

Anderson's New Modern Store In the West

IS now open to the general public—all our dry-goods, with the exception of a few odd lines, has been removed from Grace Building and is carefully arranged and placed in the various departments.

We are ready to cater to the wants of our patrons, to whom we extend a hearty invitation to call and see us.

Quite a different appearance here from Grace Building—it is bigger, brighter, and better and the stock is well displayed which should tend to make this New Building a busier store.

You know our new address—opposite the Eastern End of the General Post Office.

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Received To-Day, July 16th, At W. E. BEARNES Haymarket Provision Store

20 Barrels NEW POTATOES.
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BECAUSE:—We have Expert cutters and give careful attention to Linings, Trimmings, and inner Constructions.

BECAUSE:—British suits are the ones with the best fit and longest life of any suits sold in Newfoundland.

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THE BRITISH CLOTHING Co., Ltd.
Sinnott's Building, St. John's.

THE SOLDIERS LEFT THE TOWN

Twells Brex Describes the Departure of a Highland Regiment From Surrey.

London, July 8.—Two policemen kept back the crowd. Only the moral force of helmets and blue aligned that multitude of men, women, girls and children. "I never thought," said one of the constables in amazement, "that there were as many people in all the town."

The people massed in the railway station approach. They made a human avenue of the road. Paint at first, loudening and nearing, came a tumult; cheers deep and shrill, the clamor of whooping boys, great bursts of soldiers' song, the heart-tightening march of a military band.

The soldiers were leaving us. They swung in the luminous June night down the arc-like curve of the London road. Its high park wall, a whispering gallery at all times, carried the tramp of all those marching legs, the proud prattle of the band, the thunder of Scottish songs, and the farewells of the town, like the wind before a summer storm. They swept into view, staccato commands rang out, the two policemen magically divided the crowd like the Red Sea—and the departing battalion, loaded with mountains of kit, turned into a gateway and stood at ease in a field to await the troop train.

It was Surrey's opportunity for another good-bye to their Highlander guests. The battalion lined up in the field, rifles and kits were stacked in rows on the grass. Some kind heart—it may have been a colonel's—spoke softly to the guardians of the gate, the townspeople swarmed in the field for a last hour with the soldiers.

Three Months' Residence.

Three months has the regiment been with us. We have become more accustomed to kits than the folk of Lochaber; we have long ceased to marvel at the brusque Doric of Argyll, Sutherland and Caithness. It is no longer a foreign language, bewildering to shopkeepers who have made halcyon harvest from the generous Scot. You could tour to Wick or Cape Wrath and not hear more of the unalloyed Highland accent than in the unnoticed coinage of speech in this Surrey town.

All the winter we were a clearing-house for regiments that came, awoke our sleepy ways with brave life, trained to their last ounce on these breezy hills and in this pine-cleaned air, and were then drafted elsewhere, leaving always a gap in many hearts. Yeomanry, civil service men, Scots of London birth or exile, all those British gentlemen of the King left a void behind them when they marched in turn to the station; but none have left such a void as these rugged strangers, from the uttermost north. They have been billeted in the little houses, they have become some of a hundred little homes. It was not a Highland regiment that we waved off toward the midnight; it was a regiment of naturalized townsmen. The men, women, girls and children who shouted, cheered and brushed away tears when the last bugle blew and the engine whistled were foster mothers and fathers who stood tremulously to see their new boys off; foster brothers and sisters shouted last words of cheer; and the darkness alone knew how many Gaelic lovers whispered the aching last word to Southern girls.

The Big Last Day.

They have had a big last day and they have a long journey this Highland regiment. They are travelling through the night now, ten pairs of brawny bare legs tucked in the narrow space of each rocking compartment. But now first in an hour's cool air and respite, and the Highlanders are talking, laughing and singing with their parting friends. The stars shine down on a strange and moving human spectacle. The eternal forehead of Box Hill looks down on the poignancy of transient human drama. An officer, left on duty, stands observant and silent in the darkness. His the high-bred Highlander's face, carved with a shadow of virile melancholy, a face that neither lightens nor hardens, a face of northern granite. His thoughts are not in Surrey; he thinks of the little homes lying in the northern midsummer twilight, cottages by the grey Firth of Dornoch, crofters' huts in the peaty laps of the hills. He wonders perhaps how many of those boys of his will be numbered after the wars?

A sergeant-instructor, a killed Londoner, leans aloof against a lime tree. He too watches the mingled bathos and pathos of the medley in the field. He waves a hand at the shouting and singing soldiers. "They've been in this town now for months and we have never had a single civilian complaint. There's one fellow whom we used to think the bad egg of the regiment. He was al-

ways getting detention. I went round to his billet to ask how he had behaved, and all the family were crying as if a son were going. And I want to meet the man who still believes that the Scotsman has no humor. In sun or shade, in hard work, on stiff marches, these boys are the most humorous fellows I have ever known. It's hard to keep a straight face against their sallie. When they go I shall have to stay behind to train new men. But those Highland boys will take my heart with them."

