the Territorial Force—a voluntary, civilian army, recruited on a county basis, but organised into divisions, each supposed to be complete in itself.

The terms as to drill and camp-work vary with the different branches of the service; but, roughly, the Territorial must put in forty-five drills as recruit training, and then twenty drills annually, and an annual training of two weeks in camp for three years. On the outbreak of war the Territorials are called up for six months' training, and they are enlisted only for home service, but large numbers of battalions have volunteered for foreign service.

The Reserves.

Behind the Regular Army is the Reserve, formed by men who belong to Section A—that is, who are in the first year of their Reserve service, and who may be called back to the colours without general mobilisation; Section B, whose active service is over, but whose twelve years have not yet expired; and a third section known as D, in which are comprised men who re-engage.

All these sections are obviously seasoned soldiers, and their numbers are an important factor. Behind them, again, is the Special Reserve—men who have not necessarily been soldiers before, but who enlist as Reservists to fill up gaps which may occur. They must be trained in the ordinary recruit manner for six months, and also receive technical training for such branches as artillery, siege and railway engineering; or they may enlist as Reservists for some corps for which their civilian calling qualifies them—such as the Army Medical Corps, Post Office Corps, Army Service Corps, or Royal Engineers.

Peace Establishment

The ordinary Peace establishment of our regular forces is (roughly) 350,000, of whom only some 130,000 are usually at home, the remaining 220,000 being quartered in India, South Africa, Egypt, Malta, China, Cyprus, Bermuda, and other colonies. Certain colonies, as is well known, have defence forces of their own—such as the King's African Rifles in East Africa and Uganda, and the West Coast regiments—which are not included in these calculations, being recruited from natives and led by officers of the British army. There is also the Indian army, recruited from natives, and officered partly by British and partly by their own people—some of these are now with the Expeditionary forces.

The armies of the native princes, which have been freely offered for service, must not be confused with the Indian army. These princes are sovereign-rulers, under allegiance to the King-Emperor, and they have their own armies, partly led and trained by British officers. In several cases the

princes are themselves commanding their troops in the field.

Argument Disproved.

Now the first thing to notice was the German calculation that we should not dare to remove any of our garrisons. As an answer to this we have called home practically all, with the result that we shall shortly have in the field some 350,000 first-class British troops—our full establishment and the Army Reserve, which numbered considerably over 100,000, and therefore gives us a margin for casualties.

As to the quality of our troops now in the field it can be said, without fear of contradiction, that they are probably the finest in the world. Nowhere else is there so large a body of troops who are practically all seasoned, experienced, long service, professional soldiers. The majority saw some three years' campaigning in South Africa, and many have seen service elsewhere—India and Egypt.

Splendid Force.

In the Territorial Army we have a body which, after a few months' training in camp, is well able to undertake garrison duty in some of the colonies, and so release the Regulars there. Canadian militia, be it noted, has done his in Bermuda. The Territorial

Force was considerably under establishment when war broke out, but a couple of weeks saw every battalion full, and fresh battalions have been raised to fill up gaps left by those who have gone to India, Gibraltar, Malta, or Egypt.

The number of "Terriers" now enrolled is some 500,000, and they comprise a large proportion of well-educated men of good physique and high morale. In the opinion of Professor Spencer Wilkinson (one of the foremost military writers of the day), many of the Territorial troops who have been in training since August 6, will be quite fit to take the field in the beginning of next year, being superior to the German Landsturm or the French Territorials, since both the latter—though originally trained soldiers—are fathers of families, grown stiff with civilian life, while our Territorial soldiers are of military age.

New Army.

Immediately after the outbreak of war, Lord Kitchener announced the formation of an entirely new army, to be trained at once, in order to be ready at a later stage—when our enemies will be feeling the strain, and when

the possession of fresh, trained troops will be of great advantage to us.

The numbers sanctioned by Parliament were 500,000 on August 6, and a fresh 500,000 on September 11. The work of enlisting and embodying these men goes on apace, but cannot be done in a few weeks, since arms, equipment, quarters, and instructors for one million new recruits cannot be improvised at a moment's notice.

It may be reckoned that at least 750,000 are already being trained, in addition to some 400,000 Territorials, and it will be easily understood what a strain is imposed on the military authorities. Literally, we have as many recruits under training as Germany—1,150,000.

Splendid Quality.

As to the quality of our recruits, it must be remembered that the physical standard is high, and that they are drawn from the best young men in the country. Battalions have been formed of public-school men, miners, professional men, civil servants, railway employees, shop-assistants, and so forth, with the idea that it would promote esprit de corps for friends to enlist together. In education and in physique these men are much superior to the ordinary recruit, and they are pronounced by all military experts to be magnificent material.

Here, then, are the present military forces of the United Kingdom:
Regular Army 250,000
Army Reserve and Special Reserve 200,000

Territorial Force	500,000
The New Army	750,000
	1,700,000

To arrive at the total of men now serving their country we must add:

The Royal Naval Reserve	200,000
Total	1,900,000

When the New Army is complete, we shall add another 250,000—or a grand total of 2,150,000 from the United Kingdom alone!

Two in Five Offer.

How does this figure compare with our population? We have a male population of 21,946,000, but of these only about five millions are between the ages of 18 and 35, and this makes no deduction for the physically unfit. As a very large proportion of our forces are certainly between those ages, it will be seen that we are giving something like two in five of our young men; yet no one can seriously contend that we have as yet felt any real strain.

