

**Stock Up for the Country or Seaside at PHILPS' Douglas Ave. and Main 886**

Choice Cooked Meats in Tins and Glass—All New Stock

Libby's Genuine Chicken . . . 50c tin  
 Libby's Corned Beef Hash . . . 15c tin  
 Libby's Lunch Tongues, 2 . . . 50c each  
 Libby's Lunch Tongues, 1 . . . 25c each

LIBBY'S CORNED BEEF, 40c tin  
 Shippam's English Ox Tongues, in glass . . . 90c each  
 Shippam's English Lunch Tongues, in glass . . . \$1.25 each  
 Shippam's English Picnic Tongues, in glass . . . 60c each  
 Shippam's English Sandwich Meats, in glass, 20c each  
 Beachnut Bacon, in glass . . . 45c each

Libby's Rosedale Dried Beef, in glass . . . 25c each  
 Libby's Pickled Lamb's Tongues, in glass . . . 75c each  
 Clark's Ox Tongues, large size, 90c tin

All of the above are the best quality and are sure to give satisfaction. Call up Main 886.

**LONDON WEARS NOW  
A REAL WAR ASPECT**

Change Has Come Within Last Few Months

THROUGHS OF WOUNDED

Injured Soldiers Show Fine Spirit of Cheerfulness—Some Incidents in the Theatres—'Wounded Train' Arrives at Charing Cross Nightly

external sign of the terrific struggle in which this country was engaged, excepting always the great numbers of men in khaki to be seen everywhere. This is no longer the case. It is impossible now to walk through the streets of London without seeing plain evidence of war. On the sidewalks you will see men with bandaged heads, with arms in slings, or with empty sleeves, or lame and hobbling, taking a little exercise in the charge of nurses. Constantly in the roadways pass motor cars, taxicabs and large wagons, all filled with wounded men dressed in their bright blue hospital clothes taking the air.

In Hyde Park taxicabs in which private citizens are taking wounded men or a drive are now admitted in the afternoon. Until now no taxicab has been allowed to enter Hyde Park in the afternoon, but now many people who have private cars are anxious to call at the hospitals and take out wounded Tommies to give them a drive and then take them home and give them tea that the authorities issue special permits. It is not only in the streets and during the day that the wounded soldier is conspicuous. When he is sufficiently recovered nothing delights the bandaged Tommy more than to go to a music hall or theatre. One afternoon the whole of the front row of orchestra stalls at the Alhambra was occupied by Tommies blinded at the front. They were led along fumbling and feeling their way in single file. When guided by kindly hands, they were settled in their seats one of them called out, "Where are yer Billys? 'Ere I am what is it?" to which came the cheery answer, "Are you get yer opera glasses with yer?"

Nothing perhaps could better show the spirit of the English private soldier than this little incident. Indeed it is noticeable that whether hobbling along the pavements, in the parks or driving in the streets the wounded men are practically cheerful and laughing. Daily's Theatre one afternoon was practically filled with wounded men. Before the piece began the orchestra played a selection of popular airs, and it was almost impossible to believe that the choruses which were so lustily sung came from the throats of men suffering from wounds of description.

Some were armless, some legless, many with bandaged heads, but all so cheerful that one realized the truth of the saying that the British soldier is a difficult person to depress. As they left the theatre a busy sailor was seen carrying in his arms what looked like a bundle. It was a soldier who had lost both legs, but he was smiling cheerily and chatting his friend, who like him, self, was sucking away at the inevitable cigarette.

At night too you can see driving through the streets to the various hospitals and nursing homes numerous Red Cross ambulance vans taking from the railway station the nightly arrivals of wounded men from the front. Every night at about 11 o'clock a long line of ambulance cars and private motor cars marked with the Red Cross emblem may be seen lining Villiers street and one or two of the narrow streets adjoining, waiting for what is known as the "wounded train" at Charing Cross.

With such signs of life it is small wonder that the people of London realize more keenly the awful fact of war.

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**WAIT!**

**For The Greatest of All CLEARANCE SALES**

**WIEZEL'S CASH STORE**

243-247 UNION STREET

Shoes, Men's Clothing and Furnishings!



SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY  
President of the C. P. R., who returned to Montreal recently. While in London he put the services of the C. P. R. purchasing department at the disposal of the War Office. The photograph was taken on board ship a little while before the arrival at New York.

**FINANCIAL**

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET  
Quotations furnished by private wire of I. M. Robertson & Sons, St. John N. B.

