

WEATHER FORECAST. TORONTO, Midnight—N.E. and E. winds, increasing to a gale on the Coast, but mostly fair, cooler with a few showers.

# THE EVENING TELEGRAM

VOLUME XL.

PRICE ONE CENT.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1918.

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NUMBER 131.

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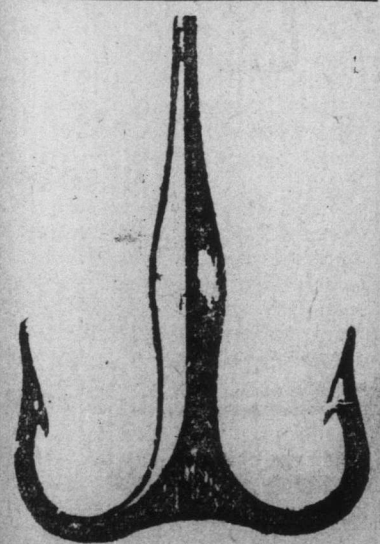
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# Ruled Destiny!

CHAPTER V.  
A HARD PUNISHMENT.

It was the box ticket, which, after the manner of forgetful men, he had placed in this conspicuous position. She bent forward and looked at it, then came back to him.

"Are you going to the Crown-brilliant, to-night, Bruce?"

"No," he replied. "I am tired of the Crown-brilliant. They always have twice as many as the rooms will hold; last time I was nearly suffocated."

"Come and dine and spend the evening with us, then," she said.

"I can't, Blanche, to-night; I have an engagement."

"I am sorry," she said, sweetly.

"The horse, my lady," announced the servant.

Lord Norman went for his hat; but Lady Blanche begged him to wait a moment.

"I have forgotten a note I want to write," she said, and in her slow, graceful manner she sat down and wrote a line or two, declining the Crown-brilliant, and on half a sheet of paper scribbled, "Get a box at the opera for to-night."

"I am quite ready now," she said, and as they passed out she handed the note and the paper to the footman.

The park was full as they entered the ring, and hats flew off the men lounging over the rails as the two passed.

They walked and cantered round the ring of tan for an hour, she bowing to the endless string of friends and acquaintances, he noticing no one, then, with a sign, she said:

"You must not stay any longer, Bruce! You want to go to your club for lunch! It is very good of you to have come with me; I know how you hate this kind of thing!" He started slightly.

"Nonsense!" he said, but all the same he turned his horse at once.

As they rode down Eaton place, a man, who had been lounging at the corner smoking a cigar, looked up and stared at them, then, as they came abreast of him, he put up his hand as if to arrange his hat more comfortably, and, in doing so, completely hid his face.

Neither of them saw him, and if Lord Norman had done so, he would not have recognized Oscar Raymond.

It was Floris' first experience of theatre going, and her heart beat fast with curiosity and excitement; but amid it all she could not help noticing the calm, masterly way which Lord Norman escorted them through the crowded entrance in the foyer.

Two attendants ushered them into their box, the overture was just beginning, and dazzled and excited, Floris leaned forward and gazed fixedly at the stage. As she did so a score of opera glasses were leveled at the box, and Lady Betty smiled significantly at Lord Norman.

"I told you so," she whispered.

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Sliced Apricots.  
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Grated Pineapple.  
Whole Pineapple.

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leaving back to him. "I knew she would create a sensation! She is the most beautiful girl here, Bruce!"

He frowned, and, as if by accident, drew the outer curtain so that it screened Floris. The opera commenced, and all Floris' eyes and soul were concentrated on the stage.

The sad, miserable story of human frailty and human suffering developed itself, and amid the most intense silence, Nellson sang her great song.

As she had finished, a tremendous uproar of applause arose, and Floris moved beyond herself, raised her bouquet and threw it, with a passionate gesture, at Nellson's feet. It was done on the impulse of the moment; the next she looked round almost with affright, but Lord Norman bent over her with a smile.

"That was nicely done," he said. "See! she is smiling up at you!"

Floris bent over the box and met the great prima donna's smile, and her heart seemed to stand still. Then a huge wave of remorse swept over her, she had thrown away the flowers he had given her.

Almost as if he read the thought he said:

"You could not have applied them to a better use, Miss Carlisle. Besides, they were your own to do as you wished with."

The curtain drew up on the last act, and Floris was bending forward to catch the first notes of the music when, suddenly, some persons entered the box exactly opposite their own.

She would not have noticed the fact, but at the moment she saw Lady Betty lean back and catch at Lord Norman's arm, and heard her whisper gently in a startled voice:

"Bruce! Look! There is Blanche!"

Then Floris turned her eyes from the stage to the opposite box, and saw a beautiful face with dark brown velvety eyes fixed, with almost fierce, scornful scrutiny, upon her.

CHAPTER VI.  
BEWITCHED.

RIGHT across the magnificent opera house the two women looked at each other.

The expression of the fierce jealousy which had flamed forth from Lady Blanche's eyes passed and vanished in a moment, and nothing but

a calm, indolent, almost indifferent gaze met Floris' one of frank admiration.

Lord Norman stood behind her chair, calm, impassive, apparently deaf and blind to all around him, with that sang froid which his admirers declared was unique and inimitable.

He had seen the flash of jealousy dart across the theater, had seen the hot flush on Floris' face, but for any sign of recognition, he might have been indeed blind. Lady Pendleton, however, looked uneasy at his immovability, and began to fidget and cast glances at the opposite box. Presently she turned her head.

"Hadm't you better go across, Bruce?"

"Presently," he answered, and presently the great scene arrived.

Nellson was in beautiful voice that night and Marguerite's sweet, plaintive, soul-stirring death song rose and filled the house with its wonderful pathetic sweetness.

Gradually, Floris' face grew pale, her lips quivered, the tears gathered in her eyes and trickled slowly, like great diamonds down her cheeks.

Never had she looked more lovely, more heart-moving; and as the breeze of the world watched her, he felt an awful longing to take her in his arms, to bend and kiss the tears from the starlike face; as it was, his own face went pale under the spell she was, all unconsciously, weaving round him, and the hand resting on the back of the chair, touching her dress, trembled. He could not resist the longing to speak to her, and bent over her, murmuring:

"No, no! Do not! It is not even worth that!"

Without moving her head, Floris turned her eyes toward him, with a half shame-faced smile, and wiped her eyes.

"I am glad, and yet so sorry—so sorry it is over," she murmured, as the curtain fell. "Who could help crying?" And she laughed tremulously.

"You see we have all of us seen it so many times," said Lord Norman in his low voice, which seemed meant to reach her ears alone; "and we get hardened. But I am glad you are enjoying it."

"Enjoying it! I have never been so happy in my life!" exclaimed Floris. A light shone in her eyes for a moment.

"You make me very happy," he said, in a low voice.

Instantly her manner changed, and the old, proud look came into her eyes.

"Are you not going now?" she said, turning to Lady Pendleton.

"Oh, there's a ballet, isn't there, Bruce?" asked Lady Betty. "Please let us stay for the ballet. One always goes home so very miserable after 'Faust' without the ballet."

"By all means," he said; then he got his opera hat, and left the box without a word; and Floris felt that she had wounded him by her cold repulse.

Lady Pendleton shrugged her shoulders.

"At last!" she exclaimed, confidentially. "I thought he was never going. I assure you, my year, I have been most uncomfortable. He ought to have got up and gone round directly she came in."

"Lady Blanche Seymour, do you mean?" asked Floris, indifferently.

"Of course. How well she is looking to-night," said Lady Betty, putting up her opera glasses. "She has got on one of Worth's latest. Certainly I will say that Blanche knows how to dress. I don't know any one who wears diamonds so well. Did you see her look across at us as she came in, my dear?"

"Yes, I saw her look across—yes," Lady Betty laughed with a little malicious enjoyment.

"Blanche and I don't get on very well together, you know. I fancy she thinks I take up too much of Bruce's time. Ridiculous, isn't it? I cannot help his being nice and attentive, can I? I don't think she liked seeing him here with me; she considers that she has the monopoly in poor Bruce. Look! There he is. How handsome he is! Really I don't think there is another man in the house with such a figure and—style, to say nothing of his face."

Floris looked across and saw Lord Bruce standing beside Lady Blanche's chair. He was talking, but not bending over her as he had bent over Floris; and Lady Blanche was speaking to him with her face turned almost completely away.

The orchestra began the overture to the ballet.

"I wonder whether he means to remain there for the rest of the evening!" said Lady Betty, with the pettishness of a spoiled child. "I suppose he will deign to come and see us home?"

The curtain drew up, and Floris turned to the stage and gazed at the magnificent scene spellbound. So enraptured was she that she did not hear the box door open, and it was not until she felt his hand upon her chair that she knew Lord Norman had returned.

"Well!" he said, and if he had been offended he had regained his temper, "not so good as 'Faust'?"

"No, but it is very beautiful! More beautiful than I dreamed it could be!" said Floris. "They seem to float on air; how they must enjoy it!"

"Was she very angry, Bruce?" Floris heard Lady Betty whisper.

"Blanche, do you mean?" he asked, coldly, as if reluctant to answer.

"Yes, of course. I know she was angry, because she smiled at me so sweetly, while you were going round, and avoided us so completely when you got there."

"You have wonderful intuition, Betty," he said, calmly, and turned to Floris instantly.

"Can you make the story out?" he said. "They are dancing an opera, instead of singing it, you know."

"I think I can," said Floris, "but I am not sure."

He drew a chair near to her, and leaning forward, explained the action of the ballet with a patience and earnestness which would have astonished many who knew him, his eyes fixed on her face with grave intentness the while. As he was speaking, there came a knock at the door, and a voice said:

"May I come in, Lady Pendleton?"

Lady Betty started, and uttered a birdlike cry of delight and surprise.

"Why, it is Bertie! Is it you, Bertie?"

"Golly, my lady!" answered the voice, so pleasant and merry a one that Floris turned her head.

"Bruce, open the door!"—exclaimed Lady Betty. "It is Bertie Clifford."

Lord Norman got up and opened the door, and a young man, a very young man, entered. He was tall and graceful, with fair hair that clustered in curls on his brow; a soft fringe of gold above his upper lip promised a mustache; his eyes were blue, and full of life and joyousness; and his lips were curved in a smile which almost made Floris smile to look at them.

"Why, Bertie, where have you sprung from?" demanded Lady Betty, laughing.

"From Canada," he replied. "Been out there for the big game, you know. How well you are looking! I am so glad to see you! How lucky I dropped in to-night. And Bruce too!" and he released Lady Pendleton's hand at last and took Lord Norman's.

(To be Continued.)

Eat a little hard bread with soup so as not to swallow it too fast.

Three pounds of sugar a month should be enough for each person.

Pineapple and fresh strawberries are very good served together.

No. . . . .

Size . . . . .

Address in full:—

Name . . . . .

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## Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRETTY LINGERIE MODEL.



2445—Embroidered flouncing, lawn, nainsook, batiste, long cloth, silk, or crepe are good materials for this style. The fullness of the garment is gathered at the waistline, but may be worn loose, if desired.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42, and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL SUIT FOR THE GROWING BOY.



2134—Boys' Blouse and Trousers. This model is ideal for warm weather, with the low neck and short sleeves, and the trousers with straight lower edge. The blouse and trousers may be of the same material, of linen, drill, khaki, galates, gingham, pique, serge or corduroy, or the blouse may be of linen or other wash fabric and the trousers of serge or cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 3 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Just Received  
Large shipment of  
Garden Tools,  
consisting of  
HOES,  
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FORKS,  
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St. John's, Nfld. Tailor  
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People daily.

### Should Parsons Fight.

A Noted Free Church Minister Answers The Question.

(By The REV. B. MEYER, B.A., D.D.)  
This question has been propounded for my consideration:—  
Suppose a minister and a layman were walking together along a lonely road and were suddenly attacked by footpads, would it be the duty of the minister? Would it not be right for him to say to his companion: "This is not my business; it is within your sphere to do the fighting, not mine?"  
That is the question, and, not for myself alone, but for everyone with an ounce of manhood, I should say that whilst it would be quite within the province of the minister to parley, to remonstrate, to show the wrongness and evil of the robbers' act, if they still persisted, it would surely be his duty, if possible, to arrest them in their wrong-doing, and secure them for the constable, the magistrate, and the court.

Their evil career, if pursued, would bring a world of misery and suffering in its train to weak and helpless persons, and when the law is not there to take its own measures it is the duty of every good and honest man, minister of religion or not, to interfere in the interests of the well-being of the community and bring the wrong-doers to justice. Of course, he would incidentally preserve his own property but that would be less of a consideration than the welfare of others and the right ordering of society.

The Fight For Right.  
If, in the company of the minister and his lay friend, there happened to be a woman and child, whom the footpads roughly handled despite of sex and tender years, the call would be all the more urgent; and if the clerical attire and stock impeded his action, our ministerial friend would not hesitate to put them off, rather than give the marauders the slightest chance of succeeding in their designs of robbery and outrage.

This illustration certainly throws light on the present situation. Hundreds of ministers of religion would be glad to serve at the front without a word of remonstrance or complaint, and their churches would be proud to maintain their families in the meanwhile.

It is realized that this war is not for revenge, or even personal rights, but for the sake of the ordered constitution of the world, the rights of the defenceless and weak, and the safeguarding of woman's virtue and childhood's innocence.

Would not a minister of religion be absolutely unworthy of his position as a teacher and leader of men who should stand quietly by whilst the German or Turk treated his wife and girls as they have been treated in Flanders and Armenia? And if he must withstand the brutal violence, to which our enemies have accustomed us, on his own doorstep, is it not right to withstand it before the menace reaches it?