Germany calls out her middle-aged fathers of families; her toll being something like one-sixth of her total male population. France calls out in every five of her males of all ages. It may be noted that the United Kingdom has the advantage of Germany or France in possessing a larger number of young adults in proportion to the total population. We are still enjoying the benefits of the unrestricted families of the parents of the 'seventies and 'eighties. Alas! Our proportion of children is lower than that of any nation save France! However, we need not be pessimistic as to our military possibilities when we see the quality of the recruits obtained in the last two months, and realise that we have still a vast reservoir on which to draw, for what Germany or France can do, we can do also—if needed.

Comparative Values.

Any attempt to estimate the comparative value as fighters of the races taking part in the present Armageddon is bound to be unsatisfactory; for there are born fighters in practically every country, just as there are men in whom training supplies the necessary stiffening to make a good soldier. But a French observer was probably not far wrong when he wrote, a few days ago, that the French are fighting well because they fight for their country and their homes; the Germans fight well because they are well trained; and the British fight

well because they like fighting! We may not be a military nation; but, after 1914, it can never again be said that we are no longer a fighting race!

This article is chiefly about the manpower of Great Britain, but we do not forget the other reservoirs overseas. We can add in a very short time upwards of 100,000 overseas troops, comprising a large proportion of trained and seasoned men, to our Expeditionary Force. Should they be needed, the Dominions—even on a basis of one-fifth of their military-age men—could, and would, send 750,000. Moreover, we have the Indian troops, born fighting men, whose princes lead them in person.

We need always to avoid

"Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law."

But still, as we watch, as we have watched with our mind's eye for the last two months, the never-ceasing "march past" of our young heroes from every quarter of the Empire—bright, elastic, confident, in the splendour of their youth—and as we see in dim perspective the thousands who are ready to fall into that fighting-line, we remember Kipling's unforgettable song of the Native Born:

"A health to the Native born
(stand up)
We're six white men a-row,
All bound to sing of the little things we care about,
All bound to fight for the little things we care about
With the weight of a six-fold blow."

W.F. COAKER,
An Appreciation

W. F. COAKER, President of the F.P.U., is so well known that it would be superfluous to say much about him here. There is not a man more talked about in the whole length and breadth of Terra Nova, nor more respected by those who best know him or more feared by those who dread the breaking up of a long standing, political or commercial monopoly.

By sheer force of character, backed up and buttressed by indomitable pluck and sustained by a lively enthusiasm, he has overcome a fierce opposition that would have swamped an ordinary man. The quality above all others that has sustained him, perhaps we are right in saying has been enthusiasm, and a disinterested ambition to help the downtrodden.

To see the F.P.U. gain for its members the rights that have so long been denied our countrymen is the great ambition of his life, and surely that desired goal is now well in sight if not altogether attained.

Over twenty thousand fishermen look up to him for guidance, and a whole country is willing to listen when he speaks.

Rarely do men live to see the accomplishment of the aims when they essay such gigantic tasks, as Mr. Coaker has tackled but as he has confounded all preconceived notions of business and politics and set at naught all the old time prejudices, he may be expected to upset some of our ideas respecting the completion of great undertakings.

In labor he seems to thrive and business cares have not made one furrow in his brow. He seems to grow more vigorous day by day, and still sustains his repulsiion for direct and hard hitting, as his opponents—now growing fewer—can testify.

In business affairs, as in the House of Assembly he is a power to be reckoned with.

