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Stanfield's Wool Unshrinkable Vests and Pants, only 85 per Garment.

Pure White Fleece Lined Vest and Pants, only 40c. and 60c. per Garment.

Pure White Fleece Lined, extra special quality, at 70c. per Garment.

Pure White Jersey Vests and Pants, 35c., 42c., 50c. per garment.

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All prices, from 10c. to 60c. pair.

Police and Fireman's Suspenders, 25c. and 40c. pair.

Fine Suspenders, good elastic stretch, at only 30c. and 35c. pair.

Special line Men's Suspenders, one pair in fancy box, very suitable for presents, only 35c. pair.

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St. John's.

NEW GOODS JUST OPENED

AND more arriving every day, bought at the lowest possible margin for cash, places us in a position to be able to supply at prices that are most suitable to all desiring to be economical.

Blankets

A very good line of Blankets from which to make your choice.

Fleece Blankets at \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.80, \$2.50, \$2.60, \$3.30, \$3.50 pair.

Wool Blankets, \$3.00, \$3.70, \$4.50, \$5.20, \$5.80 pair.

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The Fleece Blankets are of extra weight and finish, while the Woolen are a Job Lot.

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Job Lot at 49c., 50c., 70c. each.

Khaki Working Shirts—The "Wurthmore," 85c.; the "Chief-tain," 85c.; Grey "Chief-tain," 65c. pair.

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Negligee Shirts in all the latest stripes and good values. Prices from 49c. to \$1.50 each.

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All Colours and Shades.

Granite Cloth in Brown, Maroon, Myrtle, Sax, Purple and Striped Blue—75c. yard.

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Dress Serge in Tan, Brown, Blue and Green shades, at 38c. yard.

Dress Serge in the different shades, at 55c., 65c., 85c., yard.

Tweed Mixtures at 30c. and 33c. yard.

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Soft finish, extra wide, in Cream or White. Very Special. At only 12c. yard.

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Men's Waterproofs, all sizes, Tweed patterns—\$13.30 and \$14.50. Tweed patterns of up-to-date style and colours at \$15.50 and \$17.20. Plain Fawn shades—\$3.90 and \$13.00.

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In Black, Blue, White, Brown, Old Rose, 40c. per yard.

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of very fine Muslin with Silk Embroidered designs, only 30c. each.

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We have a very nice selection of this class of goods, all widths and classy designs. The quality is of the best. Prices from 5c. up.

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Black Ribbon and Gold. 90c. to \$1.25 each.

Men's Pipes, all perfect in make, 30c. up.

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Men's Japonette Handkerchiefs, soft finish, Silk Initial on corner, at 12c.

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Our Boot Department

Is filled with all kinds of Boots suitable for Child, Girls, Boys, Men or Women; Laced or Buttoned. All excellent value.

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Just opened a full line of Ladies' Coats for Fall and Winter wear, good and heavy materials, in Fawn, Browns, Greys, Navy, Black, Tweed and Plaids; latest designs and some trimmed with plush to match, from \$4.80 up.

Children's Coats, warm and well trimmed—\$1.60, \$2.10, \$2.50, \$3.30, \$4.30 up.

BOXES OF STATIONERY

Containing 24 Sheets and 24 Envelopes, linen finish. Nicely put in Fancy Boxes for the small sum of 20c. Box.

Ink Stands—30c. and 45c. each.

Writing Cases—24c., 40c., and 45c. each.

Ladies' Hand Bags—35c. and 75c. each.

Pencil Cases for School Children—20c. each.

Slates, School Bags, Royal Readers, Slate and Lead Pencils.

F. P. U. TRADING CO., LTD.

STEPHANO SURVIVORS HERE, TELL OF RESCUES AT SEA, MANY LOST ALL THEY OWNED

Hysterical Greetings as Submarine Victims Arrive—All Agree Ample Time was Given and there was no Panic—Work of Destroyers Praised.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—The train bearing survivors of the destroyer liner Stephano arrived in Grand Central Terminal yesterday afternoon at 4.34. The officers of the Red Cross liner left the station hurriedly, declining to talk. But the thirty-one first class and twenty-five second class passengers who came in on that train not only talked, but cried and laughed as the mood was upon them. Many of the passengers had detrained at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and at other stations between Providence and New York. A room in the station had been set aside for the American Red Cross. To this room the bewildered second class passengers were ushered. Immigration Inspectors Mann and Connors were present to look the newcomers over, and Edward A. Mores, director of the Atlantic Division of the American Red Cross, attended to their physical needs.

A good sized crowd greeted the survivors. There were many hysterical greetings and pathetic reunions. Although the survivors came in empty handed—many of them without a cent of a change of clothing—they were all in good shape physically.

All agreed that the first shot came across the bows of the Stephano at eleven minutes before 6; that eight minutes elapsed before the second warning shot was fired; that there was no panic and that the American

warships showed remarkable efficiency.

No Panic on Ship.

One of the first cabin passengers—F. L. Sheppard—said:

"The rescue work of the American warships was, by all means, the most memorable feature of the experience. The actual sinking of the Stephano was not, in itself, a spectacular thing, except that the Stephano stood up like a major under the fire of the four-inch guns.

"But such was the rapid, efficient work of the American seamen and their officers that a committee of Newfoundland business men, on board the destroyer Balch, held a meeting and sent a message of appreciation to President Wilson.

"Moreover the Rev. Father Burke, superintendent of the Roman Catholic Schools of Newfoundland, wired to the Governor of Newfoundland asking that some tangible way of showing our appreciation of the work of the Americans be adopted.

