

When Are You Going on Your Vacation?

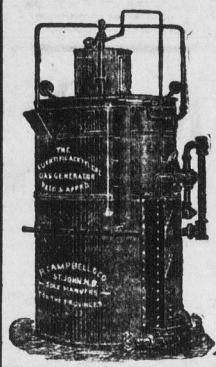
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If You Are a Boy or Girl

Turn to page 7 of this issue and enter the contest.

6TH JULY, 1915

The directors of Fernhill cemetery held their regular quarterly meeting yesterday afternoon, with a good attendance. His Honor Judge Forbes presided.

In addition to the regular business of the meeting, the directors considered admitting motor cars to the cemetery grounds. At present they are only allowed in as far as the receiving tomb at the south entrance and the shelter house at the front gate, as it has been felt they would tear up the roads and break down the light culverts through the grounds. The regulation causes so much inconvenience to the lotholders, however, that the directors have rescinded the by-law and will now mark with signs a route along avenues by which cars may pass through the cemetery at a rate not to exceed eight miles an hour.

The attention of the directors was drawn to the fact that lot owners frequently place heavy wreaths and flower pots on graves in lots under perpetual care. These are left on for some time usually, and almost invariably kill the grass underneath and cause an unsightly dead spot in the green lot. If lot owners would consult with the superintendent before placing these wreaths, it may be possible to erect supports which stand

in the ground and hold the pressure from the grass.

The report of the executive committee meeting covered the fire which recently occurred at Fernhill, completely destroying the big barn. The directors congratulated themselves on the fact that the fire house recently installed in the cemetery, principally for the purpose of watering lots, had saved the superintendent's house from being destroyed.

OBITUARY.

David Warren.

The death of David Warren took place on Saturday at New Bedford, Mass. Mr. Warren is survived by his wife and one son. The remains will arrive on the Boston train today and the funeral will take place from Fairville Station.

Miss Sadie E. McIntyre.

The death took place yesterday morning of Miss Sadie Edith McIntyre, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McIntyre, Havelock street, Lancaster Heights, aged 17 years. She is survived by her parents, seven brothers, Frederick, Herbert, Roy, George, Murray, all of this city; Harold, with the 26th Battalion, and William, residing in Western Canada, and two sisters, Mrs. G. C. Coeman and Mrs. B. S. Earle, both of this city. The deceased was an employee of the New Brunswick Telephone Co. The funeral will take place Wednesday.

300 MILE AUTO RACE.

Omaha, Neb., July 5.—Eddie Rickenbacker won the 300 mile auto race today. His time was 3:37, 37.20. Average, 91.07 miles an hour. Rickenbacker led from the start and his advantage was never in danger. O'Donnell was second, Tom Orr third and H. Donaldson fourth. Rickenbacker's share of the \$15,000 prize money was \$6,500.

THE LONG DISTANCE RACE.

The K. Y. C. annual long distance race will be held on Saturday and contestants who are not holding certificates of measurement are requested to be at the St. John Power Boat Club house, Marble Cove, this evening. Measurements will be on hand to give measurements and ratings.



GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE
CLEANS AND DISINFECTS
100% PURE
MADE IN CANADA

New Brunswick Soldiers in France and England Write Interesting Letters

Lieutenant J. Edgar March Tells of Voyage of Caledonia—Sergeant Jack Nuttall Writes of Work of Canadians in the Trenches—Other Letters Give Intimate News from the Front.

From Lieut. March

Lieut. J. Edgar March of the 26th Battalion, formerly city editor of The Standard, has sent an interesting letter to this office. The letter was written on the steamer Caledonia in the English Channel on June 23rd and is in part as follows:

"This is the last night out, and the ship is dark from stem to stern and has been so for the last three nights. The smoking room, however, has been kept open. A number of years ago I read a story about blockade running during the American civil war; it was some tale and the chap who wrote it had been there. We are doing that tonight, running through the last hundred miles of the danger zone; it's foggy and wet, and out on the port side, the danger side, a torpedo boat is standing between us and whatever German boats may be about. I've just been up on deck, and believe me it is ghastly. You can't see anything but fog and water and sentries. However, we all have great confidence in that torpedo boat and were mighty glad to see her when she hove in sight late this afternoon.