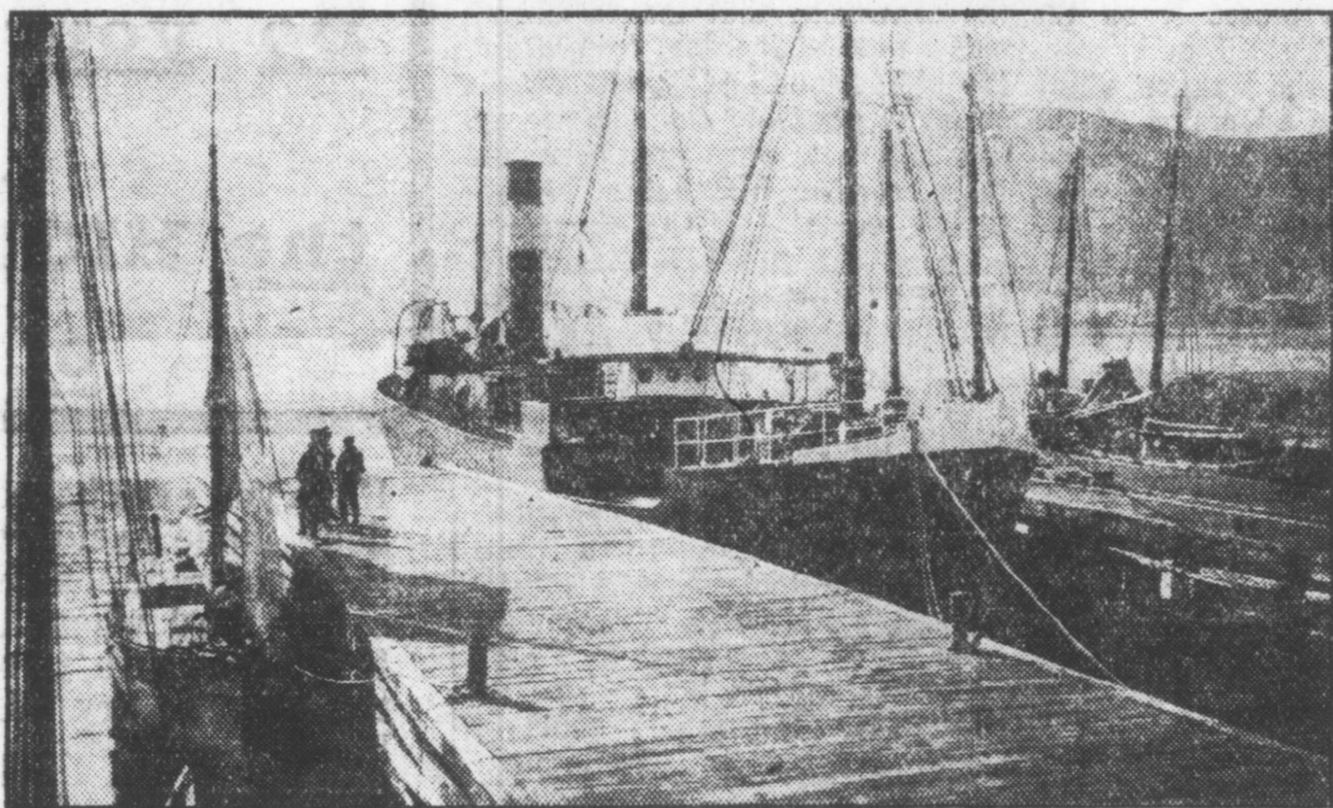
The Bear's Onward March

In the eastern theatre of war, the success of the Russian Bear seems assured. Winter is coming on—the Russians are prepared. They are a hardy race and cold does not affect them. We in Newfoundland consider ourselves hardy, but nevertheless we must also prepare ourselves to withstand the elements. To be comfortable during winter, dry feet are essential. You can have them by wearing only the Best Rubbers, i.e., Bear Brand. You can buy them from Monroe & Co. (have you seen the bear in their window?) W. R. Gooble, Nicholle, Inkpen & Chafe, Steer Bros., Jesse Whiteway and J. M. Devine.—deci

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We Would Make Them Better But We Can't

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A BELGIAN

By Pauline Bradford Mackie.

ALL night Maurice Beaujon was possessed with the certainty that Jean was lying, wounded in the open field. He knew the lad trusted him to come, and so Beaujon tossed as a mother might and could scarcely wait for the dawn.

He talked to Jean. The stars were paling.

"There, so, Jean"—he reached for his boots—"so, Jean, keep up your courage."

He raised his flask and tasted of its contents:

"So Jean, a few drops, they put heart in a man."

He stuffed a loaf of bread into his knapsack:

"Now, a crumb, Jean—so!"

He gathered up gauze and dressing for a wound and thrust it into his knapsack. "So now, Jean, let us see. Ah-h-h-h, that is bad, but we'll get you well. Let me tie on this bandage. They'll do better for you at the hospital, but this will serve till we get there."

He flung his knapsack over his back.

"So, Jean, put your arms around my neck. Gently, gently; I'll not jar you. That's better, eh?" He laughed. "The Uhlans didn't get you, Jean."

It was gray when he went down the road. People had their houses open, but the shop windows were closed. At the city gate an officer talking with a sentry recognized Maurice.

"Hello, Beaujon!" he called. You have been promoted for bravery."

Beaujon nodded as a matter of course. He had fought like a demon to kill men; he must have yelled like a maniac; his throat was raw inside; he had risen to a kneeling position in the trenches to snatch a flag which had been shot away from Jean, and he had waved it high above his head to cover the retreat of his companions.

And then the Uhlans were on him again, but he was up and running with the flag, and he had escaped; somehow he had escaped. It was a miracle. He never doubted Jean's safety until the lad could not be found.

"Where are you going, Beaujon?" asked the officer.

"For Jean," Beaujon answered.

"Valles, is he missing?" the officer asked. "Have you been through the hospitals?"

"He is not in them," Beaujon answered.

This delay tormented him. He knew he could make his search better before the sun was up, for the gleam of the bayonets had dazzled him yesterday, and from the field they would flash in his eyes again.

Beaujon pointed. "Valles can't be far," he added. "We were right in those trenches, just back of those bushes."

"Well, go on, then," said the officer, "no, not if this talking keeps up much longer." He saluted and burst away.

He stepped out into the field. He had known he should see the rifles and the bayonets first, but they did not flash upon his eyes now.

No; they were dull and gray like the sky; his first instinct was to look away from the ground.

There was still a star shining; it was yellow and very faint. He met its gaze. It looked at him steadily, blinked, and went out. The thought of Jean gripped him, and he forced himself to look down again over the field.

There were spots on the bushes; thin, slow streams furrowed the ground; as the light increased these sluggish trickles, these splashes, were scarlet.

This was a shambles; the world a slaughter-house.

All the panoply of war was gone; all that made it brilliant, all that goaded him on, was gone. Why had he been promoted for bravery?

He was not brave now.

His mind was confused; he must stop; he must be clear. There was a word which would help him if he could remember it.

