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Mr. F. Roberts, of the Elite Tonsorial Parlors, begs to announce to his many patrons, that he has installed the very latest Massage machines for face and hair; also that he will carry full assortment Choice Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco.

On and after to-day the Parlors will be open each weekday from 8 a.m. until 11 p.m.

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A 6h.p. Stationary Engine

Master workman make, suitable for running a Stave Mill or Machine Shop.

Engine is fitted with a Patent Clutch Pulley and regulated with a Governor, and is in first-class condition.

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A Good, serviceable working Shirt, combining warmth with neatness.

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In Navy Blue and Fancy Grey.

A cheaper quality at 65c.

Anderson's,
Grace Building.

MADE CAPTURE OF MOTOR CAR

Two Dublin Fusiliers Made Captive by Germans, Effected Escape in Daring Manner

CORPORAL P. QUINN tells in the "Cork Examiner," how he and Private McElroy, both of the Dublin Fusiliers, lost touch with their regiment, their adventures in a motor-lorry and other incidents of an exciting escape.

He states that nine of them were taken prisoners, and were placed in a motor-lorry with a French officer who spoke English fluently. He said he did not know what their fate might be, adding, "All you Britishers should try and make your escape with me."

Quite Willing.

"This we were willing to do (says Corporal Quinn). There was a sentry in charge of us, and the French officer, seizing his opportunity, jumped from the back of the lorry, catching a firm hold of the sentry's arm, and thus preventing him from using his rifle. The nine of us came to the French officer's aid, and overpowering the sentry, killed him. Then in the rush to get away the sentry's rifle, which was in the possession of the French officer, went off.

The report having reached the German quarters, four of them came up to us, and in the encounter two of our number were shot. Those of us who escaped got to a road close by, where three of us got up a tree, where we remained until daybreak. We got from Cambrai down to the canal, where the peasants concealed us in one of the canal boats. They were very kind to us. They provided us with civilian dress, instead of our uniforms. From the canal we went to the village of Hermonnes, where we were comfortably housed for the night by the villagers.

A German Spy.

A French school teacher came to the house the same night, and informed us in English that a gentleman who had told her he was an officer in the French army, was going to St. Paul's next morning, and that he wished us to travel with him, as he knew the country perfectly. We had no suspicion of the stranger, with whom we walked about five kilometers. He was in civilian dress. We could see the main road in front of us. The stranger then got in advance of us, for the purpose, he said, of seeing if the road were safe. We lay on the side of this road awaiting his return.

We soon heard a whistle, and thinking it was the stranger mentioned, we jumped up, to find a party of Prussians approaching us. We then had reason to believe that the stranger was none other than a German spy, and had led us into danger. The Prussians were about 150 yards away, and we lost no time in returning to the village. After a short stay there we reached the village of Moray.

Were Cautioned.

On leaving the latter place we were cautioned of the danger of crossing the railway close by. The two of us got on a French cart piled with hay, while a third walked in front with a hay fork on his shoulder. We were dressed in the clothes worn by the peasants.

We passed the railway safely, and got to a place called Bellincourt, where we slept for the night in a haystack. The Germans patrolled the roads all night, and in the morning the enemy took a quantity of hay from the stack in which we lay concealed. They took the hay to light a fire to enable them to have breakfast. It was a tight corner for us, but we were not discovered. Eventually, and after many exciting adventures, we worked our way to Boulogne.

"CIVILISED WARFARE"

HATHEN Turkey has no business getting in the war. This is civilized warfare. Anyway, that is what they call it, comments the Chicago Saturday Blade.

The firing of dum-dum bullets is a violation of the 'rules of war.' Nowadays no civilized nation dares countenance such barbarity on the part of its soldiers. Charges that this form of bullet is being used have been made by both sides in the present conflict and have been vigorously denied and bitterly resented. The dum-dum is indeed a terrible thing. It is soft and hollow-nosed and when it strikes a body or bone it flattens out and explodes, through air being compressed in the hollow part, making a frightful and fatal wound.

Army surgeons pronounce the ordinary steel-tipped rifle bullet humane, and it makes a small wound and does not spread or explode. All of which is true, and yet is an argument of little interest to the soldier who is shot through the heart or brain by a "civilized" steel-tipped bullet—and of little consolation to his widow and children.

Civilized warfare? Talk of an honest thief or a virtuous scarlet woman! While the army chiefs are making and denying accusations concerning dum-dum bullets, we learn of countless other horrors, unknown to the ghastly annals of previous battle history.

