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IT'S always a case of "I wish I'd bought a Suit Case." In case you should need a Suit Case to take the little things home in, we would like to draw your attention in this case to the fact that we have the finest assortment of Suit Cases that can be seen in the city at the present time.

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In Navy Blue and Fancy Grey.

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Anderson's,
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KITCHENER'S WAY AT ALDERSHOT CAMPS

The Severe Drilling They Get Breaks Those That Can't Stand it, While Those That Can Live Through the Process Become Fighting Men

London, Sept. 20.—This is the way that Lord Kitchener makes soldiers. Hammer 'em! Hammer 'em! Hammer 'em some more. Break those that can't stand it. Those that live through are fighting men.

Eight hours a day over the roads carrying full service kit. Sometimes a test march of fifty miles, with fifteen pounds and a rifle on aching shoulders. Now and then a twenty-four hour watch to teach them how to keep awake. Any sort of weather. No sort of roads at all. Smash them through mud and bracken and rain. Feed 'em and work 'em.

They begin as little greasy faced, thin cheeked, stooped shouldered slum men. They come out thick-chested, big muscled brown, rugged he-devils. But they are not soldiers yet. Six months in the training camp is the Kitchener prescription. Then a month or so somewhere near the front doing the routine work of war-making, guarding prisoners and railroad lines and bridges. The knowledge sinks in that somewhere ahead better men are being permitted to do their fighting for them.

Then one day "Kitch" turns 'em loose. "Then the very best thing for a recruit in this stage," said one of Kitchener's old sergeants, "is to see a few other men broken and bloody. How they fight them!"

Soldier-Making Forge.
The big forge for making soldiers is at Aldershot. There 104,000 men are hard at it every day. One sees them in every stage of development, from the thin shanked factory lad to the erect lanky who is almost ready to be sent out to kill. There are a dozen or so training camps scattered through the island. Half a million—perhaps more—are being hammered into shape. Not one of them will take the field before green grass time.

"It takes months to make a soldier," says Kitchener. "It isn't enough to teach him to march like a soldier and how to look like a soldier. He must learn to think like a soldier."

In no hurry.
So Kitchener isn't in any hurry about his job. He told the House of Commons the other day that his half million new men would not be ready before spring. That seemed queer to me and I went to Aldershot to find out why. France is putting men in the field with no more soldierly experience than our militiamen own. So is Germany.

"We can't put as many men in the field as the other nations," is the army theory. "So we must put better men in."

Britain has 150,000 regulars in the field in France. They are to be joined by 70,000 Gurkhas and Sikhs. There are only enough men available in the regular establishment to patch up the holes that will be torn in this line. England's reliance for the future must be upon the volunteers.

What Aldershot is.
Aldershot isn't at all what I had

thought it would be. I had pictured a huge bare plain five miles square. Scattered over it were to be patches of drilling men. In reality it is woodland and moor and hill and valley, muck and sand and turf. The motor car raced along the roads. Every time it topped a hill one saw in the valley below bodies of men drilling. In every little wrinkle of the hills men were marching or riding or playing with the big guns. Every vale held them. They were on every level patch of turf. Think of it! There are 104,000 men being taught there to be soldiers.

Aldershot Town.
Aldershot town has a permanent population of 20,000. Other villages are scattered through this vast barren tract that makes up Aldershot camp. There are permanent quarters in which 22,000 men are sheltered in times of peace. Now there are great fungi of white conical tents growing against the brown of the hills. Here a rattle of drums breaks out. Squad of drummers are being taught how to handle the sticks by a frankly pessimistic instructor. Now an uncertain fanfare rips one's ears. It is a trumpeter learning the crackle of rifle practice.

Companies of "rookies" came marching along the roads. Perhaps two men out of five wore the khaki. The others wore still dressed in their civilian clothes. They were learning to keep step—they had been at it all day long—and they were pathetically tired. Not one man in a dozen could keep his chin up. Their heavy army shoes scuffed dejectedly through the dust.

"In a week," said the gray old sergeant, as his men rested, "they can keep this up all day. But this is their first march."

Calisthenics in Mud.
It had been raining all day. The sandy roads were dry enough, but the turf fields were wet and cold to the touch. We came to a green field, perhaps half a mile square. Dotted over it were companies of fifty men, all in civilian clothes. An hour struck. They ceased their awkward left-foot, right-foot, and threw themselves on the soggy ground. The instructors stood in front of each squad.

