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Some Men of the Day.

ADMIRAL JELlicoe — GENERAL PAU — PRIVATE MAETERLINCK — SOME GARIBALDIANS — HUERTA AND NELSON — ANATOLE FRANCE.

"There is no figure in the world at the present moment so dramatic as that of Sir John Jellicoe," says Mr. Harold Begbie, in the Chronicle. "A British Admiral is always a solitary man; but in war, and such a war as this, his solitude is appalling. When he stands on the bridge there is no one at his side to consult with; he looks over the sea, and on every battleship, cruiser, destroyer, and torpedo boat swarming around him a man with a spy glass watches his face; if he were to be seen, like a general consulting with a staff, the whole Fleet would curl its lip and feel a sinking of its heart; no, he stands alone, and in an instant he must make up his mind, in a flash his orders must be given to every ship under his command, in the twinkling of an eye he must decide for every ship at sea.

His One-Man Job.
"It is a one-man job; the whole issues of the British Empire hang upon that single brain; Sir John Jellicoe is England as Nelson was England, and he is Europe and the world as no other man that ever lived was Europe and the world.

"When one thinks of the burden of responsibility, the very thought of it is almost crushing, almost intolerable; but what must the thing itself be, the actual fact, day after day, night after night, watching waiting, thinking, and till the very moment comes never knowing how the challenge will issue?"
"If men pray for victory, let them pray above all others for this solitary commander of our forces on the North Sea. But let them pray without doubt, and without misgiving, taking confidence from this unchallengeable fact that such is the British Navy at the present time."

France's Greatest General.
"Every Frenchman has felt a thrill of patriotic satisfaction at the fact that General Pau is the first French General to be mentioned in the official reports since the beginning of the war," says the Post's Paris correspondent. "It is felt to be true poetic justice that the brilliant action in Haute Alsace, which not only drove the Germans back to the Rhine, but also converted a check into a victory, should have been directed by the veteran of 1870, who lost his right hand at Froeschwiller.

"General Pau is the most popular soldier in France, and commands the confidence of the nation in a way that is all the more striking because he has never stooped to self-advertisement of any kind. To every Parisian he is a familiar figure, and each morning, fair weather or foul, he was to be seen riding across the Esplanade des Invalides. His sixty-four years sit very lightly upon him, and with his heavy white moustache and small imperial he is the perfect type of the dashing French soldier. If today in her hour of need France has three years' military service, it is in no small degree due to the untiring energy of General Pau."

"Private Maeterlinck" Speaks.
"Le Peuple" publishes a letter written to a friend by M. Maeterlinck,

the famous author of 'The Blue Bird,' and 'Monna Yanna,'" says the Daily Citizen. "M. Maeterlinck is a Belgian but he is at present in France. He writes:—

"I wish to return to Belgium in order to put myself at the disposal of the military authorities.

"Despite my 52 years I should make quite a satisfactory soldier; but the mobilisation having taken me by surprise I am kept here, and I do not know when I shall be able to get away.

"If I find that impossible I will try to enlist in one of the voluntary Belgian corps. It is necessary to fight with all one's might against the enemy of the human race, the great scourge of the world. But—will they have me?"

"In the meantime I help the peasants here to harvest, as there are only women and children left to do the work.

"The outburst of enthusiasm in France is the most wonderful thing I have ever experienced."

Old Garibaldian in the Strand.
"In the London streets last week many people turned round to look at an old white-haired man walking along with something of a martial air, and wearing a mysterious military cap of red and green," says the Daily News.

"In the Strand the lack of harmony between his everyday clothes and the brightly-colored peaked cap made some men give him a mock salute. At once he went up to them, and said gravely:

"Young men, you needn't laugh. You don't know who I am. I am one of the English Legion of Honour who fought for Italy with Garibaldi in 1860. And this morning I put on this cap for the first time for 50 years, and I'm walking about the streets to try to put heart into young men like you. Fifty-four years ago, when I was 18, I volunteered to fight for Italy, and I'd fight for England now if I wasn't too old."

"By this time there was a crowd round the veteran, but he raised his voice and went on:

"Every day since this war started I've been trying to think of something I could do. This morning an idea occurred to me, and I said to my wife, 'My dear,' said I, 'I wonder if you could find that old Garibaldi cap of mine?'"