Monday, July 12, 1915.

Opening	Closing	High	Low
Amalgamated Copper	71 1/2	71 1/2	71 1/2
Am. Car and Ferry	22 1/2	22 1/2	22 1/2
Am. Locomotive	44 1/2	44 1/2	44 1/2
Am. Beet Sugar	46 1/2	46 1/2	46 1/2
Am. Ice	25	24 1/2	25
Am. Sugar	105 1/2	105 1/2	105 1/2
Am. Steel Foundries	38	38	38
Am. Smelters	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
Chino Copper	107 1/2	107 1/2	107 1/2
Interborough	20 1/2	20 1/2	20 1/2
Louis and Nash	106 1/2	106 1/2	106 1/2
Lehigh Valley	189 1/2	189 1/2	189 1/2
Missouri Pacific	84 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2
National Lead	37 1/2	37 1/2	37 1/2
N. Y. Central	84 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2
North Pacific	102 1/2	102 1/2	102 1/2
Pennsylvania	105 1/2	105 1/2	105 1/2
Pressed Steel Car	44	44	44
Reading	144 1/2	144 1/2	144 1/2
Republic I and S.	28 1/2	28 1/2	28 1/2
Rock Island Old	18 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2
Southern Pacific	84 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2
S. P. Steel	80 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2
Sloss-Sheffield	31 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2
Southern Railway	14	14	14



**IT WAS A GRAND STROKE**

when we secured summer trousers to sell from \$1.10 to \$5.00.

Just what every man needs to complete his summer wardrobe.

Flannels, white or striped, for the links.

White serge to go with your dark blue coat.

Special trousers for your business suit.

Special greys at \$2.50.

**A GOOD PLACE TO BUY GOOD CLOTHES**

**Gilmour's**

68 King Street

Union Pacific . . . 125 1/2 124 1/2 124 1/2  
 U. S. Rubber . . . 47 1/2 47 1/2 47 1/2  
 U. S. Steel . . . 69 1/2 69 1/2 69 1/2  
 U. S. Steel Pfd . . . 108 1/2 108 1/2 108 1/2  
 U. S. Copper . . . 68 1/2 68 1/2 68 1/2  
 U. S. Chemical . . . 28 . . . 28  
 Westing Electric . . . 97 . . . 97  
 Western Union . . . 68 1/2 68 1/2 68 1/2  
 Mexican Petroleum . . . 68 1/2 68 1/2 68 1/2  
 Sales—1 to 10 o'clock, 188,000.

Chancery Courts directed. The charges against Hahn emanated from the settlement of an alimony divorce suit which Charles Peckler, a former negro boxer, it was claimed, joined Hahn to bring against his wife, Pearl. A brother, now deceased, of the divorcee, proceeded, it was alleged, save Hahn \$25,000, it was claimed, and that the divorcee agreed to the divorce.

**FORMER JUDGE DISBARRED.**  
Simon Hahn of Newark Declared Guilty of Unprofessional Conduct.

Newark, N. J., July 12.—Simon Hahn, of the New Jersey bar, who held the position of judge in the Superior Court of Newark until January 1 last, has been declared guilty of unprofessional conduct by the State Bar Association. Hahn was tried in February, and his disbarment from practice in the

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

DR. J. C. DODD'S

ALL SHOULD READ IT

Every young man should read the gripping story 'The Pentecost of Calvary' by Owen Winter in the Saturday Evening Post of July 8.

**POTS**

SALE OF UNCLAIMED FREIGHT BY AUCTION

The unclaimed freight from the various offices of the Canadian Express Company in the Maritime Provinces, as published at Express Offices, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder on Thursday, the fifteenth day of July, at 10.30 o'clock in the forenoon at salesroom, 96 Germain street, unless called for and charges paid previous to day of sale.

H. C. CRIGHTON,  
Supt. Canadian Express Co.  
R. F. POTT, Auctioneer,  
July 12, 1915.

**POTS**

BY AUCTION

at salesroom, 96 Germain St., on Tuesday afternoon, July 13th, at 3 o'clock. Piano will be sold at 4.15 o'clock.

R. F. POTT, Auctioneer.

**Eyesight Helps**

Us to hear—for deaf people understand what is said by watching the lips alone. Then, again, our ears are very deceptive unless seconded by the eyes, for we are often at a loss to say whether a noise comes from the left or the right, or from near or far, until the eyes have made its cause clear.

