

## NEWS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

MANY ATTENDED  
FASHION PARADE  
HELD YESTERDAY

Manchester, Robertson, Allison's Showroom Filled With Interested Crowd — Many Charming Costumes Displayed By Stylish Manikins.

So great a crowd that it was almost impossible to see the models satisfactorily was the case yesterday afternoon when the Fashion Parade of Manchester, Robertson and Allison took place in the large room usually devoted to cloaks and suits.

With an orchestra playing and amid the very charming decorations of the salon it was a pretty sight. The morning parade was not quite so crowded so that it was possible for the onlookers to examine the costumes more thoroughly and admire the clever way in which they were shown off by stylish manikins who slowly and naturally walked up and down a raised off display, turning this way and that to best display the handsome gown they were wearing.

The decorations of the room were in autumn colors most artistically arranged. Cat tails were used in an arch with good effect.

The first model which stepped forward wore a gown of figured George of a heavy shade. The skirt was made with broad tucks and a tunic front and back ended in fringe, one of the newest notes of the season. With this dress was worn a picture hat of beaver velvet, faced with royal blue, and trimmed with touches of fur.

Next came a lovely afternoon costume of hydrangea blue. The bodice was elaborately in self coloring with just the right touch of silver braid introduced. The dress was simply made in tunic effect with graceful lines. A black velvet picture hat was worn with this.

A stunning costume much admired was of black satin with black fringe on the hanging panels. The model wore a small high black velvet hat with black feathers and carried a bright green umbrella. An ermine cape was added to this effective attire.

A navy blue serge costume made in Mandarin style was noteworthy, the tunic being braided almost to the waist in an elaborate design of black silk braid. No color was worn with this dress, even the hat being in navy blue, a small shape with outstanding feather wings.

Another figure approached wearing a navy blue satin and georgette gown, the bodice of fancy georgette with knife pleatings of the satin about the round collar and deep cuffs.

An odd conceit was introduced in a wooden cherry ball fringe which terminated the crush girde which tied in the back.

Still another navy gown was braided in navy blue and pail, the bodice done in design of blocks. A sash which tied in front showed the same design in the two shades of blue. The accompanying hat was of blue velvet, with georgette on the brim and feathers to match. Blue silk stockings and blue shoes made this an entirely blue costume.

Adorable in its youthful charm was a white silk coin spotted skirt, the spots being black, worn with a sleeveless coat of turquoise blue satin piped with white. Hat of black velvet, the brim being of black silk bandings played. Seal furs.

Other charming costumes noticed were:

A smart nigger brown gabardine tailored suit, worn with black martins furs. Medium sized hat of nigger brown with leather colored crown.

A smart suit of Alsatian blue gabardine braided with heavy black silk stitching in the panels, Hudson seal collar attached to the coat. Hat of black beaver with blue ostrich feathers, seal muff. With this was worn a fresh colored georgette blouse.

A utility suit of Scotch tweed, heather mixture made in military style with big pockets and button trimmed. Close fitting walking shape hat of silk ornamented with rows of brown and sand colored wood on beads. Draped brown spotted veil and beaver furs.

A chiffon velvet suit of sapphire blue, the coat embroidered with chenille and silver. Beaver-trimmed panels at the edge of the coat, a girde tied in front, fastened with an ornament. Hat of culphur and blue velvet.

A seal brown chamoise made in tunic style, deep fringe all around the hem of the tunic big buttons self covered. Hat of plush velvet with rose crown and apples with leaves of pail blue.

A stunning coat of caracul cloth and velvet, beaver color. The new combination. The skirt of the coat is caracul cloth, the velvet making the front panel with a wide shaped belt.

Another long brown coat with panels extending to the bottom of the skirt edged with 5-inch band of Hudson seal. Collar and deep cuffs of the same fur. Sport plaid skirt.

Many children's coats in velvet plush corduroy and velvet cloths were shown by little models who wore appropriate hats and furs.

**How You Can Remove Every Trace of Hair**

(Toilet Talks). A stiff paste made with some powdered delatone and water and spread on a hairy surface about two minutes will, when removed, take every trace of hair with it. The skin should then be washed to free it from the remaining delatone. No harm can result from this treatment, but be sure it is delatone you get and you will not be disappointed.