"Gentlemen," he added, "I'm an old Garibaldian. Good day!"

Garibaldi's Grandsons.
"Three grandsons of Garibaldi—Giuseppe, Riccotti and Bruno Garibaldi, all three sons of Riccotto Garibaldi—turned up on the Boulevard to-day, where I saw them," says the Telegraph Paris correspondent.

"They have come straight from Mexico to offer their services to the French Government. Giuseppe Garibaldi says that he can instantly raise a corps of 20,000 volunteers. Italians, Greeks, Servians, Russians and Canadians will join him, mostly from America, where he has just been. His father, Riccotti Garibaldi, promises an Italian corps of the same strength.

"My grandfather fought at Dijon, and that is why you see me here now. I am a son of modern Italy, which was created by Garibaldi and our French brethren. When France is attacked our place is here! The French War Office has not yet given

its sanction to the raising of a Garibaldi Volunteer Corps. If the corps be raised the men will wear the traditional Garibaldi red shirt; but concealed under the steel-blue long coat of the French infantry."

General Huerta's Tribute to Wellington and Nelson.

"General Huerta, the ex-President of Mexico, who has been staying in London for the last few days, has paid a graceful tribute to the memory of Wellington and Nelson," says the Observer. "Accompanied by his late War Minister (General Blanquet), he visited St. Paul's Cathedral and placed a handsome wreath on the tombs of Britain's great military and naval heroes.

"The ex-President explained that he regarded Wellington, Nelson, and Napoleon Bonaparte as the three outstanding figures in the world's history, and, having made a pilgrimage to St. Paul's Cathedral, he regretted he was unable to complete his mission by a visit to Les Invalides Paris."

Anatole France and Jaures.
Anatole France, in a letter to the paper edited by the late M. Jaures, L'Humanité, says, according to a New Age correspondent:—

"Less than a month ago, going to see him in his house at Passy, which is so modest, or, rather, so poor, but so glorious, I found him reading a tragedy of Euripides in the original. His immense intellect relaxed itself from study by study, and its rest from one task was another.

"In the serenity of a pure conscience, pursued by frightful hatred, exposed to relentless calumnies, he hated no one. He ignored his enemies. Martyrdom has crowned his exemplary life and gives him as an example to all good citizens, and to all those who serve humanity.

"My too full heart burst. I can only stammer. My grief stifles me. Never to see him again—who was the greatest of hearts, the vastest of geniuses, the most noble of characters."

Vigorol

VIGOROL, the Great French Tonic, is opposed to disease; therefore it cures it out and drives it away. Your nerves are toned up. Your bowels made healthy and strong. Your blood purified. The kidneys and liver cleaned. Headaches, biliousness, and that heavy, tired feeling, will go. You will feel like a new person. Don't be fooled—get VIGOROL, and you will never regret it. Sold at all drug stores.

Gibson.

Red McGehee says: When old-time fans start in a 'baw' an' try hard not to disagree fore namin' what they'll take, an' you hear Gibson mentioned, w.h.y. it can't be only just one guy—there can't be no mistake. They're 'talkin' 'bout the Pirate star. Its ninety-nine to one they are. All other Gibsons scratch. They'll for George. They should be, too. There's darn few livin' who can do a better job at catch.

At birth Gib started out Canuck. In baseball, though, to change his luck he went to Buffalo. His one year there in nineteen-four he made the fans sit up an' roar to watch him catch an' throw. Next year twas Pittsburg fans who raved about the way that George behaved down there behind the bat. He's been their idol since that day, an' if the 'ol' boy went away they'd crape their sleeves an' hat.

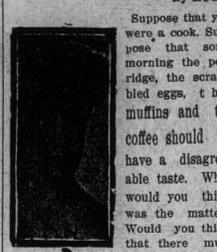
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Drop a lump of alum into the paste for putting paper on the walls, and mice will leave the paper alone.

A pinch of salt added to the apples when they are cooking will make them tender and improve the flavor.

Not Obvious After All.

By RUTH CAMERON.



Suppose that you were a cook. Suppose that some morning the porridge, the scrambled eggs, the muffins and the coffee should all have a disagreeable taste. What would you think was the matter? Would you think that there must be something wrong with the cereal, the eggs, the flour and the coffee? Or would you at once suspect that the milk, the ingredient common to all these dishes—was at fault?

You think that too obvious a question to answer?

