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to be served with

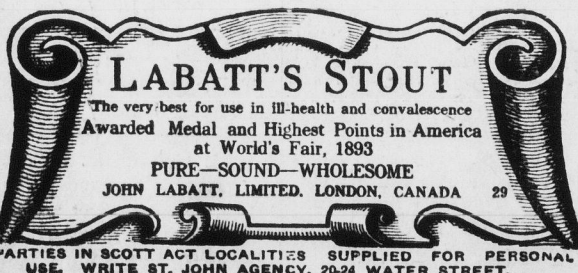
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## Famous French "Naughty Boys" Fight Like Lions In Battle of Soissons

Hurried from End to End of Long Line, they Strengthen Weak  
Spots and Carve the Names in Niches of History—Lorfe  
Combat of a "Non-Com." With German Sergeant While  
Battle Rages on all Sides.

London, June 26.—A writer for the  
London Daily Express sends the following  
from Paris:

In all the French regiments there  
are heroes, and the deeds of valor  
registered in the Journal Officiel are  
far outnumbered by those that will  
live only in the memory of comrades.  
I have spoken with many wounded  
soldiers, but those that have made  
the greatest impression on me were  
the men of the North African division.  
No matter whether they be Moors  
who have in their youth fought against  
France in their deserts, or youngsters  
incorporated in the famous "Bat"  
d'Al, the Naughty Boys of France,  
they all show a magnificent courage.  
The Zouaves, too—the bany-trousered  
men with the devil-may-care air—  
have fought and bled for France, and  
are now in the front line of trenches.

Limping along on crutches the other  
day I met a fair-haired youngster who  
belongs to the regiment of the Naughty  
Boys. With a dreamy look in his  
eyes he told me his adventures since  
Charleroi, which they retold seven  
times at the point of the bayonet.

After Charleroi, during the retreat  
they were surrounded by the Prussian  
Guard. The Naughty Boys buried  
their flag so that it should not fall in  
to the hands of the enemy, and then  
cut their way out of the circle.

Coming down in the retreat, they  
met the Prussian Guard again, near  
Rheims, just after that regiment had  
marched through the town to the  
music of the fife and drum. It was in  
the marshes of Saint Gond that the  
second encounter took place, and  
"Rosalie," as they call the bayonet,  
played another important role. This  
time they met the advancing gray-  
coated hordes with machine gun fire  
and split great holes in their ranks.

"It was a fine concert," said the boy.  
"We began with an overture played  
by the mitrailleuses, then we joined  
in with our rifles, and a little later the  
chief drum-major, old Poch, led the  
saxophone to play the finale. That  
just about finished them, but as soon  
as the bombardment stopped we were  
at them with 'Rosalie' and made them  
dance to our tune."

The first of the Germans stood  
stock still like dummies. We saw some  
of those behind them to run. That did  
it. We cut right through them, and  
then charged back again to cut down  
the remaining men. Then we went  
back, and the artillery polished them  
off."

"After the Marne, the Naughty  
Boys were sent to help to block the  
road to Calais, where twenty German  
army corps were massed for conquest.  
When the worst was over in Flanders,  
the 'Bat' d'Al were hurried back in  
motor cars to Tracy-le-Val, to bar the  
way to Compiègne. Here they were  
faced to meet the Prussian Guard again."

"At this time Tracy-le-Val was the  
weakest point in the French line. Domi-  
nated by hills on which the enemy  
had mounted artillery, the Germans  
were able to attack at will, but the  
Naughty Boys held on. This is the  
story of how they held the enemy at  
bay."

The battle opened with a heavy  
cannonade, the enemy trying to sweep  
the French away. Then the infantry  
tried to carve slices out of the line.  
The majority of the German troops  
do not like 'Rosalie' at all, but some  
of their corps d'élite show great  
age and tenacity. Their closed ranks  
give them a sort of mystical courage.