**Cause and Effect.** Tommy: "How you did bother when the dentist was working over you." Bobby: "Well it was a hotter tooth."

CHINESE EVENING  
A UNIQUE AFFAIR

Pleasant Entertainment Given By Loyalist Chapter I. O. O. E. in Stone Church Sunday School—Miss Nellie Wong General Supervisor.

The Chinese entertainment given last evening by the Loyalist Chapter I. O. O. E., was an entertainment unique among patriotic affairs in St. John. As it had for its general supervisor a real Chinese young lady who saw that everything was carried out accurately in true Chinese fashion. The Sunday School room of the Stone Church was the scene of the entertainment, where, for the small admission fee charged, saw some wonderful Chinese embroideries, and were served with tea in the genuine Oriental way, by a lady from Canton, Miss Nellie Wong, who is visiting Miss Katharine McAvity.

A noticeable feature was the large attendance of local Chinese, who seemed deeply interested in the production of their native customs.

Miss Wong, who has given much time to the preparation of this evening, was a charming hostess to a number of visitors, and gave them tea without sugar or cream, and sweets, preserved ginger, candied cocoanut and Chinese confectionery. Fortunes were told by tea leaves by the same accomplished stranger.

A flower booth and a candy table were looked after by members of the chapter, who also assisted in the serving of the refreshments.

A special attraction was the Chinese Wedding, which was repeated several times during the evening. The explanation of the marriage ceremony was read at the beginning, and then followed a number of preliminaries, which seemed strange to Western eyes. The costumes worn by the bride and groom (Miss Jean Angus and Miss Viola McAvity) were most gorgeous, the bride's heavy golden crown being particularly admired.

Another performance held in a straw hut was a Hawaiian concert, the singers and dancers being aided to imitate the belles of those tropical isles. Here were heard the strains of the Ukulele and haunting songs in a minor key. Taking part in this minor key were members of the chapter, assisted by Miss Ethel Powell and Miss Amber Teed.

A fortune teller was to be found in one corner of the room, while two dancing dolls were in another booth. Near the door a gramophone discoursed Chinese music which, The Standard was assured, was very beautiful; probably it was, but to the untutored ear it sounded like the breaking up of a happy home with all the animals joining in the general sorrow. The records were kindly loaned by a Chinese resident of the city.

The proceeds of the entertainment are for the patriotic work of the chapter, and are due Miss Jean Angus and Miss Viola McAvity, the successful carrying out of the delightful affair.

**SAM JONES HELPED.** While Cleveland fans are "blaming" Babe Ruth for beating the Indians out of a pennant, they should not overlook what that former Indian Sam Jones has done to put a crimp in their chances. For instance, the pitcher who figured in the trade for Tris Speaker pitched three games in Boston against the Indians this season and in 27 innings he allowed only 27 runs, 11 hits and 11 errors. Fohl's tribe just one run. That was made on May 23.

**ARE YOU**  
**Weak, Anemic, Nervous or Run-down?**  
What a blessing new health would be to you who are Weak, Anemic, Nervous or Run-down. It is a tonic, a restorative, a blood-maker and a nerve-builder—all in one. This is Wingarn's.

The reason is easily understood—Wingarn's is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve-builder—all in one. This is Wingarn's. It promotes new strength, it makes new blood, it builds up new nerve force, and it recharges the whole body with new vitality. What is, why Wingarn's makes you feel well so quickly. The benefit begins with the very first dose. You can feel it doing you good.

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K. OF C. FAIR  
OPENED LAST NIGHT  
WITH LARGE CROWDS

Over 1,500 Persons in Attendance Last Evening — Fair Opened By Lieut.-Governor — Addresses Made By Dr. Broderick and Mayor Hayes

"You are asked to subscribe your money for the boys in France who are fighting for civilization." This was the first sentence of the speech made by His Honor the Lieut.-Governor last evening at the opening of the fair held by the Knights of Columbus and their friends in aid of the Army Hut appeal. Judging by the very large audience when 1,500 persons passed through the gates a splendid answer to a lady from Canton, Miss Nellie Wong, who is visiting Miss Katharine McAvity.

