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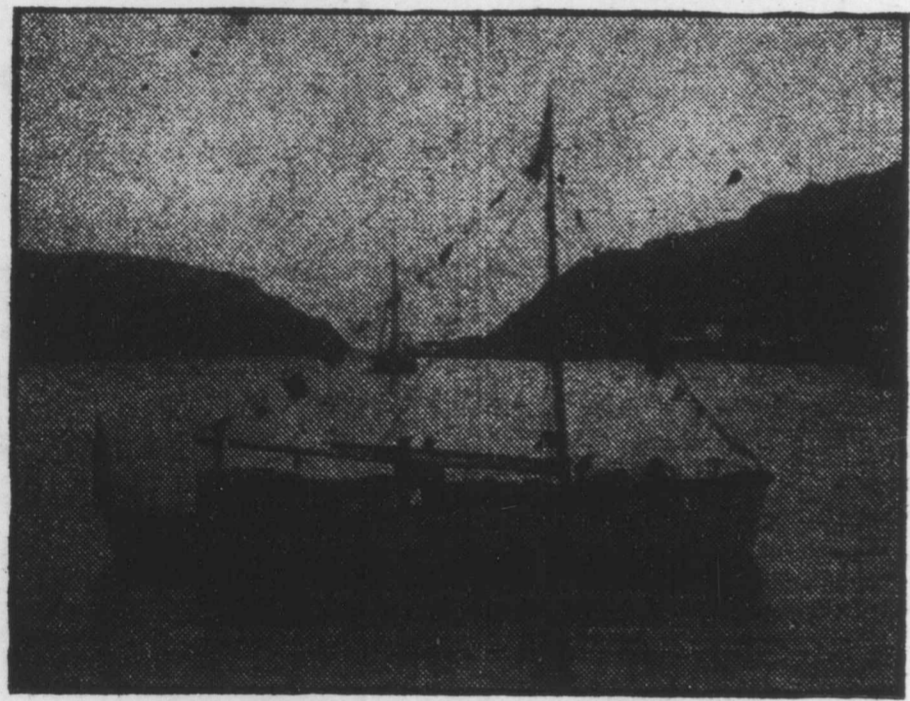
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For Sale! Motor Boat F.P.U.

Built for R. H. Silver, Esq., at their premises, Greenspond, in 1912. Used by President Coaker the last two summers during his cruises North.

Boat is fitted with a 27 h.p. Fraser Engine, which has given splendid satisfaction. The boat is 40 feet long and 9 feet wide, and would make an ideal mission boat.

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OUTSTANDING TYPES OF MEN IN THE CANADIAN QUARTERS AT SALISBURY TRAINING CAMP

The All-night Cafe Waiter and the Judge's Son and How They Do Their Work—What Makes Them Go To War and the Part Girls Play

Special to The Montreal Star from its Correspondent with the Canadian Contingent.

SALISBURY PLAINS, Nov. 2.—The police of Montreal know him. Detectives Tierney and Forget, who can be found almost any evening watching the all-night cafe district, would remember him well. Last winter he was a regular patron of the Star of Italy cafe. He had been a waiter in the St. James Club, with an amateur pugilist of some ability and finally drifted into a position behind the marble-topped counter of an East End serving coffee and sandwiches across the counter that he first heard of the war. Yesterday he turned up again. I was watching the Red Cross corps doing first aid work on the rain. One man was holding the supposed victim of a bullet. The other was skillfully binding a wound in the arm. The man who was supporting the "wounded" soldier was a McGill medical student. The chap who was doing the bandaging was the youth whom the police of Montreal know. He had been part and parcel of the underworld of Canada's greatest city. The McGill man was of good family, to whom the underworld is a far district.

Why did he, this waiter, join the colors, and of all branches, why did he enlist with the Army Medical Service? He himself does not know or refuses to tell. He knows that his work is. He knows that for him here will probably be none of that blood-lust excitement of the battle that the actual fighters will see. He knows that he will be expected to go larking over the bullet swept field, searching out the living from the dead, picking them up and bearing them back to the ambulances. Surely there was something fine under the unhappy wrappings for which environment and circumstances were probably responsible. It took something big to tear them off.

