

Send the Children Out in All Weathers,

But see they are well clad. We have a full line of complete sizes in Sweater Coats, Snow Suits, Carriage Wraps and Underwear. See them now, the Winter is only beginning.

Girls' Cambric Underwear.
 Knickers 20c. to \$1.00
 Nightgowns 95c. to \$1.50
 Princess Underskirts \$1.15 to \$2.20

Children's Sleeping Suits.
 Tuckaway Brand 80c. to \$1.00
 Flannellettec 70c. to \$1.00

Child's Flannelette Underwear.
 Nightgowns 40c. to \$1.00. Infants Long Slips 45c.
 Infants Band Slips 20c. Infants Barras Slips 45c. to 85c.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGE WRAPS, ONLY \$2.40 EACH.

Child's Wool Snow Suits, \$1.10 to \$6.80
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Children's Undervests and Wrappers,
 37c to 85c. Size 1 to 6.

Infants Bath Robes, - - - \$2.95 each
 Child's & Misses' Bath Robes, - \$1.75 to \$6.40

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A Wall and a Firing Squad

One of the Most Wonderful Books on the Fighting Man's Life Has Been Written by an American Serving With the British Forces. No One Will Read This Grim Recital of a Coward's Fate Unmoved.

It is unlikely that you have ever heard of Arthur Guy Empey, sometime a United States citizen, now a machine-gunner in the British Army. Yet in America he has made known the British fighting-man and his methods to a wider public than perhaps any other writer. Some half a million copies of his book, "From the Fire Step"—Putnam's, 5s., net—have already been sold, and there is no slackening in the demand.

Mr. Empey, like many thousand others of his race, was not too proud to fight when the Huns sunk the Lusitania. He tells of many vivid and varied experiences in his book. There is the story of the spy in the trenches, for instance. For days rumour had been rife that a German, dressed as a staff officer—red hatband and all—was spying from the British lines. It was whispered that an order had been issued to place anyone answering the description under arrest.

The Irishman's Capture.

So it happened that Empey and a friend—Atwell—on special intelligence duty, happened to be in a communication trench when "we were horrified to see our brigadier-general, Old Pepper, being brought down it by a big private of the Royal Irish Rifles. The general was walking in front, and the private, with fixed bayonet, was following him in the rear. "We saluted as the general passed us. The Irishman had a broad grin on his face, and we could scarcely believe our eyes—the general was under arrest. After passing a few feet beyond us the general turned, and said in a wrathful voice to Atwell:

"Tell this d—n fool who I am. He's arrested me as a spy."

"Atwell was speechless. The sentry butted in with:

"None of that gasin' out o' it! Back to headquarters, you goes, Mr. Fritz. Open that face o' yours again, an' I'll dent in your napper with the butt o' me rifle."

"The general's face was a sight to behold. He was boiling over with rage, but he shut up.

Bayonet Steps Argument.

"Atwell tried to get in front of the sentry to explain to him that it was really the general he had under arrest, but the sentry threatened to run his bayonet through him, and would have done it, too. So Atwell stepped aside and remained silent. I was nearly bursting with suppressed laughter. One word and I would have exploded. It is not exactly diplomatic to laugh

at your general in such a predicament. "The sentry and his prisoner arrived at Brigade Headquarters, with disastrous results to the sentry. "The joke was that the general had personally issued the order for the spy's arrest."

A much more grim story finds its place in the book. About two one morning Empey was awakened. Opening my eyes, I saw a regimental sergeant-major bending over me. He whispered:

"Get on your equipment, and, without any noise, come to me."

Sealed Orders.

"This greatly mystified me, but I obeyed the order. "Outside of the billet I asked him what was up. But he shut me up with:

"Don't ask any questions. It's against orders. I don't know myself. "It was raining like the mischief. "We splashed along a muddy road, finally stopping at the entrance of what must have been an old barn."

An officer took particulars of Empey's name and rank. "When he had finished writing he whispered: 'Go into that billet and await orders. No talking. Understand?'"

