

KING OF MONTENEGRO VISITS RUSSIANS IN FRANCE



Photo shows King Nicholas of Montenegro, watching a battle between German aeroplanes and Russian anti-air craft guns while on a recent visit to the Russian contingent in France. He was greatly impressed with the evidence of the way in which the Allies are working together.

Easily rocked are the three-bar grates which smash up clinkers easily and last longer because each grate is three-sided.

McClary's Pandora Range

The man who designed the Pandora knew his job. I know that and that is why it carries my guarantee as well as the makers'.
Sold by J. E. WILSON, LTD., Sydney St.; QUINN & CO., Main St.

LUMBERING IN THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDS

New Brunswick Seldier Writes
Interestingly of Trip to Highlands; Cutting Fir and Larch

(Campbellton Graphic).
The following letter is a portion of one received from Charles MacLean, who went overseas with the 24th Forestry Battalion.

We marched to Liphook and took the train for Waterloo station, London.

Then we had a grand "hurl" up to Waterloo Road, the Strand and High Hol-

born to Euston station. There we entered for Scotland. We went from Waterloo to Euston in huge motor trucks. We passed through Carlisle, Glasgow and Sterling, while I slept, waking at Perth and finding the rest of the bunch had picked out the soft places and seats. I got a pile of kit bags on the floor, and after all, had the best bed of all much to the amusement of the curious people who came to look at the "Canadians," and gave us tea and sandwiches. We took the Highland railway and went right through the middle of the "Grampians," through the passes of Killie Crankie and Druie line, like the "Sugar Loaf," but higher and bare rounded knolls, bare save the heather and some birch trees, tumbling down their sides, from crevices among the tops, where the snow lies, are deep gorges, with precipitous sides,

and at the bottom are the sombre waters of the dark lochs. There are a few little square stone cottages, where the shepherds live, with their flocks of black faced Highland sheep.
It is not a gentle inviting country, but the sights give one a great thrill (especially if they are of Scotch descent), and the heather, oh my! The whole moor seems to steam, though it is not at all boggy. Clouds of mist roll up the sides of the bare hills in a most impressive way, and stir up queer feelings in one that cannot be explained.
Nairn, seven miles from the camp at Broadhaws, is a neat clean little town of square gray granite houses, one and a half stories mostly, or as they express it, "Wee a bit but a ben." The country here is much more like N. B. Every little farm is clean and bright as you could wish, with barns of granite heavy enough to stand artillery fire. There are no eaves on the houses and each has a great stone chimney up each side. The land appears more wholesome and virile than in southern England.

The lumber is Scotch fir and larch. The fir looks like Jack pine, however it is tough and strong with quite a coarse grain. The larch is almost identical with hickory or Juniper. It grows everywhere and does not die as in Canada.

EXCITING RESCUES AT A NEW YORK FIRE

New York, Sept. 11.—Exciting rescues attended a fire which did \$5,000 damage to a four-story tenement building at 222 East 74th street.
A dozen of the tenants escaped by the rear fire escape, among them William Bunyon, who with seven children and a boarder, John Dunne, lived on the top floor. Dunne jumped a three-foot space to an adjoining fire escape and caught the very tall men, and their figures were quite black against the chalky earth.
Then suddenly the right end of the line crumbled away. Gaps were opened in the thick bar of men. The British machine guns were taking them.
I listened to the swish of the fire, like a flame blown in the wind, the Prussian guards all fell face forward. The unwounded men had