A Sharp Contrast
In sheer contrast, there is another figure. One evening an officer, who for a time was attached to headquarters, asked, after looking about at the floor of the office, strewn with papers cast up by the eddies of the day's work: "Where's the orderly who is supposed to clean this place out?" A second officer laughed. "Wait a moment and I will call him. Then you can give him what for," he said. He returned with a slim, comely youth in an ill-fitting uniform, and the first officer gasped. For the private and him had met at several very exclusive house parties. The private is well known in Ottawa society, for he is the son of one of Canada's foremost judges. But he heard the call, too, and he joined. It was among his duties to have the floor of the office clean by 7 every morning. And while he was busy with a broom, his best friend, he had the satisfaction of knowing, was leading restless horses, each of which seemed to have at least eight feet, down to the watering troughs at the remount depot. Among the 31,200 men on Salisbury Plain there is one man who has seen

a musical comedy, of which he wrote the libretto, produced on Broadway; there are bank managers, doctors, lawyers, Indian chiefs—men from every walk of life. And if one started to analyse all the individual reasons they had for joining the colors, a list of some 31,200 would have to be prepared. Of course there is the one great reason, the reason that draws forth the cheers, but aside from that, or complementary to it.

Some of the men were caught when the Calgary oil boom broke. Many were out of work. Thousands looked for adventure. Hundreds had been in other wars and could not stay out of this one. And in some cases there was a girl—

The Part Girls Play
Perhaps the story of a young lance corporal in the First Royal Montreal Regiment is one of the best instances. It explains why some joined; not the entire reason, but the influence that turned the scale.

There was a girl in his case, a girl who lived in one of those pretty Ontario towns that are beaded along the St. Lawrence. Almost every weekend he slipped away for a visit. He had to go frequently because there was another chap, a man who lived in the town and thus had no little advantage.

Came the first startling moves of Germany, the days of anxious waiting, and then the climax—war. The young Montreal man pondered the situation. He wanted to go. Not quite decided, he went up to the little Ontario town.

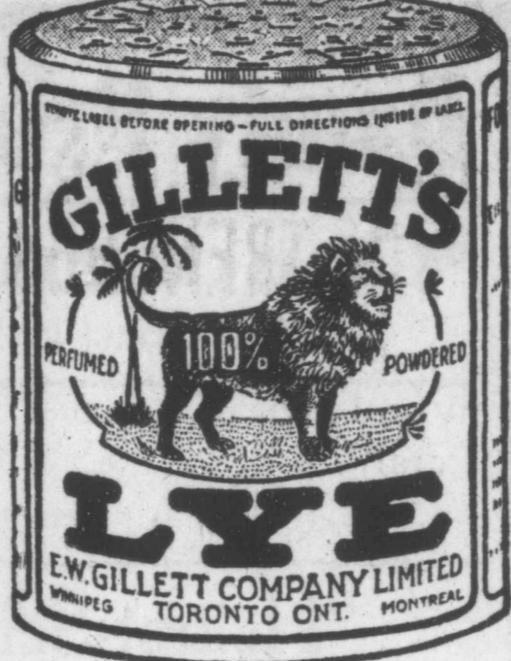
And there he found himself quite outshone. The rival was a captain in the local militia and in a smart uniform described to an awed group the days spent in charge of a detachment guarding one of the canals. He was quite splendid and in his magnificence was almost condescending to the young civilian from Montreal. That decided things. The first Royal Montreal Regiment got a new recruit Monday, and a few days later in a private's uniform the young man left for Valcartier.

The weeks passed and not long before the contingent sailed the young man obtained a few days' leave. He found the militia officer still a social favorite in his spotless uniform. The red coat of the rural regiment was still a beacon far up and down the street. But the dull work-soiled khaki seemed to mean a great deal more. It told a more historic story. It anticipated many sad and many glorious events. It won out. So soon as the war is over and the young man returns—here's hoping he does—the engagement will be announced. He has already been promoted and wears a stripe on his sleeve.

"Sloppy Bill."
Then, there is "Sloppy Bill." The men in his company call him that because it fitted him well when he first appeared at Valcartier. Bill is about thirty, and he comes from Ontario. No man in the camp has grumbled so constantly. No man during the weeks at Valcartier criticized himself so consistently for enlisting. Many times the men asked him why he had "taken the shilling"—the phrase has lived, though the practice has died—but the story only came out a short time ago. Since then they have ridiculed and laughed Bill into some semblance of a real soldier. And then—but this was in the story.

Bill's home was in a local option town. Naturally, one night not long after the war broke out, he went up to the county seat "to see what was doing." On this occasion the longer

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



he stayed at the bar the braver he grew, and finally he strolled over to the armories and enlisted.

He awoke the following morning with a conviction that he had made a great mistake. Gradually memory became more clear. Bill took a brace and at once made for the armories. There he announced to the sergeant on duty that he took back all he had said, and had changed his mind.