"I stumbled in the barn and sat on the floor in the darkness. I could see no one, but could hear men breathing and moving. "During my wait three other men entered. Then the officer poked his head in the door and ordered: 'Fall in, outside the billet in single rank.' "We fell in, standing at ease. Then he commanded: 'Squad—Shun! Number!'"

"There were twelve of us. "Right—Turn! Left—Wheel! Quick—March. And away we went. "With the officer leading, we must have marched over an hour, when suddenly the officer made a left wheel and we found ourselves in a sort of enclosed courtyard.

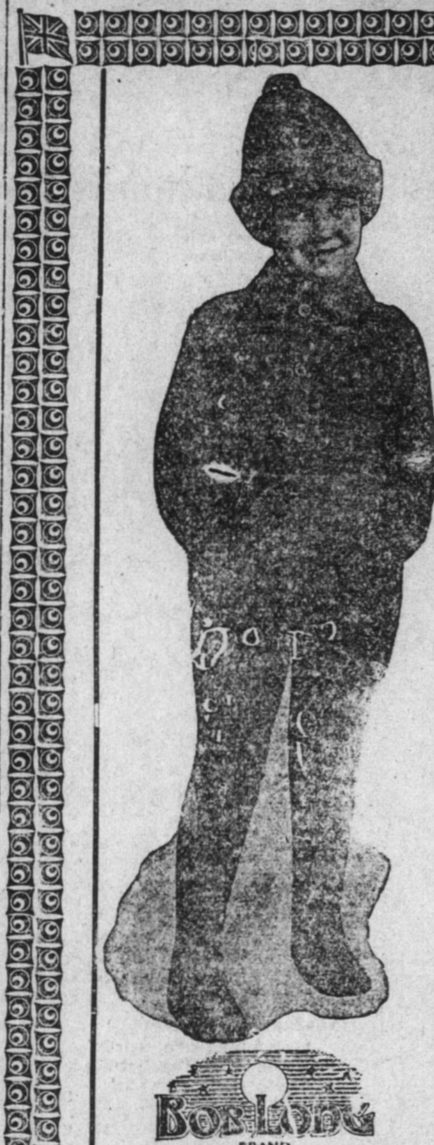
"The dawn was breaking, and the rain had ceased. "In front of us were four stacks of rifles, three to a stack. "The officer brought us to attention and gave us the order to unpile arms. We each took a rifle. Giving us 'Stand at ease!' in a nervous and shaky voice, he informed:

"Men, you are here on a very solemn duty. You have been selected as a firing squad for the execution of a soldier who, having been found guilty of a serious crime against King and country, has been regularly and duly tried and sentenced to be shot at 3.28 a.m. this date. This sentence has been approved by the reviewing authority and ordered to be carried out. It is our duty to carry on with the sentence of the Court.

"There are twelve rifles, one of which contains a blank cartridge, the other eleven containing ball cartridges. Every man is expected to do his duty and fire to kill. Take your orders from me. Squad—Shun!"

A Human Target.

"We came to attention. Then he



Smart Suits

FOR KIDS!

Little Boys' and Girls' Fleece Wool KNITTED SUITS, With Belted Coat or Sweater, Pants, Cap and Mitts to match.

Sizes: 18 in., 20 in., 22 in., 24 in., 26 in.; we have them in

Orey, Cardia, Brown, Green, Saxe, Khaki and Navy. Prices:

\$3.50 to \$5.00.

See Window.

STEER Brothers.

left. My heart was of lead and my knees shook.

"After standing at 'Attention' for what seemed a week, though in reality it could not have been over five minutes, we heard a low whispering in our rear and footsteps on the stone flagging of the courtyard.

"Our officers re-appeared, and in a low but firm voice ordered: 'About—Turn!'"

"We turned about. In the grey light of dawn, a few yards in front of me, I could make out a brick wall. Against this wall was a dark form with a white square pinned on its breast. We were supposed to aim at this square. To the right of the form I noticed a white spot on the wall. This would be my target.

"Ready! Aim! Fire!"

