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MACDONALD BUILDING

The Winter Term
—OPENS AT—
FREDERICTON
BUSINESS COLLEGE
—ON—
Monday, January 4th

Full particulars furnished on applications. Address
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal.
Fredericton, N. B.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER
RECENTLY RECEIVED FROM
LAST YEARS STUDENTS

"I intend finishing my course at your college at the first opportunity. I may say that since the first of the year I have had \$100 per month salary, so I have no hard feelings to wards you or your college."
Students can enter at any time.

S. KERR,
Principal
WINTER TERM
in the Moncton Business College opens January 4. Spend a few months with us this winter. It will help you in whatever occupation you follow. Our chain of schools stretches from coast to coast. Write to the principal for information.

G. J. SCHMIDT
Principal
Moncton Business College

CLASSIFIED
Advertisements under this head are charged for at the rate of a cent a word a week. Minimum charge 25c.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN
This is to notify all persons having any dealings or transactions with the O'Leary estate that H. P. Doyle is the sole accredited representative for this estate in Campbellton, and that anyone moving buildings on this land without his written permission, will be duly prosecuted.

W. J. O'LEARY, Attorney.
Montreal, Nov. 16, 1914.

PIANOS FOR SALE
If you want to buy a new piano, mahogany case, beautiful style, guaranteed for ten years for \$125.00 cash, send for cut of piano to
JOHN GUY,
Nov. 26th-6th. Sackville, N. B.

TWO STOVES FOR SALE
One large kitchen range and one No. 13 Silver Moon self-feeder for hard coal. Apply to
DR. MANN.

TO RENT
Two flats to rent, one on Duke Street and one on Lansdowne Street. Rent moderate for winter months. Apply to
MRS. JAS. A. McDONALD,
Nov. 12th-11.

FOR SALE
Everybody should have a copy of that popular war song entitled "Rallying for the Empire". Price ten cents. Address: The Colonial Song Agency, Berlin, Ontario.
Oct. 29th-6 ins.

TO RENT
A comfortable house, suitable for two families. For particulars apply to
A. F. and Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN
Oct. 1st-4.

IMPRESSIONS FROM THE BATTLEFIELD

Vivid Story by a Scottish Officer—Searching for His Regiment in a Hendon Bus

BY NEIL MUNRO

Special Correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle and Glasgow News (Mr. Neil Munro is the brilliant Scottish novelist, whose works, such as "John Splendid," dealing with troublous periods in Highland history, are so widely popular.)

So much has been written of the fighting as if it were a conflict "in vacuo"—of automate wrought to a glowing heat, pelting at one another like sparks in a radium tube, oblivious of all but ever-present danger and the weapons in their hands, that even so comparatively old an affair as the retreat from Mons got a fresh and vivid interest for men when I heard three days of it described this afternoon by a Scottish officer with an observant eye, a mind sensitive to even trivial impressions, a good memory, and a note book. For him, at least, the retreat was full of pictorial interest and curious recollections. There are some thirty-odd miles of road round there that I want to see again," he said, "just that I may assure myself I'm not dreaming when I think I can recall the silkiest little things on either hand of it—a duck pond I washed my hands in; the sign board of a cafe called 'The Last Cartridge'; a row of bee hives in front of a house with every window shattered; a clock, still going, lying in a ditch; a burn where I thought there might be trout; above all, a bend of the road not far from Solesmes where I got on the roof of a barn, and saw, through my glasses, away to the west, what I said to myself was the last of the Gordons. . . . It was there where they got nailed, poor fellows, close on Cambrai. There must have been least 800 of them, and the Germans were swarming round them. . . . Rotten luck for the Gordons! That's how more than half a battalion of them perished."