No One Worried.

"No one worried much at any time about submarines and jokes were the order of the day. The Caledonia business made us think a little but no one has been on in now frightened about it. The men have behaved great and some of their remarks about the Kaiser and the Germans in general would make His Imperial Nibs order a set of tin ears with asbestos covers. "We are now well inside the Lizard and about fifteen miles from Land's End. We expect to dock in the morning. It has been a great trip, only about two windy, not stormy days, while the sea has been like a mill pond. After the physical drill parades each day I just laid around and read and slept and drank tea every afternoon at 4.30.

"This tea business is funny; it happens this way: Imagine yourself sitting up in a steamer chair, half asleep, on a hot afternoon. Enters the deck steward with a tray.

"Tea, Sir?"

"Gently bestir yourself, take tea and two lumps of sugar.

"Toast, Sir?"

"Repeat."

"Cakes, Sir?"

"Take cakes."

"Gently and amid animated conversation about ocean travel, etc., make up your mind as to what you will have."

"The only officer sick so far is Mr. Farlane of B Company, who has appendicitis and will have to be operated on when we get in. It's tough luck for him all right. Good bye. Best wishes to the bunch. Will write you again from Shorncliffe."

"EDGAR."

From Lt. Col. Massie

Major Frink received yesterday morning a letter from Lieut. Col. A. E. Massie, written from Shorncliffe Camp, Kent, England, and dated June 19. In the course of his letter he says that he has already had much use for the Ford car which has been of great service to himself and assistants, and he would like to express gratitude to the donor of the same. The car is now in the day and for such use as well as adapted. The unit is doing good work. The officers and men are all in good condition and applying themselves with a will. The health of the unit is especially good. There is no complaint about the rations, which are good in quality and plentiful. He states that he notices that the public is making reasonably good efforts to recruit additional troops and adds that we can rest assured that they will all be required. His personal opinion, based on observation, is that the war will be a long one. The most serious proposition at present is the furnishing of ammunition for the large guns of the artillery. In closing, Lieut. Col. Massie said that he would like to be remembered to all his friends at home and remarked that while he had seen a good deal of the world since he has been away, he considers St. John as good a place as any to live in.



Costs little—does much
Cowan's Magic Lye

From Sergt. Nuttall

Sergeant Jack Nuttall of the 10th Battalion, writing from France to his father, J. T. Nuttall of City Road, says:

"Received both your letters, also the chewing tobacco and am tickled to death to get the tobacco, also your letter. In regard to Gordon, he is O. K. and getting along all right.

"So Benjie thought I was in England. Well, I could have been in England if I wanted to, but I thought it my duty to get out here, as I wrote often when I was there, I tried hard and finally got out.

"We were in a few fights and came out O. K. Hope I always have the same luck. In regard to sending you some souvenirs, Dad, in one place we had all kinds of them, but the next morning they put over their coal boxes and shrapnel and we did not think of souvenirs any more. We were all lucky to come out alive, but we kept our ground and I guess they found we were no chickens. The big bluffs, when we gave them the cold steel, beat it. I think they will get all that is coming to them pretty soon.

"That day a trench mortar hit in front of me and knocked me to my feet. Some of the sand bags hit me on the head. My rifle went up in the air and I lost my hat. I just got a little scratch in the forehead and near the side of my face. I took out my brown handkerchief and put it over my head and was as good as ever. I also had a great woolen muffler around my neck and it was hot, but I never thought about it till along in the afternoon. I was sweating and say, I had to laugh at myself for being so absent-minded. I guess you read in the papers that we gave them all they wanted, only we forgot the souvenirs. You cannot think about them when you are in a hot and hard fight. "Tally is doing her bit all right. Give my regards to all the boys. Had quite a chat with Sergeant W. McElan. He is some boy. If I live through I will bring myself back as a souvenir. Your son Jack."

