

BRITISH ADVANCE OVER INTENSE DIFFICULTIES

Progress in Somme Sector Accomplished Against Tremendous German Advantage in Terrain and Remarkable State of Preparation — Army's Confidence Stimulated by Marked Success.

The London Telegraph prints the following account, based on information from authoritative sources, of the difficulties the British army has to encounter in its advance on the Western front:

If you stand on a small knoll, about three miles north of the town of Bray-Somme, and look north, you see almost at your feet a shallow and tortuous valley, running in the main east and west, with a single line of railway winding along its bed. Beyond this hollow there rises a small range of hills. They are so small that in the general geography of Europe they do not count as hills at all, but only as details of the surface drainage system of the great East and West European plain which you can cross by train from the Pyrenees to Warsaw.

Without passing through a single tunnel, the line is only ten miles long, and its highest point is less than 35 feet above the sea. It has some times been called a plateau, but it has, in miniature, all the salient features of a mountain range.

From the knoll where you stand you can see its main watershed undulating along the skyline from west to the little south of east. Parallel to this main axis, and mounting up to it, you can see the successive shelves or terraces of the range's southern slope. And you can make out the lateral valleys and ridges cutting down southward and southwestward across these terraces, and breaking up the whole slope into capricious-looking irregularities of surface. The range is made of a stiff yellowish clay, and is dotted, on this side, with a dozen villages, a few isolated farms and six or seven thick woods of irregular shape, with well-defined edges, looking rather like patches of fenced cover in a bare park.

It is across this range of hills that the British army has been forcing the Germans, northward and north-eastward, during July. In the little hollow at your feet there are the battered remains of the first system of German trenches, with the ruins of Fricourt and Mametz beside them, and Montauban on the rising ground beyond. On and above the first broad terrace or alp of the range, behind Montauban, you can trace the general trend of the second German line of defence, running south-eastward from Pozieres, past Bazentin-le-Grand and Longueval to Guillemont, the six-mile stretch of trench and villages that we carried at the second step of our advance.

German Third Line.

On the wooded sky-line beyond you can make out, with the glass, some points on or near the German third line, which is now our objective. The high ground above Thiepval is one such point. High Wood (the Bois de Fourreaux) is another. Martinpuich, the chief village on the line, is not quite visible. You know, from its contour lines on the map, that once we stand on that skyline, with the Martinpuich line of German trenches in our hands, we shall look down the far slope of the whole range into the valley formed by the upper waters of the Ancre, as they flow westward from Guedecourt, past Warlencourt, to Mirambeau, before turning southward to Albert. You know, too, that we shall look across this upper valley of the Ancre to Bapaume on its opposite slope, that for the Germans the security of Bapaume will be gone, and that the German position west of a twelve mile line drawn from Bapaume to Arras will have begun to acquire the character of an almost peninsular salient. It is this that our troops are gradually achieving.

And gradually it must be. To appreciate some of the intense difficulties and inevitable delays of the enterprise, you have only to step down from your original post of observation and examine what remains of the old German first line. The firing trenches, it is true, are so shattered that in most places it is difficult to judge of their quality, or even to say, for certain, which holes in the ground are scraps of unfilled trench and which are pits made by shells in the open. And the recognizable portions, though good, are not extraordinarily good specimens of trench digging, executed in a favorable soil, which cuts like cheese, needs little revetment, does not crumble in the wet, and bakes like a rock in hot weather. What are really remarkable, for their military value, are some of the communication trenches and dug-outs. The former, the surviving communication trenches, is a tunnel more than a hundred yards long, lined with timber, and carried so deep underground as to be secure against everything except mining.

The larger dugouts are entered through a steel door: from it you descend a thirty-foot staircase, in which the face and tread of each step is well made of wood. At the foot of the stairs you find spacious rooms, in which floors, walls and roofs are closely boarded. The connecting passages are equally finished, and a second thirty-foot staircase leads down to a second group of rooms treated in the same way. In one dugout, where an extension was being made when the line was captured, there is to be seen an ingenious mechanism for sending up the excavated earth, ready packed in sandbags, for use in the trench above. Another is arranged as a hospital, with two tiers of bunks, as in an English hospital ship, to hold some thirty patients. Each of these larger

dugouts would easily house a whole platoon, and give it complete security under severe artillery fire, unless a high explosive shell or mortar should find its way in at the door. Of course, we must not suppose all the German dugouts to be of this excellence. No doubt only the best have escaped destruction. But the military usefulness of every such dugout is great. It keeps down casualties under bombardment; it can shelter a reserve of machine guns until the moment of our advance. When our troops reach the German trenches it is difficult to clear, perhaps even to find; and, if it is left uncleared in the rear of our advancing men its occupants may emerge and harass them from the rear with rifle and machine gun fire.