"The dark form sank into a huddled heap. My bullet sped on its way, and hit the whitish spot on the wall; I

could see the splinters fly. Someone else had received the rifle containing the blank cartridge. But my mind was at ease, there was no blood of a Tommy on my hands.

Dismissed!

"Order—Arms! About—Turn! Pile—Arms! Stand—Clear!"

The stacks were re-formed. "Quick—March! Right—Wheel!"

and we left the scene of execution behind us.

It was now daylight. After marching about five minutes we were dismissed with the following instructions from the officer in command:

"Return, alone, to your respective companies, and remember, no talking about this affair, or else it will go hard with the guilty ones."

"We needed no urging to get away. I did not recognize any of the men on the firing squad, even the officer

was a stranger to me."

The writer learnt later that the man had been shot for cowardice.

Teaching War.

How Our Naval Officers Improve Their Strategy and Tactics.

It is said that there are few officers of any of the world's fleets, from Japan to Germany, who have not learnt much that they knew of the art of sea-fighting from a game of which an Englishman, the late Mr. Fred J. Jane the well-known naval expert, was the inventor.

When Mr. Jane was a boy, his favorite pastime was to engage in miniature sea-fights with a school-fellow of similar tastes, with miniature fleets carrying guns, and armor-plates made from biscuit-tins, with the result—to

quote his own words—"our fleets annihilated each other, and depleted finances forbade their renewal."

So impressed, however, was the boy with the potentialities of his plaything, that one day, soon after his school days ended, he packed it in an empty Australian beef-tin, and sent it to the Admiralty, with the significant hint, "I shall not be above accepting financial remuneration; and, for convenience this can be paid in instalments."

To his disappointment, however, the Admiralty, though "interested," refused to be impressed; and the war-game languished for years, until at last it was found by accident in a lumber-room. It was resuscitated as a toy, which Mr. Jane "used to take to the Majestic, where it was played very much a la ping-pong, until one day the captain, the Marquis of Milford Haven, then Prince Louis of Battenburg, asked about it and wished to see the rules."

This proved the turn in the tide of the game's fortunes; for when, in an amended form, it was played again on the Majestic, it "caught on," and Mr. Jane was deluged with letters from all parts of the world inquiring about it. The Grand Duke Alexander took it up with enthusiasm and introduced it into the Russian fleet. Admiral May, and Captain Kawashima, of the Japanese Navy, followed suit, and its fame rapidly spread throughout the world.

"The very first set sold," Mr. Jane tells us, "was secured by the Chinese, and it is said to have been responsible for the Chinese attack on the Alid fleets at Taku." Other sets were despatched to America, Germany, Russia and Japan; and within a year officers of almost every navy in the world were playing the "Kindergarten war-game" with the keenest enthusiasm, and none of them more keenly than the Kaiser when pitting his skill against that of his cleverest admirals.

For the purposes of the game a large table is required, covered with blue cards divided into a multitude of small squares, each of which represent half a cable, or a hundred yards. Over these squares the "pieces" are moved—model ships, made of cork and painted, and fitted with miniature guns, each tiny vessel being an accurate reproduction of an actual warship.

Every player has assigned to him a particular ship, which he moves simultaneously with all the others, at the discretion of his "admiral," one minute being allowed for each move, and the distance moved depending on the speed of the particular vessel. At the end of each minute firing takes place, and each player has a "score"—that is, a card on which is a plan of his ship, showing guns, armour, etc., and divided into vertical sections of twenty-five feet each.

Pictures of each ship, similarly divided, are the targets, and they are struck at by "strikers," resembling ping-pong bats. When a hit is made

it is scored on the card of the ship on a scale according to the damage that would be inflicted. Such is the naval war-game in its best suggestion.

The official home of the game in England is at Greenwich Naval College, where it forms part of the "war course." But its true headquarters are at Portsmouth, where thousands of mimic sea-battles have been fought on the blue-card covered tables by the men on whom to-day the safety of our fleet and of our shores depends.—Answers.

Household Notes.