"On your backs." They rolled over and over, and over. They lifted themselves on one arm, and the other arm and both arms. Between times the instructors criticized them bitterly.

"You—you, chap with the long hair—are you a fool?" They laid on their backs in the wet and waved one leg in the air, and the other leg in the air, and both legs in the air. They rose and bowed over and touched their toes. They went through every movement that the drill master has devised. Between times they stretched at full length and panted and perspired.

"Double time!" They were trotting about the field a quarter of a mile at a time. When they could trot no longer the instructor walked them. When their legs began to kink up they sat on the ground and watched other men—those in khaki—go through open order movements and company drills. These latter were advanced students of the art of man killing. The neophytes had envy in their eyes.

Couldn't Keep Pace.
At the railroad station that night we saw those who couldn't keep the

Wonderful Results From the A. I. C., The World's Cure

The remedy discovered at far Labrador has given relief to many a sufferer; hundreds testifying of this great remedy. Another gives her testimonial from the City.

Couldn't Eat a Half Meal.
St. John's, Oct. 12, 1914.

I have been troubled with indigestion for a number of years, in fact I have been so bad I couldn't eat half a meal of anything.

A friend advised me to try A.I.C. and one half pint bottle cured me. I couldn't believe I could be cured in such a short time and now I can eat anything, and food does not trouble me in the least. I think I am perfectly cured, I haven't felt indigestion this month.

I recommend this medicine to all sufferers from indigestion. You are at liberty to use my name, and anyone not believing this statement can write or consult me personally.

MRS. GEORGE WELLS,
St. John's.

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GERMANS DON'T LIKE GUERRILLAS

Tactics of French Peasants in Alsace Strikes Terror in Hearts of Enemy

Near Boncourt, on the Swiss-Alsation frontier, October 26.—A German officer's letter published in the Buergerfreund (passage deleted by the censor) of Maulbronne, says:—

"Fighting in the forest, fighting on the mountain,—these words mean for us terror and spectres. First, terror, for the enemy is always invisible. Second, sorcerers are on every side. Third, we are fired on from every point. Fourth, there is lack of all contact. No company knows whether it is in line with the others, or already in the midst of the enemy. Fifth, the worst, is being shot by one's own troops:

"We take the greatest precautions, but groups of the enemy interpose between our troops frequently. The French never show more than groups from ten to fifty men, who are everywhere and nowhere.

"In the dark of the evening, four or five of them will rush out as if possessed, yelling and firing rapidly. We think it is a serious attack. Then they disappear. This kind of warfare would be our despair if the French had grey-green uniforms; it would be difficult to distinguish them in the forest.

"In a part of their line they have chasseurs, an Alpine troops (passage deleted by censor) well trained. They creep noiselessly among the bushes. We do not hear even a whispered command. Suddenly they are on us like wild beasts. After one of these attacks we are always in terror of another."

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Kitchener pace. They were little runty chaps, for the most part, with rat eyes and narrow shoulders and jaw that subtly differed from the ordinary human jaw. A big Scotch lance-corporal had them in charge.

"Sick, lame and lazy," he diagnosed them, ruthlessly indifferent to the fact that his miserable charges heard him. "From the slums of Glasgow. All they are fit for is to get drunk on Saturday night and beat a woman."

These miserable creatures had been "cart" by the authorities. They lacked something in body or mind. They were unfit for the great game, and were unfeignedly glad of it. One man with a great jaw and a shock of blond hair stood with his eyes fixed on the wall during the hour's wait for a delayed train and roared in a rough loud voice ditty after ditty of the music halls. Others seized each other by the shoulders and shuffled about in queer back street dances.

Throw Out Rotters.
"We get rid of the rotters as fast as we find 'em," said the lance-corporal. "They ain't fit to be in the army." Two or three hundred of them are sent back on some days. Sometimes as many are returned as are received in the day's draft. But those that are kept have the raw materials of soldiers in them. Many of the new recruits are men of fine physique and are obviously of a superior type. But there is such a large portion of an obviously degenerate type that one retains an unpleasant impression after seeing a green company stumbling and sweating along the roads. It is only when one sees the men who have been fed and worked and hammered, that this impression is corrected.

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