The Strayed Officer
He had fought at Mons with the Gordons, himself, on Sunday, though that was not his unit, for an accident to a motor bicycle had parted him from his regiment, and he never found it again. They fought in shallow trenches hurriedly dug up, and there was a general understanding that they had only to sit tight for an hour or so till the French would come up supporting and relieve the situation. Their position became untenable, and covering a front of 12 to 15 miles the British divisions fell back with artillery pounding them at every halt. All Monday he zig-zagged through side roads, looking for his corps; "got misdirected," as he said himself, "by every arm in the service, and every night with two corporals of the Coldstreams in a house that had been deserted."

Le Cateau
Next day he walked to Le Cateau "It's a town," he said, "about the size of Perth, I think, lying in a hollow with a lot of spinning mills about it, and the sourest kind of apples you ever tasted grow round it. Le Cateau was packed with the automobiles of our staff, with transport wagons, artillery and cavalry. Their kits were spread out on the pavements; they hadn't slept since Saturday, and you may guess they looked pretty tired. Six mortal hours I spent that afternoon inquiring for my corps, and I felt like a wandered sparrow. Nobody seemed to know anything, and in a hotel in an inn called the Mouton Blanc I slept four hours that night as sound as a whistle, though I knew the Germans were not six miles from us and 50 times our numbers, and when I woke in the morning they were lobbing balls into the town, and their 'Hauben' were flying over us. Every man, woman and child belonging to the town had streaming out on the high road to St. Quentin. They walked and they tottered; they drove donkey carts and aged perambulators; they seemed to have all put on their Sun-

For Loss of Hair

We will pay for what you use if **Rezell "93" Hair Tonic** does not promote the growth of your hair.

In all our experience with hair tonics the one that has done most to gain our confidence is **Rezell "93" Hair Tonic**. We have such well-founded faith in it that we want you to try it at our risk. If it does not satisfy you in every particular, we will pay for what you use to the extent of a 30 day treatment.

If **Rezell "93" Hair Tonic** does not remove dandruff, relieve scalp irritation, stop the hair from falling and promote the new growth of hair, come back to us and ask us to return the money you paid for it, and we will promptly hand it back to you. You don't sign anything, promise anything, bring anything, and you are under no obligation whatsoever. Isn't that fair?

Doesn't it stand to reason that we would not make such a liberal offer if we did not truly believe that **Rezell "93" Hair Tonic** will do all we claim for it, that it will do all and more than any other remedy?

We have everything there is a demand for, and are able to judge the merits of the things we sell. Customers tell us of their success. There are more satisfied users of **Rezell "93" Hair Tonic** than any similar preparation we sell.

Start a treatment of **Rezell "93" Hair Tonic** today. If you do, we believe you will thank us for the advice. Two size bottles, 50c and \$1. You can buy **Rezell "93" Hair Tonic** in this community only at our store:

Thos. Wran, Druggist.

The "Rezell" Store
There is a **Rezell Store** in nearly every town and city in the United States. It is a different **Rezell Store** in each locality. There is a different **Rezell Store** ready for nearly every ordinary human ailment, especially designed for the particular ill for which it is recommended.

The **Rezell Store are **Asscher's Greatest Drug Stores****

day clothes, and they had the most absurd burdens—bedding, string bags full of eggs or apples, bird cages, pails of milk. One old woman, I remember, had a gander kicking under one arm and a yard long loaf of bread below the other. I walked two miles among them, and when I looked back, Le Cateau was on fire. A fine, bright, sunny morning, and it was quite lovely day for harvesting, and corn was still in the fields; but there was the town on fire, and 10,000 wretched civilians scuttling for their lives. . . . Terror? By Jove, you should have seen them!

