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WE have just opened a splendid lot of MEN'S READYMADE SUITS, that were especially selected for Spring Wear, in a handsome array of Neat, Dark Patterns.

It will pay you to examine them before you buy your next Suit—you'll be able to get the particular Weave, Design, Quality, Style and Fit, in the English, Canadian, or American cut, that will thoroughly please you, from our representative stock. Here are a few prices:—

**MEN'S TWEED SUITS.** A good weighty quality, correctly cut, in neat, dark patterns, splendid value, latest style. Sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7. Price a Suit . . . . . \$8.00.

**MEN'S TWEED SUITS.** A serviceable quality in dark, neat patterns, that for style, fit, finish and wear is hard to equal at the price. Sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7. Price a Suit . . . . . \$9.00.

**MEN'S TWEED SUITS.** Splendid English, Brown and Grey mixed tweed—the qualities that most Men like. Correct style, perfect-fitting, finished with a good quality of lining and inter-lining. Sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7. Price a Suit . . . . . \$10.00.

**MEN'S TWEED SUITS.** Excellent assortment in this bunch to select from. Here you'll find different weaves, in the finer grades of English and Scotch tweeds—in Browns, Greys, etc., in neat and dressy pin-stripes and the striped and checked shadow effects.

Special care taken by the makers to give a correct fit or lay to the collar and extra pains devoted to give a shoulder supremacy not usually found in readymade clothing.

You'll get splendid wear from these high-class suits and above all you are assured a perfect fit, correct style, best linings and inter-linings. Sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7. Prices a Suit . . . . . \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00.

**MEN'S FINE TWILL SERGE SUITS** in Dark Navy Blue—good quality, correct style—perfect-fitting and excellent finish. Sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7. Prices a Suit: \$10.50, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00, \$16.00, \$18.00.

Every item that goes to make a suit perfect is put into these Special Suits. Come in and examine them?

**Anderson's, Water Street, St. John's.**

### THE UNION FLAG WILL WAVE FROM MANY HOUSE TOPS IN TERRA NOVA, IN 1917

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir,—Please allow me space in your esteemed paper to make a few remarks concerning our Union. We are progressing greater than ever. Our members are more determined than ever to stand by the good old flag of the F. P. U., for they say it will be floating on every house top after the election in 1917, for the fishermen are determined to have a fisherman's government to check the government grabbers.

The young women and young men held a grand concert on the 15th of February for the benefit of finishing our hall. Its name is W. B. C. U. Hall. Our programme was as follows:—There was an opening chorus and drill entitled "In Fond Remembrance." The next was a dialogue, "The Black Doctor Hospital" acted by Elias Sellars and Jennie Follett and Elias Silas and Mary Colbert; recitation by Mildred Skinner entitled "When he had to Borrow"; a dialogue entitled "What a Drunkard's Home comes to," acted by Stanley Silas, Julia Ford, Patrick McCarthy, Michael Walsh, Patrick Riggs, Elijah Sellars; the next was a time from the Violin and drum by Hedley Penney and Lawrence Fitzgerald, and a step dance by Elias Sellars; a song by Mary Colbert and Brother Patrick, entitled "My Soldier Boy"; recitation by Patrick McCarthy entitled "The Last Remains of Merchants on Judgment Day"; a dialogue, "A Safe Way to Hide Away Money," by May Colbert, Julia Ford and Elias Sellars; song, by Elias Sellars and Mary Colbert; recitation, by Robert Jenkins, entitled "The Lost of the Golden Arrow"; dialogue, entitled "Going Hunting" by Elias Sellars as commander, Elias Sellars the cook's servant, Mary Colbert cook, and Stanley Sellars, Patrick Riggs, Michael Walsh, Patrick McCarthy acting as Red Indians; the next was a recitation by Patrick Riggs entitled "Leaving Home for the Front"; a dialogue, entitled "Wanted Help," by Julia Ford Stanley Sellars, Mildred Skinner, Malina Sellars, Elias Sellars, Patrick McCarthy and Patrick Riggs. The closing song was "The Native Volunteers."

