

SEL BEGIN ARGUMENT

July 16.—The summing up of the arguments presented by the fourteen members of the Manitoba legislature by C. P. Fullerton, K. day before the Royal Commission to investigate the

Fullerton presented the whole episode, and was followed by the counsel, E. K. Williams, in speaking when the commission at four o'clock until Mr. Williams will likely take forenoon, and Mr. Pithers for the government, thinks include his reply in the after-

Fullerton declared the whole down to the veracity of the principals concerned, J. H. Premier Norris. He stated that the property of the arrangement was to be decided and not for summing up Mr. Fullerton by Mr. Justice Perdue in his apparently not the commission but was the newspapers.

IN BRITISH FACTORIES ONT, July 16.—Forty London majority of them engaged the city today for Monday they will start tomorrow to work in munitions

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THE FIELD OF TROY AS IT LOOKS TODAY

Where Hector and Achilles fought another great struggle going on, but present warfare of extraordinarily different kind.

(George Renwick in the London Chronicle)

This war, with all its stupendous episodes, can have presented to the eye of an onlooker few more stupendous and fascinating pictures than that vision which I have been privileged to have every day of late from the mountain top on the island of Imbros.

To have a bird's-eye view of great and important military and naval operations combined under modern conditions is a new experience for war correspondents; the working together of an army and a fleet of such dimensions as those employed in the battering down of Turkey's last defences will stand out as a unique feature of a world-wide struggle.

Imagine the picture. From my mountain view, a great part of the Gallipoli Peninsula, just that section over which the operations range, lies spread out before me like a giant relief map.

In front stretches the radiant "wine-red sea" of which Homer sang, a glorious ocean, dotted with rock islands, which appear to be steeped generally in a marvellous purple haze.

Down upon these shining waters look the gaunt, yellow, rough hewn hulk, clothed but irregularly in green of the Gallipoli peninsula.

It is a rugged, grim, unlovely land, lonely looking. Gaunt cliffs face the sea; yellow precipices are cut out of the yellow sandstone of the mountainsides; sandy ridges run in all directions.

But this forbidding land has a curious moment of picturesqueness in its day.

That is when the rays of the western sun drive away its monotone and light up its features strangely, almost into beauty; when the still, thin, lusciously stirred clouds of late afternoon, flame with all the gorgeous coloring which has made the Mediterranean and its sister, the Aegean, so famous for evening beauty.

The yellow precipices of the peninsula are lit up brilliantly, the texture of its rugged spaces is made clear, and they stand out boldly against the fresh green of trees and herbage.

Its little villages glitter brightly for a little—their windows and white walls almost like so many bellshells—before the quickly advancing shadows of the peaks of far-off islands curtain them.

But it is only for a few minutes that the peninsula lies so beautifully clear against the piled-up dark background of the mountains of Asia Minor, heights tumbled down to dark gray by the haze of distance and of battle.

In between the brightness of the peninsula landscape and the dullness of the classic mountains, which saw Troy's warfare is threaded the famous waterway, the Dardanelles, now in sight, a ribbon of deepest blue, now hidden behind those ridges of doom and victory.

Such is the landscape in this particular region of our world-war. But one scarcely notices its evening beauty or takes any interest in its features as a landscape.

There is a fleet and an army in the picture. The bright light before the sunset is utilized to pick out the positions and moves in the fierce struggle against the desperate remnant of a fated empire.

Right round the most southern part of the peninsula, up the straits, and down the Asiatic coast, the land battles are being fought with fire and smoke, battering thunderously away at the land with great and deadly shells.

The landscape is dignified with huge pillars of dust and fumes—the tremendous devastation caused where the shells strike.

High overhead aeroplanes skim noisily; a baby dirigible, directing the warships' fire, makes a splash of gold against the light blue of the sunny sky.

On the sea submarines leave a thin thread of white; torpedo-boats dash along in all directions—how they must enjoy "the game"—at high speed. Transports, ships of hope, and hospital ships, with their load of suffering, come and go. At times the blue of the ocean is disturbed by tall, white pillars; these mark the spot where the enemy's shells fall into the sea.

Answering guns flare and smoke. Beyond the sea the land battles are a strangely fascinating. Tiny clouds, born in a flash of orange light, are sprinkled about in the upper air; from them the deadly shrapnel has rained fiercely down. Faint tracks which are roads, are to be seen and occasionally a cloud of dust can be observed moving along one of them. That denotes the fight or the advance of artillery. A battleship notices the movement, and, if the guns belong to the enemy, it spits death from miles away into that dust-cloud.

Within a minute of time column after column of whitish smoke, dirtied with earth springs up round the spot. The battery is brought to a halt and its retreat is cut off. For a few minutes the thick smoke-clouds obscure everything; under them a tragedy is quickly played out; one can imagine the wreckage and death-horror lying hidden there. Then the smoke clears away. There is no sign of movement; the enemy has one mobile battery the less.