A Stream in Spate
"And they were dreadfully in the way, for our men and stuff was pouring back too, remember, and badly needing all the room there was. If ever there is an enemy in Britain, you advise the civil populace to make tracks long before they hear the guns. I was dreadfully put about, though, for these people; and it was quite a relief to get away from them and tuck on to a regiment not my own about six miles south of Le Cateau—either Busigny or Wassigny—where we put up a rather pretty scrap. Next day I walked for nearly 5 miles to St. Quentin, a smallish town that was like to burst with British troops when I got into it. They poured in at one end and out at the other like a brown stream in spate, carrying the civilian population like drifted twigs among them. You never saw such a sight. . . . A holy mess! . . . It looked as if something was bound to jam. Broken companies of every regiment except my own kept pouring through; our ambulance cars, supply wagons, and artillery swished and clattered without end on the causeway and half the men were there in scores; one of them nearly ran me down, and jumping to save myself I sprained my ankle."

On the Paris Road
"I got a lift in a wagon from a man who had all his family and a cat piled in it, and drifted with the flood along the Paris road for a place called Ham, for an A. S. C. man told me (quite erroneously, as it happened) that our chaps were there. We came to a park of the road where a long row of carcases of meat had been abandoned; further on, the road was strewn with bread, biscuits, and jam tins. 'By Jove!' I thought, 'we're shifting in a hurry!' The road, remember, was boiling with traffic, all going in the one direction—a host in khaki, mixed up here and there with panicky civilians. . . . Some day I may tell you more about the look of things exactly there, but not just now."

By the Hendon Bus
"It's a flatfish, farming country, good, I should say, for pheasants. The trees were hanging with apples and pears. I remember one place where a man in charge of a drove of sheep was sitting on a basket reading a book and paying no attention to Bedlam let loose, he was either the wisest man in the world or the craziest. Sitting on the cart, I could see for miles across the country, and away on the right and left was our cavalry and artillery spread out and making for cover and position in little woods and behind small hillocks. They were going about their job so orderly, it bucked me up tremendously; I realized that some of the thoughts I had for the last 12 hours were wrong. And, after all, I didn't get to Ham; with my usual luck, the cart broke down, and I got on a Hendon bus to La Ferre, and there was the road from a milliner to a shoemaker, no, not a shoemaker, but of a more prosaic thing, a spoke of a water cart a shell had burst on. . . . It's getting on quite nicely, thank you. . . . And, oh, by the way, please tell the British public to teach their children French; it would be twice as jolly out here if only we knew French."

TRUE CHRISTMAS GIFT FOUND IN EVERY STOCKING

A story is told by one of those roving Scots, to whom the whole world is a patrimony, of two old immigrants in the highlands of Argentina, who had left the old world for the new so long ago that they had almost forgotten their native tongue. But one Christmas eve, when the shrill wind blew about their windows and a silver veil about the moon held a threat of snow to come, they slipped back into the language of the land of their birth and began to put into words those endearing thoughts which in all countries are prefaced with "Do you remember?" Thus they recollected the day when her hair was like spun fax and he was a notable wrestler; the day when they were married; the days before the first of their children was born—the children who now had sought far distant homes of their own. "And do you remember," said she, "how in the old land I put out my shoes one Christmas eve to see what luck the fairies would bring me?" "I remembered, and—for they were growing sleepy, these old people—there was a long silence. "I have the shoes still," said she. And out of some drawer she brought the wooden shoes that she had worn on the Christmas eve when they were betrothed. "Shall we put them out again?" she whispered. "What's the use?" said he. "Perhaps it might bring back—who knows?" urged the old woman. And so before he raked out the embers, she opened the door cautiously and set the two little shoes on the threshold. . . . And when the old people woke next morning he went half expectantly to the door and presently returned rather ruefully.

Strength Past Fifty Years
can be maintained by adapting the right nourishment, and Nature's own oil—**Scott's Emulsion**—has strengthened thousands of men and women to continue their work and usefulness for many years.

Scott's Emulsion is a food, a medicine and a tonic to keep like to see it, blood rich, avoid rheumatism, and thwart nervous conditions. It is free from injurious acids or any harmful drugs. The best physicians prescribe it.

"Look!" said he. "Here's all the luck we've got." . . . The shoes were filled with snow.