He pressed his hand to his forehead struggling for that word. Ah, he had it! Sane. He must be sane. He quieted his heart; he took deep breaths; he was restored. Yet, he was calm again. Sane: a man must keep sane.

He strode firmly forward, looking neither to the right or to the left, his gaze on those bushes just beyond the farther trench.

He heard low moans and cries, but he did not heed them. The wounded had all been taken from the field. These were the moans

of dead men who wanted to get back to life. A hand clutched feebly at his ankle as he hurried along.

It was a dead man reaching out. He did not pause, but he heard the pitiful whinnying of a horse, and went out of his way to put a shot into it and end its misery.

Something moved in a heap of bodies. How dead men struggled! He passed on. There, out on a free space of ground, a dead Belgian was lying forward on his face. Beaujon paused. Clutched in the man's hand was an arm. He stared. Then he saw that the man's other arm had been shot off. His heart jumped.

Could that slender fellow be Jean? He went forward and turned him over. When he saw the face of a stranger he began to laugh.

Now that the fellow did not prove to be Jean, he saw how comical it was. What did he expect to do with his arm? Run to the hospital with it to have it sewed on?

One after another of the Belgians he turned over, chuckling at that absurd fellow running home with his arm. Beaujon stretched his back; he wiped tears of merriment from his eyes; he would have to tell Jean the story.

The east grew rosy and a sweet, cool breeze blew against him. The day promised to be fine and clear. He was glad of that.

Jean always liked to lie flat on his back in an open field, staring up at the sky with eyes that were as blue. Mme. Valles was a German, and her eyes were like her sons.

She wept because her sister had boys in the German army. Her own husband was a Belgian, and her sympathy must go to him; and Jean, her son—was he not fighting the Uhlans as well as his father?

But women took life hard. He thought again of that fellow running off with his own arm before he collapsed. There was a saying in the Bible, "As one whom his mother comforteth." The fellow had probably started to run home to his mother. She must be proud of her big boy.

He chuckled again.

He had forgotten that word which had impressed him so strongly—that word which would help him. He knew it was important, but he had forgotten it again.

He hummed a tune—a little, old Alsatian tune—as he continued his search; the men whose faces he looked at made no impression on him; he only knew they were not Jean.

The sun flashed on the bayonets and sabres lying about; it was pretty as a sparkling sea.

He bent over a body. Some instinct made him rise and whirl about on his heel. He was face to face with one of the Uhlans. The German was on foot.

Each man was but a mirror of the other, so identical were their expressions; each had believed himself alone searching for a friend. They stared at each other, they turned; they ran in opposite directions as if pursued by demons.

The fight was out of both of them.

Beaujon dropped his rifle as he ran. Horror was on his heels. He stumbled and fell and lay as if dead, then reached slyly for his rifle.

As his hand gripped it he realized that it must be another man's for he had dropped his own.

He sat up and looked over the field. The enemy had disappeared. He turned his head, and there beside him lay Jean. It was Jean's rifle he held.

He knew by the smile on Jean's face that the lad was dead.

Only dead men were happy like that; that is, the right sort of dead men, not the kind who struggle to get back to life. Jean's blue eyes looked straight up into the sky.

Beaujon touched the boy's face. It was still warm. Then he knew that pale star which blinked at him and went out was a signal from Jean. He wished he could lie down beside him, but he had promised to return.

He had been promoted for bravery, this Beaujon. Who was the fellow—Beaujon, Beaujon, Beaujon. But he had promised to get back to him. He must find Beaujon again.

He lifted Jean on his back and started homeward. It was strange that he was carrying Jean's rifle instead of his own.

It was a message that he must fight for them both. He was grim

but exultant as he strode on. Where he had killed one man before, now he would kill two; it would be double the number always, double for Jean.

The ground was uncertain and he stumbled; then he realized he was trampling over the dead with his boots on. He laid Jean down and took off his boots, then lifted his friend and went on in his stocking-feet.

When he came into the city again no one offered to help him, for Beaujon was a giant in strength and he bore Jean as though he had been a girl.

He climbed the road and turned into a small hotel.

Mme. Valles sat at the table with the one guest left in the hotel; she was having an extra cup of coffee with her and they were talking about the war.

Beaujon's figure filled the doorway and his shadow fell across the two women.

Mme. Valles raised her hands. She was going to cry out, but somehow she did not. Instead she managed to get to a door; it opened into her bed-room.

"Put him here, Maurice. Can you get a doctor?"

Beaujon laid Jean down on his mother's bed. He patted Mme. Valles's cheek so softly in his pity.

"No, Jean does not need a doctor, Mama Valles."

He went out, closing the door on the two. There was a stranger in the dining-room, and he remembered Mme. Valles did not like curious eyes.

He sat down in the first chair he reached, exhausted.

The guest in the hotel was an American—Miss Dewey. She had expected to join friends in Berlin. She kept saying to herself that she had never expected this war when she went abroad.

When she saw Beaujon's pallor she ran to the kitchen and called Marie, the young girl who assisted Mme. Valles as under-housekeeper, to bring hot coffee at once.

"They have brought home Mme. Valles's son dead," she exclaimed, "and I think the man who brought him is ill! He looks so white."

"Yes, mademoiselle," answered Marie. Her hand shook so she kept pouring the coffee into the saucer instead of the cup.

