

WAR TIME INCIDENTS

Little Stories Not Carried on the Cables, Clipped From Old Country Papers.

Some highly interesting incidents of war time in Europe are told by English papers just to hand. The cables of late have been so congested that these incidents could not be carried. The Courier republishes some of these clipped from English papers.

A Golf Club's Example.

Isn't it strange to note how the aspect of places is changing? Yesterday I went down to Rosehampton for a round of golf. I think I went more for the motor ride there and back by a friend than for the golf itself.

Anyway I went, and the links seemed rather deserted. The few men playing had no hint in the game. And in the dining room there were waitresses instead of waiters.

Neat, trim, little waitresses, anxious to please and oblige everyone.

And all the waiters had gone to the front as one man!

The whole of the staff of the Rosehampton Golf Club with two exceptions have offered themselves for service in the war. Members of the club are mowing the greens and keeping the club in condition. The committee are keeping the situations open and paying weekly contributions to the dependents.

He Probably Thought So.

A party of stalwart Uhlans, prisoners of war, passed through Southampton a few days ago, and it was noticed that although the English officer in charge of them addressed them in German, several of the Uhlans replied in English. They are said to be sons of nobles. One of them said he "did not think they would be prisoners for long, as the Kaiser's army would soon be in England to release them."

Suspension of Football Mischievous

The Football Association yesterday decided that the total suspension of football would be mischievous. The first requirement is that every man capable of rendering personal service should do so at once. All clubs should give every possible assistance by releasing players during the war.

Clubs having professional players are urged to give every facility for their temporary release.

The association has given one thousand pounds to the Prince of Wales.

Have your suit cleaned and pressed

BY JEWELL

348 Colborne Street

PHONE 300

Goods called for and delivered.

Office Diaries

FOR 1915

Every office will require one of these books to record future dates. We have them in many styles and bindings. Price:

40c to \$3.00

ON SALE AT

STEDMAN'S BOOKSTORE

LIMITED 160 Colborne St.

Both Phones 569

Office Diaries

FOR 1915

Every office will require one of these books to record future dates. We have them in many styles and bindings. Price:

40c to \$3.00

ON SALE AT

STEDMAN'S BOOKSTORE

LIMITED 160 Colborne St.

Both Phones 569

Office Diaries

FOR 1915

Every office will require one of these books to record future dates. We have them in many styles and bindings. Price:

40c to \$3.00

ON SALE AT

STEDMAN'S BOOKSTORE

LIMITED 160 Colborne St.

Both Phones 569

Office Diaries

FOR 1915

Every office will require one of these books to record future dates. We have them in many styles and bindings. Price:

40c to \$3.00

ON SALE AT

STEDMAN'S BOOKSTORE

LIMITED 160 Colborne St.

Both Phones 569

Office Diaries

FOR 1915

Every office will require one of these books to record future dates. We have them in many styles and bindings. Price:

40c to \$3.00

ON SALE AT

STEDMAN'S BOOKSTORE

Wales' fund, and two hundred and fifty pounds to the Belgian fund, and will be prepared to assist the authorities in any direction.

The Football Association having decided not to discontinue matches during the war, Mr. F. N. Charrington, who suggested the enlistment of 7,000 trained athletes, has telegraphed to the king: "Millions of your Majesty's loyal subjects will be anxious to know if your Majesty's name will be used as the patron of The Football Association."

A Four Cent War Restaurant.

London has yet no conception of what it means when all the men who earn the wages that buy the food are in the fighting line.

Paris has felt it. In the past month two and a half million meals have been provided at a very small cost sometimes for nothing, to those deprived of their means of livelihood.

"War restaurants" have been organized on a large scale, where a dinner and a 1d supper are supplied. It is not only the half-dressed working classes who patronize them.

To one amateur restaurant described in the *Matin* there goes a doctor who lost all his practice in one day. He is not strong enough to go into the fighting line.

Another customer is a white-bearded professor, all of whose pupils have gone to the war. His wife and family, no less than those of the soldiers, themselves are unprovided for.

A third patron is a music-hall artist who was making two pounds a night a month ago, and is now obliged to dine for 2d. a day.

The restaurant has been started in a large corn loft, in which the local Socialist committee lately held violent anti-militarist meetings.

Now the anti-militarists are fighting, with a former Socialist Deputy in command.

A hospital director has been made manager of the restaurant, and school teachers have volunteered as cooks and waitresses.

At eleven in the morning the customers assemble and show their out-of-work cards or tell their stories of want. Having paid 2d. each, they sit down at three long white tables and wait for the dinner bell.

Then, 12 by 12 they march up to receive a bowl of soup. Presently they go back for a portion of meat.