"It seemed that no sooner were we lowered into the water than the American sailors had us in charge. It was an odd experience—the Germans putting us into the water and the Americans picking us out."

Sailors Get Information.

Gregg Kennedy, of St. John's, Newfoundland, said:

"The actual story of the hauling of the Stephano and its destruction was

neither spectacular nor attended by unusual incident. However, the American naval officers who witnessed the destruction of the Stephano and the Kingston received valuable first-hand information about submarine warfare.

"They saw the four-inch guns of the U-53 fall to make any impression on the Stephano—a small liner. They saw the U-boat use the rifles in an effort to save torpedoes. The torpedo had to be used after all. I am informed, although I cannot vouch for the correctness of the statement, that the submarine was down to its last two or three torpedoes.

"Therefore, without torpedoes, the U-53 is going to be about as dangerous as a skiff.

"I wish I could tell you the name of a young American woman who, when the raider halted us and it began to look as though we were going any minute, began going around among the steerage women laughing and talking to them. I think that young woman did much to halt a panic.

Comforts Old Woman

"She told them the American warships were nearby and would save them. She put her arms around an old woman who began to weep and made the old woman smile. She refused to take a seat in the boats until all the women and children were taken care of.

"It is likely, she will hide from publicity. She is that sort. But the German submarine wasn't going to repeat the Lusitania massacre. She gave us lots of time. We all wondered what would have happened had the U-boat given us no warning and had sunk the Stephano, American passengers and all."

Mrs. Charles W. Bostwick, of Hudson, N. Y., was a first-cabin passenger on the Stephano. She alighted from the refugee train in Grand Central Terminal still wearing half a life preserver.

"Captain Rose, of the German submarine, nearly decided to leave the Stephano alone," she declared. "It was precisely eleven minutes before six o'clock when the first shot went

over our bows. Captain Smith immediately ordered the wireless operator to inform the German that there were Americans aboard the Stephano.

"We have forty-seven Americans on board," the wireless snapped.

"The German seemed to be undecided what to do. For a moment she seemed to be putting about but after a lapse of eight minutes she fired again. This time the shot went very wide of us.

Shared Her Preserver.

"Meanwhile we were taking to the boats. I had a preserver but a young woman named Jennings had none and I ripped mine in half and fastened it upon her. There was no panic. There wasn't a suggestion of trouble. Captain Smith was as composed as though there were no such thing as war or submarines.

"We were taken to one of the American destroyers and thereon we cruised around until 10.30 at night. The Stephano cleared of passengers, the submarine began to fire shells into her. But the shells seemed to have no effect. But the German fired thirty-six shots, but the Stephano rode the calm sea quite easily.

"In the meantime the Kingston appeared. The German seemingly chagrined at the resistance of the Stephano, turned upon the poor Kingston and sank her like a paper box.

"Then, decided that it was a waste of time to pour shells into the Stephano, the German went to the other side of the steamer and sent a torpedo into her at short range. The Stephano sank like a brick. I never saw anything disappear so rapidly. There was no great flash. There was no roar. The Stephano's lights went out like a candle and down she went. We reached Newport at 2.30 in the morning. We were more thrilled than frightened. The whole affair was a most businesslike procedure."

Mrs. Martin Gushue was on the Stephano with her two babies, Catherine and Marie.

"We were at supper," she said. "No one paid any attention to the first shot. The next shot made a few of us ask questions, but it was not un-

til the third shot came and we heard the officers ordering the lifeboats lowered that we really knew something serious had happened.

"There was little confusion. Only one woman fainted in the excitement of getting off the boat, and she had lost her baby for a few minutes in the crowd. The officers did not tell us at first that the boat was sinking. I did not know that boat was going down until we were on the Balch.

Woman Lost Everything.

"I lost everything I owned when the Stephano went down. All my wedding presents and all my household goods are now at the bottom of the sea. I have exactly seventy-five cents in my pocket. It's all I have left."

Small Marie blinked two round blue eyes and started to cry as her mother finished talking.

"That's because we couldn't go back for her black rag doll, Diana," Mrs. Gushue declared. "She mourned for her doll ever since that last torpedo put an end to all my plans for a home in New York.

Mrs. Gushue and her family were moving to the city from Newfoundland.

Miss Annie Hickey, Miss Bridget Cane and Miss Josephine Cane were travelling together en route to New York on the Stephano. Miss Hickey said she was standing beside an officer just after she had come on deck after finishing an early supper.

"See that German submarine over there," the officer laughed as he pointed to a boat on the horizon. "If it comes nearer we'll fix it all right."

Miss Hickey said the officer was only joking about the distant boat and it wasn't until a few minutes later, when a shot whizzed a few hundred yards in front of the Stephano, that he realized his jest had been in deadly earnest. It was a German submarine after all.

"The second shot was over the bow of the boat. By this time I could hear the captain calling for lifeboats.

"Then the wireless started. We waited minutes in swift suspense. Later the officers said fully eight

minutes passed before the torpedo came which sank the boat."

There was one family party among the refugees which included Mrs. Christine McLean, a grandmother; Mrs. Martha McLean and three children, William, Martha and John. Mrs. McLean showed the effects of the shock and exposure more than any of the other women in the party. Miss Eva Rixon, of No. 2 Prospect place, Brooklyn, was so nervous when she arrived that she could hardly make a coherent statement. It was necessary for her to telegraph for money as her purse, with three or four hundred dollars, went down with the Stephano.