Another formidable detail of the German defences is the trouble taken to provide effective posts for snipers. A typical post, near Fricourt, is the mouth of a small, deep, man-hole, such as is used in London streets to give access to sewers. It reaches the surface near the highest point of a piece of high ground; the opening is screened by the casual-looking debris of a broken cart, and at the bottom of the man-hole a tunnel connects it with the German trenches. Each man-hole of this kind is well-squared, full-timbered and fitted with convenient rungs. Like the dug-outs, it suggests that the German troops in the trenches have done an amount of manual labor, which, to anyone who has had to organize trench-fighting work, must seem remarkable.

Apart from trenches, each successive German line includes a chain of fortified villages and woods. Among the ruins of Mametz may be seen the remains of a typical improvised fort—the oval basement of a large cottage from which machine gun fire could be directed through loop-holed walls towards almost any point of the compass, so as to take advancing troops at every stage of the progress. House-to-house fighting is, in any case, notoriously trying. Some of its difficulties were brought before the imagination of civilians a few years ago by the incidents of "Fort Chabrol" in the Alps and Sidney Street in London. In the fiery villages it is practiced by the Germans with unquestionable method and energy, as is also the defence of woods, complicated with barbed wire, which from the nature of the ground, cannot easily be destroyed by artillery fire.

Up some three miles, roughly speaking, of irregularly rising ground, barred at short intervals by lines of the obstacles here described, our troops have now forced back the Germans, along a front of about six miles, between Pozieres and Guillemont. Along this front we now hold firmly the second of the three systems of German defences; we have made temporary inroads, notably at the Bois de Fourreaux, into their third line, for the tactical purposes of the moment and we are now face to face with this line, the Martinpuich line, on the Pissal-like summit ridge, from which we shall look into Bapaume. It is a situation to be regarded with quiet confidence, as the army here regards it, and that confidence is only increased by such measures of prudent restraint as the withdrawal from the Bois de Fourreaux. The army, it is felt, is not going to suffer again the penalty for over-running itself at one point of a wider advance. It is well that people at home should not understand its past and present difficulties, and that hopes of swift and easy progress should not be raised too high by such incidents as the successful employment of the Dragon Guards and the Deccan Horse on July 15—the first time that cavalry has been in action on the Western front since the French used it in Champagne last September.

What the fighting has proved, so far, is, first, that, given an ample supply of munitions, our artillery can reduce any desired sector of a German trench to a condition in which it is untenable against really determined infantry attack; and, secondly, that the infantry of the new army can be depended upon to attack with that determination. These two facts, together, are the assurance of ultimate success. But not of headlong immediate success. For every successful attack places the assailants in possession of a defensive system which their own artillery has shattered. It must, therefore, obviously be consolidated before the next step can be taken. It is equally obvious that, before this consolidation is complete, the weakness of the shattered defences which we have captured invites counter-attack. And even the most unsuccessful counter-attacks delays the work of consolidation.

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War Time in the City of Romeo and Juliet

Verona has become more than Ever a Military Centre—Austrian Air-Raiders Hardly Startle Early Morning Marketers — Scenes Under Windows of the Capulets and Montagues.

Verona, Sept. 24.—A lusty call drew me to the window this morning. A stoutish man in shirt sleeves was wending his way slowly on the street below shouting in the idiom of the Capulets and Montagues: "Ma guarda che bella rana! The cannon on their way to market looked critically at the basket of frogs' legs, but did not seem to accept the vendor's valuation of the delicacies. The peddler tried a louder and more captivating note, but the sudden boom of cannon cut short his ambitious vocal effort.

The aerial enemy was approaching, and the cannon shot we heard was the warning, but the people of Verona seemed quite undisturbed; regimental buglers walked down the ancient winding streets sounding the short call "to cover," but they went about their business quite leisurely, and only a few old women hastened their steps homeward in answer to the signal. But when the shells of the defenders began punctuating the blue sky with white shrapnel clouds, and the sun lit up brightly the wings of the Austrian aeroplanes flying at great heights over the city, then there was considerable scurrying to the "Posti di Rifugio" and under the portals of friendly houses. Even the old Roman amphitheatre has found a new usefulness in its age-old service to the ancient city, for, in case of aerial attacks, certain of its vaulted rooms and dungeons are thrown open where passers-by may take refuge and philosophize on the new "civilization" in the surroundings which saw hungry beasts taste the blood of Christian martyrs.