Each customer finds at his place a piece of bread, and a waitress pours out for him a glass of wine, given by the local wine merchants.

Here is a sample dinner menu: Thick soup. Beef and cabbage with soup. Boiled meat and white sauce and potatoes.

The penny supper includes no meat. The greatest good feeling exists among the customers: in spite of all their misfortunes, the diners' eyes sparkle when the talk is of the war and those in the fighting line.

No "Canoodling" in War Time

One of the most harmless men I know was drifting down the Thames

in a skiff the other day when opposite the Surlingham reservoir he was suddenly commanded to "halt" and explain how he got there. He explained that he had just sculled, and drifted. Whereupon he was informed by an armed sentry on the shore that he was on forbidden waters, and must be searched as a suspect.

The sentry blew a whistle, a motor boat appeared from somewhere and my friend, after being searched was allowed to proceed. It seems that only six of the river is "open" to river people opposite reservoirs. We are being well looked after. That is not the only rule of the river. There is another which forbids any one to remain afloat after 10 p.m., and backwaters and shady banks are patrolled, so that "canoodling" is at a discount. And quite right too when there is bigger work to be done.

The Office Boy's Black Eye

One of the office boys arrived in the editorial room of the *Daily Sketch* this morning with a very pretty black eye.

All day on Wednesday he might have been seen watching the lucky peckers, who were a few years older than himself going to interview the chief and subsequently marching off to the recruiting office.

His military glance came back an hour later and patronize the mere civilians.

And he decided that the deed must be done. He made the mistake of taking a friend who also wanted to join.

"How old are you?" asked the recruiting officer.

"Eighteen," he lied.

The preliminaries were got over very successfully and the office boy was ready to go to the recruiting office.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen," he lied the office boy's friend.

The recruiting officer looked incredulous.

"When were you eighteen?"

"Now that your boy's friend was not of the stern stuff which can lie successfully to recruiting officers at the first encounter, and his story broke down. He must remain a civilian, and his military glance which the officer gave him put the lid on it.

It broke the friendship of a lifetime and destroyed his patriotism.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen," he lied the office boy's friend.

The recruiting officer looked incredulous.

"When were you eighteen?"

in a skiff the other day when opposite the Surlingham reservoir he was suddenly commanded to "halt" and explain how he got there. He explained that he had just sculled, and drifted. Whereupon he was informed by an armed sentry on the shore that he was on forbidden waters, and must be searched as a suspect.

The sentry blew a whistle, a motor boat appeared from somewhere and my friend, after being searched was allowed to proceed. It seems that only six of the river is "open" to river people opposite reservoirs. We are being well looked after. That is not the only rule of the river. There is another which forbids any one to remain afloat after 10 p.m., and backwaters and shady banks are patrolled, so that "canoodling" is at a discount. And quite right too when there is bigger work to be done.

The Office Boy's Black Eye

One of the office boys arrived in the editorial room of the *Daily Sketch* this morning with a very pretty black eye.

All day on Wednesday he might have been seen watching the lucky peckers, who were a few years older than himself going to interview the chief and subsequently marching off to the recruiting office.

His military glance came back an hour later and patronize the mere civilians.

And he decided that the deed must be done. He made the mistake of taking a friend who also wanted to join.

"How old are you?" asked the recruiting officer.

"Eighteen," he lied.

The preliminaries were got over very successfully and the office boy was ready to go to the recruiting office.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen," he lied the office boy's friend.

The recruiting officer looked incredulous.

"When were you eighteen?"

"Now that your boy's friend was not of the stern stuff which can lie successfully to recruiting officers at the first encounter, and his story broke down. He must remain a civilian, and his military glance which the officer gave him put the lid on it.

It broke the friendship of a lifetime and destroyed his patriotism.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen," he lied the office boy's friend.

The recruiting officer looked incredulous.

"When were you eighteen?"

"Now that your boy's friend was not of the stern stuff which can lie successfully to recruiting officers at the first encounter, and his story broke down. He must remain a civilian, and his military glance which the officer gave him put the lid on it.

It broke the friendship of a lifetime and destroyed his patriotism.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen," he lied the office boy's friend.

The recruiting officer looked incredulous.

"When were you eighteen?"

"Now that your boy's friend was not of the stern stuff which can lie successfully to recruiting officers at the first encounter, and his story broke down. He must remain a civilian, and his military glance which the officer gave him put the lid on it.

It broke the friendship of a lifetime and destroyed his patriotism.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen," he lied the office boy's friend.

The recruiting officer looked incredulous.

"When were you eighteen?"