The Travelers' Aid co-operated with the American Red Cross in caring for the refugees. There were plenty of interpreters ready to help the immigrants, and provision was made for any survivor without friends or money.

Miss Louise K. Howley, of Glen Ridge, N. J., niece of Mrs. W. D. Cronin, of this city, arrived on the refugees' train. She will remain here for a few days before proceeding to her home in Glen Ridge. She was returning on the Stephano from St. John's, Newfoundland.

Miss Howley told this story of the holding up and sinking of the steamer:

"It was ninety-five miles off Nantucket that we first sighted the German submarine. It was dinner time, 6 o'clock sharp, and five minutes later a shot was fired toward the steamer. Five minutes later a second shot was fired. By this time the steamer had come to a complete stop.

Captain Smith, of the Stephano, immediately hauled down the Union Jack and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. The work of rescue then began. In eleven minutes all the passengers of the Stephano were in left boats and they were soon picked up by the Balch, the torpedoed destroyer.

"In exactly eighteen minutes after the steamer was hauled by the German undersea boat, thirty-seven shots and one torpedo had been fired at the steamer and it began to sink."

Miss Howley was certain that she saw three German submarines in the vicinity where the Stephano and other vessels were sunk.

"The Balch, with the refugees on board, hurried to Newport," she said, "leaving about 11.30 and arriving there in about three and half hours. Twenty men at work in the boiler room of the West Point lost their lives, according to the surviving members of the crew of that ship."

A Monkey Wrench.

A man I know named Henry Ham boarded, hurried to Newport," she said, "leaving about 11.30 and arriving there in about three and half hours. Twenty men at work in the boiler room of the West Point lost their lives, according to the surviving members of the crew of that ship."

He did, as sure as you were born. The monkey had a twisting jerk. That never failed to do the work. I used to sit there on the bench and laugh to see the monkey wrench.

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100 Cases
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200 brls. Apples.
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75 Kegs
Green Grapes

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Phone 469.

(To the Editor)
Dear Sir,—Kindly permit me space in your highly esteemed paper for a few remarks. I see in our paper that our Honourable Member is referring to some one that is dissatisfied with the picking partridge berries. Well, I think, I can allow myself to say that there are a great number of people this year very much dissatisfied with the picking of those berries. I don't think such a law should have been established in such a place as Summerford, where the berries grow on a distant island and where one is forced to take their boat and row over a mile of water to pick those berries. It is alright in a place like Twillin-

gate or any other place where the berries grow on the main land where you can go any time you like to pick them, but in a place like this where a woman has to take her boat and row over a mile or more of water to secure a few berries for her needs, and you say that the berries must not be picked before the 15th. of September, when it is stormy and a woman is not able to allow herself to cross such a distance of water, but there are a few landmarsh men and lazy boys here sacking around all th summer and just when they like they can land and pick berries, while others are waiting for the time to be up to go and pick them, then the berries are all picked. It will never be otherwise here, because there would want to be something such as a foaming sword placed on the island to keep some people out. Some will go for rabbit slips and others for blue berries, and when they get there they will pick just what they like.

When next you require Roofing think of

CROWN BRAND ROOFING

Quality first. Costs a little more than the cheap kinds, but The Value is there.

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This summer there was an old man and his grey haired wife, together with their grandchildren, went on the island to pick a few blue berries. They seen it was getting stormy they desired to go home and went out to the landing, and to their surprise their boat had been taken by some rascals and moored off out of reach, so there they were on a distant island, the rain pouring down and cold enough to perish them. People heard them shouting but did not know what it meant, but at last a motor boat chanced to pass by and delivered them to their boat.

A SPLENDID BIG PROGRAMME AT THE NICKEL FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

"ONCE A THIEF." A three-act drama by the ESSANEY PLAYERS, featuring NELL CRAIG and BRYANT WASHBURN.
"THE OATH OF HATE." The Knickerbocker Star features present HENRY KING in a delightful melo-drama.
"FAY TINCHER" in a delightful comedy. **"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."**
"THE MAN IN THE MASK." LOTTIE PICKFORD and IRVING CUMMINGS in Chapter 13 of that wonderful serial story.
"THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY." COMING, **"THE DUST OF EGYPT,"** five acts; **"RIGHTS OF MEN,"** five acts. SPECIAL PROGRAMME EVERY SATURDAY MATINEE FOR THE CHILDREN.
THE NICKEL---"ALWAYS WORTH WHILE."

I have often heard of the crookedness of the law, but is the law so crooked as that to allow people to act with one another. If it is so it is no use at all. It is better for it to be broken and trod under foot than to have a law like that. Some people think they can just do what they like. If another person go on the island there they are with their eyes and mouths wide open enquiring what kind of berries did such a person pick, with their surprise they got the kind of medicine they did not expect. It did not suit them, it was not to their taste. I laugh at people in such a rage. Are they not as David said in the Psalm: "Such as a lion greedy after his prey." The law that is made by man they meditate on, but they don't fear the law of God. So much for the law that was here about partridge berries, it was only a mere talk, no notices posted whatever. If there was any notice here it was put up on the inside of a house. It looks very strange to me. Just look at it over since the Christian people had enough sense to know when a berry was fit to pick until now, and now the law is made about them, which should never have been made. It was never done for the benefit of the struggling man of woman. No, it was done because of the rich people that wanted the very best. I say let them put up with the kind they get, like he toilers do, because if the toiling people can't get them at the 15th Sept. they must go without them what lots of people have to do this year.