We are told of new machines that mow down men faster than any automatic death dealers ever before invented; wholesale slaughter by hidden artillery, using smokeless powder, fired at signals from aeroplane scouts; shells that burst with such terrific effect as to tear arms and legs to pieces, "and if the wound is in the head or stomach it is all the same," as one soldier has said.

We are told of field guns that discharge twenty shrapnel shells a minute, each shell retaining 200 bullets upon the opposing troops, and of larger guns, some with shells so powerful that the mere force of their concussion kills men in heaps; others with shells that release deadly gases, asphyxiating all who are within their wide range.

All these devastating machines and more have been worked night and day on the slaughter fields, and moving have left miles of trenches filled with proof of their effectiveness, corpses torn and maimed, crushed and shattered remnants of what were men, and elsewhere lines of soldiers, whose lives were mysteriously snuffed out, with out trace of what killed them.

Then we read of the civilized nations being stirred by the bombardment and destruction of old churches and historic buildings. More has been said about the ruin of relics than of all the slaughter of men on the fields, and the untold misery and suffering of the innocent and helpless victims of this war.

The human "cannon fodder" and targets are seemingly of much less consequence than the ancient structures that are falling before modern artillery. Some of the old buildings cannot be replaced.

In the light of what is going on, perhaps we should be thankful that civilization advanced no farther in Europe. But we know that this like all the awful conflicts that greed has given the world—only made more horrible, more heartless by the 'improved' machines.

Far worse than hell is this "civilized" war. And who would call hell civilized?

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.

Sold at St. John's by M. J. Malone, M. Kent, Walter Gosse, J. C. Ryan, J. Healey, C. P. Eagan, Soper & Moore, Wholesale Agent.

Manufactured by Saunders & Mercey, Shearstown, Nfld.—oct 20

CHATTY TALKS ON LATE EVENTS

News Notes and Live Stories For the Readers of The Mail and Advocate

Grand Duke Nicholas, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army, is 6ft. 6in., and is noted for his enormous strength. He has been known to take up an ordinary sized man with each arm and carry them some distance.

Herr Dernburg, late German Colonial Secretary, candidly admits that the Germans—know that the Indians are on their way to help Great Britain, and that the French are being supported by troops from their African Colonies—do not know how to handle such a situation.

General Joffre, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, is known to his Staff as "Joffre the tactician." He is a silent man and good tempered. He has been a life long believer in the invincibility of Napoleon's strategy.

A Russian diplomatist has written to a friend in London informing him that Russia has 6,000,000 men already in the field, and is mobilizing another 2,000,000.

A somewhat disconcerting incident, the centre of which was a popular M. P.'s daughter, occurred at a London recruiting office a few days ago. The young lady, who has taken a great interest in the work of recruiting, walk straight into what she thought was the room of the officer in charge.

It, however, happened to be the medical examination room, and she was not a little startled to find herself confronted by several embryo soldiers clad only in their own strength.

She hastily beat a confused retreat, which the doctor helped to cover with an extended Union Jack.

Count Von Bernstorff, who made remarkable attempts to win over the American public to Germany's side, is now dubbed the wireless wonder of the age.

He states that all his messages come by wireless, yet, strange to say, none of the American wireless stations have received the wonderful news he publishes.

Lord Kitchener has only retreated once in his life, according to a lady of his acquaintance.

He had been feted at a dozen affairs, and finally wound up at an At Home where there were many ladies. They practically besieged him, and when he saw his old friend—the lady in question—he rushed to her and said, "Talk to me! Please talk to me! Never mind what you say, but say something just as though it were important." She did so, and finally asked him what had disturbed him.

"It's those two women over there," he replied, pointing to a couple of grande dames. "They have been following me all the afternoon, and I didn't think I ever would escape."

The lady tells another story about the great soldier, which, if not true, deserved to be. When he arrived in South Africa as Lord Roberts's Chief of Staff the young officer realized that "soft snaps" were a thing of the past. They made no mistake. They were all put to work.

One day Lord Kitchener saw a young officer sporting a monocle. "Does your eyesight require you to wear that?" he asked. "It does," replied the Lieutenant.

"Then report tomorrow morning to the line of communication," ordered the General. "I do not require men with poor eyesight at headquarters."



THE FIRE ALARM

may ring at a moment's notice. What a hurry and sorry and how the horses dash by to reach the fire.

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