The concert closed by the singing of "God Save the King," and then refreshments and supper was served by the good ladies, and dancing was kept up until the wee sma' hours in the morning.

Thanking you for space, I remain, Yours truly, SPECTATOR.

Western Bay North, March 20, 1916.

**VILLA BAND RAIDS ARIZONA SOUTH**

WASHINGTON, Mar. 25.—Five hundred former Villista soldiers, well armed, are in the vicinity of Dragon, in the extreme southern part of Arizona. Senator Ashurst said to-day in appealing to Gen. Scott to send troops to Dragon and to Clifton, Ariz., where the Mexican population is reported to be suffering. Scott promised to send men to both towns. Ashurst's action was taken in response to appealing telegrams from protection from the towns.

### Tilting Unionists Hold Annual Parade and Elect Officers for 1917

(Editor of the "Mail and Advocate")

Dear Sir,—Kindly make space for a few remarks from Tilting. On Tuesday, Feb. 8, we held our annual parade and ball. Being favoured with a fine day, all our members met at the Parish Hall at 2 o'clock. The Chairman read the Circular Letter, which stirred the Union fire in every man, and forming in line, we proceeded across the ice, down the South Side to Green's Point, turned and marched around the harbor to the Union store, then back to the Hall. On our return several of the members gave short addresses on the good work of the Union, and the remarkable success which has attended President Coaker's work on our behalf. Cheers were given for our President and the Union, when all dispersed to their homes to return in a short time, each with a lady friend, to partake of a splendid supper and to enjoy the dance, which was kept up until daylight. Our sincere thanks are due the committee, particularly the chairman, Mr. John Broaders, who spared no expense to make the Ball a grand success.

meeting and elected officers for 1916. The result was as follows: Chairman—A. Dwyer, elected; Dept. Chairman—William McGrath, elected; Secretary—John Foley, elected; Treasurer—Harry Dwyer, elected; Door Guard—Clarence Reardon, Tilting, Feb. 23, 1916. COR.

### LADIES' HOSIERY.

Having secured THE SOLE AGENCY for BURSON HOSE we are in a position to offer our patrons UNUSUAL SATISFACTION in this line.

Burson Hose are made for those who want NEAT FITTING HOSIERY. The only hose made in America that is KNIT TO SHAPE.

**28c to 80c.**  
Robert Templeton,  
333 Water Street  
St. John's.

### Princeton Lad Tells of Life In France

Royal Can. Regt.,  
With British Exp. Forces,  
Field post office,  
France.

My Dear Father—I have just read your most welcome letter and am very glad to hear from the old home once more. I also received letters and Christmas cards from Susie and another. I always answer them when I have time to spare. You know I have haven't always time to write right away. I hear from different people in Canada, especially from Cape Breton N. S. that I have received several parcels from friends there containing cigarettes and tobacco, cakes etc. You know that is the only pleasure we have at nights when off duty, is a good smoke. I smoke a pipe, have been smoking for a year or two, but not very heavy. Not quite as heavy as you used to when I was home.

I am glad to hear all the family are well. I am enjoying the best of health all the time, except a cold once in a while, which is very easily caught out here. You spoke about the boys and girls near are all grown up. Well, I can picture ours at home. I guess John is a big man, as for myself I have grown some, but I have lost all my fat since I came to this country. When I left Bermuda and came to Halifax, Nova Scotia, I tried to get a pass, but as we were only there a week I did not succeed, but I spent a very good time, just the same, as I knew my holidays were limited. After coming out of the trenches we generally have band concerts in our Young Men's Christian Association out here and other sport. I still have my old enlisting chum with me, Pte. Graham. He is certainly a lad.

Say Father, you asked me for an opinion on the war, as to how long it would last. That is one question I could not answer; I may be long or may be short before the end of the war comes. There will be a clash in the Spring that may put an end to it. That's what we are expecting, so I cannot say any more on that subject. Anyway I hope it will end soon as I am almost tired of it.