So good bye from Chesley to his mother.
(The above writer is Chesley Belbin, son of Mrs. Mary J. Belbin.)

MY SOLDIER BOY

Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lonely door,
Silently they bring before me
One dear face I'll see no more.
Thou art gone my brave young soldier
And your loss I deeply feel,
But we must bow in submission
To our Heavenly Father's Will.
In a dream I saw him standing
Silently beside my bed,
And he stooped and softly whispered
And those are the words he said:
Room for Jesus, King of Glory,
Harken now, His word obey,
Swing your hearts' door widely open,
Bid Him enter while you may.
Long I gaze upon his picture,
Till the tear bedims my eye,
Shutting out the smiling features
Of my brave young soldier boy.
Thou art gone from me my darling,
Your dear face I'll see no more,
Till we meet again up yonder,
On a bright and happy shore.
For I know I shall be happy
In that land so bright and fair,
Where there will be no more parting,
For no sorrows enter there.
All the sad and lonely parents
In our island Home to-day,
Mourning now the loss of loved ones,
Who have died so far away.
Many a tea is shed in silence,
Many a sad and aching heart,
Only God knows what it costs us
From our soldier boys to part.
Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoil that death has won,
We should at this solemn moment
Calmly say "Thy will be done."
HIS MOTHER, R. A. H.
Jamestown.

Let me say if those people had stayed on that island all night, wet and cold, it would have been on account of the law, so I must cut it short. Thanking you for space.
UNION MAN.
Summerford.

WITH OUR NAVAL LADS

H.M.S. Hindustan, England.
Sept. 9th, 1916
Dear Mother,—In answer to your kind and welcome letter I received a few days ago, I was more than glad to hear from you and to know you were well. You spoke about me coming home. Well mother I am in hopes of coming home when my time is up. I know it will be hard for you this winter if I cannot get home, but if I cannot get home I will let you know as soon as I can and you will have to do the best you can. You spoke about Dorcas. Well I have not got many letters from her this summer, but that won't keep me away from home if I can get out of the Navy. You said to send and let you know if I intended to come home or not. Well, yes mother, I do, if I am alive when the war is over, I will be home if not before. I have not got much strange news to say. I am still on this ship, I like to be here. If I was near you I would be able to tell you lots of news, but I cannot say much now. I was sorry to hear grandmother was sick, give my kind love to her, I would love to see her now. Remember me to all my friends home. You said for me not to forget to write. Well mother, I am writing all the time, hope you get my letters. You can send me a pound of tobacco. Hope you are getting the money alright. Remember me to Eli Button and wife and to all the family and to the Sunday school. I was glad to hear you get lots of letters from me. I know it cheers you up, but I have not sent either one for a long time. Remember me to Herbert and all the children. I would like to be able to see you all again, I would be able to tell you lots of news. I did not get either letter from Uncle Frank this summer. Well mother my news is getting short. Write as often as you can. I am going to see the Captain the last of this month to get home with you, so I hope I will be able to come home. I have said all for this time, I will tell you more next time. I suppose all the men are coming home from the Straits by this time, hope they have done well. All my chums are well and wish to be re-

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A Vitagraph Broadway Star Feature in 3 Reels.
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A great Vim Comedy.
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General Goods:
Flannels, Flannelettes, Percals, Cheviots, English and American White Shirtings, English and American Unbleached Calicos, Ginghams, Towels, Outing Flannels, Cotton Blankets, Ticks, Cotton Blankets, Blue Serges, Dress Goods of all kinds.

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Men's Navy Serge Suits.

\$7.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$13.00,
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"Chesterfield" Style single breasted, made of heavy fancy coating, \$9.00, \$12.00.

"Chesterfield" in Navy and Black \$10.00 to 13.00.

"Stormway," with large storm collar, some with belt at back. Made of heavy coating, in Fancy Greys and Browns. \$9.00 to \$14.00.

Light Weight Showerproof Overcoats, in Plain Grey. \$7.00

Striped Grey and Olive Green. \$9.00.

Nap Reefers. \$5.00.

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Strong Tweed Pants, good pattern. \$1.35, \$1.60, \$1.80, \$2.00, \$2.35, \$2.60, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$3.80, \$4.00.

Homespun Pants, \$2.20; \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.10.

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Wilmington Survivor Of Sea Raid Says The Stephano Was Warned Before Sunk

One of the passengers on the ill-fated Red Cross liner Stephano which was torpedoed by the German submarine U-53 off Newport, Oct. 7, 1916, Mrs. John D. Marsh, of No. 124 West Seventh street, will remember her harrowing experience until her dying day.

She reached this city last evening after a trying trip from Newport, from which city she started at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, having been set ashore by the commander of the U. S. Destroyer Ericsson with about eighty other passengers and crew of the Stephano.

Mrs. Marsh secured a good night's sleep and awoke today refreshed, and declared that she felt none the worse for her thrilling experience. For fifteen minutes, after the captain's orders to leave the vessel Sunday evening had come, Mrs. Marsh and her fellow passengers on the Stephano fully believed that they were prisoners of war to Germany, and the thoughts of what was in store for her almost caused her to collapse. But reassurances came soon and she was relieved to know that hers was not to be the fate of a prisoner of war, although she lost all her possessions and ran some risk of drowning in the heavy sea that prevailed when the life boat in which she was seated, pulled away from the side of the Stephano.