From Signaller Simms

Writing to his mother from some where in France on the 18th of June, Signaller Phillip Simms, who went with the first contingent says: "Our 3rd brigade was relieved on the 22nd or 23rd of May. On the 25th the 3rd brigade made a charge, but were held up by machine gun fire. We lost quite a number of men, as we were in a fairly exposed position. We have been working day and night for the attack that came off just before we were relieved. I guess I can't tell you much about it on account of the censor, but I'd like very much to tell you. Suffice it to say that we did well, we got over as far as the third line of trenches, but on account of support, etc., not getting up, and perhaps several things we shall never know. We had to come back to our first line again, losing very heavily. Gee! but I would like to tell you about it, but I mustn't. It was a great planned attack. Even if we did not get ahead we gave the French good support by drawing the enemy's troops to our attack and allowing the French to push on. Talk about Wall street—that is like playing marbles alongside this game. Say, if the wire should break just at a critical time, headquarters would not be able to give the word to advance and perhaps the whole attack might be a failure. If it was not for the awfulness of it there would be a certain amount of pleasure in taking chances and I would not mind being the first to go in. I have to be content with the word to advance and perhaps the whole attack might be a failure. If it was not for the awfulness of it there would be a certain amount of pleasure in taking chances and I would not mind being the first to go in.

I have to smile when I think of it, although I did not feel much like smiling when it happened. Fred Spence and I went out to try and mend the line during the attack, and you can bet it was pretty warm, but the trenches were deep, so we were fairly safe. At one corner we found a couple of breaks and were mending them all the time the high explosive shells were bursting all around, and as many as three times while we were there we were nearly buried by dirt from the explosion of the shells. They have it around camp that only my head was sticking out, but it wasn't as bad as that. It was a wonderful system of trenches, and the best part of it was that they were all named after places in London. "To Berlin," "Quebec Road," "Oxford street," etc., etc. The trenches in most parts were six or eight feet deep. I remember now before we were relieved by the 3rd brigade on the 22nd a couple of days before the 3rd made a very successful charge and took an orchard that had been a sticker to the other troops who had tried to take it.

I am now back in a quiet little village and am now testing in a orchard which is cool and shady. Have no idea how long well be here, but they can't very well wish to put us back with only two officers (by the name of Creighton and Simms, lucky names) and 160 men left in the 1st battery."

From Corporal Wilson

Thomas Wilson has received a letter from his brother, Corporal Walter L. Wilson, dated June 2, somewhere in France. Corporal Wilson says:

"I am writing on an upturned box and an old chair without a bottom in it. I am in charge of the guard on a bridge over the canal for twenty-four hours. I have been here a little over a week, and it is not too bad. We have the Germans dropping shells over us quite often, but so far they have done no damage as far as we are concerned. The bridge is used a great deal for ammunition wagons crossing the canal and also for the movements of troops. It is very sacred to us, and we watch over it like a cat watching a mouse.

The chemists are fighting this war and the men are being murdered. The gas the Germans use is something awful. I have seen a few cases where the victims turn a greenish yellow, froth at the mouth and also at the nostrils. It is something like a person drowning, the lungs fill up with the froth and suffocate you. It has a very sweet smell and one not knowing what it is would be inclined to take a deep breath, which would quickly finish him. We have a protection here which is very successful.

I have been into the trenches that the Germans held all winter and they are just like forts. The sandbags are from 10 to 20 tiers in thickness and high enough for any man to stand perfectly upright. They were blown to pieces by our artillery. Every time I go into the trenches, am placed in some new position. One day while I was doing guard duty at Ypres I passed a Canadian soldier kneeling at his post. When I returned he was still there and on going up to him I found that he was dead. The poor fellow died like a hero—at his post. He had his rifle standing up beside him and looked quite lifelike. I have been talking to George W. Logan, Harold Andrews and Fred Carson, as well as a few other boys. I am well and in the best of spirits.