But that was not forgetfulness of fortune. The gift that came to the old people had reached them the night before, and presently you will guess what it was. Their case is the case of all of us—the young, the middle aged, the old.

Each of us at our cut our shoes, hang up our stockings, expectant of the presents Santa Claus will bring and forgetful of the truth of experience that we are more likely to receive the gifts we deserve than the gifts we expect. That is not so, should not be so, with the children. Santa Claus softens the cynic regulation for them, and in the hospitals let us hope that the thrill of Christmas morn makes the dwellers in the cots forgetful for a moment of the trouble which has brought them there. Indeed, it does, and even if you filled their shoes with snow they would find a welcome for it. "It's cold and slushy outside," said a visitor to a little girl at the hospital. "You're warmer here." "Ah, but," said she, "I like the snow. I'd like to see it comin' down." Nowhere, indeed, is the coming of Santa Claus so firmly believed in as it is in the children's minds of the poor. For these are the children of the poor, and in their circumstances when the round of happiness is more easily attainable.

Content—perhaps that's the thing, better than the cracker surprise, better than the first prize at the club, but content is the hardest gift for the fairies to bring. You hear of it in stories. Even in the story of the Princess Clementina, who loved the Chevalier Wogan and knew it when he carried her over the snowy stream, we are given to understand that the lovers were soaced in their parting because they parted for duty's sake. But the princess, we know, died in a convent, and her true lover died a lonely man, for his princess never came riding into the city of his dreams. But perhaps he had something instead of content, something which dies only with life itself. It is that which the old people found in the shoes. You will now have guessed what it was, and we wish you all no better gift, for the snow was—hope.

WARN YOUNG GIRLS TO SHUN CHICAGO

Letters From Travelers' Aid Dept. of Y. W. C. A. Sent Over Country

Chicago, Nov. 25—"Keep young girls away from Chicago." This is the substance of a warning letter planned to be sent today over the Country by the Travelers Aid Department of the Chicago Young Women's Christian Association.

Difficulty of obtaining employment has augmented the dangers to which young women, strangers in the city, are exposed.

"There never was a time in the history of Chicago," said Mrs. Wilhelmina Barr, secretary of the Travelers Aid, when it was so difficult to obtain employment for strange girls. This condition necessarily increases the dangers to which they are exposed."

Six classes of girls are named in the letters of warning which the organization plans to send to newspapers in the principal cities of the Country. They are:

- Girls afflicted with the wanderlust.
- Employed girls who seek better wages.
- Immigrants.
- Girls coming to visit relatives or friends whose places of abode they do not know.
- Show girls.
- Runaways.

Profit and Loss at Christmas.
Old Lady—What's the matter with the little boy?
Elder Brother—Oh, he's cryin' cos I'm eatin' my Christmas cake an' won't give him any.
Old Lady—Is his own cake finished, then?
Elder Brother—Yes, an' he cried while I was eatin' that too.

GREAT CHRISTMAS SALE
Commencing Saturday December 12th
we will offer our entire stock of Staple Goods at **GREATLY REDUCED PRICES**

This will be a great opportunity to buy useful Goods suitable for Christmas present at a great saving. It will be a usual practice this season to remember friends by giving useful presents.

The following are a few prices which will convince you that this is the store at which to shop.