Is it not better to fight in France (Heaven help her!) than in Britain, if we have the choice?  
There are thousands of clergymen and ministers in our country who are feeling their anomalous position very keenly, and who would welcome completion in order that all difficulties with church authorities might be brushed aside. According to my thinking, the number of conscientious objectors among the clergy and the ministers of the Free Churches would not be in greater proportion than among the laity.

After all, the minister is a citizen of two kingdoms, the Kingdom of Christ and the Kingdom of King George. Even if the call were one purely of patriotism, I should still hold that his warrant was sufficient. Many

### Strong Enough to do Homestead Duty.

SIDNEY BENT GIVES THE CREDIT TO DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Six Years Ago He Had Kidney Disease So Bad His Friends Said He Would Not Live Long.

Lydiard, Sask., June 11th.—Strong and healthy, and able to do the heavy work of homestead duty, Mr. Sidney Bent, a well-known settler here, is telling his friends of the great benefits he received from using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Six years ago I suffered a lot from my back and kidneys," Mr. Bent says. "I tried a lot of medicine and drugs, but kept getting worse, till some of my friends said I would not live long."

"Four years ago I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. After taking the first box I felt so much better I decided to continue the treatment."

"The result is I have been able to do my homestead duty for the last three winters."

"I would advise anyone suffering from kidney trouble to take Dodd's Kidney Pills."  
Dodd's Kidney Pills have made their reputation by curing kidney diseases and the ills that spring from diseased kidneys. They are no cure-all. But if you are suffering from rheumatism, lambo, sore back, diabetes or some other form of kidney trouble, ask your neighbours what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for them.

a gallant servant of the Prince of Peace has stood in the breach and helped to stem the torrent of barbarism and devilish lust in the past.

### Cleansing The Temple.

As a citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven, I think the call to fight is compelling, for everything for which Christianity stands is at stake in this gigantic conflict. It is literally a fight for the soul of the world. If our eyes could be opened we might actually see that it is, in the spiritual plane, a grim fight between Good and Evil, between God and Satan.

The issue is abundantly plain. The rights and wrongs of the matter are so well marked. Not one Briton in ten thousand has a doubt of the justice, necessity, and rightness of our cause. So patent is this to all right-thinking minds that the great free Democracy of America has fung herself into the fray against every dictate of expediency and tradition.

The cold fact is that no man who is a man, and is fit and whole, can, or ought, for any reason soever, to stand aside at this juncture. Christ said: "He that hath no sword let him sell his cloak and buy one." It seems to me that we are just at that tragical moment now when even the clerical cloak must be pawned and the sword buckled on. We must yield to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, as to God the things that are God's.

And cannot you see the Master, His face ablaze with indignation, with the whip in His hand, overturning as He goes the tables of the money-changers and hucksters, cleansing the Temple from the pollution of those who have desecrated it?

Remember that, if the Hun win, the Temple of the World is desecrated, and if the Servant of Christ must not take a scourge in his hand now, in the very Name of the Master he serves, as a Holy Crusade against the powers of evil, then, it seems to me, his power for good in the future will be nil. He will have no message for men. He will be an alien whose language they do not understand.—T.M.B.

### The Prince of Wales as He Is.

Some New Facts and Stories About Britain's Very Popular Heir-Apparent and a "Prince" of Real Good Fellows.

Though the Prince of Wales has a distinct dislike to appearing as the chief person at public functions, he has fulfilled such duties very creditably on the few occasions on which he has undertaken them.

One of the most trying ordeals in this way for the Prince was when he went to welcome M. Poincare at Dover on the occasion of the visit of the French President to the English Court a few years ago. The Prince had to welcome the President in a short speech, which had, of course, to be spoken in French.

Now, although the Prince spoke French quite fluently, he rather doubted that his knowledge of French was sufficiently thorough to enable him to get through his task properly. In the morning of the day on which M. Poincare was to arrive the Prince said to one of his father's equerries: "I wish my father had sent Arthur to do this!" (meaning Prince Arthur of Connaught). "He speaks French perfectly."

### Wealthy and Wise.

"So do you," replied the equerry. "If you didn't, the King would not have asked you to meet M. Poincare, you may be sure!"

The Prince, after rehearsing the speech of welcome for about the twentieth time, departed from the Palace. How creditably he got through it may be judged from the fact that when, some little time afterwards, a member of M. Poincare's suite, who had known King Edward well, met a member of the Royal household in Paris, he said to him: "I could not help thinking how pleased the Prince's grandfather would have been if he could have seen how the Prince of Wales greeted M. Poincare. The Prince's French was perfect, and his manners delightful!"

The Prince of Wales is one of the wealthiest princes in Europe. Since he came of age, in 1915, he has had complete control of an income exceeding £200,000 per annum, and of invested money amounting to over £500,000.

But the Prince is the reverse of extravagant. He smokes an occasional cigar, but more often a pipe, with tobacco as temperance an ounce. His dress-bills at Oxford never exceeded £150 per annum, and his Oxford days were his most extravagant period. The Prince's disposition is, however, the reverse of mean. He is, as a matter of fact, generous to a fault.

At the time when the Prince of Wales' Fund was established it was found necessary at the start to employ a rather larger staff than had been anticipated would be necessary, and the weekly pay-sheet became rather heavy. The Prince of Wales at once announced that he would pay every penny of the expenses in connection with the Fund himself. This the Prince did, and it was a pretty heavy burden on his pocket.

### Struggling for Patronage.

At Oxford there were several who have reason to remember his generosity.

ostly. More than one of his fellow undergraduates would have had to go down from Oxford practically ruined but for the timely help they received from the Heir Apparent.

The Prince, but for the outbreak of the war, would have probably set up a separate household for himself by this. As it is, he has a suite of rooms always ready for him at Buckingham Palace—including a reception-room, smoking-room, and bedroom. Before the war, the Prince, in anticipation that he would soon set up a separate establishment, was inundated with tradesmen's circulars of all sorts, and the most strenuous and active efforts were made by tradespeople all over the world to secure his patronage.

A motor-car manufacturer in the States sent over a representative of the especial printed booklets got up in order from the Prince. A Jeweller in Paris sent over a representative to Buckingham Palace with about £5,000 worth of plate and jewellery to wait on him, and to ask him to retain all the jewellery and plate as samples, if he pleased to do so. Of course, the Prince did not do so. He purchased a gold cigarette case for five pounds, and was quite satisfied with the tradesman, but he was thus able to announce that he was patronised by the Prince of Wales.

Everybody who was known to have any influence with the Prince was besieged with requests from tradespeople to secure them orders from His Royal Highness when he should set up his own establishment. Hotel-keepers in all parts of the world sent him specially printed booklets got up in the most expensive manner, about their hotels, and even guides, living in curious and out-of-the-way parts of the world, wrote offering their services, in case he should visit these remote quarters of the earth.

But the Prince for the moment is no longer troubled with such importunities. For it is most unlikely that the Prince will set up a separate establishment until the war is over, unless he marries. But there have been rumours that the Prince is polishing up his Italian so that he may "pop the question" to the eighteen-year-old Princess Yolande, the eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy.—London Answers.

### Soldiers Superstitions.

Some Quaint and Curious Beliefs Men Have at the Front.

Never before have the soldiers of the world's armies amassed so large a number of superstitions, charms, mascots and luck bringers. Superstitions having to do with the number 3 are the most widespread. The third of anything is fatal. Soldiers of all armies don't like their third leaves. Some refuse to go home on a third leave, for fear they will be killed upon returning.

The lighting of three cigarettes with the same match forms the basis for another very widespread superstition. One of the three soldiers is bound to be killed before many weeks are over, and even those who see the three-time sharing of the same match will share in the ill-luck. This being so, every watcher turns his back upon the smokers in the hope of avoiding the ill-luck. Men who know say the origin of this superstition is a religious one, and goes back to the lighting of the lamps in the churches of Greece. It is most popular in the British Navy, which is the home of a good many superstitions.

### A Quaint Survival.

British gunners still expectorate on their shells before firing them in battle. Most people think this is an amusing triviality; but, as a matter of fact, it is an act of sacrifice of very great antiquity. In the long, long ago, primitive folk considered that the saliva was part of the soul of the individual, and that to part with it in the act of spitting was tantamount to making sacrifice, and this not only a sane act of propitiation, but also as a thank-offering, and all know that gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come. The survivors of this remarkable form of sacrifice are far more numerous than is generally thought.

To-day trawlermen spit into the mouth of the first fish of the fishing as an offering to the sea god. They also spit upon their long lines, and into their trawls, and into their drift-nets for a similar reason.

Pliny himself states that spitting was observed in giving a shrewder blow to the enemy; hence we find pugilists spitting into their fists, and hence we find gunners in the British Navy doing the very thing that Pliny wrote about, and thus appealing to the God of Battles.

I find a good many minor superstitions. Until this war all the odd numbers, except thirteen, were supposed to be lucky, especially seven and nine. Now, however, all odd numbers are unlucky, so unlucky that thirteen has no longer any distinction.

Friday is no longer an unlucky day, but Sunday is a very lucky day on which to go into battle. White heather tucked away in the bands of the cap saves the wearer from a fatal wound.

### Fatalism at the Front.

There is a strong feeling of fatalism among the soldiers of all armies. There is a feeling that if the bullet

is not made for you, you will come through all right. One Frenchman told me that he knew he would come through all right, for when he first went in a shrapnel shell burst in front of him, and the Marine, and a large piece of it came down at his feet. He picked it up and found his initial on it. "It was my piece of shrapnel all right," he said, "and if it didn't get me, none other can." And, in fact, he has been through the thick of a number of battles since then, but he has never been wounded.

A certain British battalion regards the Military Cross as an omen of ill-luck, and views with alarm any recommendation to bestow the Military Cross on any member. Whether officers or men, all winners of the Military Cross in the battalion have been killed in action.

The black cat is an omen of the greatest good luck in all armies. To order the cuckoo calling before breakfast is, in the British Army, a sign of bad luck.

The submarine warfare has renewed the demand for cauls as a charm against loss of life at sea. A caul is the membrane which sometimes encloses the head of new-born infant, and from quite remote times it has been regarded as a luck-bringer, and an infallible amulet against death by drowning.

At many places around the docks in the great European ports one can see the little signs, "A Child's Caul for Sale," and fancy figures are demanded for them.—Answers.

### Too Nervous to Sleep.

Nerves Wrecked by Accident—Was Afraid to Go in a Crowd or to Stay Alone—Tells of His Cure.

Much sympathy was felt in this city for Mr. Dorsey, who met with a distressing accident when his foot was smashed in an elevator.

It is no mere accident that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves to be exactly what is needed in so many cases of exhausted nerves. It is composed of the ingredients which nature requires to form new blood and create new nerve force. For this reason it succeeds when ordinary medicines fail.

Mr. Laurence E. Dorsey, 39 Stanley Street, London, E.C.1, writes: "About three years ago I got my foot smashed in an elevator in Detroit, which completely wrecked my nerves. I doctored with the doctors there, but they did not seem to be able to help me. My nerves were in such a state that I could not get down town alone, or go any place where there was a crowd. Sometimes my mother would have to sit and watch over me at night, and sometimes I could not get any sleep at all. But one day last winter I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before I had completely used the first box I could see a difference in my condition. I continued using these pills for some time. The result was splendid. I feel so much better, can sleep well at night, can go out on the street and attend gatherings like the best of people, and so pleased to be able to tell you what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for me, and to recommend it to other people."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Hest & Co. Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

### Lawsuits Over Trifles.

There are numerous foolish people who are ready to seize upon the smallest grievance, real or fancied, as a pretext for setting the costly machinery of the law in motion. One instance of this type figured as a plaintiff in a court of law something like 150 times within three or four years, and, as may be imagined, some of the actions which he brought were of the most trivial nature.

As an instance may be mentioned one which was simply a dispute about an old wooden post, to which he in common with a neighbour had claim, and which marked the division of property belonging to each. The thing itself was not worth a shilling, and not a ghost of a principle was involved in the action, but it was carried through three courts, at a probable expense to each litigant of something like £300.

An old lady once brought an action against a coal merchant whose cartier unwittingly shot a sack of coals on to the back of a favorite cat sleeping at the time in the coal cellar, inflicting injuries thereby that necessitated its destruction.

Probably the smallest suit on record was one tried in Scotland for a halpenny, and brought against a tramway company. The plaintiff was carried in one of the defendants' cars beyond his destination and compelled to pay the halpenny as extra fare. He sued the company in the county court, and, recovering the judgment, compelled them to refund the coin with costs.

The folly of rushing to the law to settle every little dispute is demonstrated by an action between two partners for a sum of £2. After being in court for eleven years, it was put end to by being referred to arbitrators, who decided in favour of the defendant in the case, and ordered the plaintiff to pay all the costs incurred in the proceedings, which were assessed at £1,000.

# TO-DAY'S Offerings!

## MIDDY SUITS.

Girls, you will be needing a new Middy Suit for summer. We have two charming suits that have a stunning effect.

**MIDDY and SKIRT, made in White Pique. Price . . . . \$3.00**

**WHITE MIDDY with Fancy Striped Skirt. Price . . . . \$3.20**

Price and quality of those garments will both appeal to you.

Also a complete line of **MIDDY BLOUSES** to fit all ages. Prices ranging from 50c. to \$1.80.