**K. W. EPSTEIN & CO.**

Ophthalmic and Optician  
193 Union St.  
Open Evenings

**Side Show Sidelights**  
Diverting Chronicles of Circus Life  
By FRANCIS METCALFE

**FEEDING THE SERPENTS AND A GRAND TRANSFORMATION**

The animals had received their evening meal when the proprietor came from the arena and joined a stranger and press agent at the table outside.

"I can never understand the interest people take in seeing the carnivorous animals fed; it is no more than giving a horse to a dog," he said, as he took his seat. "And yet it is one of the best drawing features of the show, and the same people remain night after night to see the meat piled into the cages. If it were not for the prohibition of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals which would be a novel and interesting, for comparatively few people have ever seen a snake eat."

"It is because a snake will not eat unless it kills its own food," he continued in answer to a question from the stranger. "Snakes are more particular feeders than any other animals, and they will not touch anything which is not alive when it is brought to them. This is the night for feeding them, and if you care to remain until the crowd has gone you can see how it is done. Long as I have been in the business, I learn something new every day, and I never saw a cobra fed artificially until last week, when Brandt, my Hindoo snake charmer, received one direct from India. It seems that they are cannibal snakes and live upon their own kind in India, but that would be too expensive a diet here, and he forces feed down its throat."

The thousands of incandescent lights on the big Cosgrove Island tower went out—the signal that the barbers might cease from barking and the spiders spin no more—until the morrow brought its fresh crowd of amusement seekers, and the proprietor led the way into the arena. Brandt and his two native assistants were carrying the boxes which contained the snakes into the big exhibition cage, and when the three men knined them the weirdness of the surroundings made a profound impression upon the stranger. All of the lights in the arena were extinguished, with the exception of the small cluster directly over their heads, and pairs of luminous spots from the great semi-circles of cages at the outer edge of the building reminded him that the human beings in the cage were not the only interested spectators of the proceedings.

The assistants carefully removed the great boxes and pythons from the boxes, laying them on the floor, where they crawled lustily about, their delicate forked tongues vibrating like streaks of red flame, while Brandt removed a pit from a crate of rabbits and put a half-dozen of them on the floor. The little animals had no

instinctive fear of the serpents, for they hopped about among them and over their wriggling bodies unscathed, but the snakes were hungry after a fast of two weeks and they wasted no time in getting to the rabbit and placed their heads unhesitatingly on the rabbit's neck. The proceeding was the same in each case. A serpent would crawl up to the rabbit and place its head on the rabbit's neck, and the rabbit would sniff curiously, close to that of its prospective supper. The red forked tongue would pass rapidly over its face and the rabbit made no attempt to move. Whether it was the effect of some anesthetic quality in the breath of the snake or the traditional charm of the serpent, it was hard to say, but the rabbit made no move to escape. Slowly but surely it yielded to the fascination of the snake, the large transparent ears drooped to the side of the head and the body muscles relaxed until the tickling of the serpent's tongue caused no reflex movement of the paws.

The snake then carefully withdrew its head until the slim neck was in the form of a letter S, and when it again straightened out it was with the force of a released steel spring and the aim of the fat head was unerring. The stroke was so rapid that it was difficult for the eyes to follow and the rabbit never knew what happened, for its body made a quick circle in the air and in less than a second all that was to be seen was one small paw protruding from the coiled body which had brought it a quick and merciful death. The jaws of the serpent have seized it by the snout and thrown it back into its coils and the first pressure kills it, although the over-lightening embrace continues until the bones are crushed within the unbroken skin, so that it can be easily swallowed.

It is not swallowing in the ordinary sense of the word, for the snakes pull themselves over the rabbits as a glove is pulled over the finger, and the progress of the stomach can be watched through the length of the snake's neck. The snakes which were too small to manage a rabbit were fed on white rats and mice, but the process was the same in each case, except that the Hindoos held the rodents by their tails until the snakes had hypnotized them.

"I suppose that this seems cruel to people because the rabbits are such harmless little beasts," said the proprietor as the last bit of fat disappeared. "To my mind it is not half so cruel as hunting hares with guns and dogs, for death from the snake's blow is as quiet and painless as that from the bullet, and there are no maimed and wounded animals to drag themselves away to lingering deaths in hiding. But now I will

needed about a side of beef every day.