Mrs. Marsh had been in Newfoundland visiting her parents, who live in that English possession, for two or three months, and took passage on the Stephano to return to Wilmington, where her husband is employed by the Wilmington Steel Company. The voyage had been a pleasant one and the vessel was expected to dock in New York Monday morning. Sunday night the steamer was proceeding evenly on her way and was about 150 miles off Newport when the calamity occurred. To a representative of "The Evening Journal" Mrs. Marsh this morning related her experiences as follows:

"It was 6 o'clock Sunday night and the passengers were all assembled in the saloon for dinner. The soup had just been served and I had taken a few spoonfuls when we were startled by the sound of a shot somewhere at sea. We looked white-faced at each other with words of inquiry upon our lips when there came another report and then immediately after that another. The last shot was so close that we felt the jar, and with one impulse the passengers leaped up from their places at the tables and rushed on deck.

"What was our consternation, upon reaching the deck, to see fifteen or twenty war vessels lying by us, their bright searchlights turned on us like immense eyes, and one, which we afterwards found out was the submarine, close in, her great eyes blinking suddenly and her ugly black form outlined in the water. We uttered cries of fright, and the first thought that came to me was that our ship had been captured by the German fleet and we were all prisoners of war.

Others of the passengers thought the same thing, but we had no time for talk, for Captain Smith, who was on the bridge, snapped out the order for everyone to don a life-belt and stand by to enter the life-boats.

"The order was so unexpected that we stood stunned for a moment, but we were not given any time to think. Officers and members of the crew began handing the life belt down and assisting the women and children to put them on, all the time returning reassuring answers to the hundreds of questions being put to them by the frightened passengers. Some of the passengers started to go to their cabins to pack a few belongings into valises or bags, but they were ordered back and told that they would not be allowed to take anything. The officers even debated whether it were safe to allow us to wear our heavy coats, for I afterwards learned that the officers expected that we would soon be in the water and any heavy clothing, satchels, etc., would have seriously interfered with our keeping afloat.

No Panic Aboard Ship

"There was no panic, but some of the women were hysterical. It was not long before the true situation was made known to us, and we realized that the queer-looking shape in the water, with its two blinking eyes and reminding me for all the world of the devil, was a German submarine and that the Stephano had been ordered to lay to and discharge her passengers at the order of the commander of the U-boat. We were informed also that the fifteen or twenty war vessels surrounding us were our own American ships and that we had nothing to fear.

"That was all easy to say, but some of the timid women who were venturing in a small boat on the open sea for the first time in their lives, did not consider it such a light thing. While the ocean seemed smooth enough from the deck of the Stephano, we found it quite rough when we were heaving about in the small life boat, and some of the women and children were badly frightened.

"Not all the ships surrounding us were war vessels, however, as I afterwards found out. Lying not far away was another merchantman which the submarine commander had stopped before he sent his shots across the bows of the Stephano and ordered to lay by until he was ready to attend to it. We had a mixed crowd in our boat—passengers of both sexes and members of the crew. We had rowed about only a short time, though, when a vessel we afterwards learned was the destroyer Ericsson hailed us and bade us come aboard.

"We had entered our life boat, some while it still hung on the davits, scrambling over the side in a near panic, and others descending a rope ladder after she was launched. But we stepped upon the deck of the Ericsson in a more orderly manner, ascending the rope ladder like veterans. The officers and crew stood by to assist us in every way possible and began looking out for our welfare. The run of the vessel was ours and as soon as we put foot on the deck, the men vied with each other in making us comfortable. Bunks were made up in every available place, and luncheon was served us immediately. Those of us who had any appetites left were given an opportunity to finish our interrupted dinner.

"When we were safely on board the Ericsson and had recovered our bearings we had a chance to look about. There just beyond us lay the submarine, and with one of her small boats, containing an officer and a few men, waiting until every one had left the Stephano. When the vessel was cleared the small boat, made for the side of the British ship. The crew boarded her and secured her papers and, we learned afterwards, opened the sea valves in an attempt to sink her that way. The valves refused to work, however, so that attempt had to be abandoned.

"Next, the submarine commander

and they were slight ones. One man was struck in the forehead with a thick iron and steel plate, and the whiskey bottle which someone dropped into the lifeboat just as it was leaving the Stephano, and a woman got her thumb crushed against the side of the Ericsson. The submarine vessel, however, as the Ericsson had her shots of warning at 6:09, and at 6:15 o'clock we were all clear of the ship."

"I don't know whether this is true, but I was told by men on board the Ericsson that the destroyer's guns were loaded and trained on the submarine all the time during her approach to the Stephano and while the passengers were being transferred to the small boats, and that the first intimation that the German U-boat commander was going to violate that nation's faith with our government he was to have been shelled.

"There were about eighty passengers on board the Stephano, besides the crew and all were taken off by the American destroyers. Only two accidents occurred among our party to get by all right."

Port Blandford Welcomes Home Pte. F. Stares

(To the Editor)

Dear Sir,—Please find space for a few words in reference to our young soldier, Private Frank Stares, who returned from the war zone a few days ago. Private Stares was in that terrible fight on the first of July, when so many of our brave heroes felt with a bullet wound in the foot, but managed to escape with his life after severe suffering. Our people here were very pleased to have him back again, even on furlough for a few months and they showed it by giving him a good reception by getting up a free tea for the occasion, on Friday night 13th inst. The ladies certainly did well and made everyone feel at home.