**Clearing Sale of WHITE and COLOURED WASH SKIRTS.**  
See them on our table at \$1.49.

**WHITE EMBROIDERY DRESSES**—Cool Summer Dresses which are being cleared from our stocks. Plenty of wear for them. Special Price while they last, \$2.75.

**Special Offering of LADIES' COLOURED HOSE** in Sky, Helio, Pink, White and Cream, 15c. per pair.

**TAN MERCERIZED HOSE . . . . . 25, 30 and 45c. per pair**

**BLACK SEAMLESS COTTON HOSE, 18, 25 and 30c. per pair**

# S. MILLEY.

## England Lack Hairpins.

Women May 'Bob' Locks.

London, May 18.—(Correspondence)—The hairpin is to be combed out. The difficulty of more men in deciding the age of woman in these days of very feminine fashions will be harder in the near future. Up to the present one could guess with a certain amount of skill the difference between the "flapper" an older sister, the usual rule being that the one had her hair flowing or tied in a neat plait with a bow of ribbon and the other had her hair up.

In the days to come with no women using hairpins even the guess will be denied.

Less than a three months' supply of hairpins remain in the country and the authorities who control the issue of metal and raw materials for metal manufacture have decided that no wire is to be released for the manufacture of hairpins.

Every woman is now considering whether to be "bobbed" or to plait her hair. Every manufacturer is experimenting with substitutes, and men will now take great care of that hair-pin which they clean their ripes.

Everybody who has used it in some form or other as a substitute for other missing articles will regret the passing of one of the most useful articles of commerce.

## Give Them More of It.

(From the Westminster Gazette.)

The outcry in the Cologne Press against the daylight raid upon that town is characteristic of German mentality. The Volkzeitung is indignant that Whitsuntide, one of the Church's sacred festivals, should have been chosen as the time of attack. We doubt whether even a German journalist could have brought himself to write that passage had he known that his own countrymen were bombing London on Whitsunday, but he did write it with the knowledge that the Germans deliberately trained their long-range gun upon Paris on Good Friday, and struck a church in which people were worshipping. The Cologne Gazette makes the remarkable complaint that the Allies used bombs filled with low explosives, and the damage done by the fragments was correspondingly greater. A German mind is required to detect the peculiar mercy which lies in high explosives. If anything were needed to convince the Allies of the value of reprisals against the German towns, it would be found in the pained surprise which Cologne expresses at the failure of its defences. Germany will have to divert an immense amount of energy from its other war preparations if it hopes to make the Rhine towns safe from attack.

## SLATTERY'S Wholesale Dry Goods

Are now showing the following goods:—

**American Millinery Hats, Boys' Cotton Suits, Ladies' White Skirts, Ladies' Hosiery, Misses' & Children's Hosiery, White Curtain Scrims, White Dress Crepe, 38 ins. wide; Colored Dress Goods; and a splendid assortment of Smallwares. Wholesale only.**

SLATTERY BLDG., Duckworth & George Sts.

## Just Received 10,000 Cabbage Plants.

If you are going to get that new suit of clothes, get it now, as with new shipments of goods prices are going to soar. We have a splendid stock to select from, and you can rely on a good fit in any style you wish to have it made. SPURRELL the Tailor, 365 Water St.—June 7, 1918.

BURT & LAWRENCE, 14 New Gower Street.





Evening Telegram

W. J. HERDER, - - Proprietor
C. T. JAMES, - - - - Editor

WEDNESDAY, June 12, 1918.

In Bygone Days.

Continuing the press notices of thirty-four years ago, a comprehensive description of the voyage of the barque "Camellia." Captain Harvey, arriving to Messrs. P. & L. Tessier from Turks Island with the goods...

In the Supreme Court records of that date, May 12, 1884, the proceedings in the case of the Queen versus certain citizens of Harbor Grace in the shooting affray of December 26th, 1883, were opened, the jury sworn to try the case being Daniel Cahill, David Whelan, Charles Hoffman, John Bates, Thomas Carroll, John Walsh, David Barry, William O'Grady, Owen Kean, James Ryan, Christopher Martin, John Walsh. The full Bench at this trial comprised Sir F. B. T. Carter, C.J., Justices Little and Pilsent. The Attorney General being Sir W. V. Whiteway.

In the Shipping Intelligence column the arrivals, clearances and loadings are given, and we find that on May 9th the following vessels cleared at the Customs: Maggie, for Pernambuco, codfish; Ardena, for Sydney, ballast; Eliza, Sydney, ballast; s.s. Ardandhu, Halifax, codfish; Constance, Barbados, codfish, herring and hoops. The entries inwards at the Custom House for May 10th were: Birdie, Halifax, cattle and potatoes; Marie Vigilante, Fraserville, hay, butter, shingles, potatoes; St. Luce, Barbados, molasses. Vessels loading for abroad: Racer, Brazil; Lavinia, Brazil; Consuelo, Europe; Lady Ernestine, Europe. The names of all these vessels will be quite familiar to many, who remember them as forming part of the great fleet of Newfoundland's foreign going craft, for at that period Newfoundland vessels and seamen were sailing over the waters of the seven seas, and no better mariners ever walked quarter deck or trod foot rope than the gallant sailors of Terra Nova. And it is the same to this day.

Notes and Comments
The war, says Premier Hughes, literally means life or death to Newfoundland. It does not mean any less to Newfoundland.

When a man loses confidence in himself he makes the vote unanimous.

The unshaken confidence in high Allied circles is shown in the expression of the big leaders, as well as in the fact that since the great German drive began in March, British Consols have risen from 54 to 56 1/2. (Halifax Chronicle.)

We note from an exchange that King George V. has departed from his resolution not to buy any more clothes during the war, and has recently purchased at a cost of \$14.25 a serviceable suit for country wear. Who will dare now go beyond Royalty in the cost of sartorial garments? The latest advice to the Allies comes from a Dutchman, who has returned to Amsterdam from Germany. It is "to bomb German towns to a standstill" as the Huns are scared stiff by Allied air raids. This authority states that many persons have gone insane and others have taken to

the woods. Therefore let the good work go on.

Sharp attacks on the U. S. Navy for permitting U-boats to sink American ships off the Atlantic coast have been made in the Senate and charges of neglect have been raised against the Navy Department officials. We shudder to think of what would happen in Newfoundland if our Naval Department was similarly criticized.

CAUGHT. "Did you let him kiss you before you were engaged?" "Yes, that's how we happen to be engaged—Papa came along."

Naval Funeral.

The remains of the late William H. Percy, R.N., carpenter of H.M.S. Briton, who succumbed to heart trouble at the General Hospital at 11 o'clock Monday morning, were buried with full military honors at the C. of E. Cemetery yesterday afternoon. The funeral procession which started from the hospital was as follows: Firing Party, R.N.R. C. L. B. B&D. Remains drawn on gun carriage. Officers and ship's company. Commander MacDermott. Royal Naval Reservists. Citizens, mourners.

The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Henry Uphill, Rector of St. Mary's. Following the committal, the firing party discharged three volleys while a bugler from the Royal Newfoundland Regiment sounded the Last Post. Deceased was a native of Stonehouse, Plymouth, England, and had been stationed here for about two years. He was 57 years of age and joined the Royal Navy on June 1st, 1883, in which he served for twenty years, being retired on the usual pension, July 7th, 1903. From that up till 1914, when by Royal Proclamation he was called to report for duty, he engaged in civil life. Shortly after reporting for duty he was attached to a large warship and served for some time in the "White Sea" and was awarded for his services and a special medal, known to naval men as the "White Sea Medal." On the return of his ship to England he was transferred to H.M.S. Briton, this port. The old sailor was well liked by all on board the Briton, who feel keenly his demise. Left to mourn is a wife and several children in the Old Country, to whom the Telegram offers deep sympathy. The funeral arrangements were attended to by Undertaker Carnell, and floral tributes were laid on the coffin by the Captain and officers and ship's company, and a floral cross from the Royal Naval Reserve.

Soldiers Reviewed By Governor.

His Excellency the Governor accompanied by Lt.-Col. Knox-Niven, A. D. C., and Hon. M. P. Cashin, Acting Premier, held a special review of the soldiers now in training at Fort William, yesterday forenoon. The party were received by Lt.-Col. Rendell, Major Montgomerie, Major Carty and Major Paterson. Following the inspection the men were addressed by His Excellency and the Hon. M. P. Cashin. Cheers were then given for the King, His Excellency and Newfoundland, and the parade dismissed.

NOMINATIONS POSTPONED.

Owing to the attendance not being large the proposed nomination of officers of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters which was to take place last night was postponed. Various other matters, however, were dealt with.

A COSTLY MISTAKE.

As the result of a plug being left out when repairs were being effected, a ship which left here a few days ago had to return to port in a leaky condition. Her cargo of fish will therefore have to be unloaded to see how much of it is damaged.

GREAT WAR VETERANS' ASSOCIATION OF NFLD

BIG MEETING,

Thursday Night, June 13th,

at 8 o'clock sharp, in the

C. C. C. HALL,

Mechanics' Building.

Only Returned Soldiers and Rejected Volunteers will be in attendance. We want your ideas as to how we should commemorate July 1st.

CORP. STICK (ex-prisoner of war), will repeat his lecture of Friday night last.

SERGEANT LOVEYS (exchanged prisoner of war) will tell of the nine months holiday he had in Germany.

Come One! Come All!

"Pandora."

Everything is now in readiness for the production of the opera "Pandora" at the Casino Theatre to-night. The finishing practice touches being given at last night's dress rehearsal. Those who attend, and considering the object of the performance, a full house should greet the rising of the curtain, are assured of a musical treat. The proceeds go to augment the funds of the W. P. A. and Jenson Camp. There are still a few good seats remaining, tickets for which may be had at the Atlantic Bookstore.

Popular Steward Retires.

The numerous friends of the popular and well known Chief Steward of Bowring Bros. coastal steamer Prospero Mr. Charles Miller, will be sorry to hear that he has resigned his position and in future will remain on the land. Mr. Miller is a man that is personally known to thousands of the travelling public who have all been found in him a courteous and most obliging official.

Hymeneal.

McCORMACK-DOODY. United in the holy bonds of matrimony, on May 26th, at St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, U. S. A., Miss Margaret McCormack, formerly nurse of this city, to Mr. William Doody, of Bonavista. The bride was assisted by the groom's cousin, Miss A. Fitzgerald, and the groom was supported by Mr. F. Fitzgerald, of Cambridge. After the wedding ceremony the happy couple left for Dorchester, their future home.

We would advise you to see the new assortment of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Hats, all one price, \$1.95, at W. R. GOOBIE'S, just opp. Post Office, June 11th.

Military Funeral

The funeral of Private Charles Fudge, Burnt Island, Burgeo District, who succumbed to pneumonia following measles, at the Military Hospital, Military Road, yesterday morning, took place this morning from Oke's mortuary parlors to the railway station and was attended by a firing party from the Regiment and a detachment of soldiers as mourners. The remains were placed on board the local train and sent to Placentia where they will be forwarded to his late home by the s.s. Fogota.

McMurdo's Store News

WEDNESDAY, June 12, 1918. Carnol is esteemed one of the most successful tonics to be had nowadays, combining as it does the extracts of Beef and Cod Liver Oil with malt and the Glycerophosphates—nerve-building elements, in a pleasantly flavored elixir. An excellent Spring tonic. Price \$1.00 a bottle. Palmolive Soap has just come to hand. Little need be said in praise of this Soap which is known so well all over the North American continent. As a toilet soap of moderate price, Palmolive has no superior. Price 25c a cake.

Six Against One.

An airman's single-handed combat with six hostile aviators, whom he succeeded in cheating of their prey, adds another chapter to the fine record of epic deeds established by the thrilling exploit, Lieut. F. J. Moloney, was on patrol duty when from out the clouds the enemy machines swooped down upon him and opened fire. In the first round, Lieut. Moloney received a severe wound, while his control wires were badly cut and several of his flying wires shot away. In spite of these handicaps he attacked four of the enemy aeroplanes, one of which disappeared, another crashing down out of control. Feeling very faint from loss of blood, he then made for our lines through the nearest clouds. Though the fog was very thick, he succeeded in landing his machine undamaged. On another occasion, when on patrol, he engaged the leader of a hostile formation and drove him down. Though he suffered from engine trouble, he finally succeeded in driving off another enemy scout which had attacked him. The officer's tenacity and pluck were well worthy of the M.C. which he has received. Other splendid stories of British pluck and determination are related. Second Lieut. J. Local, East Yorkshire Regiment (Special Reserve), though twice blown up immediately before an enemy raid, grasped the situation and organized a party to counter attack and expel the enemy force. In this he was entirely successful, and sustained no casualties, the enemy fleeing precipitately. Captain A. F. Freeman, Yeomanry, when his company commander had been killed and his men severely shaken by heavy casualties, took command, though wounded, rallied and re-organized his men, and led them with the utmost dash in the assault. Both officers have been awarded the M.C.—Weekly Mail and Record.

Supreme Court.

The St. John's Daily Star Publishing Co., Ltd., and William Grimes, John Byrne and Patrick O'Neill—Howley, K.C., for plaintiff, moved for a day and a special jury; Conroy, K.C., for defendants, asked that the motion be enlarged to enable him to give notice for leave to appeal to the Privy Council. It was ordered that the further hearing be postponed until Friday next, the 14th inst. Harry Brien and Mary Brien, Admrs. of the Estate of the late Richard Brien, deceased—Mr. Fox, for plaintiff, moved for adjournment sine die, pending a settlement between the parties. It was ordered accordingly. Denis Galway and Charlotte Lindstrom and Henry Lindstrom—On motion of Gibbs, K.C., for plaintiff, and by consent of James J. McGrath for defendant, it was ordered that this case be stricken from the docket. This case was on trial before Mr. Justice Johnson and had been postponed until yesterday morning when it was disposed of as stated above.

