

## SAYS GERMAN IS BLOODHOUND

Is Absolutely Bloodthirsty, According to a British Officer in the Dragoons

A NEW COMMISSIONED OFFICER in the Dragoons has sent to a relative a fine description of the work being done by the British cavalry.

All our men—in fact, the whole British Army—are as fit as a fiddle, and the lads are as keen as mustard. There is no holding them back. At Mons we were under General Chetwode and horses and men positively flew at the Germans, cutting through much heavier mounts and heavier men than ours. The yelling and the dash of the Lancers and Dragoon Guards was a thing never to be forgotten.

We lost very heavily at Mons, and it is a marvel how some of our fellows pulled through and positively frightened the enemy. We did some terrible execution, and our wrists were feeling the strain of heavy riding before sunset. With our tunics unbuttoned, we had the full use of our right arm for attack and defence.

**Did Much Damage.**

After Mons I went with a small party scouting, and we again engaged about twenty cavalry, cut off from their main body. We killed nine, wounded six and gave chase to the remaining five, who, in rejoining their unit, nearly were the means of trapping us. However, our men dispersed and hid in a wood until they fell in with a squadron of the — and so reached camp in safety.

After that a smart young corporal accompanied me to reconnoitre, and we went too far ahead, and were cut

off in a part of the country thick with Uhlans. As we rode in the direction of — two wounded men were limping along, both with legs damaged, one from the Middlesex and the other Lancashire Fusiliars, and so we took them up.

**Hiding in a Crypt.**

Corporal Watherston took one behind his saddle and I took the other. The men were hungry and tattered to shreds with fighting, but in fine spirits. We soon came across a small village, and I found the cure a grand sportsman and full of pluck and hospitality. He seemed charmed to find a friend who was English, and told me that the Germans were dressed in the uniforms of British soldiers, which they took from the dead and from prisoners in order to deceive French villagers, who in many places in that district had welcomed these wolves in sheep's clothing.

We were warned that the enemy would be sure to track us up to the village. The cure said he could hide the two wounded men in the crypt of his church and put up beds for them. It was a secret trapdoor, and was an ancient treasure-house of a feudal lord, whose castle we saw in ruins at the top of the hill close by.

Then he hid away our saddlery and uniforms in the roof of a barn, and insisted on our making a rest-chamber of the tower of the church, which was approached by a ladder which we were to pull up to the belfry as soon as we got there.

He smuggled in wine and meat and bread and cakes, fruit and cigarettes, with plenty of bedding pulled up by a rope. We slept soundly and the owls seemed the only other tenants who resented our intrusion. No troops passed through the village that night.

In the morning the cure came round at six o'clock and we heard him say Mass. After that we let down the ladder, and he came up with delicious hot



chocolate and a basket of rolls and butter.

**"Saviours of France."**

Our horses he had placed in different stables a mile apart, and put French "fittings" on them, so as to deceive the enemy. He thinks we are well away from the main body of the German army, moving in the direction of Paris, but will not hear of our leaving here for at least three days.

But I cried, "Cure, we are deserters!"

The old man wept and said, "Deserters, no, no,—saviours, saviours; you have rescued France from the torments of slavery."

However, we have now secured complete disguises as French cultivators—baggy corduroy trousers, blue shirts, boots, stockings, belt, hat, cravat, everything to match—and as we have not shaved for two weeks, and are bronzed with the sun. I think that the corporal and myself can pass anywhere as French peasants, if only he will leave all the talking to me. One thing I must tell you:

**Couldn't Speak English.**

The two wounded soldiers don't wish us to leave them, because I am interpreter, and not a soul speaks English in the village. So we have explained to the cure that we shall stay here until our comrades are able to walk, and then the party of four will push our way out somewhere on horse back and get to the coast. The sacristan at once offered to be our guide, and it is arranged that we take a carrier's wagon which travels in this district and drive our own horses in it, and pick up two additional mounts at a larger village on the way to the coast.

We must get back as soon as ever we can. Nothing could be kinder than the people here, but this is not what we came to France for, and hanging about in a French village is not exactly what a soldier calls "cricket."

**Great Transport System.**

You cannot imagine how complete the Germans are in the matter of rapid transport. Large automobiles, such

## DID GERMANS OUT OF SUPPER

How French Gave the Germans a Most 'Disagreeable Surprise'

London, Sept. 29.—A British cavalry officer gives in a letter to a relative in England some stirring incidents and experiences.

"I shall never forget," he says, "how a splendidly made trooper in the — with his shirt in ribbons actually stooped so low from his saddle as to snatch a wounded comrade from instant death at the hands of a powerful German. And then, having swung the man right around to the near side, made him hang on to his stirrup leather while he lunged his sword clean through the German's neck."