WALTER.

In Soldier's Grave

The body of Private Hedley Hanson, son of Mrs. Alfred Hanson of Burt's Corner, who was killed while fighting with the 10th Battalion, on the firing line in Flanders, lies in a soldier's grave near LaBasse.

A letter was received a few days ago by Mrs. Hanson from Sergeant B. Lawson Hanson of Durham Bridge, who is now in the Royal Victoria Hospital in Folkestone, England, suffering from wounds sustained in the trenches with the 10th Battalion. Sergeant Hanson was the commander of the section in which the late Private Hanson fought and writing from the hospital in Folkestone informs the mother of the gallant boy who gave up his life for his King and country, that her son died on the battlefield like a hero.

The letter is one of the most pathetic that has come from a soldier who has been at the front in this great war and tells exactly how Private Hanson met his death. The letter, a copy of which follows, was written by Sgt. Hanson at the request of the late Pte. Hanson.

Well, I am going to try and write you a few lines although I expect it will be very hard for me to do. But I promised Hedley that I would write you and I must keep my promise. I would have written you before but I have been in the hospital wounded and am still here for that matter, and have been able to write only now. I know that you have heard long ago about Hedley, but as I was his section commander I was always with him and he was one of my best.

We captured a trench from the Germans at Pesterburt, near LaBasse on the night of May 21st. Then on the morning of May 22nd the Germans started shelling the trench and we lost heavily. Hedley and I were sitting together with our backs to the trench about twenty minutes to 10 o'clock, when a German shell struck behind us, blowing the trench to pieces. I did not get hurt very badly as there was only a part of the trench that struck me. Hedley was covered up with part of the trench and another fellow and I dug him out. We found that he was shot through the back and that it was impossible for him to live. He asked me to write and tell you that he died like a man for his King and country. All I can say is he died in the finest way, just as he said. It is very hard for me to write you these few lines, but I know if my mother was living that she would like to know when and where and how her boy was killed. I was killed. I can give you no information about his body only that it was buried near LaBasse, in France. I will close, sending you my heartfelt sympathy."

BEQUEST OF \$1,000 TO WATER MISERICORDIA HOME IN ST. JOHN

Part of Estate of Late Chas. E. Perks of Houlton Me.—Left About \$18,000 to Charity.

Fredericton, July 5.—Rev. Father Carney, pastor of St. Dunstan's church, announced at High Mass yesterday morning that through the will of the late Charles E. Perks, who died about a year ago at Houlton, Me., about \$6,000 had been placed to his care to be used at his own discretion on behalf of St. Dunstan's parish.

In making the announcement Rev. Father Carney, who was one of the executors under the will of the late Mr. Perks, stated that the estate had passed through several stages required by law and had been finally settled last week. A bequest of \$4,000 had been made to Rev. Father Carney to use as he desired for St. Dunstan's parish, and the residue of the estate, after all other bequests had been paid to the relatives and charitable institutions, was equally divided between St. Mary's Roman

Sore Corns Go!
No cutting, no pinning, no pricking, no pain. Putnam's Extractor makes the corn go with a pull. Never fails—leaves no scar. Get a 25c bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor today.

From Sapper Curran

Mrs. Frank Curran, Paradise Row, received a short letter yesterday morning from her son, Sapper Geo. W. Curran. Writing from the front under date of June 18th, he says: "Between you and me I think the war will be over in three months. There is some talk of the first contingent going to England for a rest; but I doubt it very much. We lost a lot of men this last week. I am in excellent health.