Many Hearts Follow Troops. Many more hearts than the sergeant-instructor's are going with the troop train tonight. As the hour comes for the move to the station a psychic change comes over the mood of soldiers and crowd. Silence falls on the dim throng on the trodden grass and solo after solo cries out from a cornet. The play ceases, and a thousand Highland voices, singing as only hillmen can sing, break into tender and passionate Scottish songs, haunted with yearnings and partings. A girl slips out of the crowd and sobs in the darkness. Robbie Burns still breaks hearts in his immortality.

A bugle rings eloquently, commands call out. Kits and rifles are re-stung. The civilian crowd break away. And suddenly, over all those thousand men, singing and shouting a moment ago, falls a silence like the silence among the stiff aisles of a forest. "Damn you, number twelve, get into rank," shouts a harsh sergeant's voice, and number twelve lets go of a clinging hand. The commands bark again, and the soldiers are off.

The spell is broken. The exuberant British soldier, turning pathos ever to bathos as brevets of his manliness, rises to a farewell of comedy. Narrow the station entrance, and the laden men are halted for a moment in the avenue of people. A Highland Don Juan flashes out of rank and kisses four girls who have come to see him off. He slips back into his place, but a mocking chorus comes from his fellows: "Bobbie, Bobbie, ye've missed me." He is pushed out again and a roar shakes the ranks as he kisses an old woman. An earnest young Scot, oblivious to listeners, implores a stubborn maiden for "ane—just one to tak awa wi' me?" Her face remains withdrawn, either in shyness or disdain. The column moves again; Highland wit, and Highland pique, triumphs over Highland love. "It's your last chance, Mary. Tak it, whiles you can, forbye ye'll regret it all your life."

Quicker the column moves. Too late now for individual farewells. "Good-bye, good-bye," shouts all we Southerns huskily, and strangely and staidly the marching men call out to us: "Guid nicht—guid nicht."

Most of us who attempt to wear the mantle of great ness are disappointed in the fit.

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203 WATER STREET.

Canadian Troops Annihilated

Only 150 of the 2,000 Princess Pat's Left

Washington, June 30.—A young American college graduate serving as lieutenant with the British army in Belgium, in a letter to a friend here, paints with a striking realism the devastation wrought by the German shell fire at Ypres.

"Personally, I have been having a rather bad, though distinctly interesting time lately, located at Ypres. The unfortunate old town is now quite flat and what little even of wreckage is left is now burning. We were shelled out of four different billets, each one completely destroyed. We took to cellars, but those crumpled up under the 17-inch howitzers, and most every one was killed. The losses have been appalling.

"A lieutenant came out from England a few days ago to join his regiment. He found that it didn't exist; only one corporal and seventeen men were left. Yesterday I saw 150 men walking back from the trenches, having been relieved; they were all that was left of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, once, with drafts, over 2,000 strong.

"More than 25,000 shells are estimated to have fallen in Ypres in less than the last month. Some are shrapnel, some incendiary, some gas bombs and many high explosives of all sizes, but one gets accustomed to all these and the constant din, the complete destruction and sudden and horrible death all around, and pays little attention to most of them. It is a kind of fatalism. Perhaps, however, it is only comparative, for there is no one who can ignore or pretend to regard with indifference the 17-inch howitzers.

"When one of these shells lands it does not smash up or toss away chunks of houses or do the sort of damage one expects. The area in which the explosion takes place completely disappears in hell's own clouds of black smoke, fine dust and flying wreckage.

"It flings large chunks of iron, high in the air and spreads them broadcast. The concussion shakes everything for miles, and huge, white-hot fragments of the shell scream through the air for more than a thousand yards from the centre. One cannot see a foot through the dense, black, acrid smoke, which burns the eyes and throat and is almost suffocating, and which lifts slowly and drifts away like a pall over the town. For many minutes afterward the air is full of a fine dust, and great pieces of wreckage, shattered beams, bricks, tiles and stone rain about the neighborhood.

"On one famous night, when over 2,000 shells were dropped inside the town, the 17-inch broke regularly every night or twelve minutes, to the second. One alone, striking on a massive old casement under the ramparts, killed outright thirty-eight persons.

"The stench, the lack of air and the constant ear-splitting din make one's head ache, but the infrequent silences are ghostly and infinitely worse. The town is blocked with wreckage and closed to transport, and the never-ending ambulance columns and files of lightly wounded pass circuitously around."

Will Not Bombard Rome

New York, July 13.—According to a despatch from Rome, Pope Benedict has received a letter from Emperor Francis Joseph, in which the Austrian ruler promises that Austro-Hungarian aviators will not bombard Rome.

Dog Fish Trained For War

A man who described himself as Isaac Blake, better known as "Ike the Inventor," walked into the Brooklyn borough hall and unfolded a broad new scheme for protecting American ships from attacks by submarines.

"I live down at Hook Creek," said Ike, "and I own a lot of dogfish, fish, which I have tamed and trained. If the government will hire them I will send out a fleet of my sea hounds to escort any American vessel bound for the war zone. When the ship reaches there my trained dogfish will go ahead of her scouting for submarines. Spotting an undersea boat they will come to the surface and bay lustily.

"The man on the bridge, thus warned of danger, will change the course of his ship so as to elude the submarine. To prevent the submarine from following its prey, my dogfish will bite and otherwise harry it until it is driven off. I am looking for somebody in the service of the government to whom I may properly submit this scheme."

Ike was advised to go down to the navy yard and tell it to the martins.

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