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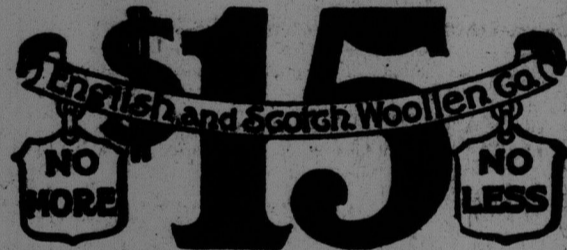
AND

Huddersfield Worsteds

THERE are no better tweeds than these thoroughbreds from the celebrated Galashiels looms in Scotland. Neither can one find a more aristocratic worsted than these from Huddersfield, England. Their light weight and durability make them the choice supreme of the best dressed men the world over.

THEIR quality tailoring is in keeping with the distinguished fabrics used, giving the garments a smart smoothness—a quiet elegance—that every admirer of good clothes will appreciate.

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At postal with your address will bring you a free outfit of samples, measuring chart, style book and tape. Address—415 St. Catherine Street East, Montreal.

The English & Scotch Woollen Co. organization is specialized to the point of giving satisfactory service to every man who enters one of our stores. The English & Scotch Woollen Co. is what the small tailor claims to be and isn't, and the reason is that each piece of cloth here is special value, in charge of specialists just as committed to good service as specialists can be— with the added advantage of larger scope, more varied trade connections, greater trading power, and freedom from the little annoyances that attach to the man who has to be "the whole show." Our Stores are Departmental stores, but especially stores, whose chiefs co-operate with the creators of Fashion and Fabric.

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32 Charlotte St. - St. John, N. B.

STORE OPEN EVERY EVENING

TWELVE CANADIAN STORES

WANTS PROTECTION FOR GERMAN SUBMARINES

German Paper in Dread of the "Teachorous Attacks of Passenger Steamer"

Berlin, Sept. 9.—The Hamburger Fremdenblatt, in an editorial on German-American relations written before the Heppner incident, claims for fresh proof of American neutrality. It says: "President Wilson will now have to declare himself. We offer before him the world proof that we are not war-mad ones who know no other pleasure than to offend all the world. President Wilson, therefore, must now speak out and give proof that he is not already in England's pay. He will have to show whether he is serious

about the freedom of the seas, and whether he is emphatically neutral toward England as toward us. We know well that our enemy is not honorable, but is a robber and a pirate. Consequently there falls upon President Wilson a tremendous heavy responsibility for the behavior of English passenger ships. He alone can know whether he can bear this responsibility. If a single German submarine was sunk or even exposed to the danger of being sunk by the treacherous attack of an English passenger steamer, if summoned to stop, our present concession would, of course, immediately be null and void. But then the world will know who to blame and that not our enemies, but we maintain the spirit of true humanity, even in view of that most terrible crime perpetrated upon whole people were threatened, the starting of its women, old men and babies. The London Times says this morning: "After the news had been broken by messages from England, the German newspapers were permitted on Friday to publish semi-officially the communica-

tions made last week by the German embassy to the United States government. According to the German text, the new instructions apply to passenger steamers." "The Cologne Gazette at once protested against the suggestion that Germany had been influenced by mysterious losses of German submarines. Other circles there was little comment in Friday's papers, but as might have been expected, Hamburg is furious. The Hamburger Nachrichten publishes a brief and acid note." CLIMBED ON ICE WAGON Lowell, Sept. 10.—Bertha Catow aged eight years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Catow of Brighton, was killed by being run over by one of Gage's ice wagons. The little girl, climbed on the ice wagon that had stopped in the neighborhood and was caught in one of the wheels when the horses started. The weight of the wagon crushed the girl's body resulting in almost instant death.



Listen to what Nurse WINGARNIS says about being "Run Down"

WHEN your system is undermined by worry or overwork—when your nerves are "on edge"—when the least exertion tires you—you are in a "run down" condition. Your system is just like a flower drooping for lack of water. And just as water revives a drooping flower—so WINGARNIS gives new life to a "run down" constitution.



WINGARNIS The Famous English Tonic If you cannot obtain Wingarnis from your dealer, write to our Canadian Agent, Mr. F. S. BALL, 67 Portland St., Toronto.

GETTING MEN TO JOIN THE COLORS

Recruiting Sergeant Tells of The Work HIS VARIED EXPERIENCES

Well Dressed Young Men The Hardest to Convince—Wounded Soldiers The Best Agents

(Toronto Telegram) When the officers of the 10th Regiment on the advice of a British army veteran, decided to place beribboned recruiting sergeants in the streets of Toronto, they set an example which has been widely copied by units, not only in this city, but in numerous other large centres of population in Canada. The recruiting sergeant has justified his appointment according to most regimental officers, though opinion is still divided as to the best manner in which to induce the "lackers" to enlist and do his bit for King and Empire. Some think the open-air patriotic meetings are the best recruiting medium, others pin their faith to posters and newspaper appeals, while a few believe that regimental route marches, headed by bands playing stirring national tunes, bring the best results. Has Come to Stay However, whichever theory may be right, the recruiting sergeant has come to stay—at any rate as long as the war lasts—and thanks to his persuasive tongue considerable numbers of civilians have been induced to don the khaki and join in the fight for freedom. The Telegram had a chat with a member of the fraternity, a well set-up sergeant with the ribbons of two campaigns on his breast. "This is not exactly new work to me," said the sergeant, "for when I was serving in my old imperial regiment I was assigned to recruiting duty at the regimental depot. It is a different proposition in war time, though, for we now get men who would never dream of joining in the army in time of peace."