- FOR THE MEN**
- Men's Overcoats, regular \$12.00, \$15.00 and \$18.00 now \$9.00 and \$10.00.
 - Men's Cloth Suits, regular \$12.00 and \$15.00 now \$8.00.
 - Men's Pants, regular \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00 now \$1.75 and \$2.75.
 - Men's Rubbers at very low prices.
 - Men's Boots and Shoes at 25 per cent below cost price.
 - Men's Felt Boots at 10 per cent below cost price.
 - Men's Gloves and Mitts at cost price.
 - Men's Caps, all styles, regular .50, .75, and \$1.00 now .39 and .49.
 - Men's Stanfield's Underwear, regular \$3.00 now \$2.00.
 - Men's Shirts in all styles, regular .75c and \$1.00 now .39c and .49c.
 - Men's Fraces, regular .30c, .40c, and .45c now .20c and .25c.
 - Men's Overalls in all styles, regular \$1.00 and \$1.50, now .60c and .75c.
 - Men's Sweaters at half price.
 - Men's Linen and Rubber Collars, now selling at .10c.
 - Men's Silk Handkerchiefs, regular .35 to .60c now .15 and .25c.
 - Men's Mufflers in different styles, regular .75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50, now .39c and .49c.
 - Men's Moccasins at a very low price.
 - Men's Home Made Mitts, .22c a pair.

- FOR THE LADIES.**
- Ladies' Coats, regular \$9.00, \$13.00 now \$8.00.
 - Ladies' Gloves and Mitts at cost price.
 - Ladies' Collars, regular .25c now .15c.
 - Ladies' Rubbers at very low prices.
 - Ladies' Felt Boots at 10 per cent below cost price.
 - Ladies' Corsets, regular .75c now .45c.
 - Ladies' Side and Back Combs at .05c.
 - Ladies' Handkerchiefs, 2 for .05c.
 - Ladies' Mufflers, regular .75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 now .39c and .49c.
 - Ladies' Brooches, regular .25c and .35c now .10c.
 - Ladies' Watch Chains, .25c and .30c now .10c.
 - Ladies' Silk Handkerchiefs, regular .35 to .60c now .15 and .25c.
 - Ladies' and Girls' Suspenders at half price.
 - Ladies' Silk Neck Ties, regular .25c now .15c.
 - Ladies' Wool Shawls, Black and White, \$1.25 and \$1.50 now .75.
 - Ladies' White Petticoats, regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 now .65c.
 - Ladies' Stockings Pure Wool, regular .25c and .35c now .20c and .25c.
 - Ladies' Black and White Satin Blouses, regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 now .65c.
 - Ladies' Corset Covers, regular .35c and .45c now .25c.
 - Ladies' Skirts in different styles, regular \$3.00 now \$1.50.

- DRY GOODS**
- Flannellette, best kind, regular .12c and .15c now .09c.
 - English Print, regular .10c and .12c now .08c.
 - White and Grey Cotton, regular .10c and .12c now .08c.
 - Wool Flannel, regular .35c and .40c now .24c.
 - Wool Blankets, 7 lbs., regular \$4.00 now \$2.85.
- FOR THE CHILDREN**
- Girls' Underwear in all sizes, regular .20c, .25c now 2 for .25c.
 - Children's Pure Wool Stockings, in all sizes, .15c a pair.
 - Boys' Underwear, .45c a suit.
 - Boys' Sweaters at half price.
 - Boys' Moccasins at very low prices.
 - Babies' Coats and Bonnets at half price. Babies' Bibs, .05 each.

- MISCELLANEOUS**
- Baby's Own Soap, .15c a box.
 - Castile Soap, 4 cakes for .05c.
 - Scissors, regular .25c and .35c now .12c.
 - Pipes, regular .25c and .50c now .10c and .15c.
 - Shaving Brushes, regular .20c to .35c now .10c.
 - Razors, regular \$1.50 and \$2.00 now .65c.
 - Razor Straps, regular .50c now .25c.
 - Williams Shaving Soap, .05c a stick.

TOYS! TOYS!
We have all kinds of Xmas toys and Post Cards at half price. Mouth Organs, regular .20c, .25c, .30c now .10c.

This is a Genuine Cheap Sale. We ask you to bring this advertisement with you and compare Goods and Prices.

SATISFACTION ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED
Remember we do as we advertise, and invite your closest inspection.

S. MATTA
TITUS BLOCK WATER STREET
Watch for the Red Flag.