After the tea we had an interesting address from the Rev. Mr. Fahy on various topics in connection with the war and our returned soldier. When he finished, Private Stares gave us a neat little address on some of his experiences since he left home as a volunteer. How he saw brave men fall and die by his side; how he managed to crawl to a dugout where he put in several hours of severe suffering before he was found by the stretcher-bearers and conveyed to a dressing station. Several young ladies gave recitations also for the benefit of the entertainment. Miss B. Barry sang a neat patriotic song; Miss E. Blackmore gave a beautiful reading. Miss F. Blandford recited some very interesting lines suitable for both young and old. Mr. A. M. Stares joined in also and sang an interesting parody on Tipperary.

We believe all enjoyed themselves in the usual three cheers for our soldiers at home and abroad with the singing of the National Anthem brought the meeting to a close. The Orange Hall was let for the occasion.

G. R. P.
Port Blandford, Oct. 16, 1916.

Published by Authority

Under the provisions of "The War Measures Act, 1914," His Excellency the Governor-in-Council has been pleased to order that the following Regulations shall come into effect on the 12th day of October instant:

1. The Port and Harbour of St. John's is closed entirely to the entry of shipping at night, from midnight on the 12th October, until further orders.
2. Lights will remain extinguished, until further notice, at Cape St. Francis, Cape Spear, Bull Head, Ferryland and Pormose, also the lights at Fort Amherst and the leading lights of St. John's.
3. No street or other outdoor lights shall be shown in the City of St. John's, or in or near any of the settlements in the District of St. John's East and West.
4. No lights shall be lit in any public building, shop or private residence in the Districts of St. John's East or West, except the windows in such public building, shop or residence are covered by suitable blinds or shades or such lights are otherwise suitably obscured.
5. No lights shall be lit on board any vessel or boat in the Harbour of St. John's unless suitably obscured.
6. No head lights shall be used on any motor car or motor cycle in or near the City of St. John's or in or near any settlement in the Districts of St. John's East and West, or on any roads approaching St. John's or any of the said settlements, upon which lights may be visible at sea. Side lights on motor cars, motor cycles or vehicles of any description must be obscured, and shall not be of greater strength than five candle power.
7. It shall be the duty of the members of the Constabulary to see that these Regulations are strictly enforced, and all orders issued by them for their better observance shall be forthwith carried out.
8. It shall be the duty of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries to see that these Regulations are observed on all shipping in the Harbour of St. John's, and all orders issued by him for their better observance shall be forthwith carried out.
9. Every person convicted of a violation of these Rules and Regulations before a Stipendiary Magistrate or a Justice of the Peace shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding One Hundred Dollars, or in default of payment to imprisonment not exceeding Three Months.

J. R. BENNETT,
Col. Secy.

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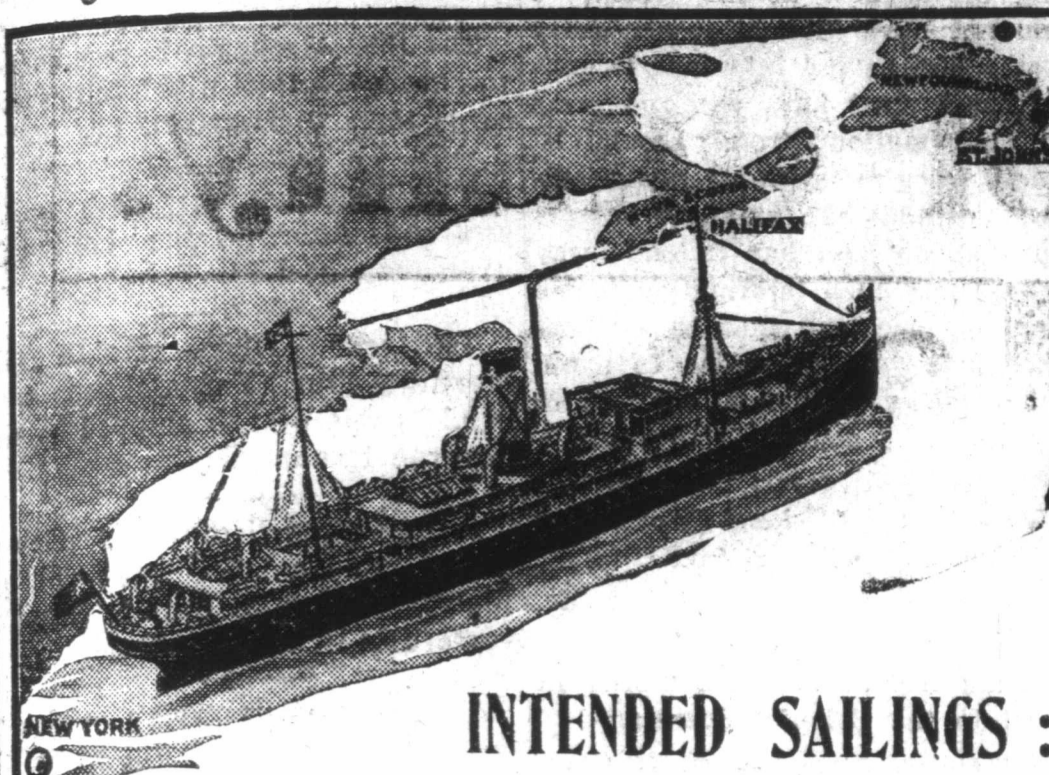
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With best regards, I am,
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THE WONDERS OF SURGERY

Stories of the Work in British Military Hospitals--"Hopeless" Cases That Have Recovered--The Great Work Of Human Renovation.