How Recruiters Work "Do you tackle every young fellow you meet?" inquired The "Naug-com, grinned broadly. "I did not," he said, "but I don't now. When I see a fellow looking for work, I engage them in conversation and sound their views on the war. It's funny how some men take your words. One young chap was looking at a big placard showing the Belgian flag from Antwerp and explaining it to a fellow. I said, 'Young man, how would you like to go with and help drive the Germans out of Belgium'."

Thought It An Insult "He looked at me for a moment without replying, and then said something under his breath about being insulted. The young woman, however, was quite angry, and she moved off on her companion's arm she shot the remark over her shoulder. 'If you are so anxious to drive the Germans out of Belgium, go yourself and leave, better men being there.' "It was no use trying to continue the argument, though I might have told her that I was going to the front and that I had given up my home, family and a good job for that purpose. The Hardest Cases "The young, well-dressed men are the hardest to tackle. You know the sort I mean—suit in the latest style, pants nicely creased, shoes polished so they will shine, and a fine watch, and perhaps a cane to top their general appearance. If they carry a paper you can bet any odds that the outlook which has got the latest sporting news on it. Trying to persuade this type is like trying to bore holes in the sidewalk with a garden hose. They only laugh in your face, or try and turn the joke on you. I remember an officer recently returned from France talking to a group of this sort of young fellows and striving to point out the path of duty. Not Talking Canvases "This officer had his left arm in a sling, and one of the group a strapping young fellow, taller than the rest, said, 'I was hit by a shrapnel bullet,' he said, 'and the nerves are partially paralyzed.' "Is that so," said the young fellow, as he started to light a cigarette. "And yet you expect me to go and take your chance. Not for mine." And his friend laughed at what he thought was a good joke. "It is surprising, too, the young men can get a commission, but will not go in the ranks. Many of them have never had the slightest experience of soldiering and yet they think they are quite competent to lead men into action against the most highly trained troops in the world. Officers or Nothing. "It is no use telling these cocksure youngsters that an officer in this war has tremendous responsibilities and that his risks are proportionately as great. Not a bit of it. They mention some friend who has been appointed lieutenant or captain and say they would refuse to serve in a subordinate rank to him. "Do you think I would salute Bill Smith?" they ask, a chap who was my junior at school? No chance. If he is fit to be a lieutenant, then I am too." The Real Patriots. "But thank goodness," the sergeant went on, "all Canadians are not of this type. There are men who will come up to you and, after explaining that they are giving up a good job, ask to be taken on. These fellows have reasoned it all out, and they know what they are doing. Needless to say they make the very best kind of soldiers, for their patriotism is of the highest order. Others will come up, knowing nothing of military life, but anxious to learn soldiering as quickly as possible. Put us in some corps that will go to the front soon, they will urge. 'I don't want to stick in camp for months, we want to see some fighting.' With men possessing that keen spirit a commander can do anything. Professional Joiner. "Of course we are bothered with the professional joiner who gives his name in at every recruiting station in the city until some one finds him out and hands him over to the police. He always has a hard luck story to spin for which he is quite satisfied to accept a dime in

TO ALL MEN Rich, Poor, Good or Bad: GET INTO KHAKI!

Help Your Pals Win Many Hands Make Light Work

Halifax Man, in Midst Of Zeppelin Raid, Writes Of It

(Halifax Recorder.) F. H. Gardner, formerly teacher at the School for the Deaf, has received the rapid promotion since leaving Halifax, April 10th, now being Quarter-Master Sergeant at the Canadian Convalescent Hospital, England, where they have 1800 patients and which is likely to be increased. Gardner has twice volunteered to take off his stripes and go to France, but the authorities have decided to postpone his departure until the war is over. One night during the past week we had all the thrill of actual warfare, although we are tucked away down in rural England. During the course of the evening we heard rumors that the famous Zeppelins were expected. I was afraid that with us it was the old old story of the boy and the wolf, we had heard such rumors so often that they made no difference whatsoever in our actions. Fortunately for us the county police insisted on as little light as possible being shown from the first moment of our arrival in these parts, otherwise there is very little doubt that I would have stood a poor chance of ever penning these lines. On the night of the raid I happened to be paying a business visit to a private house about ten miles from our camp. The people of the house have been kind enough to take care for a few of our worst convalescent patients, in fact they have practically turned their home into a fully equipped hospital at their own expense, they have everything that you can think of to make the men happy and comfortable, and to facilitate speedy recovery. On the afternoon of the air raid I had journeyed over by motor car to take a few personal belongings to the men stationed there. After attending to the business that had taken me over I was invited to stay to dinner and spend the evening. As soon as darkness set in all the windows of the house were heavily curtained so that all lights would be ob-