"Now that your boy's friend was not of the stern stuff which can lie successfully to recruiting officers at the first encounter, and his story broke down. He must remain a civilian, and his military glance which the officer gave him put the lid on it.

It broke the friendship of a lifetime and destroyed his patriotism.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen," he lied the office boy's friend.

The recruiting officer looked incredulous.

"When were you eighteen?"

THE STORY OF Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Copyright, 1913 by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"Nobody that hasn't already run away to be married once or twice could tell how it was going to feel. Never did I pass so unhappy a day.

If Mark was not everything that is kind and gentle he would have tipped me out of the sleigh into a snowbank and left me by the roadside to freeze.

"I might have been murdered instead of only married by the way I behaved, but Mark and Ellen understood. Then the very next day Mark's father sent him up to Bridgton on business, and he had to go to Allentown first to return a friend's horse, so he couldn't break the news to father at once, as he intended."

"Does a New Hampshire marriage hold good in Maine?" asked Waitstill, still intent on the bare fatted at the bottom of the romance.

"Well, of course," stammered Patty, somewhat confused, "Maine has her own way of doing things and wouldn't be likely to fancy New Hampshire's. But nothing can make it wicked or anything but according to law."

"Besides, Mark considered all the difficulties. He is wonderfully clever, and he has a clerkship in a Portsmouth law office waiting for him, and that's where we are going to live, in New Hampshire, where we were married, and my darling sister will come soon and stay months and months with us."

"When is Mark coming back to arrange all this?"

"Late tonight or early tomorrow morning."

"Where did you go after you were married?"

"Where did I go?" echoed Patty in a childish burst of tears. "Where could I go? It took all day to be married, all day long, working and driving hard from sunrise to 7 o'clock in the evening. Then when we reached the bridge Mark dropped me, and I walked up home in the dark and went to bed without any supper for fear that father and mother would back and catch me it and ask why I was so late."

"My poor, foolish dear!" sighed Waitstill.

Patty's tears flowed faster at the first sound of sympathy in Waitstill's voice, for self pity is very enfeebling. She fairly sobbed as she continued:

"So my only wedding journey was the freezing drive back from Allentown, with Ellen crying all the way."

"We are not a league of optimists; we do not want to ignore the dark, but we do not want to be discouraged by the League of Anti-Pessimists, which had just been formed. But we want to go on with the spirit of the cloud is the sun still shining." You can become a member and write L. A. P. after your name by solemnly promising to keep the five rules and by sending 6d. (for printing and postage expenses) to the secretary at 74 Prince's Square, W. In brief, his five rules are: To fight the spirit of pessimism; to cheer those around you; to refrain from grumbling at hardships; to prevent unauthenticated rumors from spreading; to set an example of hopefulness and trust in our leaders. And perhaps you will be entitled one day to wear a badge. The L. A. P. means very little.

Official Moving Picture Films.

It is understood that the French government have permitted a well-known cinematographic company to take films of various battles, on condition that they are not released until authorized by the authorities, which will be long after the war is over. My informant says it was decided to have these films taken not so much for the edification of the public as to furnish a record which may be useful subsequently to the French War Office.

The ordinary cinematograph operator has been placed in a hopeless position by the restrictions enforced upon him. An English company sent out ten operators, and provided them with three motor cars. The French army authorities seized the motor cars for their own purposes saying they would be needed after the war, and the English authorities have charge of the cameras, so that no harm should befall them.

Recruiting the Apaches.

They manage these things better in France. I have just been told by a man from the other side that the Paris gendarmerie have made a systematic and secret raid on the slums of the capital, and have captured practically every apache of note. They are going to send them to the front, which perhaps is the best thing to do with them.

German Press Methods.

The revelations about the official German news bureau to be established in London ought not to surprise those people who know Bismarck's methods. The Iron Chancellor kept at his command a tamer journalist known as Busch, who used to write articles on Bismarck's instructions and send them to the English papers for insertion. Busch, in his revelations, admits that frequently these articles were returned to him.

"We Fought Shot for Shot."

Here is an able seaman's description of the naval fight in the Bight of Heligoland:

"We have at last had an innings at the Germans," he said. "It was a go! Fully seven hours we fought shot for shot."

"I had the pleasure of seeing four German ships go down. We never knew but it might be our turn next, as great shells were falling all around us. Several shells went just over our heads whistling like a needle on a broken record."

"I think all our men took it just as though having our annual battle practice—cool, laughing and cracking jokes with shells all around them. All the thought was just of shooting it in to them—and they got it."

"We are ready for another smack at them."

"I must say I dread to have him hear the news," and Waitstill knitted her brows anxiously. "I hope it may be soon, and I think I ought to be here when he is told. Mark will never understand or bear with him, and there may be trouble that I could avert."

