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**C. P. EAGAN,**  
Duckworth Street & Queen's Road

## The Stormy Petrel of English Journalism Tells of Fifty Years of Battles.

Frederic Villiers, known to the world by such picturesque titles as "the stormy petrel of English journalism," "the old war eagle of the fourth estate," "the D'Artagnan of war correspondents"—artist, camera man and writer—has just issued two volumes of memoirs covering "five decades of adventure."

In a foreword, he assures his readers that they will find no word of fiction in the pages he has written. "Every incident," he says, "I have set down can be fully corroborated by comrades, many still living, who have shared my vicissitudes."

Frederic Villiers is probably the last survivor of a departed race—a war correspondent who was welcomed at the front. Before he was 26 years old he had been an eye-witness to ten big battles and as many more skirmishes. From the days of the Paris Commune, in 1871, down to the siege of Verdun, hardly a war or a border scrap the world over has taken place without Villiers being there at some stage of the game with his camera and notebook.

Before the kodak was invented, he made pencil sketches on the battle fields and he was the first to make the moving picture camera an aid to the war correspondent's work. A veteran of twenty-one wars, big and little, he made many a rendezvous with death, piled his art amid the crimson-streaked snows of the Balkans while shot and shell took their toll of human gun fodder around him, and in the parching desert sands where the British squares were diminished by encircling savage hordes. War was his field of industry—his métier. He did not moralize about it, his one thought was always to get to the front, where things were happening, and to get at once into the action of the play—it was the romance, the glory, the heroism, the dramatic effects that largely appealed to him. With all the big fellows of his own craft, he had achieved the master's degree. He stood under fire with Archibald Forbes at the battle of Plevna. "Sketching the holocaust around him while Forbes wrote an account of the bloody scene for his paper, the London Graphic. He was with "Khiva" MacGahan in the Russo-Russian war, with Creelman at Port Arthur and with Winston Churchill at the Boer war.

During the world war, then a veteran of 65, he and Philip Gibbs, disguised as Belgian refugees, tramped the fields to get up to the front, a privilege that had been denied them at the British War Office. The Russo-Turkish, the Chino-Japanese and the Balkan wars found Villiers always where the fighting was heaviest and he followed the varying fortunes of the British through all of the old-time Egyptian campaigns as well as later through Mesopotamia.

A choice of episodes is difficult in such a wealth of material, but we will select a few of his "moving accidents by field and flood and hairbreadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach" from his brilliant pages.

At the battle of Plevna he had sketched his way along to the very battle front, absorbed in his work while the dead and dying were piling around him:

Charged Russian Guns Alone.

"I had advanced with the Russian skirmishing line toward the river when the Russian general, observing a strong body of the enemy's cavalry about to work round the flank of our

troopers who had just landed (thought he would give our men breathing time to get into fighting trim by attracting the enemy's attention with a few shells from our emplaced guns. The Turks were already engaged with our infantry in a sharp fusillade across the river at which my pony was showing considerable resentment.

"I was about to dismount and seek cover, for the little beast was dancing and bucking vigorously, when suddenly our shells began to whistle overhead and this new noise was quickly followed by their explosion on the opposite bank of the river and the sharp blast of the cannon behind us. My horse stiffened himself and stood still, evidently thinking out the novel situation. Then suddenly without the slightest warning, he turned sharply around, took the bit between his teeth and bolted.

"I was so taken by surprise that before I could recover myself I found we were half way up the glacier, and as flat as I could along my pony's neck till the black mud curtain of the emplacement suddenly barred my path, when I rose in my saddle, and in another moment we cleared the parapet and plumed right into the centre of the battery, scattering the gunners.

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"A moment later, flushed and breathless, I found myself trying to explain, in staccato of Russian, French, German and English, to the general and his staff, who had ridden up to the emplacement, the reason for my charging the Russian guns."

On the March to Khartum. In the desperate march of the British desert column in 1884, on its way to relieve Gordon at Khartum, Villiers volunteered with a British square that attempted to fight its way through the hordes of the Mahdi to the Nile to get water for the famishing soldiers. Two of the war correspondents fell by his side, but he, with his marvelous luck, escaped unscathed. It was hot work and vividly pictured in Villiers' pages:

"General Stewart had been wounded early in the action. . . . Cameron of the Standard now met his fate, shot through the lungs. The band of death grew tighter and tighter. Something must be done. In a few hours water would fail us entirely. In this extremity Sir Charles Wilson, who took command when Stewart went down, resolved to force his way through the enemy, march a square to the river, build a fort by the water and return for the survivors left in the zereba. I decided to go with this brave little band, on which the whole safety of the brigade depended.

"Just as I was starting back I saw St. Leger Herbert, correspondent of the Morning Post, getting something from his valise. He had volunteered, like myself, so we walked together toward the forming square. The men were ordered to throw themselves down as they arrived in position, for the scathing fire from the bush was already making many casualties. My friend was wearing a red tunic he had borrowed from an officer. "You are drawing the fire with that infernal jacket—take it off," I cried. Receiving no reply, I looked around. Poor Herbert was lying on his back with a bullet through his brain. The whole Arab fire was now concentrated on that patch of human beings sprawling on the sand.

"From our front and flank belched forth fire and smoke. Our targets were only the white puffs of smoke from the Remingtons of the hidden enemy. Presently the clear voice of Col. Boscawen was heard above the terrible din, as if on parade: "The square will halt," then when we had come to a standstill, "The square will fire a volley at two hundred yards—Ready!"

Men Were Shot Through and Through. "After firing one round, we would move forward again at a funeral pace in order to give our bearers an opportunity to pick up our wounded and novel situation. Then suddenly without the slightest warning, he turned sharply around, took the bit between his teeth and bolted.

"I was so taken by surprise that before I could recover myself I found we were half way up the glacier, and as flat as I could along my pony's neck till the black mud curtain of the emplacement suddenly barred my path, when I rose in my saddle, and in another moment we cleared the parapet and plumed right into the centre of the battery, scattering the gunners.

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## Miss Flora Boyko Tells How Cuticura Healed Her Pimples

"My face was very itchy at first, and after that it was covered with pimples that disfigured it. . . . The pimples were hard and red and they were small, and they were scattered all over my face and neck. . . . I could not sleep. . . . These bothered me nearly a year before I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and when I had used five cakes of Cuticura Soap and five boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed. . . . (Signed) Miss Flora M. Boyko, Gardenton, Man., Dec. 26, 1918. . . . Having obtained a clear healthy skin by the use of Cuticura, now I clear by using the Soap for all other purposes, assisted by touches of Ointment as needed. Do not fail to include the exquisitely scented Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations. . . . Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Dispensary, Limited, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 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