The smartest white costumes are an accent somewhere, the belt, collar and cuffs or lining may be of a bright blue.

Bathing suits decorated with medallions of bright crocheted yarn have just been shipped south for winter bathers.

T. J. EDENS.

Prince Albert Tobacco.

In Tins. 24 gross just in.

200 lbs. Beechnut Bacon.

20 boxes Purity Butter.

2 lb. Prints. 50 boxes PRUNES, 60/74.

50 boxes APRICOTS, Ex. Choice.

200 MOIR'S CAKES. 8 cs. MOIR'S CHOCOLATES.

1/2 lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. tins. SARDINES in Oil, 1/4 tins.

SARDINES in Mustard, 1/4 tins. YELLOW CORN MEAL, 5 lb. bags.

McCORMICK'S—English and French Dressing. Biscuits.

McCORMICK'S—Cream Sodas in Dinner Pails.

100 pairs FRESH HARRIS FRESH EGGS.

FINNAN HADDIES. KIPPERED HERRING. SELECTED SALT HERRING.

T. J. EDNES.

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Baird's White Sale.

MID

EXCEL

PAUSE and mighty Money ties this Sale shrewd shop

ALL PRICE

VICTORIA LAWN.

For those who ply the needle up dainty Summer undermuslin, these splendid values in White Lawn are bargained for months ago; would like to show you. Reg. 40c. White Sale Price. Reg. 48c. White Sale Price. Reg. 55c. White Sale Price.

TUCKED LAWN.

Here you are, mothers! the prettiest Tucked Lawns in the almost any price; some with others with Swiss insertion. Reg. 22c. yard. White Sale Price. Reg. 32c. yard. White Sale Price. Reg. 40c. yard. White Sale Price. Reg. 50c. yard. White Sale Price. Reg. 65c. yard. White Sale Price. Reg. 80c. yard. White Sale Price.



LAWN CAMISOLES.

Of very special value, by reason of their prettiness, their serviceability, and their daintiness, beautifully made, want an extra one or two, why these, they are the limit for value. Reg. 40c. White Sale Price. Reg. 60c. White Sale Price. Reg. 90c. White Sale Price. Reg. 1.35. White Sale Price. Reg. 1.75. White Sale Price.

LAWN COMBINATIONS.

These are becoming more and more popular each season. We recommend it and exquisite finish; made from quality White Lawns and nicely trimmed. Reg. 85c. suit. White Sale Price. Reg. 1.30 suit. White Sale Price. Reg. 1.40 suit. White Sale Price.

SEE THIS LOT OF ENVELOPE CHEMISES.

You'll like these immensely. Made easy slip-in style in fine White Lawns, enclosures lace and embroidered with ribbon heading; complete size range. Reg. 85c. White Sale Price.

LADIES' NIGHTGOWNS.

Economy prices on these very dresses you will need for later on. Fine White Lawns, make an ideal as it is possible to make them. We complete price range, and caution. Reg. 75c. White Sale Price. Reg. 1.10. White Sale Price. Reg. 1.65. White Sale Price. Reg. 2.20. White Sale Price. Reg. 2.75. White Sale Price.

A Surprise Sale Satin QUILTS and Honey

A really important Sale that should not be missed. We have carefully gone through our stocks and have a number of arrivals. Come and see if there is a Q. Regular \$2.00. White Sale Price. Regular \$2.40. White Sale Price. Regular \$2.80. White Sale Price. Regular \$3.50. White Sale Price.

WHITE SILK POPLINS.

Here is a very serviceable and extra good wearing Dress. Gossamer of high degree that would make up splendidly for special occasions. Price: a nice permanent silk surface. Regular \$1.00. White Sale Price. 90c.

Slightly Soiled Princess Underskirt.

Just a dozen or so of these slightly soiled from handling, trimmed with embroidery and lace edging, and with a wide ribbon heading; dainty undergarments, in new with washing. Regular value to \$4.00. White Sale Price. \$2.15.

Easy Buying Sale.

ABSENT-MINDED ABNER—He Merely Omitted Putting in the Record!