"Here," said Miss Dewey, "I will attend to that." She seized the coffee-pot and poured the coffee with a steady hand. "Now you bring a basin of warm water to wash his feet. They are bleeding and his stockings are cut in shreds."

"Yes, mademoiselle," answered



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THESE include an enormous range of the Newest Styles—all manufacturer's samples—all imported this season.

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HERE we can satisfy most Women that need a stylish, dressy, Black Blouse.

We have them in various fabrics, such as faced-goods Poplin, Alpaca, Silk and other materials—the kind most Women like.

We have them to fit slender, medium, or stout Women and the prices are low. Here are a few prices.

Orig. price \$1.00. Sale price 80c.
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WE want every Woman to share the benefits of this GREAT REMOVAL SALE—that is why we are giving such liberally cut prices, while the sale is in progress.

At this season, when presents are given, here, there and everywhere, many a shrewd buyer will be induced to make a present of a handsome Blouse, which is always acceptable to any Woman.

Visit our sale and buy two or four of these bargain Blouses. If you cannot visit, send a postal, remit your money, describe the Blouse and we will mail to your address. Write to-day, write now.

Anderson's, Water Street, St. John's, N.F.

Marie. "Please tell me—where is Jean?"

"His mother has him in her room. She has shut the door. Hurry with that basin, Marie." Miss Dewey went back to Beaujon. "Try to take a little of this coffee. It will do you good."

Beaujon lifted his heavy eyes to her face. "Thank you."

Marie came hurrying in with tokels and a basin of water and, kneeling down, peeling off the ragged stockings with tender fingers. She was young and dark and richly coloured.

Suddenly she pressed Beaujon's bare feet to her bosom, sobbing, while she murmured: "My Jean, my Jean!"

She was to have married Jean Valles in the autumn.

Beaujon's brows contracted with pity. "Poor Marie!" he said. "Poor Marie!" His mind seemed entirely clear again.

The coffee helped him. He watched her as she sat back on her heels, letting his feet drop into her lap and looking up pitifully at him.

"Now, I shall have no husband." He saw her poor, little, drooping mouth, the woe in her eyes.

It was more than grief for Jean. It was desolation come upon her. The issues of life were cut off. She would have no husband, no children. Why was she left a woman?

This was what war did for women!

Beaujon spoke with difficulty, for his throat was tired. "Marie, if I live I will return and be your husband."

When she saw the kindness on his face she bent forward and laid her face against his breast, sobbing. He patted her shoulder until she grew quiet. Then he said: "Now, I must be going."

Miss Dewey was crying too. She ran out to get him another cup of coffee. "What a good man," she thought.

Marie knelt and dried his feet and put a pair of clean stockings on him. They were Papa Valles's. "Think, mademoiselle, how one as were also the boots, she brought. Papa Valles had gone to

the war, too; and he was a big man like Beaujon, not slight like Jean. Jean was so pretty—like a girl. Her tears fell more gently. Beaujon pulled on the boots. He rose and shook hands with Miss Dewey. "Good-by," he said. "When you return to your own country remember us."

She stood on the steps of the hotel, while Marie followed him to the road.

"Wait," he said; "I was forgetting something."

He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth a big key and gave it to Marie. "It is the key to my shop. If I do not come back all is yours."

"She took it as a child might. "Yes." She kept her eyes fixed wistfully on Beaujon's face.

"Good-by," he said, and bent to kiss her cheek; then suddenly drew her into his arms and kissed her mouth. "Good-by, my wife!"

The blood coursed freely through his veins once more. That kiss—so fresh, so sweet—had revived him. It was as though Marie had become a stranger with whom he had fallen in love at first sight.

Her love sprang new born from this moment; it had no past. He went off down the road with a swinging step, his shoulders well by man. His hand must be over this somehow—yes—over it all.

"Where is his shop, Marie?" asked Miss Dewey.

"The fourth one down on that side, mademoiselle," answered Marie.

"Oh, that beautiful lace-shop!" Miss Dewey exclaimed. "There are some wonderful rose-pieces in the window. I noticed them the first day I was in town. So he is a lace-maker?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

Beaujon reached the top of the road. He turned and waved his cap. Then he disappeared down the hill.

"He is gone," said Marie. She clasped her hands on her breast. "Think, mademoiselle, how one as were also the boots, she brought. Papa Valles had gone to

XMAS WITH CANADA'S MOUNTED POLICE

Many thousands of the inhabitants of the Canada of to-day, remaining congregated in the large cities, have never seen a member of the Royal North-West Mounted Police Force, but my own knowledge of them commenced more than a generation ago.

Well can I remember, before all the buffalo were yet wiped out from the great plains, the pleasure it would give me to come upon a single member of the scarlet-coated police, in the midst of a band of still savage Indians and squaws, among whom his mere presence was sufficient to preserve order, and to restrain the young braves from attacking the members of some hostile tribe.

Until Death.

Canada is becoming settled up now, but there are still vast wastes where the North-West Mounted Police perform noble deeds, all unwhitened and unrecorded. Their duties are not only to prevent crime rather than to punish it, but to succor those in danger, even should they lose their own lives in the effort. Their terrible discipline is so stringent that none but the very best and most enduring spirits can support it for any length of time, but while he serves, the scarlet-mounted policeman vows ever to tell the truth and to perform his duty until death.