Father you spoke about Mother having some socks for me. I am very thankful for the offer, but you know I get enough to do with, as it would cost so much to send from home and they would likely be lost before they would reach me. So wear them your-

self or sell them. I am glad you got my trunk. I guess it was a terrible mix up in it. Don't forget to take care of my cards and photos as they are all new to me. I still carry a whole lot in my pockets.

I take everything as it comes out here; I find it the best way. I have seen some awful sights in my little experience out here. Just fancy the man next to you getting knocked over, it is not very nice. The time seems to pass quick, so father I think I have said enough I could write you a whole lot more, but as I am getting cold, I will have to close. Wishing you and all the family lots of luck.

Your loving son,  
ALBERT PRINCE.

(The above writer is a son of Samuel and Rebecca Prince of Princeton, N. B.)

### Has Nice Things To Say of Our Soldier Boys

27 Yarrow Terrace,  
Hawick, Scotland,  
Feb. 6, 1916.

Dear Mrs. King,—We received four copies of Newfoundland newspapers a few days ago. We knew that they were from you, because your name was written on one of the copies, and besides Victor had written from the Hospital in Malta that they were being sent. I feel that I almost owe you an apology for not writing you sooner, as I promised Victor that I would write you as soon as I heard from him after he had left. For a long time we did not hear anything at all about any of the boys, and we had often thought of writing to you to learn if you could tell us anything about them, but I always put the matter off, thinking that any day we might hear from all of them. Perhaps it may interest you to learn how we got to know Victor and the other boys, who came regularly to our home. It was in this way. Mrs. Lyon and I were walking through a wood part in the annual treat to the old folk at the local workhouse. Made up as the ancient gentleman beloved by the children, he went, and for a time his pranks and antics delighted the company.

Snelgrove, and allow me to say, that six more clever, solid, generous-hearted young men I never met anywhere. During their stay at Stobb's Camp, we saw them often, two or three times a week, and most of them every Sunday. They came early in the afternoon, and had tea, then went with us to church, came back and had supper with us before they returned to camp. It was a great joy to have them, and a bit of a trial to part from them. Although we were, and are looking forward to meeting them all in our home, before they go back to their native place. One thing struck us much in regard to the young men, and this was the affectionate way in which they spoke of their parents, their home and their Church. This was a striking thing of Victor, Mr. Bursey and Mr. Hudson. From what Victor told me of yourself I almost seem to have met you, he spoke so much about his mother and his home. I will never forget the last Sunday we spent together in Hawick. They came down early on that Sunday afternoon, and it was after twelve on Monday morning before they left for camp. Before we parted we sang together "God be with you till we meet again."

We have had three letters, from Victor lately and one each from Mr. Bursey and Mr. Clouter and Mr. Hudson last week. Mr. Bursey is in Egypt, Clouter and Hudson in Hospital in London, and as you know, Victor is in Malta.

Now dear Mrs. King, I must close this letter. Mrs. Lyon joins in prayer to the Heavenly Father that he will bless you and yours in the coming days and restore your dear lad safe and sound to his home.

Believe me to be your sincerely,  
DAVID LYON.  
DEPRECIATION.  
The part of father Christmas may be easily over-acted as a certain Town Councillor would be the first to admit. He had been asked to take part in the annual treat to the old folk at the local workhouse. Made up as the ancient gentleman beloved by the children, he went, and for a time his pranks and antics delighted the company.

Then a scrap of conversation he chanced to overhear scarcely added to the worthy Councillor's enjoyment. "Ain't e enjoyin' of hisself!" remarked one aged inmate to another. "Wot a treat it is fer the likes o' he! But, why can't they let all the loonies whose hand cometh every good and out on a night like this?"

"Well, came the reply, "mebbe Mr. Bursey and Mr. Hudson and John they ain't all so harmless as this'n."

# THE BRIDGEPORT

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Full Particulars and Specifications  
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