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A Between-Seasons Suggestion

We have in stock just a very few exquisite Evening Gowns, one or two actual Paris Models, others exact copies of Paris Gowns. As these are decidedly advance style they will be the correct mode for the Fall Season, and we are selling them off at greatly reduced prices to make room for our large Autumn Stock. Two particularly lovely Gowns are briefly described below.

¶ Gown of Sheer White Lace mounted on fine Brussels net lining. It has the new three tier skirt; Waist and Sleeves of Lace, in soft, graceful draping; Vest caught with tiny crystals; and wide crushed girdle of Pale Blue Satin

¶ Elegant Gown of Black Chiffon over soft White Lace, lined throughout with White Silk; handsome and effective trimming of rich Helio Velvet.

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HEROIC DEEDS MARKED RETREAT

Soldiers Who Were in Retirement From Mons Relate Their Experiences

Sergeant Griffiths, of the Welsh Regiment, has written home an interesting letter, stating that at Mons he enemy appeared as ten to one. He continues:

"Then began this awful retreat, which should, and will, go down in history as one of the greatest and most glorious retreats ever done. The enemy were employing a lot of motor lorries for the troops, which kept pushing many of their infantry towards our flanks and causing us to march sometimes as many as twenty-eight miles a day. We had to turn and give them a check, which we always did well, and so we kept on ever southwards.

Retreat Galled Them.
"Our boys were cursing because our backs were towards them, but when the British did turn, my word, what a game! The 3rd Coldstreams could be named the 3rd Cold Steels. Their bayonet charge was a beauty, accounting, we were informed, for over 800 Germans, and losing only about 80 killed or wounded themselves.

"Then there was the Scots Greys' and 9th Lancers' charge. When about forty miles from Paris the main bodies of the enemy commenced retreating, and I left them on the run, and our boys after them hot foot."

Lance-Corporal M. Nolan, of the Scots Greys, a native of York, tells a story of heroism in the Western Mail:

Large Crowd of Germans.
"We were two miles outside a little village called Rebas. This was two days before the general advance began, and we had been sent down as a reconnoitering patrol. We went to the village and got instantly in touch with a large crowd of Germans. Whilst we were preparing to engage them a scout came up to say that whole division of Germans were coming up on our left. We could not get out of it, for we were fairly caught.

"We charged those nearest to us, and gave them all they wanted. In the hand-to-hand fight my horse was shot from under me. I was left behind and helpless, with my right arm shot through the bone.

Helped Him Up.
"Sergt. Dodds happened to look round, and seeing me on the ground, he turned back alone and shouted to me, 'Come along, Nolan, old boy; jump up behind me.' With his assistance I got on his horse's crup and held on with my legs. We had got out of the tight corner.

"But our troubles were not over. Thirty of us had to run the gauntlet through the village, with the Germans firing from the windows, to join the main body. Only five got through. In the mad rush through the village, Dodds was also shot badly through the leg, and the poor horse, which was carrying us two, was also brought down. The result was that the two of us fell helpless to the ground, and we were immediately surrounded by a crowd of Germans, who yelled and acted like a lot of savages.

An Officer's Revolver.
"We saw them tearing practically every bit of clothing from one of our poor chaps who had been killed, and in my own case they stripped me of everything but my trousers and shirt. They took from me the revolver that I had taken from a German officer, and one of them was about to strip me of my shirt when a funny thing occurred. I often laugh when I think of it.

"When I was looking up and trying to think as little as possible about my arm, who should stand above me but the captured German officer whose guard had been killed. He said 'You are the man who took my revolver. Let me have it back instantly.' I said that I had not got it, and that one of his own men had relieved me of it. 'Then come with me,' he said, 'and find the man who took it, and I shall have him shot.' I went around with him as a matter of form, but I was not having any. Even if I had found the chap who had taken the revolver I should not have peached on the poor devil, as I knew what his fate would have been.

"Nolan was taken to the hospital and abandoned there by the Germans, who were attacked by a British cavalry brigade.

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FORGING AHEAD!

That is the position of The Mail and Advocate, as each issue sees a larger sale. What about that WANT ADVT!

FRENCH ADMIRE BRITISH TROOPS

Comrades in Arms Say They Go Into Battle as to a Picnic

A Frenchman who seems to have been attached to a Scottish regiment as interpreter since the beginning of hostilities tells the following stories of his comradeship in arms with the British.

"Their courage," he writes, "is admirable. These fellows go into action as if they were going to a picnic, with laughing eyes and, whenever possible, with a cigarette between their lips. Their courage is a mixture of imperturbability and tenacity. One must have seen this immovable calm, their heroic sang-froid under a rain of bullets to do it justice."