Perhaps so, and yet—well let me tell you about a woman that I know. She is a very bright woman. She has a tremendous supply of ideas and energy and she could make a great deal of money if she could get a few honest efficient helpers to carry out her plans.

But she cannot. She has tried over fifty people in the last five years and every one has proved untrustworthy, unbusinesslike or unreliable in fulfilling his part of the contract. You understand of course that I am quoting from her own story of her troubles. Strange to say, almost every one of the fifty accuses her of untrustworthiness and unreliability, and stranger still, many of them are people whom everyone but this woman has found reliable and square.

And yet I know that the remotest suspicion has never entered that woman's head that it may be some kink

in her which makes it impossible for any of these people to get along with her. They are unreliable, unbusinesslike, unreasonable, etc., but she—why she is a most unfortunate martyr to other person's faults. In other words the cereal, the eggs, the flour and the coffee are all bad but the milk, the one ingredient common to all combinations, is beyond suspicion.

Again, I know a woman who does have the worst luck in being thrown with people who are difficult to get along with. She was handicapped from the start. Her mother, her father, her two sisters and her brother were all difficult people. At school she fell in with girls who seemed pleasant and easy going at first acquaintance but who all developed trying dispositions. By graduation she "didn't speak" to any of them. At college her experiences were much the same, and I am told that she has discovered that her husband (who seems to all his acquaintances a very kindly, even tempered man) has a very peculiar and difficult disposition, and superfluous to say, her "in-laws," are positively impossible.

"I am always hoping to find a real friend," I once heard this woman say, after a falling out with a school friend, "and always being disappointed." She never suspects why!

I have sketched two striking examples of the type which will believe all the world wrong rather than itself. You doubtless know others. So perhaps you can see now why I didn't let you call that question altogether obvious.

Ruth Cameron

The Indian Troops.

Britain's Hindu Forces May Now Be at Scene of War.

England is pouring into France from India 200,000 trained men, of which 75,000 are British troops, including some of the crack regiments of the army, and those remaining are the fighting native troops of the Indian army, fit comrades on the firing line of France's Turcos and Saphis. Some of these may have come through Canada.

According to official figures the Indian army's strength in round numbers, is as follows: Infantry, 122,000; cavalry, 25,000; artillery, 10,000; engineers, etc., 8,000; total, 165,000 men. Of his number 3,000 are English officers and non-commissioned officers; the rest are natives.

Thirty-nine regiments of cavalry, fifteen of them Lancer regiments, besides the bodyguard troops of the Governor-General and of the governors, and several independent troops, make up the mounted arm.

The main strength of the Indian army is in its infantry, Brahmans, Rajputs, Jats, Sikhs, Punjabs, Dogras, Mahattas and Gurkhas, of all castes and of several religions—Mohammedan, Hindu, Buddhists—are all warriors who will lay down their lives in eagerness for the British Raj, and the dark-skinned regiments of the Indian army form a fighting force hard to stop.

Among the most interesting as well as the most formidable fighting outfits in the Indian army are the Gurkhas. There are ten regiments of Gurkha Rifles. These little fighters, who come from the region of Nepal and who trace their descent from the Rajputs, would rather fight than eat. In appearance the Gurkhas are deceiving. They are short, stocky little men, of somewhat the appearance of the Japanese, although little heavier. And they wear perpetual grins on their faces. The grin does not come off when they go into a fight.

The Gurkhas were conquered by the British in 1814 after years of fighting, and have become loyal subjects of England. When the Gurkha regiments were first made part of the Indian army, they did not seem to take well to organized methods of warfare. It was not until the army authorities allowed them to make their national weapon, the kukri, part of their equipment, that they regained their fame as fighters. Their instructors never could make them use the bayonet. The kukri is a long, heavy curved knife.

MINARD'S LIMENT O U M M S
SANGRE IN COWS

Laughs With Joy! No More Indigestion

Montreal Man so Ill, Thought He Would Die of Stomach Trouble.

Found a Simple Remedy That Has Kept Him Well Ever Since.

The experience of Mr. Larose is one very common to-day: "I suffered from dyspepsia and indigestion for five years. I suffered so much that I could hardly attend to my work. I was weak and lost all courage. I enjoyed no rest until I decided to follow your treatment. To my great surprise I immediately began to feel better. I am now using the second box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills; and I feel so well that I want to tell you that I owe this great change to your famous pills. I recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills to every person who is suffering from dyspepsia. Your grateful servant, D. R. Larose, 333 Joliette street, Montreal, P.Q.