scured from the outside world. By some good fortune this duty was well attended to on the night in question, and the house viewed from the outside looked as if it were uninhabited, whilst everything inside was bright and cheerful. We were all enjoying ourselves to the top of our bent with music and conversation, when suddenly from the outside we heard a loud whirring noise, something totally different to anything that we had ever heard before. Immediately all conversation and music ceased, and from everyone in a hushed whisper came the one word "Zeppelins," and I must certainly confess that all faces in the room suddenly assumed a particularly pale hue. After the first shock was over orders were promptly given for all lights in the house to be put out. When this was done we very cautiously opened the door and emerged into the garden, scarcely daring to breathe, for the throbb of the engine sounded very near. It did not take us long to become accustomed to the darkness, and as soon as we were, a wonderful and awe-inspiring sight met our gaze; immediately above our heads, not more than five hundred feet away, was one of the largest and newest of Germany's Zeppelins. She was perfectly stationary and their exact location. We all just stood gaped at the moon, thing wondering how long it would be before the beautiful home from which we had just emerged would be rased to the ground, and what our chances were of emerging with a whole skin. We waited and watched for nearly twenty minutes, then suddenly out of the darkness there shot a beam of light directly upon the great airship, illuminating her from stem to stern. Fortunately the light was kept in the air or else we would have stood revealed to the occupants of the swinging car and then our doom would have been sealed. The light came from one of the many searchlights that are fixed up all over the country, this particular one was on the top of a hill outside a small country town about three miles away. The light revealed to us the huge dimensions of the ship, and I am sure that there would be no exaggeration in saying that she was at least five hundred feet in length. Immediately the light located her the engines were set racing and away she darted to the westward. In the space of a minute there was a series of loud reports and bright flashes; it was the Zeppelin's incendiary bombs being sent on their mission of destruction. They

must have dropped about sixty, all in the space of about five minutes, and in that short time they visited three small towns, all inside a radius of three miles from where we were standing. The sound of the last explosion had hardly finished vibrating from the surrounding hills than the huge airship came racing toward us, this time flying very much higher, and her departure was hastened by a salvo of shots from anti-aircraft guns which had hastily been brought into action. Unfortunately, none of the shots seemed to be effective, and once more a Zeppelin had accomplished its mission of destruction upon innocent women and children, and got away in safety. We waited till some time after the Zeppelin's departure before setting off on our return journey, which, of course, had to be made without lights. It was a ghastly journey, groping our way through the dark country roads, quite in keeping with the nerve-racking experience we had just previously gone through. We arrived back at our camp about three o'clock in the morning thoroughly tired out. The next day we took another journey to the scene of the raid, visiting all three towns that had attracted the Zeppelin's attention the previous evening. At the first we found that they had dropped about thirty bombs, and the result was one sheep and three hens killed. About twenty of the bombs had not exploded; these the police had safely gathered in at the office of the chief constable of the town. The damage done at the other towns was much greater. Unfortunately about six women and children were killed and about twenty people injured, all civilians, whilst considerable damage had been done to property. I might add that these three towns have no military or naval significance whatsoever, but that one of them has a beautiful little church which was probably the raiders' aim; fortunately they did not get anywhere near it. Since the night of the raid we have been very careful about lights, and none are allowed in the tents at all after eight o'clock. HON. WILL CROOKS AFTER VISIT TO THE FRONT After a fortnight at the front, Will Crooks, M. P., is back in Poplar—"a better Briton than ever I was before," he says. He visited twenty-six camps, told stories, gave and got, to twenty-two great gatherings of fighting men, talked privately to hundreds more, conferred with the authorities on all sorts of matters relating to the soldiers' comfort. Mr. Crooks is going on "the stump" now to tell the workers of England that "every hour of slackening is as good as turning your back on a fallen friend."

Smart Fashions for War-Limited Incomes

It is a duty one owes to the country as well as one's family to economize. Men realize this, and even in the beginning of the season they are inclined to curtail their purchases of new clothes. Semi-ready tailoring helps a lot in the present emergency. Not alone for the systematic saving, scientific tailoring, but in that one can choose well and quickly and feel certain that the choice will be satisfactory—like a friend that wears well. John P. Condon is showing all the new styles and fabrics, the latter of sterling British weave. He meets the general trend of economy with a splendid assortment of tailored suits at \$15, \$18 and \$20. His Semi-ready shirts at \$4 King street. War is a serious business, and after many months we are realising this to the full. Not that we are doleful or long-faced, but we know that light-hearted gaiety is not serene. Sack cloth and ashes are not yet in