"They came along by thousands, the  
moonlight glistening on their bayonets,  
and they were mowed down in  
hundreds, but they just stepped over  
the bodies of their fallen comrades  
and tried to hack their way through,  
always being driven back, but reforming  
and coming again."

"When day broke the battle was  
still going on. It was obvious that the  
enemy was trying to wear down the  
French until from sheer fatigue they  
would have to give way. It was then  
that the French general ordered half  
the battalion to retire and rest, telling  
the others to hang on at all costs.  
They did, and then they, too, had a  
respite, fifteen minutes turn and turn  
about being the order."

"For seven hours the battle raged  
without either side being able to claim  
an advantage. Then, when their dead  
were piled high on the field, the Ger-  
mans retired for the last time."

"Some of the individual deeds were  
extraordinary. A sergeant engaged in  
single combat with a German non-  
commissioned officer. They chased  
each other round and round a tree  
for twenty minutes. Then the ser-  
geant caught his adversary in the ribs  
with his bayonet and forced him to  
come into the open."

"They struggled like primitive men,  
half fighting, half wrestling. They  
fell, and rolled over and over each  
other. All the time the main battle  
was raging around them. First one  
came on top and tried to beat the life  
out of the other; then the under man  
would give a twist of his limbs and  
become top dog."

"Presently the German became  
weaker, and the men remained locked  
together for some moments. Not a  
word was spoken, but the men seemed  
to understand each other perfectly,  
and they broke away, crawled a  
few feet apart and sat up and smiled."

"After a rest they began again. This  
time the German tried to butt the  
Frenchman in the stomach with his  
head, a form of attack which aroused  
the sergeant's wrath. He determined  
to teach the German a lesson in the  
art of 'la boxe anglaise,' as witnessed  
by him at the Paris Wonderland."

"It must have been an eerie sight,  
that of these two men engaged in  
deadly combat, in complete oblivion  
of the noise of the dying and the bul-  
lets flying round."

"La boxe anglaise" is not meeting  
with its anticipated success, the ser-  
geant tripped up his man and sat on  
him. The Frenchman made signs that  
he was now top dog, and that the Ger-  
man was over, the German replied  
by making a sudden move that sent  
the sergeant sprawling."

"Just as the German rose to his  
feet to throw himself on his fallen ad-  
versary a bullet struck him in the  
heart and he fell dead. The sergeant  
then found his rifle and resumed his  
place in the firing line."

"The Regiment of the Naughty  
Boys has made good. Composed of  
youths who have more animal spirit  
than vice in their veins, they have  
fought from Charleroi to the Marne,  
in Flanders and on the Aisne. Now  
they are in the front trenches in the  
Soissons sector, battling like lions."

Other housing problems, besides  
that of housing our vast new armies,  
have arisen through the war, and not  
the least of these is those connected  
with the workers at Woolwich Arsenal.

Since the war started the authori-  
ties at the arsenal have been engaged  
men in numbers never known before,  
with the result that men have come  
from all parts of London and Great  
Britain to get work there.

As a consequence, some of the work-  
ers have to travel nearly across the  
city in order to get to work, the jour-  
ney taking in some cases as much as  
an hour and a half.

So hard are the men working now  
that after the working hours and the  
time spent in eating and travelling are  
deducted, some of them can only man-  
age to snatch about five or six hours'  
rest.

The only remedy, of course, was to  
build a sufficient number of houses in  
Woolwich to allow all the extra work-  
ers at the arsenal to live near their  
work.

Builders, however, have not come  
forward, apparently being scared by the  
idea that when the war is over half  
the houses will not be wanted.

So the Government is taking the  
work in hand itself. In order to get  
over the difficulty a little, fifty houses  
are being built with all speed on a vac-  
ant space near the arsenal, and have  
already been snapped up by eager  
men.

In addition to this, the Office of  
Works is proceeding apace with another  
plan.

On a large tract of agricultural land  
barely one mile and a half from the  
arsenal, 1000 houses are being rushed  
up. Owing to the huge number of men  
who are employed on the job, how-  
ever, the houses are not only being  
built quickly, but exceedingly well.  
The work was started in February,  
and some of the houses, twelve of  
which are being built to the acre, are  
beginning to take shape.—Tit-Bits.

## CLOSING EXERCISES AT HILLSBOROUGH SCHOOLS

Interesting Programme  
Carried Out—Valedictory  
by Miss Bertha Fillmore,  
and Cass Prophecy by  
Frank C. Edgett.

Hillsborough, July 9.—The Closing  
Exercises of the Hillsboro High School  
and Surrey School were held on Wed-  
nesday afternoon last. An interesting  
programme was carried out in the  
Surrey School. The graduating Class  
of the High School were presented  
with diplomas by Principal Chapman.  
Prizes for good work during the year,  
were awarded to The Cadet Corps, and  
the beautifully bound volumes of Dic-  
kens' works, which were offered by  
Mr. C. A. Peck, were won by Miss  
Bertha Fillmore. The Valedictory was  
read by Miss Bertha Fillmore and  
Frank C. Edgett read the 1915 Pro-  
phesy (Followup are each):—

Valedictory, 1915  
Teachers, friends and fellow stu-  
dents:— It gives us great pleasure to  
be at this graduation day, has come  
at last, but we, the class of 1915, find  
that the joy of graduation is mingled  
with sorrow, the sorrow of bidding  
farewell to our High School life, and  
of parting with many pleasant asso-  
ciations.

We shall no more meet together as  
a class, but must sever the strong ties  
which bind us here. For in spite of  
our desire to linger, duty calls us  
elsewhere. Our year's work is fin-  
ished, we have completed our whole  
High School course. It now remains  
to us to use this as a stepping-stone to  
higher attainments.

To the members of the School  
Board:—  
You have helped us in many ways—  
at many times. Especially have you  
shown an interest in us, by granting  
us many opportunities for sports. As  
a result, the High School has been able  
to re-establish successfully a basket-  
ball team, being allowed the vacant  
room upstairs in which to practice.

We have also not added interest into  
the Cadet Corps, not only by express-  
ing our appreciation, but by granting  
money to increase the ammunition  
supply. For all of which we thank  
you heartily.

To our Principals:—  
We know not how to thank you. You  
have always been so patient and un-  
derstanding in your efforts to bring us  
to the place where we stand today. At  
times we have been careless or indif-  
ferent to your instruction. However,  
we cannot but realize how little fault  
it was of yours that we were so negli-  
gent.

In spite of our waywardness and  
inattention, we hope that you will not  
feel that your work for this graduation  
class was in vain. And we deeply re-  
gret that we did not pay stricter at-  
tention and prepare our lessons more  
thoroughly.

Follow students:—  
It grieves us to part with you. Yet  
we have the confidence in you that  
you will further build up H. S. S. Do  
not take us for example, because we  
have fallen far short of the goal for  
which we had hoped. But may our  
mistakes serve only to keep you from  
falling and bring you to a higher  
plane than we have reached. Do not  
forget or neglect your responsibilities.  
Think how many younger pupils  
look up to you for examples. Do  
not let their hopes and expectations  
be disappointed. Our companionship  
with you has been both pleasant and  
profitable. Delightful memories of  
you shall linger with us long.

And once again that sad and solemn  
word "farewell" must be uttered by a  
class. We have toiled and worked to-  
gether aiding each other in many ways  
and cannot part to take separate  
places in the world without experienc-  
ing a thrill of sadness on parting with  
one another. We must resign our  
places in this school and bid farewell  
to the rooms and grounds which we  
still hold dear. May we all still look  
backward and forward, and not falter,  
even when compelled to say that  
word "farewell."

Alas friends, all, "farewell."  
Bertha Fillmore.

CLASS PROPHECY  
I was sitting in my room in a large  
hotel in Liverpool, where I had been  
staying while lecturing to small audi-  
ences, with an accent on the small  
—about the well-known and oft re-  
peated subject: "Is the axis of the  
world ball-bearing or not?" Well, as  
I sat before, and will say again, I  
just said before, and had had num-  
erous cups of tea, so at last I be-  
came drowsy and slipping farther  
down in my easy chair (which, by the  
way was very uncomfortable), I soon  
fell in a profound sleep. For a while  
I dreamed of a few minor things, but  
at last my dreams began to take on  
a personal form, and I began to see  
faces and figures of people. My gaze  
fell longest on the figure of a boy  
about eight inches high, who had  
wings on his shoulders, and in one  
hand carried a wand—a fairy! I was  
so excited I yelled: "Hi there you, Mr.  
Fairy! what are you doing here?" And  
the fairy answered me thus: "Oh you  
must learned lecturer, he who can put  
vast audiences to sleep in a few  
minutes, to you I speak. I give unto  
thee, Mr. Lecturer, one wish, and one  
wish only, but what-so-ever thou don't  
wish, that wish will I fill to the let-  
ter. Naturally, I thought of a hundred  
things I wanted to have, and which  
could be mine for the asking. "Well,"  
says I, after very careful consideration,  
"Here's to one that's going to  
make you go some to fulfill. I want

SMALLEST, DONKEY, IN THE WORLD.



MINNEHAWA AND EDWARD REUTER.  
In the camel house at the Bronx Park Zoological Gardens, New York city,  
is the smallest donkey in the world. She is only twenty-nine inches tall.  
She is much pleased with her new home, and has made a host of friends,  
particularly among the children. The keepers say she is a laughing donkey,  
so they have named her Minnehawa. She is of a pigmy type of donkey found  
in Africa and was brought here from Egypt.

To see all "my school-mates, wherever  
they may be scattered over the globe,  
ed in a large theatre a large number  
of people who are listening to a wo-  
man speaking on woman suffrage with  
great vigor, and if the large supply of  
hat pins and heavy cuffs with which  
the members of the weaker sex are  
armed is any proof, I would judge  
that they were going to execute some  
manual labor. Believe me, but I was  
surprised when on getting closer, I  
recognized the speaker as Miss Bertha  
Fillmore, the star of all the graduating  
classes of 1915. But Bertha, speaking  
on woman suffrage made me feel sort  
of queer, so I naturally yelled and  
just as naturally the spell broken, and  
I awoke with a start to find that  
I had fallen asleep in my own room  
over geometry, and the clock said four.

Frank C. Edgett.

NURSING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

(Strathpey Herald, Scotland.)  
A Spieside lady who is on duty as  
an Army nurse sends the following  
exciting experience, which shows the  
dangers and difficulties that our nurses  
have to face at the seat of war:—  
Clearing Casualty Station.

May 31st, 1915.  
We were shelled out of the dressing  
station, and I had to leave it in double-  
quick time. For several nights they  
had been shelling the town. I lay in  
bed one night and counted twelve  
shells bursting near our residence,  
absolutely terrified, wondering if the  
next one would come through the roof.  
It is not a very pleasant experience. I  
can assure you. One evening a fort-  
night ago last Friday some shells  
burst near the hospital within a few  
yards. We were full up with very  
bad cases. They had all to be evacu-  
ated to an hospital further on, and  
in no time at all we did our packing  
and came on here with what luggage  
we could. In the Colonel's motor car,  
between twelve and one in the morn-  
ing. We are here on temporary duty  
and have been very busy. Whether we  
shall stay here or not I do not know.  
I expect as soon as it is safe to go  
back to the officers' hospital we will  
go. We had a very busy time there  
after the last battle, bringing down for  
an hour or two at night, just with our  
clothes on, taking what rest we could,  
one relieving the other. I am sleeping  
in a tent out in the garden. There  
are two of us. It is not very warm  
in these chilly nights, but it is better  
than nothing or sleeping on straw,  
like some of the poor men.

BATTING SHIFTS.  
Batting leaders in the American  
League from year to year run true  
to form—and class. Almost the same  
bunch—Cobb, Jackson, Crawford, Col-  
lins, etc., maintain their positions in  
the front row.

But the Nationals have developed  
some queer breaks. There are three  
batting stars in the older circuit—  
stars good enough to have led their  
leagues at bat more than once—who  
are now under 250. These three are  
Hans Wagner, Sherwood Magee and  
Heinie Zimmerman—all rated past  
masters of the "Batting Bye." This trio  
is, or are, at least 60 points below  
normal form and displaying no signs  
of any coming improvement.

Still another deficit is shown in the  
case of Chief Meyer, who once flash-  
ed second in batting leadership, and  
who has always averaged well over  
300. The Chief has also had his  
trouble reaching 250, although, ac-  
cording to McGraw, he has a near  
perfect swing and one of the best  
batting eyes in the business of sport.

Private A. Mac-  
4th Cameron High-  
tive of Advie, Scot-  
lowing thrilling ac-  
lances to a friend.  
Perhaps you'll  
time about the 4th  
heavy casualties.  
midday, we were  
4th Cameron's war-  
position. Everyon-  
bottles filled, and  
to sling on. About  
left their billets for  
passed through the  
trenches, which he  
some of our men  
behind the parapets  
panes were to do  
and B the support  
the word of com-  
onets, leapt the p  
at a wild dash ac-  
was swept with  
towards the Ger-  
eight or nine hun-  
dred we reached the  
ditches which were  
One had to make  
they could, and no  
up to the neck and  
a hold of the gras-  
Men fell on every  
awful. I had a v  
One bullet passed  
on my back, and  
knock the dust of  
front of my feet a  
ting dusk. The G  
to get bayoneted.

and scampers a  
a rapid fire a  
One chap gave hi  
"Main brother in  
guard in charge o  
were too many of  
land. In the tren-  
picks, and rifles,  
then we found we  
the Prussian Gun  
charge we were  
Wills were to adv-  
the Bedford on o-  
cles met them at

Landi  
Galli  
Dee  
Stidlights on the  
following troops on  
Gallipoli Peninsula  
British territory, da-  
from a British navy  
York man:  
"You will no do  
about our landing o-  
the men and the  
at present going on  
cays (i. e., from the  
I had a pretty live-  
away from this shi-  
all sorts of co-  
ers, transports, il-  
lers, boats, on the  
everywhere. I ass-  
of the first cover-  
ed just before da-  
ed (at Gaba Tepe), pe-  
ed in boats sent o-  
and the remaind-  
stroyers. I was o-  
stroyers, and a v-  
Job it was closing  
coast in the dark,  
minutes that the e-  
fire, which they e-  
we were a huddle  
the beach.  
"Then the game  
From all along the  
hills, rifles and  
away at us, and  
around one was no  
had our boats full  
beach as quickly  
mighty glad I was,  
ed the beach and o-  
to get at the blit-  
with a rush and  
which did one's he-  
Turks ran like the  
a lot of our fel-  
the way in, and I  
how it was I did  
No Turkish  
"It was a great  
that at that particu-  
had no guns; had  
ing about half a m-  
think it extremely  
have been wiped  
those ruddy Turks  
there one mass of  
etc. Of the landi-  
you probably know  
hear they had a jol-  
However, a few d-  
ings pretty well es-  
first few days we  
boy and no error  
ed all for the first  
and then damped l-  
over the place lan-  
and stores, etc., my  
naval transport of  
too numerous to m-  
near the beach one  
overhead and o-  
heavy shells from e-  
strails firing over  
jolly glad to rejoin  
a 'stand easy'; re-  
pounds in weight ov-  
"It should like yo-  
this show, old boy-  
ships and transport-  
is a sight worth se-  
continually firing on  
etc., and so the gan-