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PHOTOGRAPHER
STUDIO
WATER ST. CAMPBELLTON
Near Dr. Pinal's
Specialties—Crayon En-
largements on Bromide, Post-
al Cards, Colored Cabinets,
Etc.
FLASH LIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS

PROFESSIONAL
PETER BLYTH
ARCHITECT
P. O. Box 111
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
The **Business**
College

WINTER TERM
in the Moncton Business College
opens January 4. Spend a
few months with us this winter.
It will be worth while. 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, guar-
anteed for ten years for \$125.00 cash,
send for cut of piano to
JOHN GUY,
Nov. 26th-Sins. 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-14.

FOR SALE
Everybody should have a copy of
that popular war song entitled "Rally-
ing 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 Scot-
tish novelist, whose works, such as
"John Splendid," dealing with trou-
blous 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 automata 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 re-
treat 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 re-
treat 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
shuttered; a clock, still going, lying
in a ditch; a barn where I thought
there might be trout; above all, a
bend of the road not far from Soles-
mes where I got on the roof of a
barn, and saw, through my glasses,
away to the west, what I said to my-
self was the last of the Gordons....
It was there where they got nailed,
poor fellows, close on Cambrai. There
must have been at 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 men 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 made him
lose 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 artil-
lery pounding them at every halt. All
Monday he zig-zagged through side
roads, looking for his corps; "got mis-
directed," as he said himself, "by ev-
ery arm in the service," and after the
night with two corporals of the Cold-
streams in a house that had been de-
serted.

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. When I got into it, Le
Cateau was packed with the automo-
biles of our staff, with transport wag-
ons, 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. In a shop
behind an inn called the Mouton Blanc
I slept four hours that night as sound
as a whistle, though I knew the Ger-
mans were not six miles from us and
50 times our number, and when I
woke in the morning they were lob-
bing balls into the town, and their
"Hauken" were flying over us. Every
man, woman and child belonging to
the town, 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
Rexall "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 Rexall "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 Rexall "93" Hair Tonic does
not remove dandruff, relieve scalp
irritation, stop the hair from falling
and promote a 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
can't sign anything, promise any-
thing, bring any suit against us, or
we obligate yourself. 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
Rexall "93" Hair Tonic will do all
we claim for it, that it will do it
and more than any other remedy?
We have everything there is a de-
mand for, and are able to judge the
merits of the things we sell. Custom-
ers tell us of their success. There
are more satisfied users of Rexall
"93" Hair Tonic than any similar
preparation we sell.
Start a treatment of Rexall "93"
Hair Tonic today. If you do, we
believe you will thank us for this
advice. Two size bottles, 50c and \$1.
You can buy Rexall "93" Hair Tonic
in this community only at our store:
Thos. Wren, Druggist.
The Rexall Store
There is a Rexall Store in nearly every town
and city in the United States and
Canada. There is a different Rexall
Store for nearly every ordinary human
need, specially designed for the particular
for which it is recommended.
The Rexall Store is America's Greatest
Drug Store.

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 a
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 pour-
ing 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 tack-
le 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 camp. 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 some-
thing was bound to jam. Broken com-
panies of every regiment except my
own kept pouring through; our am-
bulance cars, supply wagons, and ar-
tillery swished and clattered without
end on the causeway and half the men
there were on them were sound asleep.
In the square was a bunch of brigad-
iers and aides, poring over maps; Lon-
don buses with the names of London
streets and English firms on them
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 part
of the road where a long row of car-
casses 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 must 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 Belgium let
alone the war. 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 go-
ing about their job so orderly, it buck-
led me up tremendously. I realized that
it was I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I,
—no, not a shot, 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 forgot-
ten 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 en-
dearing thoughts which in all coun-
tries are prefaced with "Do you re-
member?" 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 be-
fore 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?"
He 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 Christ-
mas 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 em-
bers, 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 pre-
sently returned rather ruefully.

Strength Past
Fifty Years
can be maintained by
adapting the right nourish-
ment, and Nature's own oil
food in 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 medi-
cine and a tonic to keep the 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 be-
fore, and presently you will guess
what it was. Their case is the case of
all of us—the young, the middle aged,
the old.

We each of us put out our shoes
hang up our stockings, expectant of
the presents Santa Claus will bring
and forgetful of the truth of experi-
ence, that we are more likely to re-
ceive 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 regula-
tion for them, and in the hospitals let
us hope that the thrill of Christmas
morn makes the dwellers in the cot
forgetful for a moment of the trouble
which has brought them there. In-
deed, 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
the girl, "I like the snow; I'd like to see it
a-comin' down." Nowhere, indeed, is
the coming of Santa Claus so firmly
believed in as it is in the children's
wards of the great hospitals, for there
is among the poor a simple city of faith
which tends to get worn thin under
circumstances when the round of hap-
piness is more easily attainable.

Content—perhaps that's the thing,
better than the cracker surprise, bet-
ter than the first prize at the club, but
content is the hardest gift for the fair-
ies 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 in-
to the city of his dreams. But perhaps
he had something instead of content,
something which dies only with life it-
self. 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 As-
sociation.

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 his-
tory of Chicago," said Mrs. Wilhelmina
Barr, secretary of the Travelers Aid,
when it was so difficult to obtain em-
ployment for strange girls. This con-
dition necessarily increases the dan-
gers to which they are exposed."

Six classes of girls are named in the
letters of warning which the organiza-
tion 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 sav-
ing. It will be a usual practice this season to re-
member friends by giving useful presents.
The following are a few prices which will convin-
ce 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 .43c.
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 .60 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.