A noticeable feature was the large attendance of local Chinese, who seemed deeply interested in the production of their native customs.

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WHEN BRAVE LADS FROM CANADA  
STRIKE TERROR TO HUN HEARTS

(Continued from Page One.)  
The car may go no further, and now it is a long trudge out of the valley and up and over the hills to the appointed spot, where may be seen, to the best advantage, the impending show. On these light chivalry uplands the recent rains have drained away, and the going is good. At length, somewhat footsore, we pass through a gaunt village—unhappy Gentiles—where stars shine down through skeleton rafters and all is ruin. Presently, through an excellent map and a torchlight, the knoll is reached, site of some of our support trenches.

The night is very still. It seems incredible that all this unmovable hum and rumble can have failed to reach an alert enemy. The watch hand is moving round—half-past three, four, on past four—an interminable hour. What will this stunning experience be like? One can only imagine. Zero is set for forty-two, and the point is reached that minute after minute, there goes up a mighty flare, and simultaneously along the whole line, ten miles to north and south of us, similar flares light up the countryside. At the same instant there breaks out the booming of our heavy guns, the dull roar of howitzers, and the unbroken roll of field guns—an inferno of noise. Shells whistle and whine over our heads. In front, right at hand, the horizon as far as the eye can see, spreads out a hell of flame and fire and burning charge, reverberating back to us in mighty unison the message that the battle has begun. Bright from out of this fiery furnace break out quick flashes, which shoot into the air—the "S. O. S." call of the German trenches for artillery support.

For a minute the din is stunning, but the ear quickly becomes accustomed. The eye is overwhelmed by the majestic spectacle. The heavens are lit up across their broad expanse by a continuous sheet of light—flashes, flashes, flashes, flashes, the doomed Boche lines. Our men can be plainly made out walking leisurely—or so it seems—forward, the tanks lumbering ahead to clear the wire. To right and left teams of horses gallop forward with the field gun batteries assigned to follow hard on the heels of the infantry.

It is a perfectly prepared plan, working out without a hitch. The batteries behind raise the barrage step by step just ahead of the men. All is coordinated to victory. Then down comes the fog, blotting out the spectacle, but saving us many casualties.

The attack has been such a complete and overwhelming surprise that the enemy's initial defense is feeble. Most of his batteries are captured still wearing their tarpaulin hood, and their crews deep in their dugouts. It is a curious fact that from the knoll, amidst this maelstrom of our raising, we cannot perceive a single enemy shell whistling in a mile of us. They have no time for counter-attacks against our lines, and our artillery comes off almost scathless, except among the galloping field guns. By six o'clock they are three miles beyond the enemy front line. What we had pictured as a perilous eerie is the safest spot in France.

Long before the time set for the lifting of the barrage, its work is done and the enemy in headlong retreat miles away. After them go the whip tanks—little uneasy beasts of steel and petrol that have no difficulty in keeping ahead of the trotting cavalry—they can make quite a good pace across country when the going is any way fair, and here, on these great rolling uplands and gentle valleys, it is perfect.

The fog has now lifted. It is eight o'clock. The cavalry present a wonderful sight. Like a jack-in-the-box, they have sprung from nowhere—and among them famous imperial troops, such as Lancers, who have stuck pigs in India and have now an even keener

Chaisson-Rodday.  
At 6.30 yesterday morning at St. Peter's church Rev. J. Woods, C. R., united in marriage Miss Helen May Rodday, of this city and Leonard P. Chaisson of Charlottetown, P. E. I. Miss Sudie Rodday, daughter of the bride and Leonard Porter supported the groom. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother, 105 Chisley street. After a trip to Charlottetown the happy couple will leave for their future home in Calgary.

**Capsion-Matheson.**  
On Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 174 Adelaide street, Lillian May, eldest daughter of Harvey Matheson, was united in marriage to Ronald G. Capsion, by Rev. Neil McLaughlin. The young couple will reside at 174 Adelaide street.

**September Canadian Boy now on sale. See Cody's new story.**

**A Slip.**  
Elderly Lady (to soldier with head swathed in bandages)—"Were you wounded in the head?"  
Soldier (nodding with answering question)—"No, ma'am, in leg, but the bandage has slipped off."

