

HARD HITTING AT SOUTH END GAME

Franklins Are Heavy Batters—New League Series Now Finally Started After Potts' Trophy

Wow! Which being interpreted, means that these colored boys of the south end are some ball players. And that goes, whether they are asked to pull a high fly down out of the fog, or land a wallop that sends the sphere a quarter of a mile. Which explains why the score was seventeen to six when the game was called last evening in the middle of the fourth inning on account of darkness. If it had been an ordinary evening the smile on the faces of the Franklins would have shed radiance on the diamond for another hour, but it was not. And yet it was not a night for pitiful exploits, for the Franklins put it all over the Pirates.

It was the second game in the league series on the new south end diamond. The game was late in starting. The Pirates were cautious at the outset, till one or two of them had tried out the Pirate pitcher, but when they got his measure they joyously loped up to the plate and slammed him right and left for one and two baggers and things like that.

Only in their last inning did the Pirates recover to any extent, and then it was too late. The crowd that only fringed the ground at the start grew as the delighted yells and roars of laughter floated over the south end, and it was predicted that when the Franklins and Pirates meet next Saturday afternoon at 2.30 even the breakwater on the other side of Courtenay Bay will be lined with yelling thousands. Last evening's game was only a taster. But it was a game marked by some rattling good plays on both sides, despite the big score. The shower had merely laid the dust on the diamond, which is in great condition. It.

AIR FIGHTING SHOWS ADVANTAGE TO THE BRITISH

Thirty Hostile Machines Brought Down and Seven Out of Control—Tons of Bombs Dropped in Enemy Territory

London, Aug. 13.—The following official communication dealing with aviation was issued this evening:—

"Work in the air was actively carried on in all branches August 12. On the battlefield our balloons were pushed forward close behind the line and sent down much useful information. Our artillery and reconnaissance machines were busily occupied all day.

"Enemy airplanes were active and there was much air fighting. Thirty hostile machines were brought down and seven driven down out of control. One German machine was shot down in flames.

"Forty-five tons of bombs were dropped by us during the twenty-four hours, the Peronne and Cambrai stations being heavily assailed.

"Twelve of our airplanes, including one night bombing machine are missing. On the night of August 12-13 our air machines attacked a hostile aerodrome and trains, and aircraft batteries and searchlights and other ground targets with bombs and machine gun fire. All our machines returned safely.

"On the 13th, the hostile aerodrome at Baul was attacked. The results were not observed owing to bad visibility.

"In the course of fighting in the air one hostile machine was brought down in flames and fell inside our lines. All our machines returned safely.

Bombing Enemy Towns.

Paris, Aug. 13.—An official communi-

SALVATION ARMY IN ITS WORK FOR THE SOLDIERS

As Seen By a Noted War Correspondent

F. A. MACKENZIE WRITES

MURMAN COAST A GREAT PRIZE

An Invaluable Asset For The Commerce of Russia

British Sub Depot—Kola a Naval Station Established by Russian Government

London, July 15.—The well-known publishing house of Hodder and Stoughton has just issued a handy little book bearing the title "Serving the King's Men," and setting forth the various ways in which The Salvation Army is helping the Imperial cause. The author is F. A. Mackenzie, the famous war correspondent, who, during a succession of visits to the front as the representative of one of the most influential groups of Canadian daily newspapers, and his contributions to the "Overseas Daily Mail" under the pen-name of "One Wanderer Returned," have been widely read in the Dominion and other parts of the world. Mr. Mackenzie is now preparing in co-operation with the authorities, the official Newfoundland History of the War. His more recent experiences at the front—where he has sampled most of the vicissitudes of a war correspondent's life, from being gassed to being arrested as a spy—are embodied in his forthcoming book, "Canada's Day of Glory."

This popular writer's impressions of the efforts of our devoted Salvationists to serve the King's men are set forth in sympathetic ink. He knows intimately the life of the soldier, having shared in Manchuria, Korea, Russia, and Japan, as well as on the present European battlefields, and he is therefore able to place a right estimate upon any means established to lessen the pains and discomforts of war conditions.