I could relate many instances of their bravery and devotion, but will select a story told me by one of their number in my far away log-house when the world was white with snow around us, while giving it as nearly as possible in the narrator's own words.

"It was Christmas Day," related Constable Vincent, "and I was tennister at the time of the North-West Mounted Police at Battleford. My day's work being finished, and a hard one too, I had put my team up for the night. The horses were quite done up—to use a colloquial phrase, they were 'all in'—and had scarcely a kick left in them.

Out in the Prairies.

"There was a jolly dinner in the mess, the room was brightly illuminated and decorated, while the genial warmth made us quite forget the day's hardships without in the frozen atmosphere of the North-West. Dinner was about half over, when, with a sigh of relief, I remarked to a comrade:

"Well, thank goodness, for once in a way, it seems as if we are likely to have our Christmas evening undisturbed."

"But a member of the N.W.P. never

Smith's Discovery

(By C. T. C.)

Scene I.

It was a dismal winter's night. Rain had been pouring all day; the snow was almost completely washed away and the erstwhile good roads were transformed into canals. Through the darkness a man was seen slowly making his way. At every step his feet sank into the slush, and exclamations of vexation and disgust burst from his lips. He reached his door, inserted a latch-key, and entered his house. He drew off his rubbers, looked at them, and threw off his rubbers, looked at them, and threw them forcibly to the ground. The soles of both were broken—his feet were soaking.

Scene II.

Smith was confined to his bed, with a severe cold. The doctor was summoned. Tonsillitis was the verdict; three weeks in bed the sentence. Smith groaned. It was the Christmas season; work was very plentiful—he had looked forward to having a good supply of money on hand for the festive season. Now his hopes were dispelled. Hard times and many privations faced him for the winter. He groaned again.

Scene III.

It was the last visit of the doctor. Smith, weak, emaciated, was able to sit up.

"Doctor," he said, "a pair of rubbers two weeks old, with broken soles, were the cause of all this trouble. In my opinion, all rubber dealers deserve hanging."

"Don't say all, my boy," said the doctor. "I was out, and had to walk two miles, the same night you got your feet wet. My rubbers were four weeks old then; they are seven now. Look at them."

He pulled off his rubbers; they looked like new. On the shank of each was stamped a Polar Bear.

"Bear Brand for mine in future!" cried Smith.

He kept his word. He is a healthy, happy man to-day.

knows his luck! Scarcely had I spoken when our sergeant-major came to me and, touching me on the arm, said: 'I want to speak to you outside.' He passed on to two of my comrades named Campbell and Hornage, and summoned them likewise.

"Leaving our meal unfinished, we rejoined the sergeant-major in the lobby, when he said: 'You three men will have to go off at once, with Vincent's sleigh and team, and a supply of provisions. A man has come in bringing a vague story with him of a family being somewhere out in the prairies to the south of the Eagle Mountains, in some dwelling which is not recorded in any Crown Office, as the occupants have erected it without pre-emption, or any permission from the Government authorities. This family are said to be on the point of death from starvation, and it will be your duty to find them and relieve them.'

Leaving Pleasure Behind.

"How far off is it, sir?" I inquired. "That I could not ascertain, nor the locality," replied the sergeant-major. "It may be any distance, but probably something over thirty miles. 'If I am to go to the south of the Eagle Mountains, sir, I must have other horses,' I replied. 'Mine are all

"He obtained the use of four horses for me from the commissioner, and when the big sleigh had been filled with hay, buffalo-ropes, and provisions, including an oil stove, we three men well wrapped up in our fur coats, gloves, and caps, were ready to make a start. The sergeant-major, who had come to see us off, noticed that we had not got on the sheep-skin combined apron and breeches which we used in cold weather when riding.

"Where are your 'shaps' men?" he asked. "We shall not want them, sir," we replied, "as we are driving." "You do not know what is before you, men," was his answer. "Be guided by me, and take your 'shaps,' you may be glad of them. It may get colder yet!"

"So after taking the chief's sensible advice, we departed, took all the Christmas merriment behind us, and drove off into the cold, silent night on an errand of mercy, which seemed no better than a wild-goose chase.

"As one man must be kept warm in case of the others freezing, while I held the lines, with Campbell seated beside me, Hornage was in the hay inside the big bob sleigh. Rapidly we glided over the snow for mile after mile, when suddenly a puff of icy wind sent a shower of frozen particles in our faces.

"It is going to be a blizzard," said Campbell, breaking a long silence. "We are in for it, for sure."

When the storm burst. "I assented briefly, but drove on until at length the terrible snowstorm was on us in full fury, blinding us so that we could no longer see the Eagle Mountains, which were our guide, nor indeed face the icy blast. I stopped the sleigh, we unharnessed the four horses, and covered them with rugs, turned up the sleigh on one side, and endeavoured to get what shelter we could under its lee.

"In this way we passed the long night, which seemed as if it would never come to an end; and with the dawn we started again, driving southwards over the interminable prairie, peering out vainly in every direction for anything bearing the semblance of a house.

"That day the blizzard came on more fiercely than ever, and at length, while driving aimlessly about in the gloom, I felt that my hands were frozen, and that I must give up the reins to my comrade, Campbell. By this time, we all realised that, unless we soon found shelter of some kind, we should be frozen to death. It grew darker, and the snow more blinding than ever, so that, in fact, I could distinguish nothing.