Verona as a Military Centre.

Verona has always been a military centre, but no one could have foreseen the battle hosts of to-day; the barracks, the schools, and even some palaces are filled with soldiers of every arm. In the more frequented streets of an afternoon you have to set your pace with the military foot which ebbs and flows over them. The joyfully picturesque Piazza delle Erbe, after midday is bright with unaccustomed colors which the tragic circumstance of the death of scores of citizens by bombs dropped from the sky can not dim. In the afternoon the vegetable stands with their big white umbrellas give way to rows upon rows of improvised open-air bars upon which are ranged long steel drinks in red, green and yellow, about which thirsty soldiers buzz like bees around a honey-suckle vine.

The easy humor of the populace while disposing of their wares adds another note of gaiety. "Mental! Mental! degna anca d'un Alpin," she heard one soldier, while temptingly holding a glass of green mint syrup before an Alpin soldier who forthwith surrenders and takes the drink. An other picks out a Red Cross soldier and baits him with a cherry drink thus: "Un soldo, un soldo, el vegna qua bel soldo!" But the maximum of temperance seems to be the offer of the addition of a few drops of Acqua Angelica. What this is, I do not know, even the old territorialists who have to count their pennies for their families at home, I do not know for certain, but I believe it is what the Veronese call "Mistral," or aniseed extract.

Under Juliet's Window.

The military crowd, sunburnt and trench-war, is so boyish and fondly it would undoubtedly shock the most benign of Prussian officers; it overflows, chatting, into Via Cappello and surges beneath Juliet's window, the surge of the romance which broods all about it. At Romeo's house, further away, we turn to the left hoping for a little quiet in the pinnacled shadows of the alarist and most exquisite of the Scaligers. But here, too, war pursues us. Where the glory of carvings and traceries rose skyward we see a strange, fortress-like structure of towers, some round, some square, capped like the steeped roofs of French chateaux, and in their midst, crouching like a frightened thing, the little church of Santa Maria Antica, whose Romanesque campanile now looks like a toy steeples in the shadow of its imposingly armored neighbors.

The method used for protecting these monuments is unique among the various means devised by Italian architects and engineers for shielding artistic treasures from the ravages of bursting shrapnel. The various parts of these Gothic towers are so delicately poised and so carefully balanced that injury to almost the smallest detail might make the entire monument topple over and smash to pieces; so each architectural unit has been built in its completeness, within these massive towers the walls of which reach a maximum of eighty centimetres thickness. These structures are capped by several independent layers of reinforced concrete upon which have been constructed robust pyramids of great resistance, but at a very acute angle so as more fully to "shed" the impact and concussion of bombs. We have made, in other words, massive, man-made rocks within which are enshrined gems of exquisite human artistry, hidden from sight until the storm of human hatreds shall pass away.

The vicissitudes of war beat even

about Juliet's Tomb at the other end of the city of the Scaligers. The small, gardenized cloisters which shelter it are today, an oasis of green peace in a great desert of ugly military barracks teeming with soldiers. The new roofing on one of these military buildings shows how perilously near to the spot sacred to poetry has the havoc of war reached in its blind fury. But the "pale, inconstant moon" silently shines over the tops of the still cypresses within the little churchyard and silvers the ivy which creeps enfoldingly all about the old walls.

News of Victories.

It is now dinner time for the crowd which, in the cool of the approaching evening, gathers in Piazza Bra. The late twilight is tinging the old Arena a delicate coral rose, while lead-gray clouds moving slowly from the east make a singular background for the soldiers on picket duty at the top of the walls of the ancient amphitheatre. All day there has been a feeling of coming events; the bulletin announcing the taking of Hill 55, at Montfalcone, has become public property, but a feeling of far greater victories is in the air. Flags are being hung out a little tentatively, as if the whispered seems almost too good to be really true.

The same sense pervaded the crowd of civilians and officers at the restaurant tables strung out along the porticoes of the Piazza; you could see everybody watching and waiting for the night bulletin of the military operations, not quite at ease in beginning a course, perhaps undecided whether to eat or to wait for the bulletin. Wine at eighty centimes or Valpolicella at two lire. Indeed, who could tell but that the news might be worthy of being drunk in Asti Spumante at twice that sum!