DICKESON'S TEA

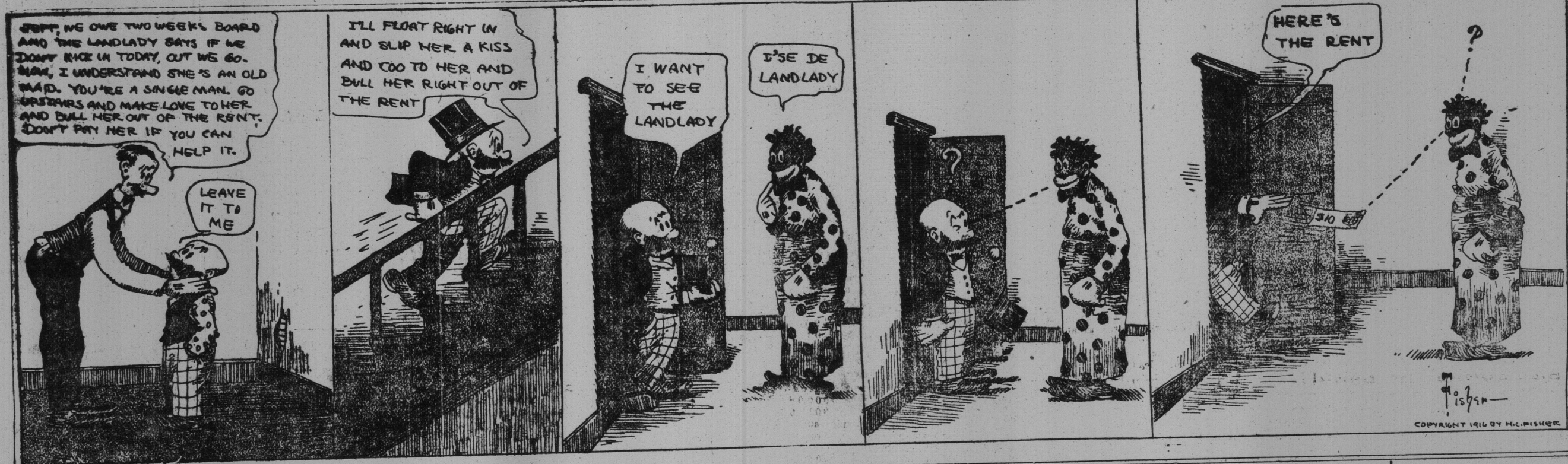
—has been a favorite in the Old Country for years. You can easily believe that when you once enjoy the exquisite blend for yourself



Mutt and Jeff—Jeff's Intentions Were Good, But His Courage Was Lacking

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By "Bud" Fisher



Recent Progress of Allies On The Western Front

By the Military Expert of The New York Times

(By Philip Gibbs.)

With the British Armies in the field, Sept. 4.—In my despatch of yesterday, describing the heavy fighting at several parts of the line, I was unable to give sufficient prominence to the greatest success of the day, and one of the best achievements since the beginning of the battle of the Somme.

That we held Guillemont safely and purely, I had the luck to see for myself today, when from neighboring trenches I looked into the ruins of the place, strategically quiet this afternoon. Apart from a few German clumps, I saw that the British were holding the sunken road 600 yards further on.

Yesterday's attack at midday was wonderfully good. The British went forward steadily in waves after a hurricane of fire from the great mass of their guns. The Germans did not expect an attack at the hour which it happened. They probably thought they had killed it by their bombardment on the British lines, and when they flung over 10,000 gas shells, the poisonous vapor of which floated over the ground for hours. They knew now that they would not thwart the advance of the British.

The German machine guns swept the ground with a rush of bullets, but the British took cover, as much as possible in the dips and hollows of the earth, which was chaotic after the long weeks of shelling and came before the British concentrated their fire here, so they had plenty of time to build them deep and build them strong. They panned and roofed them with concrete and furnished them with pictures from the German newspaper and postcards from home.

The British troops rushed upon Guillemont with the finest valor. They went in and about those dugouts in the first wave and halted there to see that no Germans remained in hiding to attack them from the rear.

Underground there was not much fighting. A few proud men refused to surrender or did not surrender quickly enough. Most of them gave themselves up early and made no trouble in being marched back, so that something like 6,000 men belonging to the finest German troops are now behind the British lines, out of it for good.

A half hour afterward the British were joined by supporting troops, and the line was advanced to the sunken road, where other German soldiers were captured. The British found here a defensive position all ready for them and after a little work in re-organizing the line the Germans faced the British bayonets and stood to their ground so stoutly that they were able to maintain their position.

