PRINCESS PATRICIAS GOING TO THE FRONT

BUSTARD CAMP, Salisbury, Eng., Nov. 17—The Princess Patricia's regiment left yesterday for Winchester to join a British division leaving shortly for the front.

The Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry is the corps raised through the munificence of Mr. A. Hamilton Gault, a well-known Montreal business man. A requisite to enrollment in this corps was previous military service, and the result is a body of picked men, many of them British reservists, said to compare well with any corps in the world. Mr. Hamilton Gault has gone to the front with the regiment, with the rank of major, and will be associated with them in the campaign on which they now embark. In the following list of officers will be recognized the names of several prominent business and professional men of Toronto and other Canadian cities:

Lieut.-Col. (commanding), Lieut.-Col. F. D. Farquhar, DS.O., late of the Duke of Connaught's Household; Major, A. H. Gault; Adjutant, Capt. H. C. Buller; Quartermaster, Hon. Lieut. C. A. Wake; Paymaster, Hon. Capt. D. H. MacDougall; Medical Officer, Major C. B. Keenan.

Company officers:—Majors: J. W. H. McKinery, C. Q. Court, J. D. H. Shaw, R. T. Pelly; Captains, J. S. Ward, C. F. Smith, A. S. A. M. Adamson, D. O. C. Newton; Lieutenants, F. Fitzgerald, J. L. Carr, D. E. Cameron, E. L. Christie, P. V. Cornish, D. F. B. Gray, C. E. Crabbe, S. L. Jones, W G. Colquhoun, C. H. Price, J. P. French, F. F. Minchin, B. F. Bainsmith, H. M. Niven, M. S. DeBay, C. E. T. Stewart, H. E. Sullivan, T. M. Papineau, S. H. Bennett, F. L. Eardley-Wilmot.

MORE STEAMERS TAKEN

ST. JOHN, N.B., Nov 18—Furness Line agents here have been notified that three more steamships of that line have been taken over by the Imperial Government, the Rappahannock, the Kanawha and the Shenandoah. The Rappehannock is loaded here ready to sail for England. Their places have been filled for company's regular business.

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Notwithstanding the war, we have just received direct from France 30 casks of beautiful French China. This shipment comprises eleven patterns in Dinner Ware, including our lovely white and gold design, both in plain and incrusted. The order for these goods was placed long before war was declared, so you will get as well as we the benefit of prices made before the big advance. Come in and make your selection now. A beautiful Dinner Set would be a lovely Xmas gift. You can buy a few pieces now and add to it from time to time as you wish.

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Sir Nigel

By A. Conan Doyle

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And now the long ride drew to an end. In front of them was the blue sea, flecked with the white sails of ships. Once more the road passed upward from the heavy-wooded plain to the springy turf of the chalk downs. Far to the right rose the grim fortalice of Pevensey, squat and powerful, like one great block of rugged stone, the parapet twinkling with steel caps and crowned by the royal banner of England. A flat expanse of reeded marshland lay before them, out of which rose a single wooded hill, crowned with towers, with a bristle of masts rising out of the green plain some distance to the south of it. Nigel looked at it with his hand shading his eyes, and then urged Pommers to a trot. The town was Winchelsea, and there amid that cluster of houses on the hill the gallant Chandos must be awaiting him.

CHAPTER XIV.

They passed a ferry, wound upward by a curving path, and then, having satisfied a guard of men-at-arms, were admitted through the frowning arch of the Pipewell Gate. There waiting for them, in the middle of the east street, the sun gleaming upon his lemon-colored beard, and puckering his single eye, stood Chandos himself, his legs apart, his hands behind his back, and a welcoming smile upon his quaint high-nosed face. Behind him a crowd of little boys were gazing with reverent eyes at the famous soldier.

"Welcome, Nigel!" said he, "and you also, good archer! I chanced to be walking on the city wall, and I thought from the color of your horse that it was indeed you upon the Udimore Road. How have you fared, young squire errant? Have you held bridges or rescued damsels or slain oppressors on your way from Tilford?"

"Nay, my fair lord, I have accomplished nothing; but I once had hopes—" Nigel flushed at the remembrance.

"I will give you more than hopes, Nigel. I will put you where you can dip both arms to the elbow into danger and honor, where peril will sleep with you at night and rise with you in the morning and the very air you breathe be laden with it. Are you ready for that, young sir?"

"I can but pray, fair lord, that my spirit will rise to it."