Exemption Tribunal.

Out of forty-two applications considered by the Exemption Tribunal yesterday, twenty-four were granted, two were disallowed, six sent to Medical Board, one to Commissioner for report, three were deferred, and six were absent. The following were granted exemption: (a) 32 Frances Armstrong, 93 Gerald W. Foley, 94 Francis J. Devaux; under (b) 730 Adolphus King, 692 E. J. Saunders, 355 Daniel McBay, 335 Leo P. McGrath, 324 John Tobin, 83 Richard Tibbeau; under (c) 116 John T. Nash, 87 Ernest R. Clouston, 327 Walter Garf, 96 Reginald J. Brown; under (d) 214 J. C. Squires, 207 George Squires, 275 Fred Grealey, 47 Jas. A. Dwyer, 282 Thomas Batten, 12 Ernest Williams, 281 William T. Petten, 212 R. A. Harvey, 326 P. F. Ferner, 323 H. O'Brien, 119 M. F. Fewer.

Fogota's Passengers.

The Fogota reached Placentia yesterday afternoon with the following first class passengers:— Mr. E. Mercer, J. H. Small, Miss Small, Mrs. R. Mouton, Miss R. Mouton, E. Matthews, Ptas. Richards, Longley, Tibbo, Hartigan, Keeping, Donovan, Baker, Shave, Foley, White, Herrert, Stuckland, Burt, Hodder, S. Lee, Miss J. Noah, J. Herrett, H. Rose, Miss B. Pine, Miss F. J. Baker, C. Andrews, Capt. Barnes, A. E. Edgecombe, Mrs. W. French, Mrs. C. Rowlett, Mrs. R. Mouton, Miss R. Roberts, C. Butler and wife, Mrs. J. Foote, Mrs. Fervor, Mr. Eddy.

C. L. B. Dance.

A very enjoyable dance in aid of the C. L. B. Camp Fund was held at the British Hall, last night. There was a large attendance including representatives of the sister brigades and the Regiment. The battalion band under Capt. Morris, rendered music of the usual high standard. Refreshments were served during the evening.

HOW AIRMEN CHEATED HUNS OF THEIR PREY.

An airman's single-handed combat with six hostile aviators, whom he succeeded in cheating of their prey, adds another chapter to the fine record of epic deeds established by the thrilling exploit, Lieut. F. J. Moloney, was on patrol duty when from out the clouds the enemy machines swooped down upon him and opened fire. In the first round, Lieut. Moloney received a severe wound, while his control wires were badly cut and several of his flying wires shot away. In spite of these handicaps he attacked four of the enemy aeroplanes, one of which disappeared, another crashing down out of control. Feeling very faint from loss of blood, he then made for our lines through the nearest clouds. Though the fog was very thick, he succeeded in landing his machine undamaged. On another occasion, when on patrol, he engaged the leader of a hostile formation and drove him down. Though he suffered from engine trouble, he finally succeeded in driving off another enemy scout which had attacked him. The officer's tenacity and pluck were well worthy of the M.C. which he has received. Other splendid stories of British pluck and determination are related. Second Lieut. J. Local, East Yorkshire Regiment (Special Reserve), though twice blown up immediately before an enemy raid, grasped the situation and organized a party to counter attack and expel the enemy force. In this he was entirely successful, and sustained no casualties, the enemy fleeing precipitately. Captain A. F. Freeman, Yeomanry, when his company commander had been killed and his men severely shaken by heavy casualties, took command, though wounded, rallied and re-organized his men, and led them with the utmost dash in the assault. Both officers have been awarded the M.C.—Weekly Mail and Record.

Magistrate's Court.

A collector from the Singer Sewing Machine Co. had a woman from Hagerty Street before the Court this morning for assaulting him on Saturday last. The evidence as given by complainant showed that he called at the home of the defendant on Saturday at dinner time to collect the balance of about \$2 owed on a machine that was purchased on the instalment plan from the Singer Sewing Machine Co., by the defendant. He claimed that the woman disrupted the amount and following an argument in which he said "you evidently intend to beat the company," she hit him with the back of her hand in the mouth, holding in her hand at the time a dinner knife. Defendant admitted giving the "knock out blow" but claims in defence that the collector called her a rogue and refused to leave her house when requested. His Honor Judge Morris, after hearing the evidence of both, dismissed the case, and at the same time gave the collector a lecture on manners and how to conduct himself in future.

Hospital Report.

The Visiting Committee of the Newfoundland War Contingent Association reports following progressing favorably: 3057 Pte. Edwin Hudson Baggis, 3897 Pte. Jos. Brushett, 374 Corporal John Caul, 2881 Pte. Chas. Dicka, 2512 Sgt. Herbert Crawford, 742 Sgt. Henry Miffen, 3521 Pte. John Pollett.

Here and There.

Some good reserved seats still remaining for "Pandora," at the Casino, this evening. 112:11 New assortment of Men's American Caps, 95c, at W. R. GOOBIE'S, just opp. Post Office.—June 11th. INTERSESSION DAY.—Sunday, June 30th has been fixed by the Government of Canada as a Day of National Humiliation and Prayer for the success of the Allies.

Stafford's Drug Store, Theatre Hill, is open every night till 9.30.—may 20, 11

REACHED AFRICA.

A message was received in the city yesterday stating that Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Jones had arrived at their destination, Nairobi, British East Africa, on Saturday last, after a very long passage. If you need a good serviceable shirt in Black or Blue, \$6.50 to \$8.50, visit W. R. GOOBIE'S, just opp. Post Office.—June 11th.

BORN.

On the 11th inst., a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Dwyer.

DIED.

This morning, after a protracted illness, Mary, relict of Lawrence Glasco, and eldest daughter of the late Philip Farrell, leaving 4 sons and 3 daughters to mourn their sad loss. Funeral on Friday at 2.30 p.m. from her late residence, 115 New Gower Street; friends and acquaintances will please accept this, the only, intimation.—R.I.P.

To Consumers

of High Grade Tobacco, we desire to call your special attention to OUR WELCOME NUGGET TOBACCO. Famous the world over for its rare delicacy and flavor. Shipment just received at CASH'S Tobacco Store, Water Street, Agent.

Household Notes.

Use fruit vegetables and potatoes abundantly. Sugar cookies can be made with wheat flour. Fresh white fish should be baked with mushrooms. Scald new brooms in hot suds to toughen the fiber.

Railway Embargo, Its Cause and Effects.

Editor Evening Telegram. Dear Sir,—Josh Billings tells us "it is highly important, when a man makes up his mind to be a rascal, that he should examine himself closely and see if he ain't better known as a fool." There are some people who play such a part as to leave the impression upon the mind that they are both "rascals and fools." Such a character is the man behind the shallow-brained scribbler in the Advocate who have essayed to answer my strictures on the management of the railway.

These letters betray the rascal in so far as they attempt to fasten responsibility for the wretched state in which we now find the country's railway upon shoulders other than those responsible for it. They betray the fool in that the inspirer of them falls into the pit he dug for another, and that other a man who, as is well known to most people in this country, has been his benefactor and friend for many long years. I have purposely avoided any reference to the record of the ex-President of the Reid Company in dealing with railway conditions as they now exist. I have refrained from instituting invidious comparisons between his work and that of those who have succeeded him in the direction of the higher official duties of the Company. My criticisms have been general, and directed solely to conditions as they are. For the almost total collapse of the cross country railway during the past year I have attributed responsibility to the officials in charge.

I am dealing with these matters from the standpoint of the country's rights, and the public interest, and nothing else. This country is entitled to better service from the Reid Newfoundland Company. The service we are getting is not what the Company is bound under its contract to give. For this they are not wholly responsible. The engine Government of the day must share the blame and responsibility equally with the Company for the serious disorganization of our railway transportation and consequent dislocation of trade for the past year. In the Advocate of the 15th May the instrument of the "hidden hand" of the R. & N. is exposed. It is a message that says "WAIT TILL THEY GET THE ROLLING STOCK FIXED UP THAT WAS ALLOWED TO GO TO PIECES BY THE FORMER MANAGEMENT."

This is where the "rascal" shows that he is "better constructed for a phool." The inspirer of that statement knows well why the "rolling stock" was "allowed to go to pieces." Therefore he is an egregious fool to have touched upon it, as he will learn before I have finished with the subject of the break down of our railway transportation the past year. To the uninitiated the remark may convey nothing, but may mislead many as to regard the dislocation of railway transportation last winter, and up to the present date, as resulting from neglect or incapacity on the part of the ex-President and his loyal and capable assistants of recent years. To those, like myself, who know the inside history of the past few years, and the malign influence which politicians on the prowl, and vain, envious and ambitious officials of the Reid Newfoundland Railway have exercised upon the operations of the system, it lays bare the ground work of the whole of the difficulties which have attracted so much attention during the past few months in relation to the internal management of the Reid Newfoundland Company, and the activities of certain politicians in connection therewith.

That the rolling stock was allowed to go to pieces is undeniable. We have indubitable evidence of it daily. That the "rolling stock" was going to pieces" was not unknown to the present officials of the road, there is proof on record. That it was not unknown to the Government of this country also, there is undeniable proof on record. The Government Engineer reported it was going to pieces. His reports to the Government are said to show that it was going to pieces as early as the fall of 1915. His reports are said to have made it clear to the Government that the rolling stock was inadequate, that the motive power was not being kept up to contract specifications, and that what was actually on the road was not being maintained in workable and safe condition.

It is said that the Government Engineer personally warned the ex-Premier, now Baron Morris, that unless a strong stand was taken during 1916 with respect to the maintenance

G. KNOWLING, Limited,

have just received the following: 100 cases LIBBY'S EVAPORATED MILK. 25 gross NERVILINE. 50 cases MILK MACARONI. 1 case ITALIAN CITRON. 1 case LEMON PEEL. 135 sacks CORN MEAL FEED. 80 sacks HOMINY FEED. 100 boxes RISING SUN PASTE. 50 bags HIGH GRADE SIAM RICE. 350 bags BROKEN RICE. 50 brls. NEW YORK BONELESS BEEF. 10 brls. CHOICEST JOWLS. 20 sacks PEA BEANS. 20 sacks MARROWFAT PEAS. 400 sacks P. E. I. POTATOES. 240 sacks FERTILIZER. Guaranteed analysis. 450 sacks PURINA SCRATCH FEED. 50 sacks PURINA CHICK FEED. 118 chests JAVA TEA. 6 brls. ROYAL BAKING POWDER. 3 cases CHRISTIE'S BISCUITS. 2 cases KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY. For sale at our Usual Low Prices.

G. KNOWLING, Limited,

June 7, 1918

of the motive power and the rolling stock, the country would be faced with serious dislocation of transportation facilities within a few months as nothing was being done to replace the engines and cars being worn out in the service, nor to maintain an adequate supply of rolling stock for the increasing traffic of the country, as specified under the operating contract and good condition.

assured the Government Engineer that the subject matter of his reports and his recommendations was being acted upon. But it later transpired that Baron Morris did nothing. His successors have not done anything. The Reid Company did nothing up to the end of the past year. There is some reason for all this. If you, reader, wish to know it, follow me. Some secret history may be disclosed. Yours truly, ARGUS. June 11, 1918.

When you want Steaks, Chops, Cutlets and Collops, try ELLIS.

GOES AS PURSER.—Mr. D. W. Kiely, of the R. N. Co.'s ticket office, goes to the Labrador as purser on the s.s. Neptune, which is scheduled to leave here to-morrow.

J. J. ST. JOHN

Don't forget the best TEA

to be got in Newfoundland is at our Store, retailing at 60c. per lb.

Sun Ammonia, 10c. package.

English Breakfast COFFEE, 1 lb. tins.

Eddy's Matches.