"In this work of helping the fighting men, tending the sick and wounded, and comforting the sorrow and desolate," says the author, "The Salvation Army has born an honorable, distinguished, and in many ways, a unique part. Although not myself a Salvationist or in any way connected with that organization, I had the opportunity recently of examining the work of the Salvationists along the western front and at home. In these brief pages I endeavor to describe something of what is being done, as I saw it. If I can bring home to others a little of what I myself saw, these pages will not have been written in vain."

One of the most delightful features in the whole book is that describing scenes and characters at The Salvation Army Hut at Etaples. This is named the "Mary Booth Hut," after the General's second daughter. The officer in charge, who comes from a prominent Salvation Army family, and with her husband has done fine work in honor and respect, is known as "Ma." Wherever the British army forgoethers, Mr. Mackenzie assures us, "Ma" is held in honor and respect. "Announce in any local paper today throughout the United Kingdom that 'Ma' was there, and you would find lads

ITALIANS IN FRANCE Under Garibaldi

Grandson of Famous "Liberator" Tells How He Became a Mexican General

All Italy rejoices that it is Peppino Garibaldi who represents the country at the head of its army on the seething front in France. The namesake of Giuseppe Garibaldi, most famous of Italian liberators, has more of the traits of his grandfather than any other member of the family.

About him are the red shirts first worn by the thousands in their descent on Sicily to drive from his throne a king with an army of 25,000 men. True, the red shirt is covered with a waistcoat of gray, to comply with the precaution of modern war, but still, still, still, worthy of its glorious traditions in Italian history.

Tall, lean, vigorous, agile, Peppino Garibaldi, who is a noble and striking figure. The eyes are kindly, yet full of fire. The smile is graceful and shows a superb set of teeth. The broad forehead, most of all, brings back the memory of his grandfather. The long face is intellectual, thoughtful. It bespeaks the conception of great things and the audacity to do them.

The last time I saw him was in a shack built of rough boards and poised under the peak of a mountain, a little tilted, like a saucy schoolboy's cap. When Madero Planned Revolt.

How did Peppino Garibaldi become a general?

He himself told me.

"It was in 1890, in Mexico," he said. "Among the country folk and mountaineers, squeezed by Porfirio Diaz, there were increasing signs of revolt. A daring proprietor who had the courage to stand up for the rights of the people against tyranny, was forced to flee El Paso while a price of \$10,000 was a upon his head. He was Madero, and the rebels soon began to gather under his leadership.

"One day I went to offer my sword to the agent of Madero. I was accepted. The agent said to me: 'There is beyond the Rio Grande, in Mexico, a nucleus of three hundred men commanded by Pascual Orozco. Leave here tonight with the brother of Madero and seven other young men. You will form the general staff of Orozco and will help him organize his army.'

"I fitted myself out in a hurry, and that night at ten o'clock we crossed the border, dodging the pursuing bullets of the American patrol. As soon as we reached his camp Orozco went into a rage and cursed and blasphemed, saying that the next day he would go off without us, because he did not want us.

"In fact, at daybreak Orozco went away. Our plight would not have been pleasant (nine men for a revolution are hardly too many) if one of Orozco's young officers, wishing to obey the orders of Madero, had not remained with us. He had led eighty-four volunteers southward and they soon arrived to reinforce us. I became the head of the little army.

Used Mules in Camouflage.

"Many of the troops of Porfirio Diaz were bathing at Juarez, six kilometers away; another column, six kilometers away, was marching towards us. We had to resort to camouflage. We had to pass under the noses of the federal troops not far from Juarez. We attached a large number of fags to the tails of four hundred mules and preceding this 'big column' of mules, which raised a frightful dust, I marched my brigands stealthily away, while the regular Mexican troops fired their ammunition without doing any harm at all.

"That night Madero joined me, and nominated me his chief of staff. He brought along trucks loaded with munitions, with which we crossed the desert. After fourteen days of fatiguing march, beset by pitfalls of all kinds, we reached Casa Grande. We were now 500 strong, and with 500 men we ventured to attack the federalists and took a barricade.

"After that we began guerrilla warfare, with outposts in the gorges of the mountains, and night ambushes in the open country.