**Stripped For It**

"A young lancer, certainly not more than twenty, stripped off tunic and shirt and fighting in his vest charged a German who had fired on a wounded man and pierced him to the heart, seizing his horse as he fell and exchanged it for his own, which had got badly damaged. Then his sword sheathed like lightning, he swung around and shot a German clean through the head and silenced him forever."

"There have been many actions in which Englishmen have had to face overwhelming odds, and have done it without flinching, without a murmur, retiring after the action. But you will some day, when the records of this campaign are pieced together and the world realizes the nature—the savage, brutal, hypocritical nature of the swelled-head Prussians—know what the British army has cheerfully gone through and is prepared to go through at the call of duty."

**Took Their Supper**

How a small party of cavalry cheated some Germans of their supper is told in the following words:

"A small party were out on reconnaissance work, scouring woods and searching the country side. Just about dusk a hail of bullets came upon our party from a small spinney of fir trees on the side of a hill.

"We instantly wheeled off as if we were retreating, but, in fact, we merely pretended to retire, and galloped around across ploughed land to the other side of the spinney, fired on the men and they mounted their horses and flew like lightning out of their 'supper room,' leaving a finely cooked repast of beefsteaks, onions, potatoes, all ready and done to a turn, with about fifty bottles of Pilsner lager beer, which was an acceptable relish to our meal.

"Ten of our men gave chase and returned for an excellent feed."

## SAVED REGIMENT LOST OWN LIFE

Heroic Action of a Highlander in the Battle of the Aisne

London, Sept. 29.—The Daily Mail's Paris despatch gives a thrilling story of the exploit of a Highlander who was one of the party of 150 detailed to hold a bridge over the Aisne.

The German attack was not expected at this point and the detachment was meant to act rather as a guard than as a force to defend the bridge. Suddenly, however, the Germans opened fire from the woods around, and a strong force outnumbering our little odds, came forward on a run towards the bridge.

**Greatly Outnumbered**

The Highlanders opened fire at once and for a time held the enemy at bay, but the numbers of the Germans were so great that the attacking force crept constantly nearer and, under cover of a heavy fire, a dense column of troops was seen advancing along the road that led to the river.

Then one of the Highlanders jumped up from cover. The Maxim belonging to the little force had ceased its fire, for the whole of its crew had been killed, and the gun stood there on its tripod silent amid a ring of dead bodies.

**Saved the Day**

The Highlanders ran forward under the bullet storm, seized the Maxim, swung its tripod and all on his back and carried it at a run across the exposed bridge to the far side facing the German attack. The belt of the gun was still charged and there, absolutely alone, the soldier sat down in full view of the enemy, and opened a hail of bullets upon the advancing columns.

Under the tempest of fire the column wavered, then broke, fleeing for cover to the fields on either side of the road, leaving scores of dead that the Maxim had mowed down. Almost a moment after the Highlander fell dead beside his gun there in the open road. He had checked the advance upon the bridge and reinforcements came doubling up to line the river bank in such numbers that the Germans soon retired and gave up the attempt to gain the bridge.

The Highlander had thirty bullet wounds in his body when he was picked up.

**PREPARE FOR THE WORST.**

Are you prepared for a fire? Most folk are not! One of my liberal policies will make the calamity easier to bear. It will cost you nothing to ask for a low rate and very little to be perfectly secure with Percie Johnson's insurance agency.

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

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**EXCEPTIONAL VALUE**  
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# Dorothy Dodd

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Your feet are always on parade in these days of short skirts, hobble skirts and all the other new style skirts.

Don't let a broken or shabby pair of shoes embarrass you, wear "DOROTHY'S" and you will always have the self-satisfaction of knowing they "LOOK ALL RIGHT."

**A NEW SHIPMENT JUST IN!**

**MARSHALL BROS. AGENTS.**

as the railway companies have for towns round Harrogate and Scarborough, built like chara-bancs, carry the soldiers in batches of fifty, so that they are as fresh as paint when they get to the front. But in point of numbers I think one of our side is a fair match for four of the enemy.

I hope that the British public are beginning to understand what this war means. The German is not a toy terrier, but a bloodhound' absolutely thirsty for blood.

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When everything else fails to cure you give our medicine a trial and be cured. We have scores testifying to its curative value. Hear what Mrs. Aron says about it:

July 7th, 1914.

Nineteen months I have been suffering with heart disease, until I hear of A.I.C. I took a pint bottle and now I am perfectly cured. I tried all doctors and medicine, but A.I.C. was the only cure I could find.

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Another cured at St. George's:  
 June 29th, 1914.

I have been a sufferer for eighteen months. I tried all doctors, but all failed to cure me. I took two bottles of A.I.C. and now I am perfectly cured. If anyone doubts this statement, write or see me personally.

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