"Freaks are a jealous lot and as hard to manage as rival prima donnas, and these two monstrosities came to hate each other like poison. They were in different lines, but you may have noticed that the side show 'professor' uses up most of the superlatives in the English language when he gives his lecture, and each of 'em seemed afraid that the other would get some of his share of the dictionary. Adipose used to look at Jake's coiled body as if he would like to sit on it and fatten it out, and the snake would return the glance with a naughty little twinkle in its eye, as if he was estimating how much it would be worth to stretch its skin to accommodate A. A. in its interior, until it made Merritt anxious about 'em."

"That blame fat fellow will waste away and spoil his shape, if he don't



**JAKE WAS HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE**

freaks got so common that you couldn't throw a stone in the streets of any large city without hitting one of 'em. When the fickle public tired of giving up its dimes to see 'em, a guy named Merritt and myself had a choice collection on hand, and we went on the road with the big show for the summer, thinking perhaps our business would pick up in the fall. Our two great attractions were the biggest box-constrictor in captivity, which we called 'Jontness Jake'; and the heaviest fat man in the world. That snake was about two hundred feet long and while the fat man wasn't much on length, he held the record for belt measurement. Nine hundred and twenty-seven pounds he weighed, as we demonstrated on our own scales at every performance. Their feed bill was quite an item, as the snake took a half-dozen sheep every two weeks and the fat man, who was billed as 'Signor Adipose Avotrupolis'—Merritt invented that

coll and his face, which looked like a purple harvest moon, projecting from the other. Jake reaches out and gets hold of a tent peg with his tail, which gives him a purchase, and then he tightens up for fair and Adipose lets out a holler you could hear a mile.

"Of course, we got busy with crowsbars and jackscrews and tried to pry Jake off, but there was nothing doing and the harder we pried the closer he clung up on Adipose. Merritt usually had a suggestion to make, so I looked at him and he was lost in thought, but in a minute he brightened up and called for a rope.

"We can't pry the blame snake away from the man," says he, as he tied the rope around the signor's feet, "so we'll try to pull the man away from the snake." All hands fell to and pulled to beat four of a kind, but Jake just tightened up a bit and grinned

he felt that they were getting the better of him he made a supreme effort which kniked up every muscle in his body. But there was no holding on against those brutes, and pretty soon the fat man commenced to slip out from the coils, feet first. It was a queer thing to watch and his legs stretched so that I thought his knees would never come into sight. His legs had about the size of barrels when the snake grabbed him, but between the stretching and the squeezing they were now three times as long and about as large as broomsticks. He weighed as much as ever, but the elephants finally got him out, but the flesh was distributed differently and instead of being six feet tall and twelve feet around, he was twelve feet long and built in proportion. The snake was up against it, too, for he had cramped himself so with that last squeeze that he couldn't straighten out the kinks, and he kept in the same shape as when he was wrapped around the signor. We tried to straighten him out, but it was no use; he just stayed coiled up like a spring and the boys rolled him around as if he were a barrel.

"Merritt had kept cheerful as long as there was anything to be done, but tears came to his eyes when he looked at Adipose. The signor was standing up, gazing at his feet, which he hadn't seen before in twenty years, and Merritt looked up at him and wept his mind.

"You're a blame fine figure of a fat man, aren't you, now?" says he. "Just on account of your confounded professional jealousy we lose our two star attractions, for that blame snake is so kniked up that he isn't good for anything except to cut up into barrel hoops."

"The signor was ashamed of himself and hadn't a word to say, so he just kept quiet and tried to get used to his new shape and taking a bird's-eye view of things. Merritt and I were feeling pretty blue when along came Tody Hamilton, the circus press agent, and as soon as he saw what had happened he made a run for a trolley car.

"Don't let 'em get away!" he yelled back over his shoulder. "This is the biggest scoop on record and I'm off for the printing office."

"It'll make a good story, all right; but where do we come in on it?" says Merritt, looking mournfully at Adipose.

"Well, a couple of hours later I had to go into the city to order some new tags for the signor, who looked as if he were dressed in a particularly baggy bathing suit since he had been stretched out, and the first thing I saw was a procession of sandwich men marching down the street. The ink wasn't dry on the posters, but Tody had been busy, and there in flaming red letters was the announcement:

**JUST ARRIVED AT THE BIG SHOW!**

**DON'T MISS SEEING THEM!!!**

**LENGHTY LOUIS, THE TALLEST MAN IN THE UNIVERSE!!!**

**CIRCULAR SAM, THE MOST GIGANTIC HOOP SNAKE EVER CAPTURED!!!**

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