The public can have no adequate conception of the great debt we owe in this war to modern surgery. Some of us may have entertained a thought that the surgical and medical treatment of the soldier had not kept pace with the horrible mutilations caused by modern scientific aids to destruction. But all that one needs to correct any such mistaken view is to visit the military hospitals and to follow the surgeon in his work from the operating theatre to the convalescent wards. We express our admiration of the soldier for his consummate bravery and cheerful disposition in the face of the enemy. Our soldiers, in turn, express their unbounded admiration for our surgeons, who, by their extraordinary skill, are carrying on this great work of human renovation.

An efficient medical service has a great influence on the moral of an army. A soldier has to make great sacrifices, and the knowledge that behind the guns is mobilized a highly skilled army of surgeons and nurses encourages him greatly. The mind cannot conceive what the horrors of war would be in the absence of our surgeons. Ambrose Pare, one of the greatest military surgeons France ever produced—he is the father of military surgery—in his descriptions of the conditions after a battle in the campaign of Turin (1536), mentions that he went into a stable where some wounded men were sheltered. "As I was looking at them in pity there came an old soldier who asked me if there was any way to cure them. I said no. And then he went up to them and cut their throats gently and without malice. And when I upbraided him he answered and prayed God that when he should be in such a plight someone would do the same for him, that he should not linger in misery." There is real comfort for us all in the knowledge of what surgical skill can accomplish nowadays.

Work in Manchester
Since the beginning of the war above three thousand operations have been performed in the Second Western General (Manchester) Military Hospital, Whitworth Street. Some of these have been nothing less than surgical triumphs. Limbs which the patients were confident had been lost to them have been saved; cripples who to lay mind were cripples for life have had the full use of the defective limb restored; shattered jaws have been made whole; faces shockingly torn by shell have as it were been remodelled, leaving in some cases only a faint trace of the wound, and in those cases where amputation was the only alternative of the life of the soldier was to be saved (the Manchester surgeons will not remove a limb if they can possibly save it) excellent artificial limbs have been provided.

The war has given rise to numerous cases of complicated compound fractures, nerve injuries, and muscular paralysis which have called for a high degree of surgical skill and its treatment, and some of the most striking work of the hospital has been in the treatment of injuries of the skull, brain, and spinal cord and nerves. It is a point of some interest to note that the Franco-German War of 1870 was practically the starting point of modern brain surgery. Although previous to that date it was known that human beings might survive serious injuries to the brain, there was much obscurity as to the function of the cortex of the brain, and the accidents of warfare embracing severe injuries to the head, frequently with considerable portions of the brain exposed, led two of the German army surgeons, Fritsch and Hitzig, to make certain observations in the course of their work and to prove that the cortex of the brain could be excited by electrical stimulus, whereby defined movements of various parts of the body could be produced. In turn this led to the work of Sir David Ferrier in the localization of function of the cerebral cortex, and later to some of the valuable researches of the late Sir Victor Horsley in the domain of brain surgery.

In the Franco-German War it was seen that even with large areas of the brain exposed it was possible for a man to live, but the defect in the skull was a difficult matter to deal with satisfactorily, and various methods have been employed, since 1870, to protect the damaged area. The skull bone does not readily repair—a gap in the bone is liable to persist—and fractures of the cranium with loss of bone are among some of the most serious injuries inflicted in the present war.

Some Remarkable Cases.
Where the underlying brain is both exposed and lacerated, the damage must be regarded as permanent to some extent, and in some parts of the brain some amount of paralysis will result and will be permanent. But some very remarkable cases have occurred in the Manchester hospital, where (there being a defect in the cranium from the loss of bone, but without paralysis) the gap has been treated by a delicate operation with immense benefit to the soldier, to whom has been giving a feeling of well-justified security as regards the portion of the brain previously unprotected by bone.

One soldier operated upon in Manchester (this is a typical case of many) had a large part of his skull blown away. The case seemed to be almost hopeless except to the surgeon to whom the patient was entrusted. One need not go into details; they are too terrible. It will be sufficient to say that the most difficult and delicate part of the operation was to provide a permanent protective covering of the brain. This was done by implanting a plate of silver in the top part of the skull and making it secure. This silver plate, about the thickness of an ordinary visiting card, is perforated to provide a means of drainage from one tissue to adhesions, which make most efficient and permanent "anchors."

Neurological Hospital
The surgery of the nerves in a military hospital is particularly interesting. Where it is quite clear that recovery without operation is impossible, or very unlikely (one branch hospital of the principal Manchester military hospital is set aside for the special study and treatment of nerve cases, and is known as the Neurological Hospital), the patient has the damaged nerve dealt with according as it belongs to one or other class of cases. In one case the nerve is not divided, but compressed by surrounding scar tissues, fibrous in character, or due to the formation of an excessive amount of callus (bony material) after union of a fractured bone. In this type

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WEDDING BELLS

BARTLETT-WOODMAN

On Wednesday morning, Oct. 11th., a very pretty wedding was celebrated at the home of Mr. O. G. Johnson, Millertown, when Mr. J. W. Bartlett and Miss B. Woodman were united in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony. The Rev. T. E. Loder of Grand Falls performed the ceremony. The bride was charmingly dressed in white crepe de chene and draped with white chiffon. She was attended by Miss M. Kneen. Dr. Loder performed the duties of groomsmen. The groom's present to the bride was a gold pendant, and to the bridesmaid a gold brooch. Mr. Bartlett is the general manager of the Royal Stores of this town. The popularity of the young couple was evidenced by the numerous guests present and the variety of the wedding presents. In the evening the happy pair left for Bay of Islands on a short honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett will be gladly welcomed on their return, when they will take up their residence in Millertown.

of case the nerve trunks are exposed by operations, freed from the surrounding scar tissue, and after wrapping a special animal membrane round the freed nerve so as to prevent further adhesion to surrounding scar tissue the wound is closed. A case in this group recovered within two or three months.

