

## Mutt and Jeff--Jeff's Battle Wasn't a Real Battle, It Was a Reel Battle

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By "Bud" Fisher

LETTER OF ABSORBING INTEREST  
COMES FROM CHAPLAIN HOOPER;  
THE WORK OF GALLANT 26TH

Captain the Rev. E. B. Hooper, chaplain 6th Field Ambulance, writing from the front on Oct. 17 to a friend in St. John, speaks of events before and after the 26th battalion was in its first serious action, and also sends to this community a very strong message on the urgent and pressing need for more young men to go to the front. The chaplain writes in part:

"As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. Never have I realized this as in these days of war, when, far from the land I call home, letters come too seldom and at such intervals that they never become common, and do not begin to satisfy the heart's craving for good news from the far country. All this is leading up to an expression of the pleasure with which I received yours of Sept. 24.

I know that you in St. John and New Brunswick are especially interested in the doings of the 26th, and so am I, and I will have something to say about them before I have finished. My first, and the object nearest to my heart, at the moment is to say something further to stimulate recruiting, which I am entitled to learn is proceeding now quite briskly in our province by the sea. The daily press is performing a splendid duty to the empire. The despatches which are being published from day to day make it more and more evident that the empire is engaged in a life and death struggle. A new phase of the already gigantic war has opened up through the treachery of Bulgaria, and the so-called neutrality of Greece.

All the forces of the empire will be needed to meet this fresh combination of enemies and Luke warm friends. I would that men and nations would realize today the absolute truth of the principle enunciated 1900 years ago by the Saviour of the World, "He that is not with me is against me."

THE YOUNG MAN WHO STAYS AT HOME AND SATISFIES THE LOYALTY OF HIS CONSCIENCE BY CHERISHING PATRIOTIC UTTERANCES OR BY GIVING A FEW DOLLARS TO PATRIOTIC PURPOSES WHEN IT IS HIS STRENGTH, HIS ENERGY, HIS MANHOOD, HIS LIFE, WHICH IS DEMANDED OF HIM AS A BRITISH CITIZEN, IS NOT WITH THE EMPIRE IN ITS STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AGAINST AN IMPEACHABLE FOR, AND IF NOT WITH US, HE IS ASSUREDLY AGAINST US. LET HIM SQUIRM UNDER THE ACCUSATION EVER SO UNCOMFORTABLY.

Never has there arisen such a time as the present when the "Old Grey Mother," who has nurtured and guided and guarded us for ages, needs all her sons to come to her side and all her daughters to bid them go and to speed them on their high and holy mission.

St. I mean every word I say, I speak from a heart fired by an absolute knowledge of what will happen when the fighting men of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and other parts of the world-wide empire, trained and equipped for military service join in the mighty chorus:

Thine, England, thine,  
Bone of thy bone are they,  
Loyal to the Faith, to the flag, to the throne,  
They are thine all things today.

Victory—peace shall be ours—when England herself and the empire with her shall give all to the cause for which she fights.

## SOME BLOOD-STIRRING INCIDENTS.

Here are some two or three incidents which stirred my blood. They are true. The first may be a "chestnut" told before, but I heard it from one who was present. General Smith-Dorrien, inspecting a battalion of the 1st Canadian contingent, passing down the ranks came to an oldish soldier, whose breast had as many or more war ribbons as that his own.

The general said, looking the man in the eye, "You have seen much service?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Forty-five, sir."

"Ah! And how many years' service have you had?"

"Forty-three, sir, and I have four sons in the war, sir," he added, throwing out his chest with pride. He was, in fact, sixty-one years of age.

Passing through the big ward in my hospital last week I came to a man who looked a bit old for active service. I said to him "Good morning."

"Good morning, sir," he replied.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"I was forty-five last year, sir."

I sat down on his cot and talked a bit and got him talking and then I said "toto voo" to him.

"Now honestly how old are you?"

"Sixty," was his answer.

The other day I went to the mail room of the 27th and found in charge an old sergeant, too old for the trenches but delighted at being brought to look after the battalion post office. Hart was his name, and an old soldier too. He told me that he has three sons in the war, two in the navy and one in the army. He and his three boys were all he had to give and all his brave wife had to give.

One boy went to his death on the submarine E-13. It will be remembered that the Danish government saved the survivors, saved the submarine and cared for the bodies of the dead. Sent them to England for burial. Over each coffin was a new Union Jack, the gift of the Danish government.

This old sergeant showed me the "Jack" which had covered the body of his son, also an autograph letter too from the British Admiralty conveying to him the sympathy of the Admiralty on the death of his brave son and asking his acceptance of the "Jack" as the gift from the government of Denmark. Tears glistened in the old veteran's eyes, tears of pride as well as of sorrow. And tears stood in my eyes as I watched him and listened to his narrative.