"I was blinded, and had just exclaimed that I was 'all in,' when Hornage called out from the inside of the sleigh that he could see a haystack to the left. If we could indeed find a haystack, we felt that we might be saved, by pulling out the hay, and burying ourselves and the horses in it. Neither Campbell nor I could see a haystack, however, and we thought that the intense cold had muddled our comrade's senses.

Behind that Door.

"If you can see anything, for pity's sake drive straight at it, Campbell," I cried, as the lines fell from my frozen hands. Suddenly, through the gloom we discerned a square, opaque object—a haystack, indeed, but a small shack built of mud, and only about fourteen feet long, by twelve in width. Alighting from the sleigh, I staggered round this humble building as well as my half-frozen limbs

would allow me, until at last I found a door.

"I tried it—it was locked, nor would it yield to my efforts to open it. "Determined to avoid, if possible, dying out there in the snow, we three men, all together, threw ourselves, with all our weight, against the door. It yielded and burst open, and, although within all was dark, some sense instantly warned us that there were living beings in that hut. No sound came, however, from anywhere, and, oh! the icy chill of that unlighted dwelling was like that of a church vault in some arctic place.

"At length, with our frozen fingers we managed to strike a light. Then, huddled in a heap together on the floor, we perceived a group of human beings. The hand of God had directed us to the very family that we were in search over the trackless snow! Lying on the ground together we now beheld a man, a woman, a boy of eighteen, a young girl of sixteen, and a three months' old baby.

"The oil-stove was brought in and lighted, and some milk placed on it to heat, but before this could be accomplished, we found that the man, the woman, and the boy, were all frost-bitten in their hands or legs, the poor woman being frozen stiff up to her knees, her legs being like marble. The girl, however, was not frozen, and the baby, protected by the warmth of its mother's breast, did not seem frost-bitten either. All were almost dead from starvation, and could speak with difficulty at first.

"As the oil-stove could not heat that awful place, and there was an empty stove in the shack, I now determined to try to prepare food. We had driven in through some low bushes sticking up out of the snow, and, therefore, after first bringing in all of the four horses through the doorway, I attached myself to a rope of which I left the end with my comrades. To go out without being tied would have meant being lost in the blizzard.

All Efforts Unavailing.

"Taking my little hand-axe, I now cut as many sticks as I could, and

then, when perished by the blizzard, I had re-entered the hut, my comrades took it in turns to be tied to the rope and go out for more fuel. Not even the heat of the fire and all of the people and horses within that shack, could make the place at all warm, still, as the cold became less intense, we worked away at the frozen limbs of those miserable creatures, by rubbing them with snow.

"We fed them meanwhile, including the baby, and at length the arms of the man, a Scotsman named Fraser, began to thaw, likewise the hands and feet of the lad. Upon the unfortunate woman—although we worked for nine hours without ceasing—our efforts proved quite unable to make any impression.

"She said that she could feel nothing in her limbs whatever, and even when they at length thawed, and became purple in hue, she had no sensation in them.

Journeying Home.

"As the blizzard continued to rage for two days, we remained in that shack, taking care of the occupants. Then, when the storm ceased, we put them in the sleigh, giving them all of our own coverings that we could spare. Then, indeed, it was that we were glad that we had listened to the sergeant-major, and had brought our 'shaps' with us.

"Upon the way back to Battleford, Hornage, who was tending the rescued family in the sleigh, called me to look at the woman. I saw that she was dead. I took the child from the dead woman's arms, giving it to the father, and telling him to hold it close to him, whatever he did. I did not, however, tell him that his wife was dead, and buried as they were under the hay and buffalo-ropes, the wretched beings could not see one another.

"We were two days on our ghastly homeward journey, and, at length, having crossed the mountains in an icy atmosphere, we contrived to make for Battleford, where we drove straight to the hospital. Upon them taking the poor little baby from the helpless father, I perceived that it was also dead, and frozen stiff and solid like a lump of ice.

Duty's Stern Call.

"After a time the daughter recovered from the effects of shock and starvation, and the father likewise, after being a long time in hospital and very carefully nursed.

"The unfortunate lad, however, had to have several fingers amputated in order that his arm might be saved."

HUMOR LIGHTENS WAR'S TRAGEDIES.

It is a relief to extract a little humor out of this tragic war. French and British alike are wondering, and laughing not a little, at the tremendous number of prisoners which the Germans, according to their own reports, are capturing, both east and west. If they had taken as many prisoners as they say they have they would have no enemy to fight. But the explanation is simple enough—fake but one instance.

A Swiss who was at Aix-la-Chapelle at the beginning of this month, and who is now at Bastie, writes:

"The German government is very ingenious in its efforts to keep up the spirits of the population. It reports the annihilation of regiment after regiment daily, and in order to foster the delusion it has to produce formidable convoys of French, British and Belgian prisoners. Aix-la-Chapelle is the spectacular spot chosen. It is the business railway station in the German empire just now. The German general staff sends long trainloads of prisoners through this junction going east every day. You can imagine how industriously the newspaper correspondents record the incident in dispatches to Berlin, not forgetting the downcast demeanor of the captives and the cheers of the German population.

When the narrative had been simply and modestly related to me, I rose from my warm seat by the fire, and came to the door with me and look out into the night.