Suddenly you saw every man, as it seemed, jump from his seat and run, actually run, to meet a fast approaching group of newsmen laden with "extras." They pushed and grabbed, made violent by the cry of "Grandi Vittorie!"; they paid too much or didn't pay at all in the struggle for the official announcement of Gen. Cadorna. The bulletin was couched in the same calm, restrained way to which we have been trained for over a year to read of victories. "Fests, but the phrase 'Mount Sabotino and Nettuno San Michele'... have been completely won by us," and the corollary "With them in our possession the bridgehead of Gorizia has fallen into our hands," brought tears of joy to many eyes.

Later I went into a tiny postcard and newspaper shop—a hole-in-the-wall sort of a place—where one may pick up interesting bits of news as officers linger in such places looking at the latest magazines and engage in friendly conversation with the proprietor. Just then the proprietor was alone, counting the day's profits, putting the copper coins in neat piles, and arranging them in rows, with evident gusto. A woman came in with a little boy at her side and greeted the news-dealer who was evidently a friend of hers. "Ah! Sior Gaetano," she began, "I have been a great day, a great day. I hope I'm not disturbing you." He seemed to forget his copper hoard in the pleasure of conversing. "Do, you know," he put in briskly, "that I thought I'd need the help of the Carabinieri a couple of hours ago! The people stormed this little place like a trench. They place some of the old newspaper in the place, or old, in their mad grabbing." Then he added, smiling, "Many didn't pay; indeed I think I'm out on that grab sale, but they did it just out of excitement." Just as in the old days!

"Every soldier here in Verona," commented the visitor with growing enthusiasm, "is just wild because he wasn't at Gorizia. I saw some of the boys cry with rage at the disappointment, for they had been on the Sabotino and the San Michele in the early days of the war, when they had to build trenches with the bodies of their dead comrades and their enemies in order to hold the forward lines till better shelter could be dug out."

Strong Enough To Declare War on Germany.

"Now we are strong enough to declare war on Germany," interjected Sior Gaetano. "If the people of Europe were as strong as we are, they could beat them back even there; I have it straight from a staff officer." "I can't help admiring Germany," said the woman a little guiltily. "That plan of the Tedsch of conquering Europe was very wicked; but, oh! it was grand in its enormous ambition. Still, as you say, now we are equal, but we must make her understand this. She needs our labor and we need her capital, but we want this arranged as a fair exchange, on terms of equality and not as payment for favors."

Out side, in the night, the sound of singing was growing louder. I felt the policies of Italy in the capable hands of the newdealer and his friend and plunged into the darkness of the piazza, where the old buildings, the ancient walls, towers, and amphitheatres rose up like calm, monumental shadows. Darkly, across the square, I could make out a flag carried aloft, at the head of a great throng which marched, singing the Mammeli hymn, alternated with the wilder notes of the Song of Garibaldi. I thought of this in the complete darkness of the night, and that there were mothers now who could vividly describe them to their children and grandchildren—when the Austrian hussars charged the unarmed citizens of Verona for singing of freedom and of Italy. I

SHIPPING NEWS

MINIATURE ALMANAC.
(The time given is Atlantic Standard, one hour slower than present local time.)

September Phases of the Moon.
First quarter, 6th 0h 36m a.m.
Full moon, 11th 4h 30m p.m.
Last quarter, 19th 1h 35m a.m.
New moon, 27th 3h 34m a.m.

Date	27	28	29	30	Oct 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
W.	27	28	29	30	Oct 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Sun Rises	6:21	6:07	5:51	5:31	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00
Sun Sets	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
Mo. Rises	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
Mo. Sets	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
Tu. Rises	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
Tu. Sets	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
We. Rises	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
We. Sets	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
Th. Rises	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
Th. Sets	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
Fr. Rises	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
Fr. Sets	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
Sa. Rises	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
Sa. Sets	5:11	4:51	4:31	4:11	3:51	3:31	3:11	2:51	2:31	2:11	1:51	1:31	1:11	0:51	0:31	0:11	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00

PORT OF ST. JOHN, N. B.
Arrived Tuesday, Sept. 26, 1916.
Sch Sachem, 3415, Ritchie, London.
Wm Thomson & Co. Ltd, genl agts.
Sch Calvin Austin, Boston, Portland, Eastport, A O Currie.

BRITISH PORTS.
London, Sept 22—Arr: Sch Winnieboro, Pusey, Philadelphia.
Liverpool, Sept 22—Arr: Sch Oranien, Henderson, Charleston.
Sd Sept 22: Sch Tabasco, Williamson, Halifax.