Yonlier lies a thin, scarcely discernible white line; it is where the infantry lies entrenched, battling hard, the assisting shell raining loudly overhead. The faint rattle of their musketry and their maxim-guns is just heard across the waters.

Such is the impression to be obtained from Imbros heights of the stubborn warfare on the peninsula where the men of four continents are deciding the fate of an empire. Day after day the struggle goes on with varying vigor; the darkness is luridly illuminated by the searchlights' great white fingers and by the flaming of scores of guns. Sometimes whole valleys become like rivers of fire, so fierce is the land cannonade. The air of the huge night trembles and the very earth at times seems to shake and reel.

It is when one directs one's gaze farther south, to the mountainous region lying beyond the entrance to the Dardanelles, that the struggle takes on an added interest and a peculiar fascination. For that part of the battle-racked region is perhaps the most interesting classic ground in the world. It is strange, indeed, to watch what is being done at that particular spot, to look out across tremendous blue towards the very hill which once was Troy's, and to think that, where Hector and Achilles fought, what extraordinarily different warfare is now being waged.

One afternoon, as I watched, looking at the rugged headlands not far from Yeni Shehr, the Sigeon of those dim days of a romantic past, I could see the ground around the spot where tradition has it—and in these days of such grim reality how believable tradition is!—the dust of Achilles lies being churned up by the guns of a warship bearing the name of that fighter's ally—Agamemnon!

The ship was standing off Erenkeui Bay, hammering away at those very rocks, which heard the tumult of the warfairs waged by Hector and Achilles, and upon which the fair Helen looked down. There right in front of its blazing guns and darkened by their smoke is the low coastline near which once in that epic age rode the thousand proud ships of Greece bringing Agamemnon himself.

Beyond the Yeni Shehr ridge, where village and tomb have their sites, and within view of our sailors on their ships, lies the famous Plain of Troy. Through it flows the Sigeon and the river of old, in present days the Medes.

On the right flows the Simois River, its branches circling lavily round Hissarik Hill, where stand Troy's ruins, city piled on city. In those classic times the Simois joined its waters with those of the Sigeon, but like the Nile, time has seen it change its channel, and now it rolls separately and slowly into Erenkeui Bay's wide stretch of waters.

Often the Turks race their mobile batteries down the road running by the Menderes River, and, under cover of dark or mist, endeavor to get within range of the ships near the entrance to the straits. But the ships are keen and "many-eyed," and soon Troy's Plain is pillared with searchlights, taller and more fantastic forms than ever her bold builders reared or dreamed of. The silence of centuries fallen over that ancient battlefield of the plain is broken at last, a broken so strongly and so terribly. Searchlights are searched and I scoured with shell and shrapnel, and the thunder of it rolls rumbly back to one's ears, echoed from the island, crumbling walls of Ilion!

The Scamander Gate trembles with the tremulous air, and horses and men and guns are wiped out with the hideous shock of raining shells.

I should like to have had Mr. Homer in hand while the ships make history once more near by Dardanelles. I Troy to have read the book of old in full view of the grim reality of it. But one thought rises above all others as one watches the glorious ships at work, dimly describes the trenches where hot battle is being bravely waged. It is that one thought, the heroism are every moment being performed which far outshine those of Trojan and Achaean, and which will make one day the ages in more stirring and inspiring epic than the Iliad. There something more than what Hector and Achilles waged war for is at stake. The freedom for which men have striven all down the ages is once more the prize we war for in this later day.

Behind those lines of war lies a doomed empire which, since it reached to the gates of Vienna, has achieved no progress, stood in no liberty, represented nothing great in art or letters, in government or ideals. Three years ago I heard from within doom threatening at the very gates of the capital, threaten and go again. Now it will threaten and with certainty close the long, costly and ghastly score.

So the struggle goes on, ever bringing the end nearer, hastening the day when it will be said that only legend persists: "Once in the lands of Hellen Turkey was."

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Cashier Willet yesterday paid \$7,365 of the newly collected taxes to workmen employed in the city during the past fortnight as follows:

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Making Wounded Fit For Work After War

Temporary Hospital at Foix, France, Devoted to Task of Fitting Men for Earning Livelihood.

Mrs. C. J. White of 259 Marlboro street, Boston, has received a letter from a worker in behalf of the Hospital Temporaire, Foix, France for the French wounded, thanking her for a recent contribution of \$100 given by friends. The letter reads:

"I have wanted to sit down many times and tell you all the good I have been able to do with the splendid amount of money you sent me, but the party has suddenly outgrown my wildest dreams and I spend my time in trains visiting hospitals and planting English women wherever I go. I feel just like a commercial traveller trying to place his goods! And now there is talk of a 300-bed hospital being given to me to turn into an all-English one and, of course, I am proud (and terrified) beyond words and long to make it a huge success. All this takes time and is perfectly foolish of me to make myself responsible for anyone else—but I thought of all the stiff knees and the pitiful limp hands—and she came. The medicine chief was delighted. And the men? They simply seemed to think she was a worker of miracles and crowded around her, intently watching every movement, murmuring approval when dead muscles stirred or a quiver went through helpless fingers.