The wind was moaning through the pine-trees, the snow was falling heavily, and in the mountains near at hand we could hear the dismal howling of the wolves.

"How would you like to try it again to-night, Vincent?" I inquired. "If it were my duty, sir, I would go now, this minute," was the manly reply. "As," he added with a laugh, "even if once more I were compelled to lose my Christmas dinner, and perhaps be frozen to death into the bargain."

Such are Canada's mounted police.

"The crowds are unaware that these trains are switched onto a loop line at night, and return in triumph the next day. The other morning a Dutchman was watching one of them go slowly by. He saw a Belgian soldier excitedly gesticulating at an open carriage window. He was shouting: 'This is the twelfth time we have come through this station.'

Fight for Pig Under Fire.

"Very little scares us nowadays," writes an artilleryman from the Woerre. "The Germans are in the woods, and are as reluctant as carrion crows to leave. Last night we heard heavy footsteps, an old noise like 'patapoum, patapoum.' Was it a batch of German deserters coming to us, or outposts returning with some war? I peered into the darkness, and within a few feet of my head was—a pig. He was more frightened than I, and decamped. We followed, and in five minutes Mr. Cochon was tied to the wheel of an ammunition cart. He crutled all night long.

"Next morning men from the neighboring battery heard of our interesting capture, and claimed it as theirs. What check! We squabbled, and everybody asserted his right to the prisoner. Suddenly shrapnel began to fall in the midst of the debate. Did Russian shells stop the row over that pig? No, sir! For ten more minutes the two batteries argued, while bullets flew and the pig squealed.

"The chief of a portable kitchen has his little joke. 'How polite the Boches are,' he said. 'They even send us their marmalades (black Marias) in which to cook our puddings.' Then along came the captain. 'In the name of heaven!' he exclaimed, 'get back to your 75's, but the pig in two!' A military Solomon had solved the difficulty, and both battalions had pork for supper that night."

Germans Without Humor.

Describing the conditions surrounding the British army, a lieutenant in the Royal Army Medical Corps, writing home, says:

"In front of us are the German trenches, only a hundred yards away. A bobbing head, a shaking fist, an oc-

casional spade wave, bespeak the presence of our foe. Yesterday one of our merry men fixed up a target. On white paper he drew a bull's-eye with a charred stick, tied it on a cardboard box, placed it in front of the trench and with flag behind recorded the misses of our friend Fritz. I feel sure that if in those trenches we had a more humorous foe instead of the phlegmatic Teuton, we might pass away many of the weary hours of watching in friendly joke. But we are up against a wary foe. There is no leisure, for barbed wire, artfully contrived hoops and loopholes forever claim the attention of our brave men.

"There are times, though, even under fire, when the humor of our soldiers bursts forth. On one occasion, after a German shell had fired some wood, our men, seeing the fire, seized the opportunity to cook their food. Yesterday I heard an amusing story under trying circumstances told concerning a man in the regiment lying in the thin red line next to us. Shrapnel had burst, killing two men on his left and badly shattering another. He was trying to light a pipe, and having some difficulty he said to his mate, 'Sure 'tis Belgian tobacco, and these French matches will be the death of me.'

German Shot Spoils Milking.

"It sometimes help the officers to censor the men's letters home. One man says, 'We shall have the shells for breakfast—not egg-shells. I shall be in Berlin in a fortnight, and I'll send you some sausages.' I overheard on the march one 'Pat' say to another, 'I never believe anything I hear, and only half of what I say.'"

Here are two humorous touches from the letter of a Dublin Fusilier: "At one point of the line German and French troops were not more than a hundred yards apart. They could hear each other talk, and sometimes talked to each other. One day a cow grazed between the lines. Both sides wanted milk. They agreed whoever it a horn first would be let milk the cow. The first shot came from the German lines. Bad as usual, it killed the cow."

"When both sides dig in there is continuous rifle sniping, on the German side usually very bad. An officer of ours with a sense of humor put up a target for them to practice on and gave them a marker with a flag to signal the misses. The target was pretty large, with a sketch of the Kaiser's head and shoulders for a bull's-eye. Only one shot was fired at it, and that bullet hit the Kaiser right under the chin. We appreciated the joke."

Death of the Gallant Lancer.

And here is one about a gallant Irishman with some pathos in it: "One afternoon when I was riding from the transport to the battalion I met a lancer going the same road. We were chums at Aldershot a couple of years ago. I met his wife when he brought her to the married quarters, a bonnie bride. He was a squat little Irishman with a pair of lively eyes that spoke the language of all tongues. He had fought at Mons and been right through the campaign, and as we rode together through the town we talked over past and present. As we passed a butcher's shop a pretty girl came to the door and gave him 'Bonjour,' with a charming smile. Against regulations he doffed his cap and made her a sweeping bow. Their eyes met—it was a mere passing salute, but one could see he had passed that way before. He turned to me with a little laugh, 'We are all single at the seaside.'"

"Two days afterwards I made the same journey on foot. Just at that same shop door I met a stretcher—my lancer friend was lying on it—shrapnel through the chest. As I spoke to the stretcher bearers the girl came to the door. Her grief was passionate. I doubt if the wounded man was conscious of her tears. Later in the day I called at the field hospital. He was dead. A woman in Ireland is teaching his little one to pray for his soul. A girl in France is putting flowers on his grave."

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