J. J. ST. JOHN. Duckworth Street and LeMarchant Road.

GERMAN 300,000 THE

Australians taking. R. WAR REVIEW. The third day of the German offensive on the front between Mont Meunier and Noyon saw the Germans making progress from the center of the line eastward of the Oise River, but being held back in their attempts to bring their positions southward in the region of Mont Didier. The Germans were continuing to pay attention to the gains of the Oise region. Having reached the Oise in the region of Ribcourt, the enemy was supposed to try to fight his way along the west bank of the stream, where the water was in force upon the lowlands bordering on the water. It was where the troops of General Foch would be in strong array both in front and in rear, waiting to dispute the road to Paris. Although nearly 300,000 men are being employed by the Germans in their efforts to open a way to the French capital, their progress is slow when compared with the progress on other days. Numerous divisions of the attacking troops have been cut to pieces by the French, and forced to withdraw from the battle in order to fill the gaps with fresh men. Not an inch of ground has been given up without the exacting of a price by the French in men killed or wounded, and nowhere has the defending line been pierced. The aspect of the salient driven by the Germans is still in the center, south of the village of Marquiesle. To the west of this point the Germans at one time almost reached the Aronde River, but were driven back for a considerable distance by the French in a heavy counter attack. The French also are counter attacking the German salient, according to the German official report, which says, however, that renewed efforts of the French to regain lost territory were repulsed with heavy losses. The German war office claims the capture of 10,000 additional prisoners, which with the number of captives reported Monday would bring the total to 18,000 in the present fighting. Since the new offensive began along the Soissons-Rheims sector on May 27, it is asserted by the German official communication that the army group of the German Crown Prince has taken about 15,000 Allied troops captive. Comparison of the total number of prisoners between Soissons and Rheims, at the northwest of Chateau Thierry, where the American marines are fighting side by side with the French, has several times decisively defeated the enemy and that the Germans have repulsed with heavy losses attacks delivered against their front. It is one of the most ambitious operations carried out in many days. Field Marshal Haig's troops in the Amiens sector have struck the Germans a tasty blow. It was the Australians who carried out the manoeuvre, and they succeeded in advancing their line half a mile over a mile and a half front, and took nearly 300 prisoners, including officers. In addition, the machine guns and a trench mortar were captured. On the Italian front there has been no infantry fighting of importance, but numerous small affairs between patrol parties continue daily.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

PARIS, June 11. (Official.) The French have struck the Germans a hard blow along a front of about seven and a half miles between Rabescourt and St. Maure, recapturing Belloy, Genlis Wood, and the heights between Courcelles and Montmer. The official report by the war office says the battle continued to-day from Mont Didier to the Oise. On the left our troops supported by tanks counter attacked this afternoon along a front of twelve kilometres between Rabescourt and St. Maure and despite desperate resistance on the part of the enemy, reached the southern approaches of Le Tretoy, captured the heights between Courcelles and Montmer and carried our lines more than two kilometres to the east of Merz. We have also retaken Belloy and Genlis Wood and reached the southern outskirts of St. Maure. The enemy who suffered heavy losses, left more than 1,000 prisoners and several guns in our hands. In the centre the Germans, who had succeeded in pushing forward to the south of Loge farm and Bethel, were driven back beyond these two points by our troops acting in concert with adjoining units on the right. The enemy increased his pressure seeking to gain the Metz Valley, but several violent attacks launched against Chevroucourt were repulsed. The enemy succeeded in gaining a foothold in Machemont and Bethancourt which were bitterly disputed. South of the Ourcq River, the American troops this morning brilliantly cap-



# GERMANS EMPLOY 300,000 MEN TO HACK THROUGH TO PARIS.

## Australians Carry Out Ambitious Undertaking. Furious Fighting Continues.

### WAR REVIEW.

The third day of the German offensive on the front between Mont Didier and Noyon saw the Germans still making progress from the center of the line eastward to the Oise River, and being back in their attempts to reach their positions southeast of Mont Didier in alignment. Every day they were continuing to pay an exorbitant price for the gains they were making. Having reached the Oise in the region of Ribecourt, the enemy, it is supposed to try to fight his way westward to the west bank of the stream, and must emerge in force upon the banks bordering on the waterway, where the troops of General Foch are to be in strong array both in men and guns, waiting to dispute the road to Paris. Although nearly 300,000 men are being employed by the Germans in their efforts to open a way to French capital, their progress is slow when compared with the progress on other days. Numerous divisions of the attacking troops have been cut to pieces by the French, and forced to withdraw from the battle in order to fill the gaps with fresh men. Not an inch of ground has been given up without the exacting demands of a terrible toll in men killed or wounded, and nowhere has the defending line been pierced. The west of the salient driven by the Germans is still in the centre, south of the village of Marquieles. To this supreme moment it wouldn't be a surprise if he should shortly attempt a naval attack with full naval forces combined with a new effort on the British front. The military critic of the journal bases his hopes of Allied success on the wearing out of the enemy's effectiveness. He declares before the offensive on May 27th was begun, the Germans in two months had used more than 260 divisions, and had to use 53 more in the late May offensive, while that of June 9 exposed 15 additional divisions to the Allied fire, accordingly some 330 divisions have been under fire in less than three months. Evidently the critic is counting a division as new each time it is employed in action. The enemy's effort is a gigantic one, but it can't last for ever. He is now bringing into action about 190 divisions. The time is not far distant when all of these will have reached a dangerous state of exhaustion, and this at the same moment that the young and vigorous American army impatient for action, will have been formed. Experience shows that an offensive is bound to play itself out in not more than three and a half months.

river. Between the Oise and the Aisne on the other end of the line the situation upon the plateau of Mont Didier is not changed.

### AN ALLIED SUCCESS.

LONDON, June 11th. The military correspondent of the British wireless service writes:—In the Mont Didier-Noyon sector the enemy attacks is meeting with so little success in proportion to the heavy sacrifices he is making, that so far the engagement may undoubtedly be called an Allied success. The French continue to hold stubbornly, taking over 500 prisoners, a signal proof of the enemy's desperation.

### A HAIG REPORT.

LONDON, June 10. Field Marshal Haig's report from the British front to-night says:—The number of prisoners captured by us in a successful operation carried out last night south of Morlaucourt is 238 including 5 officers. There is nothing further of special interest to report.

### BOMBING RAIDS.

LONDON, June 11. During the period between June 6th and 9th inclusive, ten bombing raids were carried out, according to the Admiralty statement to-day. The objectives were Thorout, Zebrugge, Lockgates, the Bruges works, Bruges docks, Bruges canal, Chistilles air-drome, Marlaer air-drome, St. Denis-Western air-drome, and the St. Denis-Western air-drome. Four fires and two explosions were caused in the eastern basin at the Bruges docks. Two direct hits were observed on the mole at Zebrugge. Heavy anti-aircraft fire was reported, and attacks by enemy aircraft were driven off. All our machines returned. In home waters during the same period numerous anti-submarine and hostile aircraft sorties were carried by airplanes, airships and airplanes. Submarines were sighted and bombed. Enemy mines were located and floating mines sunk. On occasions while on patrol, single British machines have been attacked by enemy formations. In one case a stray bullet shot away the control, and a British machine was forced to alight. The crew subsequently was rescued by another British seaplane which had been sent to search for them. In another instance one machine, after being disabled, was sunk by hostile machine gunfire, the crew being rescued.

### WORK OF BRITISH AIRMEN.

LONDON, June 11. The official statement of aerial operations to-night says:—In spite of the cloudy weather yesterday our airmen on the French front worked early and late dropping eight tons of bombs on enemy troops, transport and munition dumps, guns and trenches. Direct hits were observed on the railway at Roye, Sur Metz, and concentrations of infantry in the triangle comprising Mont Didier and Roye. Flying low our machines attacked with machine gunfire every target that offered itself along the roads. Behind the fighting line an immense number of rounds were fired in the air with good effect. In this area we shot down enemy airplanes and drove down several out of control, we ourselves losing five machines. On the British front there was little air activity. One German plane was destroyed, and one was driven down out of control. We lost two machines. During Monday night we dropped seven tons of bombs on Cambrai and Bapaume. All our night bombers returned.

### SUFFERING BIG LOSSES.

FRENCH HEADQUARTERS, June 11. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency).—The enemy yesterday at immense cost succeeded in pushing his advance from a mile to three miles deeper into our front. At Marquieles, the southernmost point of his salient, he was about seven miles from his starting point. Yesterday morning the fighting was almost unprecedent in fury. The Germans continue to attack in compact masses, which are mown down by our gun fire. Others and still others follow, and when the position is finally taken by the enemy as often as not it is promptly retaken by the French. In these counter attacks the French invariably find the ground littered with German dead often lying in heaps. The little height called Piemont, south of Lassigny, must be paved with enemy dead. It is held by dismounted cavalry. The last despatch

### ENEMY THROWN BACK.

WITH THE FRENCH ARMY IN FRANCE, June 11.—Late last night the Allied infantry re-entered the village of Mery, which had formed a protective point for the German advance through the valley. The strongest effort made by the Germans in the course of last night and this morning in the new offensive was in the direction of the railway connecting Estres, St. Denis, Mont Didier. The enemy met with such resistance that they renounced for the moment their attempts in this region. Negro troops supported by the Entente allied tanks which did great destruction, delivered a brilliant counter attack in this vicinity and recaptured the crest running southeast of Marquieles. Seeing their progress hindered on this side the Germans turned towards the other flank and nearly reached Ribecourt to the north of which place the hottest encounters occurred in the woods of Dresincourt. The enemy will be forced to debouch on the plain near the Oise River, where he will find himself without the shelter of woods and will be subjected to a concentrated fire of Allied artillery and machine guns. The Germans have found it necessary to bring forward more divisions with all the gaps in their ranks caused by the terrific allied gunfire.

### ATTACK CONTINUES WITH FURY.

PARIS, June 11. The battle along the front continues with fury. Attacks and counter attacks follow each other without interruption and the losses of the Germans are formidable. The evening journals in reviewing the results which have been obtained during the past two days by the Germans agree that they are not to be ignored, but doubt that they were worth the losses which the Germans suffered. Along the whole front, says the journal Debats the situation is not modified sensibly. The general immediate objective of the enemy is Compelgne, but this city hasn't been reached. The advance along the right bank of the Oise is not sufficient to disturb our position on the opposite bank of the

runners who got through from Piemont before its fall, say they saw 14 unsuccessful German attacks on the hill, and there were others after they left. It is estimated that the Germans used between twenty and thirty divisions up to last night.

### ENEMY'S GREATEST EFFORT.

PARIS, June 11. All the advices from the battle-front show the enemy is putting forth every possible effort in his design to push toward Paris, throwing division after division into the melting pot. So far he has succeeded in two days of fighting in carrying forward his line at the maximum line of advance at Vimont, a distance of six miles. The enemy at first succeeded in widening the point of his wedge by bringing up two divisions of the Guards and two Bavarian divisions borrowed from the army group of Crown Prince Rupprecht. These troops captured the villages of Mery St. Maur and Belloy. If the danger to the French is in lessening ground in which to manoeuvre the German peril lies in the human wastage that is in progress. The German army as a whole has been engaged for the past three months with slight relief. The balance seems to be in favor of the French. The resistance by the French in this battle has not been surpassed in determination during the whole war. One little group of dismounted Cuirassiers at Piemont, while almost surrounded, beat off fourteen German attacks and contributed largely to the checking of the German advance.

### AUSTRALIAN CAPTURES.

LONDON, June 11. (Official).—Last night another minor operation was undertaken with complete success by the Australians in the region of Morlaucourt. The line south of the village has been advanced to a depth of half a mile on a front of over a mile and a half, and 23 prisoners, 21 machine guns and a trench mortar were captured by us.

## The Coolest Deed of the War.

The most amazing story of this amazing war has just been told. It is a tale of stark courage and downright clear-headedness in the face of the grimdest ordeal, by a stoker in a British submarine sunken fathoms deep, and it has been related by a writer in the "Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post," who has obviously gleaned his facts from official news. In point of fact, the story is well known in naval circles here, though it has never been published in detail before. No writer could do justice to this tale so convincingly as the hero himself, a stoker petty-officer (the sole survivor), whose highly technical, matter-of-fact report needs no journalistic embellish.

### His First Impulse.

"At 10.30 a.m. on Tuesday," he states, "something was heard to come in contact with the boat forward, twice in quick succession. . . I proceeded forward to ascertain the position of the leak. Finding no leak above the battery-board, I came to the conclusion that she was holed low down. My first impulse was to close the lower conning-tower hatch, and get a pressure in the boat, but the men were then going up the con-

ing-tower in the hope of escape. I put on a lifebelt, and closed the valve on the air-trunk through the engine-room bulkhead, as at this time I thought I would have to use the engine-room as a way of escape.

"I then returned to try to close the lower conning-tower hatch, but before I reached it water began to come down through it and the engine-room bulkhead scupper, so I shouted to the hands forward to come aft to the engine-room. There was no response." All hands were dead except this cool-headed, iron-nerved stoker petty-officer, who had not the slightest intention of making the same finish. He was an engineer who knew every nut, bolt and gadget of his boat, and he had a mind infinitely fertile in resource. His explanation of what he did is highly technical in spots, and bristling with conscientious details. It makes it difficult to realize that he was labouring for his life in a flooded submarine at the bottom of the North Sea, with a crew of dead men and no more than one chance in a thousand of survival.

### Juggling With Death.

"It was impossible for me to leave the engine-room door," he goes on to explain, "as it would have closed behind me, and would have been impossible to open again, owing to increase of pressure in the flooding compartment. I remained there, still hoping that some of the men might come aft, until the water rose to eighteen inches above the sill of the door, and chlorine gas began to come through from the midship compartment. I was then reluctantly forced to close the door, and proceeded to unscrew the clips of the torpedo-hatch above me as the only hope of escape through the deck. At this juncture the engine-room was in complete darkness, with the exception of the port pilot-lamp.

"The water was slowly rising in the engine-room through the voicepipes, which I had left open to relieve excessive pressure on the bulkheads. The heat at this time was excessive, and therefore I rested a while, and considered the best means of flooding the engine-room."

"This captive, penned like a rat in a trap, tried one expedient after another, each one failing him in turn—a refractory torpedo-hatch, impossible caps and traps, nuts that refused to budge—and yet he was undismayed and stubbornly resolute, splashing in the gloom to a place where he could "consider the problem once more." He returned to the hatch, crawling on top of the engines, in order to struggle with the exhaust and induction valves, using a spanner for a tool. This he had thoughtfully picked up in the engine-room before it was flooded. Hammering away at the fastenings, he knocked out one pin, but was unable to remove the other. He then dived under water and eased the wheel of the gearing, which sounds like a ticklish bit of work in itself, and bobbed up again to find that he could now drive out the remaining pin.