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For a minute the din is stunning, but the ear quickly becomes accustomed. The eye is overwhelmed by the majestic spectacle. The heavens are lit up across their broad expanse by a continuous sheet of light—flashes, flashes, flashes, flashes, the doomed Boche lines. Our men can be plainly made out walking leisurely—or so it seems—forward, the tanks lumbering ahead to clear the wire. To right and left teams of horses gallop forward with the field gun batteries assigned to follow hard on the heels of the infantry.

It is a perfectly prepared plan, working out without a hitch. The batteries behind raise the barrage step by step just ahead of the men. All is coordinated to victory. Then down comes the fog, blotting out the spectacle, but saving us many casualties.

The attack has been such a complete and overwhelming surprise that the enemy's initial defense is feeble. Most of his batteries are captured still wearing their tarpaulin hood, and their crews deep in their dugouts. It is a curious fact that from the knoll, amidst this maelstrom of our raising, we cannot perceive a single enemy shell whistling in a mile of us. They have no time for counter-attacks against our lines, and our artillery comes off almost scathless, except among the galloping field guns. By six o'clock they are three miles beyond the enemy front line. What we had pictured as a perilous eerie is the safest spot in France.

Long before the time set for the lifting of the barrage, its work is done and the enemy in headlong retreat miles away. After them go the whip tanks—little uneasy beasts of steel and petrol that have no difficulty in keeping ahead of the trotting cavalry—they can make quite a good pace across country when the going is any way fair, and here, on these great rolling uplands and gentle valleys, it is perfect.

The fog has now lifted. It is eight o'clock. The cavalry present a wonderful sight. Like a jack-in-the-box, they have sprung from nowhere—and among them famous imperial troops, such as Lancers, who have stuck pigs in India and have now an even keener

Chaisson-Rodday.  
At 6.30 yesterday morning at St. Peter's church Rev. J. Woods, C. R., united in marriage Miss Helen May Rodday, of this city and Leonard P. Chaisson of Charlottetown, P. E. I. Miss Sudie Rodday, daughter of the bride and Leonard Porter supported the groom. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother, 105 Chisley street. After a trip to Charlottetown the happy couple will leave for their future home in Calgary.

**Capsion-Matheson.**  
On Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 174 Adelaide street, Lillian May, eldest daughter of Harvey Matheson, was united in marriage to Ronald G. Capsion, by Rev. Neil McLaughlin. The young couple will reside at 174 Adelaide street.

**September Canadian Boy now on sale. See Cody's new story.**

**A Slip.**  
Elderly Lady (to soldier with head swathed in bandages)—"Were you wounded in the head?"  
Soldier (nodding with answering question)—"No, ma'am, in leg, but the bandage has slipped off."

WHEN BRAVE LADS FROM CANADA  
STRIKE TERROR TO HUN HEARTS

(Continued from Page One.)  
The car may go no further, and now it is a long trudge out of the valley and up and over the hills to the appointed spot, where may be seen, to the best advantage, the impending show. On these light chivalry uplands the recent rains have drained away, and the going is good. At length, somewhat footsore, we pass through a gaunt village—unhappy Gentiles—where stars shine down through skeleton rafters and all is ruin. Presently, through an excellent map and a torchlight, the knoll is reached, site of some of our support trenches.

The night is very still. It seems incredible that all this unmovable hum and rumble can have failed to reach an alert enemy. The watch hand is moving round—half-past three, four, on past four—an interminable hour. What will this stunning experience be like? One can only imagine. Zero is set for forty-two, and the point is reached that minute after minute, there goes up a mighty flare, and simultaneously along the whole line, ten miles to north and south of us, similar flares light up the countryside. At the same instant there breaks out the booming of our heavy guns, the dull roar of howitzers, and the unbroken roll of field guns—an inferno of noise. Shells whistle and whine over our heads. In front, right at hand, the horizon as far as the eye can see, spreads out a hell of flame and fire and burning charge, reverberating back to us in mighty unison the message that the battle has begun. Bright from out of this fiery furnace break out quick flashes, which shoot into the air