Chandos smiled his approval and laid his thin brown hand on the youth's shoulder. "Good!" said he. "It is the mute hound which bites the hardest. The babbler is ever the hang-back. Bide with me here, Nigel, and walk upon the ramparts. Archer, do you lead the horses to the 'Sign of the Broom Pod' in the high street, and tell my varlets to see them aboard the cog Thomas before nightfall. We sail at the second hour after curfew. Come hither, Nigel, to the crest of the corner turret, for from it I will show you what you have never seen."

It was but a dim and distant white cloud upon the blue water seen far off over the Dungeness Point, and yet the sight of it flushed the young Squire's cheeks and sent the blood hot through his veins. It was the fringe of France, that land of chivalry and glory, the stage where name and fame were to be won. With burning eyes he gazed across at it, his heart rejoicing to think that the hour was at hand when he might tread that sacred soil. Then his gaze crossed the immense stretch of the blue sea, dotted over with the sails of fishing-boats, until it rested upon the double harbor beneath packed with vessels of every size and shape, from the pessoners and creyers which plied up and down the coast to the great cogs and galleys which were used either as war-ships or merchantmen as the occasion served. One of them was at that instant passing out to sea, a huge galleass, with trumpets blowing and nakers banging, the flag of Saint George flaunting over the broad purple sail, and the decks sparkling from end to end with steel. Nigel gave a cry of pleasure at the splendor of the sight.

"Aye, lad," said Chandos, "it is the Trinity of Rye, the very ship on which I fought at Sluys. Her deck ran blood from stem to stern that day. But turn your eyes this way, I beg you, and tell me if you see aught strange about this town."

Nigel looked down at the noble straight street, at the Roundel Tower, at the fine church of Saint Thomas, and the other fair buildings of Winchelsea. "It is all new," said he—"church, castle, houses, all are new."

"You are right, fair son. My grandfather can call to mind the time when only the conies lived upon this rock. The town was down yonder by the sea, until one night the waves rose upon it and not a house was left. See, yonder is Rye, huddling also on a hill, the two towns like poor sheep when the waters are out. But down there under the blue water and below the Camber Sand lies the true Winchelsea—tower, cathedral, walls and all, even as my grandfather knew it, when the first Edward was young upon the throne."

For an hour or more Chandos paced upon the ramparts with his young Squire at his elbow and talked to him of his duties and of the secrets and craft of warfare, Nigel drinking in and storing in his memory every word from so revered a teacher. Many a time in after life, in stress and in danger, he strengthened himself by the memory of that slow walk with the blue sea on one side and the fair town on the other, when the wise soldier and noble-hearted knight poured forth his precept and advice as the master-workman to the apprentice.

"Perhaps, fair son," said he, "you are like so many other lads who ride to the wars, and know so much already that it is waste of breath to advise them?"

"Nay, my fair lord, I know nothing save that I would fain do my duty and either win honorable advancement or die worshipful on the field.

"You are wise to be humble," said Chandos; "for indeed he who knows most of war knows best that there is much to learn. As there be many of the rivers and a mystery of each craft, even so there is a mystery of warfare by which battles may be lost and gained; for all nations have it, and where the brave meet the brave it is he who is crafty and wise who will win the day. The hound will run at fault if he be unleashed and the best hawk will flight ill if he be badly loosed, and even so the bravest army may go awry if it be ill handled. There are not in Christendom better knights and squires than those of the French, and yet we have had the better of them, for in our Scottish Wars and elsewhere we have learned more of this same mystery of which I speak."

"And wherein lies our wisdom, honored sir?" asked Nigel. "I also would fain be war-wise and learn to fight with my wits as well as with my sword."

Chandos shook his head and smiled. "It is in the forest and on the down that you learn to fly the hawk and loose the hound," said he. "So also it is in camp and on the field that the mystery of war can be learned. There only has every great captain come to be its master. To start he must have a cool head, quick to think, soft as wax before his purpose is formed, hard as steel when once he sees it before him. Ever alert he must be, and cautious also, but with judgment to turn his caution into rashness where a large gain may be put against a small stake. An eye for country also, for the trend of the rivers, the slope of the hills, the cover of the woods, and the light green of the bog-land."

Poor Nigel, who had trusted to his lance and to Pommers to break his path to glory, stood aghast at this list of needs. "Alas!" he cried. "How am I to gain all this?—I, who could scarce learn to read or write though the good Father Matthew broke a hazel stick a day across my shoulders?"