"I'll be here, too, and I'm not afraid," and Patty raised her head defiantly. "Father can't ummarry us; that's why we acted in this miserable, secret, underhanded way. Somehow, though I haven't seen Mark since we went to Allentown, I am braver than I was last week, for now I've got somebody to take my part."

"I've a good mind to go upstairs and put on my gold beads and my wedding ring just to get used to them and to feel a little more married. No, I can't after all, for there is father driving up the hill now, and he may come into the house. What brings him home at this hour?"

"I was expecting him every moment," and Waitstill rose and stirred the fire. "He took the pump and went to the mills for grain."

"He hasn't anything in the back of the pump—and, oh, Wait! he is standing up now and whipping the horse with all his might. I never saw him drive like that before! What can be the matter? He can't have seen my wedding ring, and only three people will tell the world about my being married."

Waitstill turned from the window, her heart beating a little faster. "What three people know three hundred are likely to know sooner or later. It may be a false alarm. What father is in a hurry about something. He must not tell the news until he is in a better humor!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Patty is Shown the Door.

EACON BAXTER drove into the barn and, flinging a blanket over the wheezing horse, closed the door behind him and hurried into the house without even thinking to lay down his whip.

Opening the kitchen door and stopping outside long enough to kick the snow from his heavy boots, he strode into the kitchen and confronted the two girls. He looked at them sharply before he spoke, scanning their flushed faces and tear stained eyes; then he broke out savagely:

"Oh, what a pair of fools; that's lucky. Now stand up and answer to me. What's this I hear at the Mills about Patience—common talk outside the store?"

The time had come, then, and by some strange fatality Mark was too far away to be of service. "What do you mean, father?" Patty replied, begging to gain time and shaking inwardly.

"Bill Morrill says his brother that works in New Hampshire reports you as idling through the streets of Allentown last Monday with a young man."

There seemed but one reply to this, so Patty answered tremblingly: "He says what's true. I was there."

"What?" and it was plain from the deacon's voice that he had really believed the rumour, and a whirlwind of rage swept through him and shook him from head to foot.

"Do you mean to stan' there an' own up to me that you was thirty miles away from home with a young man?" he shouted.

"If you ask me a plain question I've got to tell you the truth, father. I was."

"How dare you carry on like that and drag my name into scandal, you worthless trollop, you? Who went along with you? I'll skin the hide off him, whoever 't was!"

But Waitstill caught her hand and whispered: "Tell him all, dear. It's got to come out. Be brave, and I'll stand by you."

"Why are you interferin' and puttin' in your meddlesome car?" the deacon said, turning to Waitstill. "The girl would never 'a' been there if you'd attended to your business. She's nothin' but a fool of a young filly, an' you're an old cart horse. It was your job to look out for her, as your mother told you. To anybody might 'a' guessed she needed watchin'!"

"You shall not call my sister an old cart horse! I'll not permit it!" cried Patty, plucking up courage in her sister's defense and, as usual, comporting herself a trifle more like a spitfire than a true heroine of tragedy.

"Hush, Patty! Let him call me anything that he likes. It makes no difference at such a time."

"Waitstill knew nothing of my going away till this afternoon," continued Patty. "I kept it secret from her on purpose, because I was afraid she wouldn't approve. I went with Mark Wilson, and—and I married him in New Hampshire because we couldn't do it at home without everybody's knowledge. Now you know all!"

(To be Continued.)

CRUISERS RENAMED

LONDON, Sept. 25.—Reuter's Constantinople correspondent says the German cruiser Breslau has been renamed Midiri and the Goeben, Sultan Selim.

The correspondent adds the cruisers, accompanied by the Turkish gun boats and torpedo boats, have been engaged in gun practice in the Black Sea.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

URIC ACID, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, DIABETES, BACKACHE

23 THE PRINCE

TWO YEARS OF TORTURE FROM STOMACH TROUBLE

Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

There are two ways usually adopted in trying to cure indigestion or stomach trouble—one the wrong way by using purgatives and the other drugs which only act locally and which in the long run causes more distress by weakening the whole system. The other way and the right way is the Dr. Williams' manner of treatment—namely to nourish and build up the stomach by supplying plenty of new, rich, red blood. Give the stomach this much needed supply of new blood and distress will disappear and stay vanished forever. The new blood strengthens the nerves of the stomach and gives it the necessary power to digest food. Thousands bear witness to the value of the Dr. Williams' treatment through the blood. Among them is the Rev. P. D. Nowlan, of Summerville, N.S., who says: "I certainly have great reason to recommend Dr.