So the battle ended yesterday with the capture of Guillemont, and the British line strongly entrenched along the sunken road.

Desolation and Ruin.
I saw another attack today upon Falfemont Farm and the British capture of Wedge Wood. The way to the trenches was the most amazing scene of the war—more terrible and wonderful and as great a battle picture as any I had seen before. Everywhere along the way which leads to the country between Hardcourt and Maucpas, there is great desolation and ruin of all the things that grew or stood upon the earth. Here, for two miles or so, a long avenue of trees is a highway of violence. Not a tree stands whole, and their great trunks have been dashed and broken by the shell-fire and lie with ragged stumps—great giants—across the unending shell craters there.

In the open country there is a wild upheaval, like the pictures of the mountain ranges of moon, just as barren, just as ghastly in desolation, and more hideous, because made by the hate of war.

The panorama of war sweeps round in view for miles, north and south of the Somme, down to Peronne. This afternoon along those miles, was one great unbroken curtain fire of bursting shells, under the blue sky, with fleecy clouds piled high like snow peaks and the sun shining down upon it all.

For some time before the British attack I watched the country over a parapet, fascinated as though under a queer spell. It is here that the French and British soldiers have been fighting shoulder to shoulder, or at least on the right and left in a great and perilous adventure.

On one side was Maucpas, a few brick ruins standing in the midst of bare black trunks and naked branches. In a turmoil of shell craters on the other side

was Guillemont. I could see every tree in it and one solitary shell of a barn and a few black German crosses to their dead and blown-out dugouts on the southern side.

The sunken road led down from Guillemont to the wedgedown in the hollow below the sunken road. The British soldiers held the sunken road and the Germans were in the wedgedown. Striking up from that small solitary copse of naked sticks were two white chalky trenches in an obtuse angle with the apex nearest to the wedgedown and the broad base up a sloping ground toward Leuze wood or Louisy wood, as the British call it.

On the ridge above and half way down the slope to the right of the triangle of trenches was Falfemont Farm, without the least sight of a farm, but marked by a number of tree stems, stuck up like telephone poles.

British Out For Attack
The Germans were shelling the sunken road intermittently, and some of their heavy shells, but not many of them, were bursting in Guillemont. The British artillery was not far behind in shelter from that point a number of men went forward again to the attack on Falfemont Farm.

But this was too far for one day's work, and they were held on the outskirts of the country between Hardcourt and Maucpas, there is great desolation and ruin of all the things that grew or stood upon the earth. Here, for two miles or so, a long avenue of trees is a highway of violence. Not a tree stands whole, and their great trunks have been dashed and broken by the shell-fire and lie with ragged stumps—great giants—across the unending shell craters there.

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WAS FRIGHTFULLY WORRIED

INDIGESTION, LOSS OF SLEEP, HEART PALPITATION

A Case that Proves Prompt Action is Wise When Health is Poor.

"At night I would wake up with vague feelings of fear and numbness in my hands and other parts of the body," writes Mr. E. Q. Smeaton, of St. John's, "I had grown thin and pale, and at night I was unable to get enough warmth in my feet to get to sleep. My digestion was poor, and appetite very uncertain. The form of nervousness that worried me most was starting at every little thing, which resulted in such violent heart action as sometimes frightened me. Finally I had to give up my work, which was inside office work, so languid, nervous and weak had I become. Through the intervention of a friend I was induced to use Ferronine. My appetite improved at once, circulation also improved and Ferronine accomplished the renewal of my blood and natural warmth seemed to come back to my limbs. At the same time Ferronine built up my constitution. I became quite strong and resumed my occupation. In brief, I am well."

Ferronine is the only remedy of its kind in the world—it makes you feel better at once; when you are tired, feel dissipated—when you feel that there is nothing in life for you, that's the time to take Ferronine.

What a change Ferronine makes! Your blood sings through your veins, carrying nourishment to every nook and corner of the body; you feel the exultant thrill of abundant nerve force, you learn the luxury and delight of being at your best—in perfect good health.