These yarns are true and without embellishment, and they serve to illustrate that wonderful spirit of devotion to the flag, which is to be found amongst men who having served and sacrificed once are ready for further service and greater sacrifice yet, when king and country need them. I am writing this under some difficulty, the windows are rattling, the walls shaking, by a tremendous cannonading of heavy artillery. There is something majestic if appalling in the mighty uproar. If these stories are read it may stir some hearts to a sense of what men may do, to show their devotion to the Empire and its righteous cause of war.

It is with joy, sorrow and infinite pride that I turn for a moment to speak of the lads of the 26th. They came out of the trenches on Friday night and I went over on Saturday to see them and today I had the great pleasure and privilege of having a church parade service with them.

BAPTISM OF FIRE AND OF BLOOD.

Last week was their second real spell in the trenches and on Wednesday they had their baptism of fire which was also a baptism of blood. They were directed to attack a crater lying between their lines and those of the enemy. They advanced, under heavy fire, took the crater, occupied it, and settled when commanded in good order. Nineteen brave men were killed and thirty-two wounded. The lists have by this time been published and to those whose dear

ones have fallen I would express my own deep sympathy for their sorrow. But it is sorrow gilded with pride. They died to have men should in the path of duty. Their bodies lie in soldiers' graves, their souls are with God, souls which whatever their faults and sins, yet passed into the wider life of the Great Beyond in their performance of duty.

This is the first great toll of New Brunswick blood for king and country. It will not be the last. Let every one pray that our gallant lads may be supported in every danger and bring honor to themselves and their country in carrying the flag on to victory, the complete victory, which shall bring to the world an enduring peace.

Three officers were wounded in Wednesday's business. Lieutenant Carter quite seriously, Major Brown a painful wound in the foot and Lieutenant Fairweather slightly. When I saw the latter yesterday he looked uncommonly well and like all other officers and men cheerful and ready for the next turn in the trenches.

I will not refer to the men in the ranks by name, either to those who died or to those who were wounded, there are too many of them. I am told that Sergeant Ryan greatly distinguished himself by bringing in a wounded comrade under heavy fire. All honor to the heroic sergeant and all honor to the officers and men of the battalion. They richly merited the letter of congratulation which was read to them from the general himself.

## CHURCH SERVICE AFTER BATTLE.

Never have I enjoyed a service as I did the one today, held in a field, with a heavy fog obscuring the landscape and the khaki-clad ranks of our boys. I love them so. I feel like a father towards them with a father's pride in my sons. I take off my hat to them with a "Te Saluto". They are mine and they are yours. Many who read this will say with pride "and mine too." Yes, and where they have led, many, many more must follow. Ayl and they were followed. The empire calls, the king calls, the mother calls, let 10,000 voices shout, "Here we come!"

I am in honor bound to withhold anything forbidden by a strict censorship. It is for this reason that I have refrained from much that would be of interest were it told, and for the same reason, I have waited three days for the official publication of such data as I have given.

My heart and brain are alike full of the subjects on which I have written and they should strike a responsive chord in the hearts of any who read them. Since beginning this letter I have been called away to bury a soldier, a most impressive service, too, and afterwards the band which played at the grave came back to the hospital here and gave us a most enjoyable concert.

Tomorrow morning I go, only in the 26th, for a communion service, out of doors, with a box for an altar and the side of a barn for a background. Notwithstanding church rites I told the lads that all who will may come, and I hope to have a great number. Every need of our men is met—spiritual and physical, as well as circumstances will permit. In our hospital we care for the sick and wounded.

They are tenderly and skilfully tended, and I spend hours of each day with them. Here I find a splendid field for expending much of the money sent to me from St. John. Hundreds and hundreds of cigarettes and great quantities of writing materials I distribute to those who need them.

I earnestly trust that no one who contributed to my fund will feel aggrieved because I treat all men alike, whether from New-Brunswick or elsewhere. WE ARE ALL ONE OUT HERE, WITH ONE SOVEREIGN, ONE EMPIRE AND ONE FLAG.

GIRLS! MOISTEN A  
CLOTH AND DRAW  
IT THROUGH HAIR

It Becomes Beautifully Soft, Wavy  
Abundant and Glossy  
At Once

Save Your Hair! All Dandruff  
Goes and Hair Stops  
Coming Out

Surely try a "Dandergine Hair Cleanser"

If you wish to immediately double the beauty of your hair. Just moisten a

cloth with Dandergine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one

small strand at a time; this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive

oil—in a few minutes you will be

amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy

and abundant and possess an incomparable softness, lustre and luxuriance.

Besides beautifying the hair, one application of Dandergine dissolves every

particle of dandruff; invigorates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair.

Dandergine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to

vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its

exhilarating stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long,

strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, soft, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will just

get a 25-cent bottle of Dandergine from the National Exchange Bank here, while

three confederates engaged the bank teller in conversation. The man made had

before the teller realized what had occurred.