All who have weak stomachs, and those who suffer with indigestion, headaches, biliousness, can be perfectly cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, at druggists and storekeepers, or the Cattarhogue Co., Kingston, Ont., and Buffalo, N. Y.

Crowds Visited Field of Battle.

Paris, Sept. 14.—Certain parts of the field of the battle of Marne in the Department of Oise were objects of a veritable pilgrimage on Sunday. The suburban trains of the Northern Railroad carried great numbers of sight-seers, most of whom returned with souvenirs of the great battle.

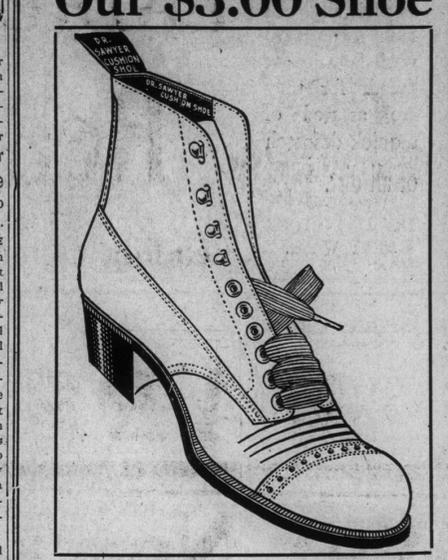
From eight o'clock to midnight on Sunday trains brought into the Northern Station many Zouaves, Turcos and infantry wounded near Meaux.

The souvenirs brought from the battlefield consisted of helmets, fragments of shells and cartridges, weapons, pennants and equipment. All who visited the battlefield were enthusiastic over the evidence that they had seen of their countrymen's victory.

They said, however, that the battlefields are still a gruesome sight and that the bodies of French and Germans, shattered by shell wounds are lying thick along the roads and lanes. Stray German soldiers, suffering from hunger, are still being brought into Meaux. One British soldier Sunday afternoon brought in five Germans who seemed to be willing captives.

A wheel tray for the dining room is absolutely indispensable to the woman doing her own work.

Our \$3.00 Shoe



We are sure that we can out-shoe for the money any man that wears \$3.00 Shoes and does not buy them here. The leathers are Box Calf and Gunmetal Calf, with good solid soles.

Our Men's Shoes at \$3.20, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$6.00, for Fall are now in.

Our Ladies' Boots at \$2.00, \$2.20, \$2.50 and \$3.00 are just in. These Boots are just it for Fall wear.

SCHOOL BOOTS.—When it comes to shoeing the boys and girls we always lead. Double wear in each pair.

N. B.—We make a specialty of Shoe Repairing. Old shoes made like new.

F. Smallwood, THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES.

GRAVENSTIEN APPLES.

We have now in stock: GRAVENSTEIN APPLES, PLUMS, TOMATOES, PEARS, ORANGES, BANANAS, CABBAGE and POTATOES, all selling at lowest possible prices.

By giving us a trial order will convince you our prices are right.

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Just Received: GASOLENE,

in barrels and cases.

We are agents for the "Metz" Gearless Transmission Car. This Car is much more easily handled than the gear car, and can be driven by the novice after a few minutes' instruction.

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Fighting!

We have been fighting for clean, wholesome, sanitary living for years.

Our establishment's sole purpose is to instill in the minds of the people that "cleanliness is next to Godliness."

All apparel should be frequently cleansed of the accumulation of dirt, dust and grime.

Agents: Messrs. NICHOLLE, INKPEN & CHAFE, LTD.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS, HALIFAX.

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PICKLING TOMATOES, 4 cts. lb.

WAIT Until Thursday, September 24th, for your

Preserving Plums, 500 Baskets due by S.S. "Florizel," full 6 quart Baskets, 55 cts. each.

30 half chests DANNAWALLA TEA. 35 half chests

Bulldog Tea. IRISH BACON—Boned. IRISH HAMS. By s.s. Carthaginian to-day: ENGLISH CHEDDAR CHEESE. DUNLOP CHEESE.

T. J. EDENS, Duckworth Street & Military Rd.

Red McGehee

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