"I have always held the theory," he says, "that the pressure in a sunken, air-locked vessel can be greater than the external pressure, the deciding factors being the weight and shape of the sunken hull. I now discovered that the boat was flooding very slowly, and as a last resource I decided to open the scupper in the engine-room bulkhead. I anticipated chlor-

ine gas generating from this water, which proved to be the case. Also, as the water came in, the air was escaping through the hatch. So I tried three times to open the hatch, and succeeded in raising it about half way, but the air rushed out, and the hatch fell down again. So then I dived down, and retrieved the clip-bolts, and shipped two of them, and lightly secured them to the end of the dogs, the idea being to get sufficient pressure in the boat, then knock the bolts away, hoping to be blown out by the pressure.

### Blew Himself Out.

"I then proceeded to put this idea into execution. The hatch flew open, but there was not enough pressure to blow me out, nor yet time for me to escape before the hatch came down again. I tried once more to lift the hatch with my shoulder, but it descended upon my head. I managed to raise the hatch and free my hand, which was quite badly smashed. I now concluded that it was impossible to attempt to blow myself out by means of internal pressure.

"I allowed the engine-room to flood until the water was up to the coaming of the hatch. I then raised up the hatch and escaped, rising to the surface, and being picked up by H. M. S. F. . . ."

"This indomitable stoker petty-officer floated out through the square hatch-opening, after letting the compartment fill to the roof, and was picked up unconscious. The comment of the officer commanding the flotilla sums up one of the most wonderful feats in the whole story of submarine warfare: "Although the man was fighting for his life, it is a wonderful example of unflinching courage and perseverance, and of refusing to acknowledge defeat. He was by himself, in almost complete darkness, receiving electric shocks, and towards the end, suffering from the effects of chlorine gas and a crushed hand; and yet, in spite of continual disappointments, he worked on for nearly two hours, keeping his head to the last; and at the seventh attempt at opening the hatch he succeeded, and escaped."—Answers.



Just arrived: 15,000 Columbia Ignitor & Acme Ignitor, No. 6 Dry Cells; also HOT SHOT and MULTIPLE BATTERIES. Also a full line of Marine Engine Parts, Etc. A. H. Murray & Co. Ltd. Agents Lathrop, Gray & Stanley Engines. may 19, 1918.

## European Agency.

Wholesale indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including: Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Sample Cases from \$50 upwards, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metal, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Olmen's Stores, etc., etc. Commission 2 1/2 p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

William Wilson & Sons (Established 1314.) 25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. Cable Address: "Annular, Lon."

J. H. FURNEAUX, V. S., (Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Member of Royal Society of Veterinary Surgeons of Toronto.) Office: "ELSONIA," Monkstown Rd. Phone: T. McMurdo & Co., Hawlin's Cross.

N. B.—Output farmers desiring advice for their animals may receive same by enclosing \$1.00 for fee. June 12, 1918.

## Imperial Red Cro

EMPIRE DAY APPEAL. Amount already acknowledged. . . . \$28855 44 Grand Falls Patriotic Association, per J. H. Ballyon . . . . . 1000 00 Proceeds Children's Picnic, St. Mary's School, Herring Neck, per Misses Small and Lizzie M. Ludlow . . . . . 7 00 A. J. Harvey, Botwood . . . . . 10 00 Empire Day Collection, Millertown, per A. Morey—W. T. Batstone, H. J. Hansen, J. D. Gilmour, and C. J. Kendall, M.D., \$10.00 each; J. W. Bartlett, S. Sparks, Wm. Carrall, R. Gaulton, Alf. Wells, Job Gill, \$5.00 each; S. F. Slade, \$1.00; C. G. Johnson, Geo. Vardy, Ronald Kelly, Douglas Holloway, \$3.00 each; Eilhu Purchase, Jos. Grohn, V. Stratten, J. Blandford, Jos. Goodyear, Ben Barrett, D. Oake, R. D. Thorne, T. A. Winton, W. G. Verge, W. Matthews, J. W. Follitt, B. A. Hardigan, A. Manuel, L. Furlong, W. Wellen, Rev. Nottal, I. Gillard, A. Morey, R. Fogwill, S. Woodman, Geo. Jones, P. Rowsell, F. Hicks, J. N. Davis, Ed. Kelly, \$2.00 each; Selby Carrall, P. L. Butler, B. Ricketts, Wm. Hicks, A. Turk, R. Morey, S. Pond, Joshua Mills, John Jones, R. Whalen, G. Wilcox, Jos. Lane, F. Powell, Wm. Kneeb, H. Hicks, R. Day, Wm. Kelly, Jos. Snook, P. Whalen, Geo. Giddan, W. A. Morey, R. W. Woodman, W. Golden, Chas. Campbell, Obe. Kneeb, E. Reid, Ken Campbell, M. Taylor, M. Boulas, F. Maidment, Ben Eastman, Hy. Grantor, J. Snook, B. Stride, H. Pritchard, Alf. Barrington, R. Kelly, W. Mercer, \$1 ea.; lesser amounts, \$15.90; total \$191.90. Less cost of remitting, 83c. Remains, per the Very Rev. Dean Duntney, F.P.C. . . . . 81 30 Lawn, per Jos. Benning, J.P.:— Jos. Benning, \$10.00; C. J. Benning, Haman Manning, Ambrose Lamb, Patk. Edwards, \$5.00 each; Patk. Martin, C. Edwards, H. Edwards, Miss King, Alph. Connors, Mrs. Jos. Connors, A. Strang, L. Clancy, Jos. Edwards, Mrs. D. Strang, \$1.00 ea.; lesser amounts, \$4.95. . . . . 44 95 Employees A. Harvey & Co. J. J. Maher, \$5.00; G. Vavasour, \$5.00; R. Buckley, A. Moakler, H. Parsons, J. Walsh, Miss White, \$1.00 each; lesser amounts, \$10.59 . . . . . 21 50 \$38,214 61 F. H. STEER, Secretary-Treas.

## Here and There.

When you want Sausages, why—get ELLIS; they're the best. LABRADOR SAILINGS.—Practically all the schooners from Carboneau that intend prosecuting the Labrador fishery, have sailed northward.

When you want Roast Beef, Roast Veal, Roast Mutton, Roast Pork, try ELLIS.

SALMON PLENTIFUL.—Salmon are fairly plentiful in nearby outports, and this morning fishermen were selling their catch at 11 and 12 cents a pound.

Just arrived for Stafford's Drug Stores, Nyal's Face Cream. Theatre Hill Store open every night till 9.30.—June 6, 17

RUSHING REPAIRS.—Repairs to the S. S. Ethie are being rushed, but it will take sometime before she will be ready for sea as several plates have to be put on below the waterline and a length of keel scarfed in.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY THERAPION No. 1 THERAPION No. 2 THERAPION No. 3 THERAPION No. 4 THERAPION No. 5 THERAPION No. 6 THERAPION No. 7 THERAPION No. 8 THERAPION No. 9 THERAPION No. 10 THERAPION No. 11 THERAPION No. 12 THERAPION No. 13 THERAPION No. 14 THERAPION No. 15 THERAPION No. 16 THERAPION No. 17 THERAPION No. 18 THERAPION No. 19 THERAPION No. 20 THERAPION No. 21 THERAPION No. 22 THERAPION No. 23 THERAPION No. 24 THERAPION No. 25 THERAPION No. 26 THERAPION No. 27 THERAPION No. 28 THERAPION No. 29 THERAPION No. 30 THERAPION No. 31 THERAPION No. 32 THERAPION No. 33 THERAPION No. 34 THERAPION No. 35 THERAPION No. 36 THERAPION No. 37 THERAPION No. 38 THERAPION No. 39 THERAPION No. 40 THERAPION No. 41 THERAPION No. 42 THERAPION No. 43 THERAPION No. 44 THERAPION No. 45 THERAPION No. 46 THERAPION No. 47 THERAPION No. 48 THERAPION No. 49 THERAPION No. 50 THERAPION No. 51 THERAPION No. 52 THERAPION No. 53 THERAPION No. 54 THERAPION No. 55 THERAPION No. 56 THERAPION No. 57 THERAPION No. 58 THERAPION No. 59 THERAPION No. 60 THERAPION No. 61 THERAPION No. 62 THERAPION No. 63 THERAPION No. 64 THERAPION No. 65 THERAPION No. 66 THERAPION No. 67 THERAPION No. 68 THERAPION No. 69 THERAPION No. 70 THERAPION No. 71 THERAPION No. 72 THERAPION No. 73 THERAPION No. 74 THERAPION No. 75 THERAPION No. 76 THERAPION No. 77 THERAPION No. 78 THERAPION No. 79 THERAPION No. 80 THERAPION No. 81 THERAPION No. 82 THERAPION No. 83 THERAPION No. 84 THERAPION No. 85 THERAPION No. 86 THERAPION No. 87 THERAPION No. 88 THERAPION No. 89 THERAPION No. 90 THERAPION No. 91 THERAPION No. 92 THERAPION No. 93 THERAPION No. 94 THERAPION No. 95 THERAPION No. 96 THERAPION No. 97 THERAPION No. 98 THERAPION No. 99 THERAPION No. 100

## KNOWLING, Limited,

Just received the following: LIBBY'S EVAPORATED MILK, NERVILINE, MILK MACARONI, ITALIAN CITRUS, LEMON PEEL, CORN MEAL, HOMINY FEED, RISING SUN STE, HIGH GRADE RICE, BROKEN RICE, NEW YORK NESSLESS BEEF, CHOICEST WLS, PEA BEANS, MARROWFAT AS, P. E. I. POTATOES, FERTILIZER—warranted analysis, PURINA CRACK FEED, PURINA CHICK FEEDS, JAVA TEA, POWDER, CHRISTIE'S SCUITS, KELLOGG'S THMA REMEDY. at our Usual Low Prices.

## KNOWLING, Limited,

Government Engineer that matter of his reports and endorsements was being acted later than prescribed that he did nothing up to the past year. There is some all this. If you, reader, follow it, you may be disclosed. Yours truly, ARGUS.

## ST. JOHN

forget the best TEA got in Newland is at our retailing at 60c. per lb.

Ammonia, c. package.

ish Breakfast COFFEE, 1 lb. tins.

y's Matches.

ST. JOHN. worth Street and Marchant Road.

# Hams and Bacon!

Recent activities of the Public Meat Inspector have resulted in the destruction of a quantity of unsound Hams held here by a dealer in Smoked Meats, and as we handle large quantities of this commodity we feel that in justice to our business we are obliged to state that the Hams referred to as being destroyed DID NOT BELONG TO US.

The impregnability of our position, as far as the Quality of our celebrated "Berkshire" brand of Smoked Meats is concerned, we felt would make our denial of this charge unnecessary, but on account of other dealers in Hams and Bacon claiming exemption from the accusation we find that we are reluctantly forced to announce that we are not the unlucky concern referred to in this unfortunate matter.

"BERKSHIRE" HAMS AND BACON ARE ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.

F. McNAMARA, QUEEN STREET.



# MATCHLESS VALUES!

If you have not already inspected our large and varied stock of DRY GOODS, do so now--It will pay you. We have on hand the Largest Stock of DRY GOODS it has ever been our privilege to offer the public, and our Values are incomparable.

### Clark's Mile-End Brilliant.

150 dozen Brilliant Crochet Cotton in all the different shades that are made. Selling at our usual Low Price.

### White Turkish Towels.

750 pounds White Turkish Towels, still at the old price, 80c. per pound.

### American Lawn.

5 bundles only of very fine White Lawn. Values up to 80c. Selling 20 and 24c. yard.

### Durham Duplex Safety Razors.

Only 50 left of the best Safety Razors on the market; impossible to cut yourself; 3 blades free with each Razor. Only \$1.20 each.

### Colgates Shaving Powder.

5 gross Colgate's Shaving Powder, the best Shaving Powder made. One shake on the wet brush is all that is necessary, 15c. tin.

# Marshall Bros

### President Braces.

A few dozen remaining of the genuine President Brace. Wears much longer and more comfortable than the ordinary Brace. At our usual low price, 65c. pair.

### American Hearth Rugs.

50 only American Axminster Hearth Rugs, size 27 x 54 inches, \$5.00 each.

### Ladder Tape.

For making Venetian Blinds. A few yards left until the arrival of a large quantity now in transit.

### Grandmother Waves Goodbye.

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON

"It is such a joy to me to be able to leave mother with the children. I always have her off whenever I go off anywhere, or even when I'm out for the evening."

So a young married friend told me the other day.

Though the mother of quite a brood of youngsters, she has not been at all subdued by maternity but loves to trot about with her husband. She has just come back from one of the motor trips which they make several times a year, and was already planning a week-end visit to a friend in the country for the next week.

#### Quite Perfect All Around.

"And you know mother is so fond of the children," she went on, "that I feel it's a treat for her, so it's quite perfect all around."

As she beamed with self gratulation over the pleasantness of her path, a little scene came before my mind's eye.

I had happened to be calling on the mother at the daughter's house one day just before the daughter and her husband was to start on a week's gyping in the motor. They departed in a flurry of final instructions from the daughter to see that Robert got his cough medicine and Amy didn't run to school, and of reassurances and good wishes for the grandmother. As she came back from waving goodbye at the window she said: "It must be great fun to go off on a trip like that and never know where you are going to be at night!" There was the least note of wifeliness in her voice but it vanished as she went on: "I'm so glad Lucy isn't tied down the way we used to be when our children were little."

She didn't say that dearly as she loved the children she would like sometimes to be going too, but the unconscious wifeliness of her voice said it for her.