"Save your hair!" Keep it looking charming and beautiful. You will say

this was the best 25 cents you ever spent.

HOOKS \$1.00 IN BANK.

Stick Thief Gets Cash in Baltimore

While Confederates Occupy Teller's

Attention With Conversation.

Baltimore, Nov. 2.—By the use of a

device resembling a fountain pen, an

unidentified man hooked up a package of

1,800 and a check for \$25,000 from the

National Exchange Bank here, while

three confederates engaged the bank teller

in conversation. The man made had

before the teller realized what had occurred.

There is no clue other than the teller's

statement that the men were of dark

complexion and apparently foreigners.

PROF. FALCONER IN  
PLAIN STATEMENT  
ON DUTY OF CANADA

That Canada is not doing her share, that she is lagging—not because of any desire or inclination to shirk, but because she does not realize the true situation and the pressing need for action.

This was the tone of the address by Professor Falconer, of Toronto University, which he delivered last night at the patriotic meeting in Knickerbocker of Columbus hall. He instanced the growth of Canadian industry since the outbreak of the war to show that Canada is fattening at the expense of the blood of the belligerents in Europe. His advice was to share liberally what has been flowing in to assist in lessening the burden of the Allies.

"The thing to do," he said, "is to stop the Germans from advancing one more step, to drive them back. And it is just men like you who will have to do it. Don't get pessimistic over things. You are not called to a fortune hope. You are not going to people who cannot lead you or who will throw your lives away. You are going to a winning cause. It is dangerous, yet. But this war has taught us that there are ideals and traditions that are worth dying for. Life is not counted in years, but in what you fill it with."

On the whole, Professor Falconer's address was very optimistic. He regarded the Allies as a winning cause, but said that action must be prompt. He reminded his hearers that if peace were declared tonight, as things stood, Germany held Belgium, part of fertile France, Poland and part of Russia, and they were very active in the Balkans. The people of Germany through the subsidized press are deluded that they are winning. It is not any use for us to say that Britain has always won and then to fold our arms.

"Don't minimize the situation. Don't show the scene of action to be transferred from Europe to the St. Lawrence. It will be far safer to beat them in France—and, if they are not beaten in Europe, are we sure they could be beaten anywhere else?"

## Not Losing Campaign.

"We are not fighting a losing campaign. The Germans are stalling and yielding a bit and putting in men of not so high quality and are transferring men continually from one front to another. That is a good sign."

"The total loss of men to date has been practically the same on both sides. But it is not the absolute loss that will count in the end. It is the proportionate loss. Great Britain with France has about 100,000,000 to draw from, while

Germany altogether has only 60,000,000, leaving only one-half this strength from which to select men to oppose France and England in the west. The odds are against Germany."

Above all things, Professor Falconer discouraged depression over the Balkan outlook. Russia was recovering, and the campaign there will result in the right way if sufficient men are sent there.

Relative to Canada's position he felt that she had not fully awakened to the realization of the war. Her trade has developed tremendously during the last year. Figures go to show that instead of a wearing down, business has been, in most lines, on a continuous increase. He felt that Canada is taken up too much with this situation at home and believed that more earnest consideration should be given to matters abroad.

President Falconer spoke of the relative positions of the colonies and their participation in the war. He dwelt on unanimity of the empire and the effect of the war in solidifying more closely the scattered members. As to the ultimate outcome of the war he had no doubt. He wanted Canada to act accordingly with all parts of the British empire, pursuing the same purpose with equal vigor and earnestness.

President Falconer was listened to with much attention by the large audience that crowded the hall. There was much enthusiasm evoked at different

parts of his speech and he was applauded time and time again.

W. M. Jarvis presided at the meeting. He opened with a brief address pertinent to questions of the day. He spoke of recruiting and of the war situation.

Sergeant Knight—the Billie Sunday of the recruiting platform—was also heard in a remarkably clever recruiting speech. Miss Blanka S. Thomson and Gershon S. Mayes entertained with vocal selections. They were encored in patriotic numbers.

## DYESTUFFS COMING.

Sec. Lansing Notifies Congressman Carter of Shipment of Fifty Tons From England.

Boston, Nov. 2.—Congressman William H. Carter of Needham, has received a letter from Secretary of State Lansing advising him that a shipment of fifty tons of dye-stuffs is now coming forward from Great Britain, consigned to the Secretary of Commerce for account of W. A. Mitchell.

Mr. Lansing writes that the department is keenly alive to the need of dye-stuffs in this country and has been doing all it properly can to obtain shipments, but as these products are embargoed by the German government, it has not been possible up to the present time to obtain shipments upon practicable terms.

DARKEN GRAY HAIR,  
LOOK YOUNG, PRETTY

Sage Tea and Sulphur Darkens so Naturally That Nobody Can Tell

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get the mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Weyl's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe for about 60 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it. No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy.