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## TO-DAY'S Messages.

10.15 A.M.

### MILITARY SERVICE BILL STILL IN COMMITTEE.

LONDON, To-day. The second day of the Committee stage of the Military Service Bill in the Commons was chiefly interesting from the fact that it elicited the opinion of Earl Kitchener, Secretary of War, that the bill would provide all the men he required to enable him to do all that was necessary to be done in order to secure victory. This was announced by Walter Hume Long, President of the Local Government Board, who, on behalf of the Government, in resisting an amendment which was lost. The greatest discussion centered around Sir John Simon's amendment, which if adopted, would virtually have prevented any enlistment until investigation by a military tribunal proved the existence of a substantial number of single men, not already attested or actually engaged in war services. The Premier opposed this on the ground that it struck at the basic principle of the Bill. The amendment was rejected by an overwhelming majority. It was announced that supplementary estimates would be presented for another fifty thousand men for the navy by next March. Another proposed amendment that not a single soldier of the 3,000,000 enlisted should suffer capital punishment was advanced. On behalf of the Government assurances were given that no man would be sentenced to death for any offence for which conscience objection could be pleaded in defence. The first clause of the Bill was adopted without any radical modification.

### GERMANS EVACUATE FORTRESS.

KIEV, Russia, To-day. (Via Petrograd and London).—Lutsk, an important fortress in Volynia, one of the triangle of fortifications there has been evacuated by Germans, according to information obtained from prisoners arriving here. Four thousand prisoners recently arrived here from the southwestern front.

### STEAMER CAPTURED BY GERMAN.

LONDON, To-day. A Copenhagen despatch to Reuters says the steamer Klev, bound from Copenhagen for Liverpool, has been captured by a German destroyer, according to the same despatch. It is feared the Swedish steamer Almer, which left Copenhagen on Sunday for Ystad, which did not arrive, has also been captured.

### GERMAN PATROL BOAT COMPLETE WRECK.

LONDON, To-day. A Copenhagen despatch to Reuters says a German patrol ship which recently stranded off Kongshol, Island of Aerne, in the Baltic, belonged to the torpedo division, stationed south of Longland. The vessel is now a complete wreck. No bodies have been washed ashore. It is surmised the patrol boat was being towed by another warship after some accident, and broke loose in the storm.

12.45 P.M.

### ATTACK ON LORD KITCHENER.

LONDON, To-day. In the course of yesterday's debate in the House of Commons, General Sir Iver Herbert delivered a strong attack upon Lord Kitchener. He declared that he must confess that one of the most remarkable things in the whole war was the total eclipse of the Office of Secretary for War. General Herbert said Kitchener had never been right once during this war. In the matter of recruiting the Secretary of War had been wrong from the first to the last, and had left the country at this moment in precisely the same condition as it was in the beginning of the conflict. With regard to munitions, he asserted that at a time of a crisis in this war, Britain had been left without necessary drafts to make up the armies in the field.

### Cable Messages in Brief

The Turks admit they are battling hard against superior forces in the Caucasus. The Russian claim the capture of 24 Turkish officers and men. The capitulation of Montenegro is regarded by the London press as

## Gen. Sir William Robertson

Is Known as "Hurry-Up Bill."

Imagine yourself at the British headquarters in France.

You are gazing fascinated at the scene of feverish but organized activity going on around you, when suddenly through the doorway office bursts a tall, massive, dark-moustached man.

Radiating energy from every pore, he bounds rather than walks to a waiting motor car, leaps in, flings a word to the driver, and is gone in a swirl of mud and petrol fumes! "Who's that?" you gasp.

And the answer comes—"You don't mean to say you don't know him? Why, that 'Hurry-up-Bill,' Chief of the General Staff—the biggest hustler in the British army, bar none!"

"Hurry-up-Bill" is Tommy's nickname for Sir William Robertson, K.C., V.O., K.C.B., D.S.O. He is a man almost unknown to the outside public, yet, after General Smith-Dorrien, successor to General French, probably the most important British officer in France.

From the beginning of the war until four or five months ago, when he was appointed to his present all-important position, Sir William was Quartermaster General, and it is due to his magnificent work regarding transport and supplies that Tommy Atkins stands to-day as the best fed best clothed and best equipped fighter in the world.

Romantic in the extreme has been the career of this stalwart officer of fifty-five, who has learnt the secret of outstripping him.

Once he was merely a ranker—a trooper in a regiment of Dragoons. Entirely without influence, he has, by sheer energy, courage and brain power, raised himself to a position from which he is helping to mould the destiny of nations.

### A Start in Life.

"Hurry-up-Bill" hails from the village of Wellbourne, in Lincolnshire, where his father was a tradesman in a small way of business.

"There's nothing a man can't do if he's got the education and never knows when he's tired!" Tom Robertson used to say. And, although money was none too plentiful in the little household, he and his wife contrived to give William and his brothers a very sound schooling.

At the age of fifteen William left school to become a junior clerk at a Grantham office, and for just over a year he toiled away there, securing a very fair knowledge of book-keeping, but acquiring an ever-growing distaste for sedentary routine.

"I must get out of this. I am suffocating here!"

That was the conclusion to which his thoughts ever swung back, however much he tried to divert them.

Naturally, father and mother shook their heads. They felt it was a pity he couldn't "settle down."

But just about this time there occurred a vacancy for a manservant in the household of a wealthy family in the district, and it was decided that William should apply for the position.

He applied and secured it. The new position promised well. There was every possibility that in the course of a couple of years William might become a full-fledged valet, with a "gentleman's life" before him.

But although William tried to like the prospects, he soon discovered that the idea of being "a gentleman's valet" did not appeal to him in the least.

He wanted a more vital existence. He wanted to show the world what he was made of. He could never do that by devoting his days to the arts of pressing trousers and adjusting neckties!

Accordingly he left his situation and came home.

"I'm Going to Be a Soldier!"

"And what do you imagine you are going to do now?" was the stern question.

Robertson, senior, looked the boy up and down. Square-shouldered, tall, straight and deep-chested, with a determined face, in which shone keen, fearless eyes, William was a picture to make the heart of a recruiting sergeant rejoice.

"You are in earnest about this, William?"

"I am, father. And I should like to join a horse regiment."

William enlisted in the 16th Lancers.

Like the romantic lad that he was, William had hoped quite soon to distinguish himself by skill in arms and the splendor of his horsemanship; but he was not long in discovering that so keen were all the other recruits in making their mark by physical attainments that there was a want possibility of his outstripping the rest.

But a wider field than that of mere physical attainments was open to him,

and William was not long in entering into it.

He began to invest every farthing he could spare in books.

### Climbing to Success.

For ten years William persisted in his studies, and at the end of that time he passed an examination which secured for him a commission in the Third Dragoon Guards.

Our hero was now twenty-nine, and the average Second Lieutenant had about eight years the start of him on the army list.

Four years after he had received his commission William had won enough attention to be assigned to the Intelligence Branch of the Quartermaster's Department in India. There he found his opportunity.

Rewards are given officers for learning native dialects. "I will get all the rewards that are going!" said William.

To the average officer there is nothing attractive in spending hours with a native mullah or teacher in acquiring a tongue which can be of use with only some frontier tribe. Robertson offered a mullah a quarter of the reward when he was proficient enough to earn it by passing an examination.

Sir William, when he is reminiscent, will recall what an excellent bargain this proved to be. The mullah saw to it that his pupil did not fail to improve any spare moments. He would be waiting at his door at daybreak, and put him through an hour's lesson before breakfast. Whenever he paused to rest for a moment during the day he would find the mullah squatting at hand, waiting to recommence teaching; in fact, the man haunted him like his own shadow. The result was that our hero picked up the dialect in record time.

### A Traitor's Bullet.

It was during the Chitral campaign that William had his narrow escape from death. His zeal led him to ride forward without his Gurkha guard and somewhat ahead of his native guide. The next thing he knew was that two shots were fired at him, one of them passing under his arm and neatly clipping off his horse's ear. Turning round, he saw that the Pathan who was guiding him had fired the shots, and the next moment the traitor charged him and hit him over the head with a sword.

Robertson, though badly hurt, grappled with his opponent and flung him stunned from the saddle. Then drawing his sword and revolver, he boldly attacked a gang of other tribesmen who had come hurrying up with the intention of completing the deed of their fellow, and succeeded in holding them at bay until the arrival of his Gurkhas.

In the South African War Sir William had control of the Intelligence Department, and his work brought him the highest praise from both "Bobs" and Kitchener.

As a director of military training at the War Office, Sir William, later had much to do with the preparation of the British Expeditionary Force. He went to France with it as Quartermaster-General, and was responsible for keeping that army overseas supplied with food and equipment. His success in this capacity led to his appointment as Chief of Staff.

At the present time all the branches of the army's activities are under his direction.

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Ladies' Aprons, Ladies' & Children's Coats, Lawn & Cambric Embroideries, Lawn & Cambric Insertions, Lawn & Cambric Beadings, Sideboard Cloths, Tea Cloths, Table Centre Cloths, Men's Shirts & Collars, Net Laces, English Shirting, Horrocks's Shirting, Flannelettes, Cotton Blankets,

Pillow Cases, Bolsters, Table Linens, Apron Hollands, Fronting Linens, Linen Table Cloths, Linen Napkins, Pillow Shams, Bureau Cloths, Piano Cloths, Sheetings, Victoria Lawns, Lace Curtains, Turkish Towels.

### Klark Urban Co.

#### AT THE CASINO.

The stirring melo-drama "Under Cover" was reproduced by the Klark Urban Company before a full audience at the Casino Theatre last night. As on the previous night this interesting drama was well staged, the performers being quite at home in their respective roles. The play will be repeated this afternoon as a matinee, and the bill for to-night will be "Stop Thief," one of the finest plays in the company's repertoire. Before the play to-night there will be a vaudeville entertainment in which this talented troupe will be seen in some new specialties.

Puffings are used on skirts and sleeves.

### British Fleet Has Won.

Nations like men achieve the ends they work hardest and longest for. The German Army is the most effective embattled host the world has seen. Armed and disciplined as her soldiers are, it is doubtful if all the armies, hosts and hordes of historic times from Xerxes to Napoleon could make head against them. In like manner the combined war fleets of antiquity and all the battle craft that have sailed the sea from Salamis to Trafalgar or to Manila would be impotent against the British navy. The German armies have won and still hold Serbia, Russian Poland, Belgium and something like a twenty-fifth of the soil of France. But the British fleet has won and holds the sea, and on the filmable ocean no ship can sail on any mission of peace or war without permission from her. That is the net result to date. If England is not conquered or bought off, we who are now living will never see the German flag again in any port except her own, or any sea of all the globe.—Rochester Post-Express.

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