"You will gain it, fair son, where others have gained it before you. You have that which is the first thing of all, a heart of fire from which other colder hearts may catch a spark. But you must have knowledge also of that which warfare has taught us in olden times. We know, par exemple, that horsemen alone cannot hope to win against good foot-soldiers. Has it not been tried at Courtrai, at Stirling, and again under my own eyes at Crecy, where the chivalry of France went down before our bowmen?"

Nigel stared at him, with a perplexed brow. "Fair sir, my heart grows heavy as I hear you. Do you then say that our chivalry can make no head against archers, billmen and the like?"

"Nay, Nigel, for it has also been very clearly shown that the best foot-soldiers unsupported cannot hold their own against the mailed horsemen."

"To whom then is the victory?" asked Nigel.

"To him who can mix his horse and foot, using each to strengthen the other. Apart they are weak. Together they are strong. The archer who can weaken the enemy's line, the horseman who can break it when it is weakened, as was done at Falkirk and Duplin, there is the secret of our strength. Now touching this same battle of Falkirk, I pray you for one instant to give it your attention."

With his whip he began to trace a plan of the Scottish battle upon the dust, and Nigel with knitted brows was trying hard to muster his small stock of brains and to profit by the lecture, when their conversation was interrupted by a strange new arrival.

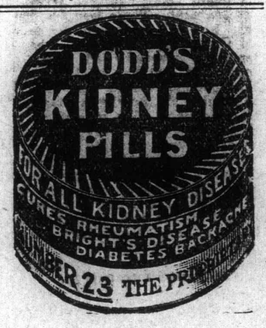
It was a very stout little man, wheezy and purple with haste, who scudded down the rampart as if he were blown by the wind, his grizzled hair flying and his long black gown floating behind him. He was clad in the dress of a respectable citizen, a black jerkin trimmed with sable, a black-velvet beaver hat and a white feather. At the sight of Chandos he gave a cry of joy and quickened his pace so that when he did at last reach him he could only stand gasping and waving his hands.

(To be Continued.)

NOTED OFFICERS KILLED

Official List of Those Lost in Action in France.

LONDON, Nov. 18.—It is announced that the following officers have been killed in the fighting in France: Brig. Gen. Normal Reginald McMahon of the Royal Fusiliers, son of General Sir Thomas McMahon; Lieut.-Col. Raymond J. Marker of the Coldstream Guards, Aide-de-camp to Lord Kitchener during the Boer war, and Capt. Sholto William Douglas, Chief Constable of the London Metropolitan Police.



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Jacob Able of R. F. D. No. 1, Millstown, N. B., writes: "For the last three years I have had kidney disease and backache, and I have had it so bad that for eight days and nights I could not get my clothes off. I thought I would try Radway's Ready Relief. I gave my back and hips and sides a good rubbing, and in a short time the pain was all gone. No one in this world knows but God and myself the misery I was in till I USED Radway's Ready Relief."

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RANELAGH

(From our own Correspondent)

The services of Little Lake appointment, are withdrawn on Sunday, Nov. 22nd, on account of the Anniversary services at the Gore. All are invited to attend.

Miss Terribery of Hagersville, spent last week with her sister, Mrs W Walker and Miss O. Terriberry of this place.

Mrs. Ed. Wood of Belleville, is spending some time with relatives he're after attending the funeral of her father, Mr. Caldwell of Kelvin on Monday.

Mrs. Purdy and daughter, Mary, is spending a few days with Mrs Purdy's sister, Mrs. Cuckoo, near Tillsonburg.

Mrs. James E. Minshall of Burtch, spent last Tuesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Wood.

LANGFORD

Mr. Goodwin, Brantford, had charge of the service on Sunday morning, but not very many out on account of the rain.

Mr. and Mrs. Deceff, Michigan, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. Stuart, for the pass week.

Mrs. S. Day, Toronto, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. James W. Westbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. A .B. Cornwell, Blue Lake, is visiting their mother, Mrs. A. Cornwell.

Mrs. John Sager is with her mother who is very sick.

Mrs. Garrison returned to her home, Bradentown, Florida, on Saturday, after spending several weeks with her mother, Mrs. A. Cornwell, and other relatives.

Florence Ludlow, while playing at school, fell and hurt her hip so she is confined in bed.

Child Gets Sick Cross, Feverish If Constipated

'California Syrup of Figs' Can't Harm Tender Stomach or Bowels.

A laxative to-day saves a sick child take the time from play to empty to-morrow. Children simply will not their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50 cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

85 members have already enrolled for the Parry Sound home guard and the list is growing.

Information has come from the Militia Department that the Berlin city regiment will be the 108th.

Christmas is Only 6 Weeks Away

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