She married young, her means were fairly limited and all through her own motherhood she was tied down. She had never known the lit-

tle luxuries, the dinners and theatres and trips that her daughter had so much of. And now she is a grandmother and plainly it never occurred to her daughter that she might still enjoy a taste of such things.

#### Why Not a Real Frivolous Junket For The Old Folks.

I think it is one of youth's greatest mistakes to assume that when people are older they lose all taste for pleasure, to think they should be satisfied if they had a comfortable home, enough to eat and can go to Church and enjoy the grandchildren. These are the staples of life to be sure but the spices of life is a little pleasure now and then.

The grandmother waving goodbye at the window was typical. Youth is forever going off and waving goodbye to age at home. Why not change this once in a while and take the old folks along for a real frivolous pleasure junket?

At the Yarmouth Y. M. C. A. Boys' Camp held at T-shirt Falls in August, I found MINARD'S LINIMENT most beneficial for sun burn, an immediate relief for colic and tooth-ache.

ALFRED STOKES,  
General Sec'y

### Milady's Boudoir.

#### THE SHRILL VOICE.

The beauty blemish of a shrill voice is a common one. Europeans tell us that the shrill voice of the American woman is an ever-present introduction. You know her whenever you hear her, and you hear her from afar. She is positively megaphonic. When we travel on the other side this truth is brought to us. We observe the difference ourselves, and are ashamed. The soft voice is not far-carrying. Invariably the shrill voice is the voice that is badly pitched. A reform is easy. It is not a beauty defect that is there, stationary, like a wart on one's nose or wen on one's head. It is something that we can banish with a thought. But we have so little time to think.

A dozen reasons have been advanced for the American woman's unlamentable voice; the climate's effect upon the vocal organs, an inheritance from the Puritans who exhorted in a

### Now in Stock!

Ready for delivery at once.

- 40 boxes White Starch, 40 lbs. each, bulk.
- 40 boxes White Starch, 4 lb. boxes, 48 lb. case.
- 25 boxes Fluffy Ruffle Starch, 10 oz. boxes.
- 5 cases White House Coffee.
- 100 boxes Kirkman's Borax Soap.
- 100 boxes Babbitts Borax Soap.
- 40 cases Corn Starch, 1/4 lb. pkg., 40 lbs. to case.

### Soper & Moore

whining, sing-song voice, the natural twang of New England. These are not the real reasons. The true one is found in the flurry and excitement of our hurried existence. The high pitched voice is evidence of thoughtlessness and nerve tension. In bettering these two conditions of mental sickness we shall find the cure.

The muscles which operate the vocal cords should have free and untrammelled play. We give them outrageous treatment, when we should be more considerate. It is only because they are endowed with tremendous, out-resisting power and astonishing strength that they resent the abuse they receive. We shout and yell and talk with such energy it is almost a miracle that our voices last as long as the rest of our body.

#### KEEPING IN TRIM.

If we expect to do our bit, we must be sure we're feeling fit. The years ahead look pretty fierce, so far as our weak eyes can pierce. We'll have to strain our every nerve. If we aspire to the help and serve, if we would aid our boys to shoot the horrid Hun, the tressome Teut. So it's wise to say, "Oh, chee, there's no vacation billed for me! I'll have to work and break my neck, and spoil suspenders by the peck, that I may earn some good long green, and queer a German submarine." Far better to forget the war, and all the boons for struggling for a week or two, when summer's here and breathe the mountain atmosphere, exploring woods and crystal waves, or loafing by the sad sea waves. We will not win the war, I wot, if we're all faded, tired and hot; we have to keep ourselves in shape, if we would hand the Kaiser crepe. I'm going fishing pretty soon, along when things warm up in June; and doubtless folks will say, "Gee whiz! A lard and calloused soul is his! While we stay here to earn the mon with which we hope to spoil the Hun, while we stay here to sweat and cook, he goes a-fishing in

the brook!" But I'll come back all full of pep, with spring and vigor my step and cut more grass in half a day than they'll put up while I'm away.



Just Folks by Edsar A. Guest

PA'S SADDEST HOURS.  
My Pa is seldom solemn, he is mostly full of fun. He says he hates to scold us for the wrong we may have done. He's always gay and smiling, and he'll jump about the floor. An' he's never cross an' cranky like the man that lives next door. But I've noticed, though he tells us that the good are always glad, that the time Ma asks for money Pa becomes a trifle sad.

He will stand for all the racket that we make without a word. An' I know he has his troubles, but of them I've never heard. He is mostly always laughin', an' we look for him each day. 'Cause we know when supper's over that with us he'll want to play. But when Ma asks him for money then a change comes over dad. An' his face gets long an' solemn an' he seems a trifle sad.

Then his fingers tap the table as he thinks a little while. An' his forehead gets all wrinkled an' his face forgets to smile. An' he says: "Good gracious, mother, where did all the money go? That you got from me last Tuesday? That is what I'd like to know." Pa is really kind an' cheerful, an' it really seems too bad that Ma has to ask for money, 'cause it always makes him sad.

### Household Notes.

- Bananas are delicious baked with lemon or orange juice.
- When one needs a stimulant, one of the best is hot milk.
- A little ammonia in water cleans white paints beautifully.
- If you eat an extra potato you can save a slice of bread.
- Allow five hours for cooking cornmeal in a fireless cooker.
- Early apples like astrachans are best canned without sugar.
- Potatoes that are shriveled should be parboiled before baking.
- Potato combined with cheese makes a good luncheon dish.
- Use system even in dish-washing and you save a lot of time.
- The rule of the cleaned ice box is as important as that of the clean plate.
- Sweet spirits of nitre will remove ink spots from wood.

### Special Notice.

At the end of this year we will give 5 cts. for every 12 Outside Green Wrappers obtained from "STAFFORD'S LINIMENT". We will also give \$10.00 to the person forwarding us the largest number and \$5.00 to the 2nd largest.

We will keep a record of every person forwarding us these wrappers from time to time and at the end of the year we will publish the names of the winners.

"STAFFORD'S LINIMENT" is the strongest and most penetrating Liniment for sale in Newfoundland and is sold in over 500 stores.

It is the best Liniment you can use for RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA and all ACHES and PAINS. Owing to the cost of Bottles and Ingredients used in the manufacturing of this Liniment, we have had to advance the price a little, but the bottle still remains the same size.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,  
St. John's, Nfld.

### Nfld. Scotch Cured Herring.

While estimates of the supply of Scotch cured herring now held in Newfoundland seem to differ widely there is reason to believe that a sufficient quantity is available to meet any requirements from the American market. It was asserted a few weeks ago that there were some 300,000 barrels of fall herring in Newfoundland. This estimate appears to have been diminished since last reports, and from authoritative sources comes word that there is not half that amount. Whatever the situation may be as to the present supply, there is a tendency on the part of the packers in the Ancient Colony to reduce their prices. Some are offering 7.50 f. o. b. outports, while others are offering as low as \$16 in St. John's. The pack of fall herring is reported from one source as having been depleted, while from another comes the assertion that there is plenty to be had. As a matter of fact, there is a supply of fall herring in Newfoundland, but it has probably been bought up by St. John's merchants and exporters. The winter pack was comparatively small in more places, according to advice, but there is a quantity of spring herring available. This grade is offering as low as \$14 from some packers, it is stated here. The lack of cold storage space in New York has caused New York merchants to go cautiously in the matter of new purchases, but it is now understood that representatives of some of the largest pickled fish establishments in this city are in Newfoundland for the purpose of purchasing supplies. The market here is unchanged and nominal.—New York Fishing Gazette, June 1st.

### From All Quarters.

More than 3,000 women work at the Admiralty.

In Birmingham a bedstead factory is producing 4.5in. shells.

Over £1,000,000 is spent annually on education in Birmingham.

London's Underground railways carry 790,000,000 passengers a year.

A service book in the Maori language has been prepared by the Church Army.

Youthful criminals in Germany in 1914 numbered 51,500; last year, 177,000.

Prisoners of war in this country are allowed to purchase 3/4 oz. of tobacco per week.

Meatless days in the United States have saved 140,000,000 lbs. of beef in four months.

Approximately there are 150,000 men engaged in the sale or manufacture of intoxicants.

### Royal Naval Reservist Decorated.

H. M. S. "Briton," at St. John's, N.F., 10th June, 1918.

Editor Evening Telegram.  
Sir,—I beg to inform you that I have this day been notified through the Ministry of Militia, that Arthur Somerset, Seaman of the Newfoundland Royal Naval Reserve, 1642.X., of Main Street, Bell Island has been awarded the DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL.

Yours truly,  
A. MacDERMOTT,  
Commander.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS'—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

### Smart Coats and Wraps!

Some exceptionally smart Coats and Wraps for Summer wear are now being displayed by us, and are notable as being the creation of some of the most fashionable New York Houses.

These beautiful Coats are built of Serge, Poplin and other textures, in Navy, Saxe and other smart shades.

Be sure and see the distinctive little touches that mark these Coats as the latest word in 1918 styles.

### U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.

St. John's.

### The LADIES'

## DOLLAR BLOUSE

has always been a specialty with us, and

## For one Dollar

we have always given

## An Honest Dollar's Value

At the moment we are giving you about

## A Dollar and a Half's Worth For One Dollar.

There is no bluff about this, and our sales speak for us. We are "well bought" on Blouses and are giving you the advantage of our buying. You are aware how materials have taken a tremendous jump in prices this season. But never mind about materials,

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### The Kaiser's Spy.

Revelation of a German Secret Service Agent—Record of Crime.

(From the London Express.)  
Captain Horst von der Goltz's "My Adventures as a German Secret Service Agent," published by Cassell, 6s. net), is an astounding catalogue of the sheer inhumanity into which the German nation has been led by its lust for world domination.

Von der Goltz is the spy who was arrested in this country with a false American passport made out in the notorious name of Bridgeman H. Taylor. His real identity was discovered by the capture of papers from Captain von Pappen. He then confessed to the Scotland Yard authorities that, under Pappen's direction in America, he organized plots to blow up the Welland Canal and even to invade Canada by the aid of German warships, afterwards von der Goltz was sent back to America, where he gave evidence against many of his fellow conspirators and was allowed to write the full story of his career.

#### Secrets of Ten Years.

Many stories of his remarkable adventures have already been reproduced in the "Daily Express" from the columns of the American newspaper in which they first appeared. The connected narrative, however, should be read by every one, for if there was any doubt who originated the war Captain von der Goltz discloses it for ever. The German Government authorities, for whom he worked in secret for ten years, are shown to have been parties to any amount of infamy which it was hoped might strengthen Germany's world position before the war and so help towards victory once war had begun. He exposes the intrigue and treachery which Berlin did not hesitate to adopt in its efforts—fortunately unsuccessful—to set friendly nations like America and Japan, and America and Mexico, at each other's throats; the murder, assassination, robbery, dynamiting, the deliberate fomenting of rebellion—each and all of these crimes were unhesitatingly committed by Germany's secret agents in America, with the approval in many cases by the authorities.

The Kaiser's personal knowledge of his secret agents' criminal proceedings is proved by the fact that in the early days of the war von der Goltz was summoned back to Germany to make a special report on the American situation to the All-High Command. Von der Goltz had been discussing the position with the head of the Intelligence Department in Berlin. "Your information is of great interest, Captain von der Goltz," he said, "I shall ask you to return here at five o'clock this evening. Wear your heaviest underclothing. You are going to see the Emperor."

"For the life of me I could not see my sane connection between his last remarks. The major must have noticed my perplexity, for he smiled as he continued:—

"You are going to travel by Zeppelin," he explained. "It will be very cold."

"That night I drove my motor to the point on the outskirts of the city, where a Zeppelin was moored. It was one of those which had formerly been fitted up for passenger service, and was now used when quick transportation of a small number of men was necessary. There were several other officers of the General Staff whose immediate presence at Coblenz, where the Emperor had stationed himself, was needed; and since speed was essential we were to travel in this way.

"The miles lying between Berlin and Coblenz seemed so many rods to me, as I sat in the saloon of the great airship, resting and talking to my fellow passengers. One would have thought that we had been travelling for a few moments when suddenly we loomed below us in the moonlight the twin fortresses of Ehren-



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"For the life of me I could not see any connection between his last remarks. The major must have intended my perplexity, for he smiled as he continued:—

"You are going to travel by Zeppelin," he explained. "It will be very quiet."

"That night I drove my motor to the point on the outskirts of the city, where a Zeppelin was moored. It was one of those which had formerly been fitted up for passenger service and was now used when quick transportation of a small number of men was necessary. There were several officers of the General Staff and the Emperor had stationed himself, and since speed was essential we were to travel in this way.

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breitstein and Coblenz, each built on a high plateau. Between them, in the valley, the lights of the city shone dimly; in the centre of the town was the Schloss, where the Emperor awaited us.

Forgot His Boots.

Early next morning von der Goltz was summoned to the Imperial presence:—

"At half-past three I was awakened by a knock at the door. 'Please dress,' said the voice. 'His Majesty wishes to see you at four o'clock.' 'It was still dark when at four o'clock I entered that room on the ground floor of the castle where the Emperor and Emperors worked and ate and slept. In that dim light I saw him bent over a table on which was piled correspondence of all kinds. He did not seem to have heard me enter the room, and as he continued to work, signing paper after paper with great rapidity, I looked down and noticed that, in my haste to appear before him on time, I had dressed completely save for one thing. I was in my stocking feet.