In another group, although the nerve has not been divided by the bullet or shell wound, scar tissue has grown round the nerve in such a way as to make a definite construction. It is as though a ligature had been tied about the nerve. Here the damage to the nerve is more severe—degeneration may have set in,—and possibly the small area of compressed nerve must be cut out, and the divided ends of the nerve stitched together with fine silk. Recovery in this case is much slower, but is likely to be complete after a few months, the time depending chiefly upon the length of nerve between the point of injury and the termination of that nerve in the limb.

Skin and Bone Grafting
The transplantation of living tissues—nerve, tendon, bone and skin—is quite a common operation in Manchester, and many operations of orthopaedic surgery for the correction of deformities testify to the thoroughness of the work, and make clear the fact that nothing is left undone to restore the injured soldier so as to fit him to resume his place in the ranks of the army or to return him, almost unimpaired, to his former work as a civilian.

The transplanting of bone and tendons, the supply of new elbow joints, skin grafting, and the giving of life to partially paralyzed muscles are among the other remarkable achievements in our Manchester hospitals. Some marvellously successful skin-grafting operations have been performed with a view to removing all traces of scars on the face or hands. The skin is usually shaved from the patient's thigh. It might be from two to six inches wide and about the thickness of very thin paper.

Stitching the Nerves
In another group of cases the nerve has been divided, partially or completely, by the bullet or other foreign body, or by the sharp end of a fractured bone. Here there is absolutely no prospect of recovery in the damaged nerve unless the divide ends are found, freshened so as to oppose nerve fibres to nerve fibres, and sutures (stitching by threads of silk) applied to hold the ends together. Some of these cases present special difficulties, and various ingenious plans are adopted to deal with individual cases. Where the divided ends of the nerve can be brought together without much tension, simple stitching with fine silk gives excellent results. But some times there is a gap between the ends of the nerve, and for this various methods have been adopted. Occasionally the main bone of the limb is shortened so as to allow the two ends of the nerve to meet, or the nerve is diverted at a point and in such manner as to give a more direct course to its ultimate distribution. In other cases there is no alternative but to take a piece of other nerve from the same patient or from a fresh and quite healthy portion of an amputated limb to complete the circuit and restore continuity of the nervous system.

Results on the whole are good, but a considerable time must elapse to secure complete restoration of function, which is greatly aided by massage and electricity. Here one must pay a tribute to the devoted band of masseuses whose skilled services has been placed at the disposal of our soldier patient. Not only in the nerve cases, but in the numerous stiff joints, following injury, massage is proving of the greatest service.

The Superlock.
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The striking one does me no harm;
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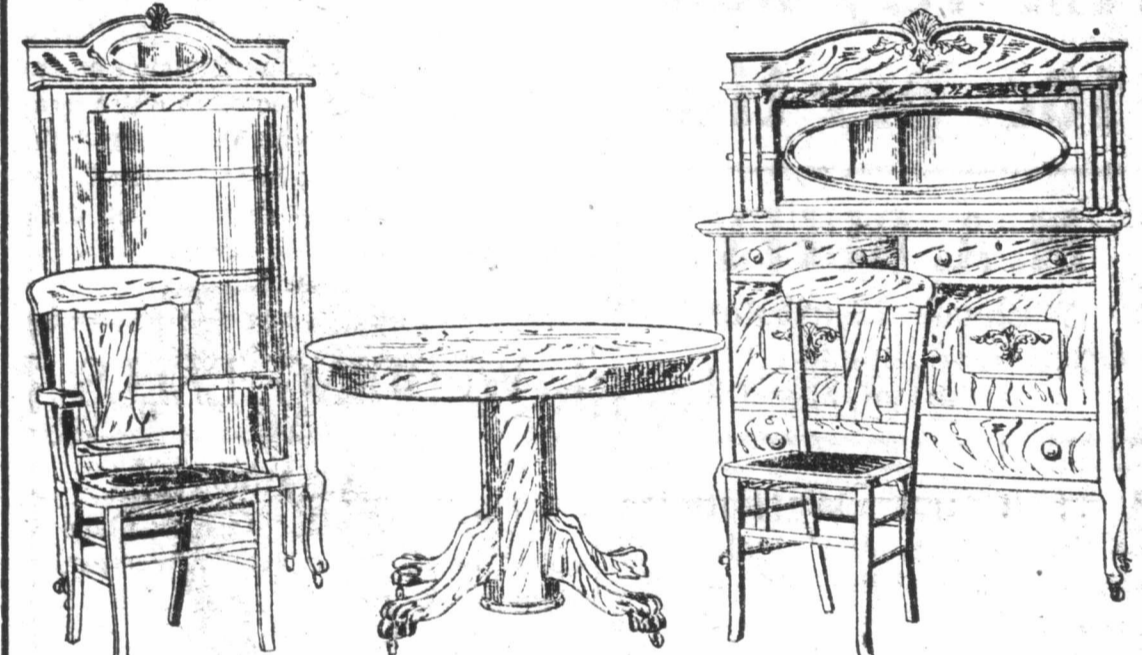
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