"There was one man, Chabot, a peasant from La Vendee, terribly shot through the thigh, who could not straighten his leg. He was almost a dwarf, sullen, fierce, hating everyone. He had a wife and two children; he never complained but sat staring in front of him, repeating over and over again: 'I shall never be able to walk again; I shall never be able to walk again.' I could not bear it (it is words like these which make one hate war) and I think it was just because of him that I made Mrs. Braestrup come. The first time he lay scowling, then he smiled at her; then he laughed. In a week I found him peeling an orange for a comrade. He will be able to plough again. The hospital was very full at the time and Miss Braestrup was doing thirty-two cases a day, of course far too many, but as she said, 'How could one resist the silent appeal in the men's faces, the little knot that waited patiently outside the door, the man who brought a comrade and whispered to her: 'Just this one more.'"

"Very few men in the hospital, zeal and skill do all they can, but to save a life is not everything. You must be able to make use of it. What is life worth to the mifer if he cannot swing his arms to the pickaxe? What is life worth to the plowman if even the oxen outstrip him? It is not the graves that make the future so horrible but all the useless, broken lives Miss Braestrup is doing her best to mend a few of them, so I thought I could not do better than employ the money to enable her ever-increasing number of patients to get on their feet as possible. I hope you think I have done right?"

"A very grateful greeting indeed goes from Foix to America so far away and yet drawn so close by the hand of generous sympathy, wish they could see and yet—no one could never wish that anyone should know what war looks like. You will thank them all very much, both from us and from our men? And you will wish luck to the English hospital, if it ever materializes!"

CIVIC PAY DAY.

LONDON BANKERS URGE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ECONOMY

Advocate new taxation—Political economist estimates latest loan will scarcely carry country over Christmas.

London, July 16.—In this national crisis expenditures, both public and private, should be rigidly curtailed, and at the same time new taxation should forthwith be imposed upon all classes of the people, in order that, when the war shall be brought to a triumphant conclusion, the nation may enter the period of restoration with its financial power impaired to the least possible extent."

This resolution was passed this evening at a meeting of the leading bankers and financiers of London. A deputation will convey it to Premier Asquith.

Harold Cox, well known as a political economist, addressed the meeting. He said that the loan would hardly carry the country over until Christmas, and that personally he did not think the war would end without England having to borrow \$10,000,000,000. Although the interest on this, Mr. Cox said would be \$450,000,000 which with the sinking fund, would be increased to \$550,000,000. Another \$100,000,000 would have to be added for the first two years after the war for pensions. The new taxes imposed last November, Mr. Cox added, produced \$315,000,000 so that many more new taxes would have to be imposed.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS INQUIRY

Winnipeg, July 16.—The Royal Commission under the chairmanship of Chief Justice Mathers, investigating the construction of the Manitoba Parliament buildings, resumed its sessions today after one week's adjournment. After hearings this morning and afternoon the commission was again adjourned until Monday.

Paul Sholer, who submitted a report on construction done on the parliament buildings, said he had examined the plans for the steel work of the dome as prepared by E. C. Shankland of Chicago. He declared there was at least thirty per cent, too much steel provided for, and perhaps more. The main oversight, he said, came in the heavy horizontal girders.

A summary of Sholer's report shows the following estimates: The value of the original pile foundations, \$196,154.32. The value of a properly but conservatively designed caisson foundation, \$169,730. The value of the original reinforced concrete floors, beams and columns, \$217,285. The value of the revised floor,

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OBITUARY.

Frank E. Stubbs. After a short illness, Frank Ellis Stubbs, of 204 St. James street, passed away yesterday evening at about six o'clock. He had been attending the St. John High school until recently, and although he had not been in the best of health for some time past, his passing so early in life was not expected. He is survived by his mother, two brothers and one sister. Charles W. and Harold W. are the brothers; Miss Edna, the sister, all at home. The father of the deceased, who died some years ago, was a much respected employe in the office of the St. John Globe.

More Donations

The following additional donations are hereby acknowledged by the Retail Merchants' Association for the big picnic and Red Cross field day to be held at Crystal Beach on July 22nd, 1915: T. McAvity & Sons, set ivory carvers; P. A. Johnson, lady's umbrella; Pure Gold Mfg. Co., box pure gold products; F. S. Thomas, one pair lady's silk gloves; H. G. Sanson, one five lb. box tea; W. A. Porter, one five lb. box tea; P. Nase & Son, \$5; Lake of Woods Milling Co., one barrel of flour; a friend, two boxes oranges. A number of wholesalers have been interviewed and state that they will close their stores on Thursday afternoon to attend the picnic.



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