"I coughed to announce my presence. He looked up then, and I saw that he wore a Litwika, that undress military jacket which is used by soldiers for stable duty, and which German officers wear sometimes in their homes, but the face that met mine startled me almost out of my composure, for it was more like the countenance of Pancho Villa than that of Wilhelm Hohenzollern. That face, as a rule so majestic in its expression, was drawn and lined; his hair was disarranged, and showed numerous bald patches which it ordinarily covered. And his moustache—for so many years the target of friend and foe—was always pointed so arrogantly upwards, drooped down and gave him a dispirited look which I had never seen him wear before."

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- 5 brls. PORK LOINS.
- Shirriff's ASSORTED JELLIES.

**T. J. EDENS,**

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ground attack that has in it nothing of humanity or honour. I think of Germany, a country of quiet, peaceful folk as I once knew it, bearing no malice, going cheerfully about their work, seeking their destiny with a will that has nothing in it of conquest. And I think of Germany embattled, ruled by a group of iron men who seek only their own ambitions as a goal—who have brought upon the country and the world this three years' tyranny of hate."

**Tales of the V. C.**

(By Lieut. J. P. Lloyd.)

This is the true tale of how two British airmen and two German fought a duel and what came of it. On the afternoon of the 7th of November, 1915, 2nd Lieutenant Gilbert Inshall and 1st Air Mechanic Thomas Donald, a gunner, were on patrol in a "Vickers Fighter," near Achleit, Sport was not long in coming their way. At about 2.30 p.m., Donald, from his little cockpit in front, sighted an "Aviatik" some 1,000 feet higher up, making southward across the lines. He shouted back the glad news to his pilot, who at once put up the Vickers' nose, and began to climb steadily after the German. That victory, however, evidently had other thoughts that day, and kept on his way.

The German was the faster machine, and the Vickers fell further and further behind. It seemed as if their quarry must escape. He was too far away for effective machine-gun fire, but Donald potted away at him with a rifle in the hope that a lucky shot might reach its mark. This steady sniping annoyed the German, and he turned to give battle. The Vickers at once banked and flew westward towards Achleit, followed by the Aviatik.

As they crossed the town, 2nd Lieut. Inshall turned sharply, and before the German could recover from his surprise, bullets were whistling all round him. He fled hastily before the storm, but he still had a card to play. A few minutes' flight to the northward, near the village of Hennele, a certain rocket battery had his lair, there it waited for any adventurous Briton who should come that way.

Turned Too Late.

Just short of the battery the German turned; but he was too late. As he came round, he was caught by a gust of bullets from the Vickers, which was now but 150 yards away. His engine stopped, and the Aviatik spun over and over like an autumn leaf, then glided steeply down to earth 6,000 feet below. Inshall opened his throttle wide and shot down in pursuit, and Donald fired another drum into him, before he could fatten out. With the roar of the Vickers in his ears, the German had not the leisure to choose a landing place, and came down heavily, but safely, in a ploughed field.

The pilot and observer scrambled out with their machine gun and made off across the furrows. When they had gone a little distance, they stopped and opened fire—but not for long. The Vickers swooped down upon them. With bullets spurting up the ground all round them, they fled for their lives to the shelter of a clump of trees on the other side of the field. The two Germans being disposed of, it now only remained to destroy their machine. An incendiary bomb dropped from 300 feet pitched alongside the fuselage, and the Aviatik was soon a roaring furnace.

But 300 feet is not a healthy height at which to fly over an enemy country. So Inshall turned for home, climbing as he flew. He had to run the gauntlet of every devilry that an airman dreads. Shells burst above and below and on every side; bullets whistled through the planes and between the struts. The Vickers rocked dangerously, but kept the air, and Donald fired three drums into the German trenches as they passed them. Just at that moment, when safely seemed assured, the engine stopped. There was nothing for it but to glide down, and the Vickers came to rest near a small wood 500 yards behind the French trenches. It had hardly landed before the first German shell arrived.

All the afternoon the Germans shelled it, but their marksmanship was poor, and it escaped further damage. When night fell, with the aid of some French soldiers, the Vickers was dragged into the shelter of the wood. By this time a breakdown party had arrived from the aerodrome, and the machine was repaired during the night.

At daybreak the gallant pair took the air once more, and after a final derisive swoop along the German

trenches, turned for home.

For his share in this adventurous enterprise, 2nd Lieut. Inshall won the Victoria Cross, while his companion was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

**A Prisoner in Germany.**

But ten days before his honor was gazetted, Inshall found himself a prisoner in Germany. For eighteen months he was in captivity, and the way in which the Germans treat a brave enemy is well shown by a letter which his father received from him at the end of May, 1917. Mr. Inshall, in the course of a letter to the "Times," said: "My son wrote to me from Crefeld on April the 28th, to say that he had just been removed to a cell, approximately 6 feet by 9 feet in size, with a small window with an apparatus to shut out all light, but which, at the time he wrote, had not been brought into use. One hour's in a 'Vickers Fighter,' near Achleit, on all sides was the only exercise allowed him. He was sentenced to solitary confinement for 20 days, with the door of the cell unlocked, to be followed by 5 months with the door kept locked.

Seven other British officers were undergoing the same sentence and 2nd Lieutenant Inshall had been instructed to tell his father that this was a reprisal for supposed similar treatment to German officers in England. The accusation had in it not a shadow of truth.

These details of German barbarism had not long been published and the feeling of indignation they aroused was still strong when the good news came that 2nd Lieut. Inshall had escaped and was on his way to London. A few weeks later he received his Victoria Cross from the hands of the King.

**For Four Years**

BRITAIN AND FRANCE VALIANTLY HAVE KEPT CLEAR THAT MAIN ARTERY OF WAR—THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

Crossing the English Channel, from Dover to Calais, has been a weary and dreary passage for the traveller ever since travel began. The narrow passage is exposed to cross and choppy seas, and he who crosses in times of peace must not expect much peace to his stomach. How it is in wartime, as told by a British officer, is recounted by Mordaunt Hall in his new book, "Some Naval Yarns," published by George H. Doran Company, as below.

"Four days," said I to myself. "Not very long in which to get a real taste of the world war on land." However, the morning after I had received leave I departed from London in an automobile and as we sped through the country there seemed, at first, to be little to remind us that England was at war—except, perhaps, the many busy persons on all farms and fields. Finally we came across a mobile air station, on which were two airplanes with folded wings. It was something which made you think.

In a South Coast port, however, there was military activity everywhere. On the waters, far out from the harbor, which one imagines as denuded of craft, I saw dozens of ships. There were large and small tramps, mine sweepers, and trawlers. There was a dread one of them might disappear through a mine or torpedo any instant.

Thousands of soldiers were at the dock waiting to embark on ships for France. A couple of thousand of them belonged to the Scotch Labor Battalion, ready for work with pick and shovel. Their speech was almost like a foreign language as they "Jock'd" and "Donald'd," joked and sang when they swung aboard the vessel in single file.

There was no waving of handkerchiefs and no shouting good-byes when the black-and-tan craft was ready to leave. The skipper was on the bridge. He looked down at an officer on shore, nodded his head, and the other returned the nod. Hawkers were instantly slipped, and the steamer slipped away from the British pier on the minute, and soon met her escort—destroyers, out of sight not long since, now ready for their job. These slender speedsters of the sea never stop; so everything must be done according to schedule. Four of the destroyers surrounded us as we ploughed through the water.

**Every One Straps on a Life Belt.**

From the bridge came the order for every soul on board to put on a life belt, and our friends from Scotland hastened aft to obtain the equipment, scurrying and bustling about the cabin for the best belts, and you were fascinated by the sight. Half way across the straits we met the opposite number vessel to ours. She had an escort of three warships, so that for a flash there were seven destroyers on the breast of that water. But it was not for long. A swish, and they were nearer England and we were nearer France, they getting some of our smoke and we some of theirs. Steamers go into the French port stern first, and I soon found myself treading French soil. Our Scotch laborers were hurried off the vessel, and they vanished with extraordinary quickness; and this also reminds me that no sooner was our steamer safe in the harbor than the warships slipped off to England, and all you could see in a few minutes

**New Arrivals!**

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was a wreath of water and smoke as they raced homeward.

The skipper of the passenger craft has seen exciting times. While I stood on the bridge with him and his first officer he told me of a night he won't easily forget. He was running the Queen, and going over empty, having smuggled aboard a staff officer who had missed the other vessel. It was darkening, and the Queen was about four miles off the British coast when this skipper saw dark hulls, blanching lines, and flaming funnels, all showing terrific speed. First he took the strange craft to be new French destroyers; but they hailed him in English, and, of course, for an instant he thought they were British warships, when suddenly it dawned on him. "By God, they're Germans," he ejaculated to the staff officer; "nip into the cabin and get those clothes off and into an oilskin as fast as you like."

The army man got it done just in time, for an officer and two men from one of the German destroyers sprang aboard the Queen after the enemy warship had bumped the passenger craft. The German demanded the captain's papers, and was told that everything had been thrown overboard.

"Your Papers or On Goes Your Head."

"Get those papers or I'll blow your head off," said the German. Below

the captain moved his hand to his hip pocket to get a key. The German started and put the muzzle of his revolver close to the Britisher's head. As the captain was unlocking a drawer the German again became suspicious and warned the skipper. The Briton told the German to get the papers himself, and finally the useless document relating to the Queen was taken from the drawer. It was snatched up and pocketed by the German officer. Meanwhile his men had fixed bombs in vital parts aboard the passenger craft, and the order was given to abandon ship.

Just before the bang came and the Queen sank, the German decided that he wanted to take the skipper with him. Fortunately the captain had been missed in their tremulous excitement. However, the Germans could not wait, and they had to go away without the skipper. It was an experience no man would forget; and the British of it that this same man, who had a pretty good chance of spending many months in a German prison camp, is still guiding vessels flying our flag from France to England and back to France.

NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their REAL NAMES, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The editor refuses to accept any matter unless this rule is adhered to.

**"The Morning Post."**

We were recently shown a copy of "The Morning Post," William J. Ward, Editor and Proprietor, dated Saturday, November 18, 1848 (70 years old), in which the result of the election for St. John's East was given. The poll was: O'Brien, 1901; Kent, 1895; Parsons, 1777; Douglas, 1666; Nugent, 875. O'Brien, Kent and Parsons were elected. The price of this paper was 2d. (4c.) for 4 small pages such as could now be printed on about two pages of "The Evening Telegram."

**The Opera.**

Those who saw the dress rehearsal of Pandora last evening were simply charmed with the performance. The young people seem to revel in their parts. The effective stage setting, the bright Grecian costumes, and the cheery music all went to make up a most delightful entertainment. We would advise all who can to attend, as it is not often we have the opportunity of witnessing such performances.

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**Military Service Act, 1918.**

Notice is hereby given that the time within which application may be made to the Tribunal for a certificate of exemption from Military Service by or in respect of any man of Class 1 called out by Proclamation dated the 11th day of May, has been further extended from the 8th day of June now present, to Saturday, the 15th day of June, inclusive.

**By Order of the Tribunal.**

**ROBERT ALSOP, Clerk to the Tribunal.**

June 8th, 1918. June 8, 61

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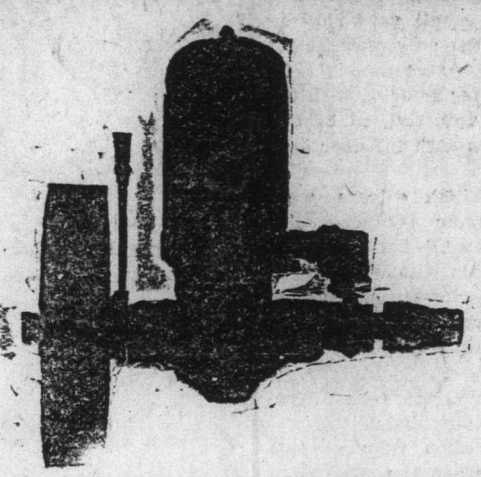
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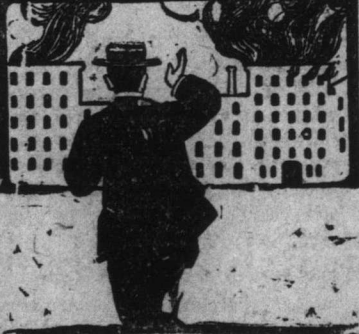
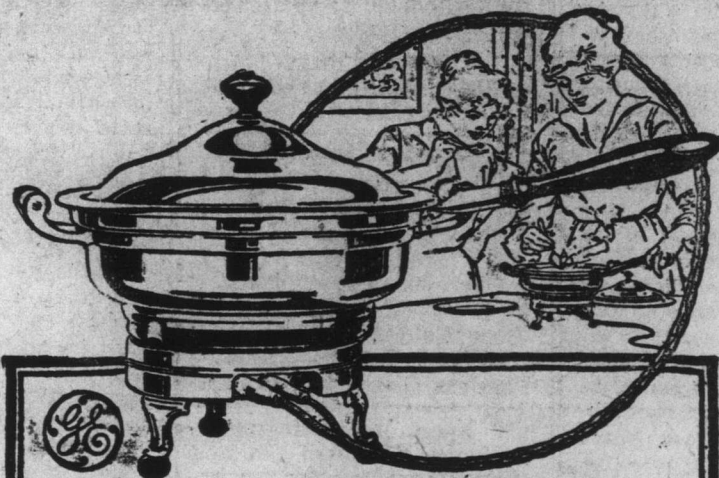


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Missing—Mrs. H. Ward ..... \$1.50  
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