At —, where the Scottish regiment lay in trenches under a mixed rifle and shrapnel fire, a couple of privates suddenly noticed that the French interpreter was awkwardly placed at a spot where the trench was not wide enough to enable him to make proper use of his rifle.

Made Him Comfortable.
"The Frenchman isn't comfortable," said one, and both left the trench, spade in hand, knowing well that they were serving the enemy as targets, dug out the trench in front of their French comrade, and returned with unbroken calm to their own places and their rifles.

"Our British allies have, as everyone knows," the writer adds, "two main preoccupations, to be able to shave and to have tea. No danger deters them from their allegiance to the razor and the teapot.

"At —, in the department of the Nord, I heard a British officer of high rank declare with delicious calm between two attacks on the town, 'Gentlemen, it was nothing. Let's go and have tea.'

"Meanwhile his men took advantage of the brief respite to crowd round the pump, where, producing soap and strop, they proceeded to shave minutely and conscientiously, with little bits of broken glass serving as mirrors."

The New War-Cry
The writer was profoundly amused by the new British war-cry, "Are we down-hearted?" and the resounding "No," which follows it. After a volley has swept the ranks there is always some joker to shout the question, and all the rest roar out in the midst of general laughter, "No!"

The writer was associated with the British troops in Belgium, when, he says, "God knows the shock was terrible, and the defence, one to ten, admirable."

I have seen a crack cavalry regiment almost annihilated in a desperate charge against the German artillery. I have seen the heroic Scots mown down. These are visions which will take long to fade. Yet the British have already forgotten those tragic days when they alone bore the weight of the German onslaught. When in my presence those British soldiers were told of the disasters to their best regiment, they never flinched.

"Never mind. We'll have the best of it one day," was the invariable answer after a moment's silence.

"And that imperturbable conviction that they will get the best of it is the best support of their courage, is the secret which with fatal certainty will give them the victory."

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THRILLING STORIES OF THE FIRING LINE

Men Who Fought the Germans Tell Some of Their Experiences

One cannot travel anywhere west of the great fighting line without coming across fugitives at every step, or signs of the battle.

"I was at Nanteuil," says one soldier with his arm in a sling. "I was still fighting yesterday and the Germans were falling back. We heard that the English had driven them across the Marne. Ah, they are fine, those English. We were on our side for forty-eight hours under artillery fire. We were chafing to get at the Germans, but our officers would not let us. Our time had not yet come.

"It was only when the enemy came within 500 yards that we were allowed to fire. We made a dash for them after a few volleys and drove them back, keeping under cover. But we could not go far. The enemy's batteries and machine guns were always ready to pour a murderous fire in our direction. In two days we gained only a mile and a half."

The Ambulance in Action
"Stand back," the ambulance men shout to us, and a Zouave with his red Algerian cap and baggy trousers, is lifted out of a train. He is very dangerously wounded, and seems hardly conscious of what is happening around him. The men lift him gently and carry him on their arms and shoulders to the motor-car. Another man, only slightly wounded, steps out after him. "The battalion he belongs to," says the man, "was the hardest hit of all. They fought with the bravery of lions at Ourcq. Out of 1,000 men only 200 were left."

Wounded Officer
From another car I see a young cuirassier step out with his left arm in a sling and clutching his heavy steel cuirass under his right. We ask to relieve him of the heavy metal plate, but he clings to it stubbornly.

His face brightens up as he tells us his story. He was up at the frontier the day of the declaration of war. "That very night we received orders. Three days later we were up at Liege, and since that day we were hardly ever out of the saddle. I was at Namur, at Charleroi, at Mons, at Saint-Quentin, and at Meaux. I think it was somewhere near Chateau-Thierry that I got out of touch with half a dozen of my comrades and the rest of the platoon.

Saved by Breast-plate
"We were driving back a detachment of Uhlans, when I found myself facing half a dozen of them 300 yards away. They were aiming at me carefully, and their bullets grazed my ear.

"One Uhlan particularly on whom I had my eye took aim for at least ten seconds. I ducked down, and the bullet hit my horse in the head without killing him. The next minute the poor beast got another bullet in the head, but still he carried me. What a fine animal it was! I aimed back twice, and as I fired I saw of the Uhlans fall.

"The rest were turning, when about half a dozen infantry crept up from a bank. That was too much. I turned round to find my comrades, when a shell burst alongside me, and one of the shrapnels hit my breastplate. It glanced off and got embedded in my arm. A few minutes later I got back to my quarters, and was ordered away with the first batch of wounded."

The breastplate, to which he clung so eagerly, had a deep dent on the left side. Had it not been for that the shrapnel would have entered his heart. "That is why I am keeping it," he said, smilingly; "it has saved my life."

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