Pte. Joseph Dryden

Mrs. Joseph Dryden, 566 Chealey street, yesterday received three letters; two are from M. E. Vernon Harcourt, a sister, who is nursing the wounded in France, and the third letter is from Mrs. Dryden's son, Joseph G., who was wounded on June 16th while at the front in France. Private Dryden was a member of the signalling corps under Major Thomas Powers. The sister, who writes from the hospital, explains the nature of the wound which was caused by a piece of shrapnel showing that Private Dryden has received a fracture of the skull, while the letter from the wounded soldier who is now in a hospital in England explains to his mother how he came to be wounded. The letters are as follows:

Ward IV, 13 Stationary Hospital, British Expeditionary Force, France, 19 June, 1915.

Dear Mrs. Dryden: I am writing for your son, Pte. J. G. Dryden, to let you know that he was admitted here on the 17th. He had been hit on the head by shrapnel. He has been X-rayed. There is no foreign body inside the skull, but the skull is fractured. He is quite conscious but it is important for him to keep very quiet, and that is why he is not writing to you himself. The doctors hope that, with quiet and care, he will get well, but he will not be moved to England until he is quite fit to stand the journey. He is a very good patient. Father Grouble, the Catholic chaplain, has been to see him.

I am so sorry for the anxiety you must be suffering with your son wounded and so far away. We get many Canadian patients here.

Believe me to be Yours truly,

M. E. VERNON HARCOURT, Sister.

Ward IV, 13 Stationary Hospital, British Expeditionary Force, France, 21 June, 1915.

Dear Mrs. Dryden: I am glad to tell you that your son is going on very well; we are sending him by hospital ship to England. He will have to keep quiet for some time, but there is no reason to suppose he will not make a complete and straightforward recovery.

Yours truly,

M. E. VERNON HARCOURT, Sister.

England, June 23rd

Dear Mother:

Just a line or two to let you know that I am coming around all right and I hope that you will not worry for my wounds were not very bad. Mother, I will tell you how it happened. It was on June 16th; I was riding along when a shell burst, towards the front, when a shell burst, and that was the last that I knew of anything until I woke up in a hospital at Boulogne. We left Boulogne June 22nd for England, and arrived here today, and I tell you we are being looked after well, and I expect to be here for about six weeks. So you see I will get it very easy. It will be all of that before I get back to the front.

Well, Mother, I will close with love for my head is bad and I cannot write much. Write soon, just keep the same address.

JOSEPH.

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Develop Your Home Market

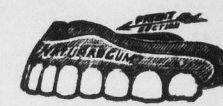
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We extract teeth free of pain. Only 25c.

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The 2 Barkers Limited
100 Princess St. 111 Brussels St.

Offer

15c lbs. Fine Granulated - for \$1.00

100 lb. Bag Fine Granulated for \$6.45

The preserving season will soon be here

Buy Now!

MOLASCUIT

If you wish your horse to have a nice coat this summer try mixing some Molascuit with his grain each meal during April and May while he is shedding his old hair.

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Manilla Cordage
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19 Water Street

Liverpool Salt

To Arrive.

Twelve and fourteen bags to the ton.

Gandy & Allison,
3 and 4 North Wharf.

Catholic parish at Houlton and St. Dunstan's parish of Fredericton. The share of each parish amounted to \$2,000.

The inheritance tax of the State of Maine calls for an assessment of 4 per cent. on all bequests of \$500 and over going out of the State, and 4 per cent. is accordingly charged on the bequest to St. Dunstan's parish from the Perks' estate. With the 4 per cent. assessment the total amount coming to St. Dunstan's parish is \$3,913.11. Aside from the bequest made to the local parish, the late Mr. Perks also left \$2,000 for the St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Dunstan's church. As a result of the inheritance tax the society will receive \$1,940.

The Victoria Hospital in this city will also receive \$1,000 as a bequest of the late Mr. Perks, while the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portland, Me., will receive \$1,000 to be expended for the education of young men for the priesthood, and the Mater Misericordiae Home in St. John also receives \$1,000.

In all the late Mr. Perks' bequests to charity amount to about \$18,000, and Rev. Fr. Carney said that the bequests for his parish were already deposited in the Bank of British North America here.

George E. Day left Sunday evening for Seattle to attend the annual meeting of the Mystic Shrine Grand Council.