Just try Ferronine and see how much better you feel. It's the one remedy in all the world that will get you bracing health at once. Sold everywhere, 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers.

It was some time after, while I was watching the confused groups of men, that strange things began to happen in the German lines. From Leuze Wood parties of men came running down to Falfemont Farm. Sometimes they ran a little way, and then ran back, and then came on again. Presently a number of them reached the edge of the ground on which grew bare trees, which was Falfemont Farm, and here they re-

gotten from Leuze wood down to Falfemont Farm and the wedgedown in the hollow below the sunken road.

A little after 3 o'clock in the afternoon I saw the British in the open. They came up suddenly as though by spell, word along the line of the sunken road and southward below Falfemont Farm advancing northward to that place.

A great deal of it, I am sure, was British machine gun fire. There was curiously little artillery fire for some time after the attack began. The men advanced in waves. I saw the left wave surging down into the wedge wood, some of them waving a little, then fell in groups, fell not dead or wounded, but getting below the stream of bullets a yard high over the ground. The small copse was soon crowded with British soldiers. They seemed to be in a kind of scrimmage, and out of the middle of it came presently a compact little body of men.

"Right enough and well done," said an officer by my side. I followed the advance of the southern wave toward Falfemont Farm. They went on slowly and steadily, and a long way to go, but they crept up nearer and nearer to the edge of bare poles, which were once a wood. Then some of them fell and disappeared into the shell craters and the broken trench. New waves came up and disappeared also, as if lying or dead in the tall thistles.

After a little while I saw that many of them had disappeared to the left. They were working up toward the German triangle of trenches on the slope of the spur, striking down from Leuze Wood.

In a few minutes two figures appeared black against the white chalk of the first trench and presently they were lost in it, but not for long. Groups of them were up again marshalling another group, which seemed to have been separated from them and then moved back toward the Wedge Wood.

"Hello! They've got a second trench," said another man by my side. It was clear enough. Black figures appeared on the second chalk line and then jumped down. My eyes wandered back to the southern wave, advancing on Falfemont Farm. They were heading westward and northward in an encircling movement. Over on the south they seemed to be avoiding the active machine gun fire.

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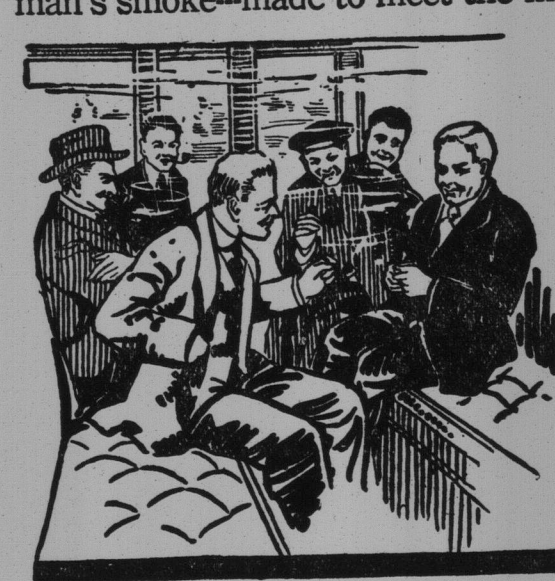
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IN THE SMOKING CARS

or wherever congregate critical smokers, Master-Mason always makes a hit. It's the tobacco which every lover of the weed thoroughly enjoys from the lighting up to the last whiff—it's a real man's smoke—made to meet the most exacting tastes.



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"It's GOOD TOBACCO"

it is made from choice tobaccos, fully matured and pressed into a solid plug so as to preserve all the natural moisture and fragrance of the natural leaf. This treatment ensures the characteristic smoothness and mellowness as well as the freedom from bite, parch and firing so often found in tobaccos packed in tins or packets.

Prove this to yourself by investing in a plug of Master-Mason, the tobacco which is

Equal by test to the very best, Much better than all the rest.

Say MASTER-MASON to your dealer—he knows.

Price: 15 cents

THE ROCK CITY TOBACCO CO., LIMITED