"At Mal Paso, with 600 soldiers, I attacked General Guzman, who had three trains of 8,000 soldiers. One train I burned. On the other two, the men took to flight.

"At the time I had been made a colonel; at Juarez, with 25,000 volunteers, I attacked the federal army and succeeded after three days of street fighting in making General Navarro, ex-minister of war, a prisoner, with all his command. For that I was made a general."

But He Got It From the Bar-ley.

O. B. Goode—Isn't it shocking how strong drink has changed Pepper's countenance.

A Kidder—Yes, you might call it a rye face—Cartoons Magazine.

ple this branch of the military operations, is better known.

If an edition of F. A. Mackenzie's book should be issued in Canada it will, I believe, command wide attention.

E. R. W.

One More SALE and This The Biggest

In these days when Mid-Summer Sales are everywhere advertised, and in order to get our share of the business, we realize that Real, Definite, Convincing Price Cuts are Necessary. With this idea well in mind, we have re-priced our stock and feel satisfied these values are in a class by themselves.

Prices published are only a few taken at random from our many offerings.

Sale Prices Hold Good For Limited Time Only

MEN'S CLOTHING

Men's Dark Grey Suits—Regular prices from \$12.00 to \$14.00. A few on sale only at Very Special Price, \$8.48

Men's Tweed Suits—In dark mixtures, well tailored. Regular \$21.00 value. Sale Price, \$14.98

Men's Suits in brown mixture. Regular \$20.00 and \$24.00 lines. Clean-up Sale, \$14.98 and \$15.98

BOYS' SUITS

Special Reduced Prices on All Boys' Suits During Sale

PANTS

We will sell 100 Pairs Men's Pants—Regular \$2.50, Sale Price, \$1.89

Men's Worsteds—Regular \$4.00. Sale, \$2.69

Men's Ties—Regular \$4.50 and \$5.00. To be sold at this sale for. \$2.98 and \$3.48

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

We have an excellent stock and have made some cuts that are very attractive.

Men's Work Shirts—(Black and white stripe). Regular \$5.00. Sale, \$3.98

Men's Heavy Duck Shirts—Regular \$1.25. Sale, 98c

Men's Black Sateen Shirts—Regular 90c. Sale, 69c

Men's Tied Shirts (Heavy). In black and khaki. Regular \$1.50. Sale, \$1.19

Men's Negligee Shirts—All patterns and sizes. Sale, 98c

Men's Fine Balbriggan Underwear—Regular 85c. Sale, 69c

Men's Black and Light Cashmere Socks. Sale Price, Only 19c

Men's Overall—Blue with white stripe. Regular \$1.29 value and upwards. Our Sale Price, \$1.29

SEE PROMINENT WINDOW SIGNS

L. URBANG, 221 Union St.

MUTT AND JEFF—SO YOU SEE HOW WE'RE HANDICAPPED

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LISTEN!

IT IS SOMETIMES VERY HARD TO GET IDEAS FOR PICTURES OVER HERE! ONE HAS TO BE SO CAREFUL—

NOW FOR EXAMPLE I CAN'T THINK OF A THING TODAY.

YOU SEE IF I WERE NOT IN THE BRITISH ARMY I WOULD DO A FRANK TINKNEY AND PULL THIS STUNT

THE WAR NEWS DON'T LOOK SO GOOD THIS MORNING. I SEE THE GERMANS ARE GOING TO TURN THEIR NAVY LOOSE

DON'T TALK SILLY. THE BRITISH HAVE THE GREATEST NAVY IN THE WORLD.

THE BRITISH WILL SINK THE GERMAN BATTLESHIPS AS FAST AS THEY SEE THEM

HOW'S THAT?

THE GERMANS ARE GOING TO NAME THEIR BATTLESHIPS AFTER JOKES—

SO THE ENGLISH WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE THEM!

THAT'S JUST IT. THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE THEM!

BUT—

BEING IN THE BRITISH ARMY, I DON'T DARE USE THAT IDEA, SO I SIMPLY CAN'T MAKE A PICTURE TODAY.

Bud Fisher 226