FOREIGN PORTS.
Portland, Sept 24—Sd: Schs Little E Melanson, Weymouth, N S; Ernst T Lee, Calais; St Maurice, Yarmouth, N S; Percy C St John, N B; C M Gilmore, Gloucester; N Y McFarland, Boston.

Cape Henry, Sept 22—Passed out: Sch Jeremiah Smith for Sanchez.
Gloucester, Sept 22—Arr: Sch I K Stetson, St John, N B, for New York.
New York, Sept 23—Arr: Schs E F Northam, Long Cove; Mattie J Alles, Machias; Jas Rothwell, Sullivan; Kennebec, Calais; J A Beckerman, Nova Scotia.

Sd Sept 23: Schs Hattie Dunn, Halifax; Daniel McCloud, St Stephen, N B; Willis and Guy, Calais; Spier, Lubec.
Boston, Sept 24—Arr: Schs George R Bradford, Rockport, Mass; Norton, do.
Perth Amboy, Sept 22—Sd: Sch Hattie Dunn, Halifax.

Vineyard Haven, Sept 24—Sd: Schs Abenaki, Hallowell; Fred B Balano, Lubec; Seth W Smith, St John, N B; Casawentask, Tennessie Harbor; Lavinia M Snow, Halifax, N S.
New York, Sept 23—Arr: Schs Elma, Bridgeport; John A Beckerman, Nova Scotia port; Emily F Northam, Long Cove.

St John, Sept 23—Passed: Schs Alacaz, St George, S I, for Liverpool, N B; Hattie Dunn, South Amboy for Halifax, N S; Daniel McCloud, do for St Stephen, N B.
Cape Cod Canal, Mass—Sept 24—Passed E: Sch Bunker Hill; tug Howick; Sch Rosalie Bellevue.

Passed W: Sch Elva A Danenbower.
St John, Sept 24—Sd: Schs Ernst T Lee, from New York for Calais; St Maurice, from do for Yarmouth, N S; Percy C, from do for St John, N B; motor barge Daniel M Munro, Perth Amboy for St John, N B.

Philadelphia, Pa, Sept 24—Arr: Schs Philadelphia, Port, Manchester.
Vineyard Haven, Mass, Sept 24—Arr and Sd: Tug Ontario, towing two barges (from Boston), Guttenberg.
Passed Sept 24: Schs Edith McIntyre, New York for Eastern ports; Fred Tyler, do for Edgartown; Neva, Perth Amboy for Bear River, N B; Victoria, Elizabethport for Canoe, N S.

Sd Sept 24: Schs Abenaki, from South Amboy for Hallowell; Fred B Balano, from do for Lubec; Seth W Smith, from Elizabethport for St John; Lavinia M Snow, from Tennessie Harbor; Lavinia M Snow, from Philadelphia for Halifax; A B Bartheaux, from Perth Amboy for do; B B Hardwick, from Port Reading for Meteghan, N S.

STEAMER INDUCTIONARE.
The Belgian steamer Inductionare, from Newcastle, N B, for Calais, France, which was due about a month ago at Magdalen Island, reached Capso Saturday night on the way to Halifax.

SCHOONERS ASHORE.
Word was received in Halifax on Saturday that two schooners had gone ashore near LaHave, in the heavy fog of the night. The schooner Jennie E Ritchey drove ashore at LaHave Ironbound, and the Beryl M Corkum plied up on Oxner's Rocks. Tugs have been sent to the assistance of the stranded vessels.

A GOOD CHARTER.
One of the best charters reported of late is that of the four-masted Sch Edward H Cole, now at Baltimore, which will load 2,000 tons of coke there for Barcelona, Spain, getting therefor \$28 a ton, which will net her owners a large proportion of her first cost.

Joined the crowd, young men mostly, but women not a few.
The procession moved in the shadow of the Arena and turned at the corner which jumps into the Piazza from Corso Massini. The old Caffè Tenda used to be here, and a marble tablet on the wall of the house records the killing of a woman here, though she pleaded for the life of her unborn child. They killed her because she had favored an Italy free from alien dominion.

crowd did not stop to read the tablet; the memory of that mother of Verona and of a thousand other acts of savage oppression kindles even today that sense of hatred among Lombards and Venetians which only those who have tasted the bitterness of Austrian domination can know and understand. The throng stopped as if Viva Goria, and some one shouted "Viva Goria, Italiani!" and the response to this call rose like a cry of righteous vengeance. Gino C. Speranza.

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