"Not quite so fast," said the sergeant. "You can't do that. This is no ordinary job. You've signed up and you've got to go."

Bill pleaded and almost wept. But the sergeant was inexorable.

"You be here for parade at 2 o'clock, or I'll send a corporal's guard out and have you brought in," said he.

Got His Wife's Help.
So Bill went back to his favorite haunt and thought it all over. After long deliberation, he believed he saw a way out of the mess he felt he was in for. He sent a message to his wife, and on the following day she appeared. He took her up to the armories, explaining on the way. She seemed very tired, and her hands showed that she knew too well what hard work was. In her arms she carried a baby.

"All you've got to do is to come in and see the captain and tell him you cannot live on the separation allowance and that you don't want me to go to the war," urged Bill.

She did not answer. As they got to the armory, Bill turned. "Better let me carry the kid," said he. "It'll look better. Silently she gave him the child and as though debating something, entered the officer's room. Bill saluted and introduced his wife. He told the officer that he longed to go to the front, that it was his greatest desire to serve his country, but that his wife felt he should stay at home.

The officer looked at the woman. "Is this right?" he asked.

"If I say that I do not need him, that I think he should go, must he?" she queried. The captain indicated that such was the case.

Glad to Be Rid of Him.
"Then I say, Take him." Then the woman turned to Bill. "Did you think that I wouldn't be glad to be rid of you?" She started for the door. Then, "I hope you'll make him work, sir," said she.

So Sloppy Bill is out on Salisbury Plain too. But he is a different man. His comrades have taken a hand and have prevailed on him to sign over half his pay to the little woman who is trying to keep a home together in far off Ontario. He has learned that "Sloppy Bill" is not a name to be ashamed of when it is no longer deserved. When Bill lost his stoppiness, the name lost its sting.

The only virtue these stories hold is their truth. They are all actual. They all show what manner of men have come to Salisbury Plain, and what the discipline and drill, the mingling in a close intimacy with all classes has done for them.

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HEARN & COMPANY

St. John's, Newfoundland.

"Father Time a Severe But Honest Judge."

For seven years the "FERRO ENGINE" has held the leading place among the Engines used in the Newfoundland Fishery. These "ENGINES" were built to use Gasoline; but we have hundreds of testimonials where Kerosene has been used with equal results.

Other Engines have been introduced and have been claimed by their Manufacturers to be the "ONLY." But Father Time has been their Judge and they fell by the Wayside.

Hundreds of "FERRO ENGINES" have been used in Newfoundland during the last seven years, and many of them without a cent of repairs, and the "FERRO" is acknowledged today as the best two Cycle "ENGINE" on the Market.

"THE NEW FERRO Kerosene Oil Engine."

We have on hand a car-load of the "NEW FERRO KEROSENE OIL ENGINES" which were built expressly for Newfoundland trade, and which have Float Feed, Water Jacketed, Kerosene Carburetors and all the Gasoline it requires is priming, no extra Tanks being required. These "KEROSENE ENGINES" will be sold at no advance over the price quoted by our Former Agents for the "GASOLINE ENGINES" while we have on hand a Number of the "GASOLINE ENGINES" which we will sell at a great reduction on their first cost to avoid the expense of shipping them back to the Factory.

The number of recommendations below should be satisfactory proof that these "ENGINES" though built for Gasoline will run satisfactorily on Kerosene.

THE L. M. TRASK CO.
Dear Sirs.—I saw by Advocate where you stated you would wish to hear from every user of a "FERRO ENGINE," and receive the number of same, and you would send a Spark Plug of your own make, so I thought I would let you know the number. (The No. is) 3253. It is a 7 H.P., and to just give you the truth about the Engine, it is the best one made. We used it last Summer on a large Motor Boat, a Deck Boat about 7 1/2 ft. wide, and about 3 1/2 ft. deep and towed a trap skiff that would bring about 15 or 17 barrels of round Fish after her, and did good work fast enough, too good for the 9 H.P. F. Engine, and this year we have the Engine in a new trap skiff about 30 ft. long, 6 ft. 10 in. wide, 33 inches deep, and cares for nothing here, and there are lots of Engines here of different quality.

The 8 H.P. A— Engine is here in a boat about the same size and they cannot do it, and for some, the A— Engine, F— Engine and all is here, have had plenty of trouble, and we have not had one hour's trouble since we had the "FERRO ENGINE." I say it is the best here.

Wishing you every success, I am yours sincerely,
(SGD.) MOSES BURTON.

Salvage, Bonavista Bay.

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