



WITHIN THE LAW

It is against the Moral Law to advertise Woollens as "Pure Woollens" unless they are Pure Woollens. A law is now pending prohibiting misrepresentation in advertising and this makes us feel tremendously good, because we are putting on sale every day fabrics that are *Pure Wool* and that are the best value in the trade today. These fabrics come to us direct from the looms, and we *know every stitch that is in them*

DURING the past week we have put into stock several thousands of yards of Pure Woollens that show what the English & Scotch Woollen Co. can do when the spirit moves

SUIT OR OVERCOAT
MADE TO ORDER AND TO MEASURE

\$15
English and Scotch Woollen Co.
NO MORE NO LESS

A Wise Judge United States' Judge Landis has a clean, straightforward life, he hates deception, false pretences, or anything that isn't "dead on the square." A little while back he expressed himself in open court—straight from the shoulder—on the subject of fraudulent advertising. If Judge Landis could make his doctrine hold good in this country, it would be a God-send, and we want to "butt into" Judge Landis' class. We do not permit one solitary statement to enter our advertising that we are not prepared to prove. We allow nothing that even approaches subterfuge. You can absolutely depend upon every one of our published announcements.

Fred'k Gareau,
Superintendent of Branches
Maritime Provinces

Out-of-Town Men. Write for samples, style book and easy-measuring chart. Our tremendous Mail Order business has reached its present proportions through the advertising of "satisfied customers." Try us for your Fall Suit or Overcoat.

"Mill-to-Man Tailoring Service"

No More \$15 No Less
English & Scotch Woollen Co.
No More \$15 No Less
Four Montreal Stores
261 St-Catherine West, 304 Mt-Royal, 340 Notre-Dame West, 351 St-Catherine East
near Biscuit, near Park, near St-Hubert.

107 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

A WOMAN'S PILGRIMAGE OF HORROR!

Mary Boyle O'Reilly, On Foot With Flying Refugees, Describes War's Fearful Sights Inside Prussian Lines

A Word From the Editor.

The present world's conflict has pretty well proved by this time that, while the human race may be, in peace, what is called "civilized," in war that human race goes back to the ages—it becomes savage, conscienceless.

Read the accompanying graphic picture of this war by a woman who saw it in, perhaps, its calmer moods. Mary Boyle O'Reilly, after having been deported from Belgium by the Germans because she was a newspaper woman, managed cleverly to get back inside their lines from Holland by means of a German consul's pass. As a newspaper woman, she would have been stopped in a mile, so she became a simple Belgian refugee and she walked laboriously and footsore for days through the Prussian army.

It was, indeed, a pilgrimage of horror! The scene was located in Belgium, but it might as well have been in France or in East Prussia or in Galicia. Miss O'Reilly's story is a tremendous sermon to Americans who there is still some lingering fancy that there is "glory" in war or that war might be waged by so-called "human" rules.

(By Mary Boyle O'Reilly.)

The Hague, Sept. 5, 1914.—I am just back after a pilgrimage of that part of Belgium around which the German war machine has ringed its belt of iron. Between Brussels and Liège, in a narrow valley lies roughly a parallelogram of country about sixty miles by thirty miles wide. Here were fought all the early battles of Germany's advance upon France.

Out of this smoke-shaded district came such stories of sacked villages and slaughtered non-combatants as to horrify mankind. To prove these stories untrue I became a refugee inside the Prussian lines. For some dreadful days I hid myself in the piteous crowds which fled from Tirlemont to Tongres. I had, to save myself at the worst, the pass which the German vice consul in Holland had given me. In the following I will tell the story of what I saw on that pilgrimage.

West of Tirlemont, where the smoke of burning Herent and Tangeerde darkens the sky, stands an ancient church, white flags of peace still hanging from its belfried. On the shell-shattered streets lie the dog of Flanders, his Red Cross blanket and first-aid bandage shot to pieces by the invader's bullet. The two are signs and symbols of a Prussian army passing. Herent was fired because a father resented a Hun's insult to his daughter. The heart of prosperous Hangarde was shattered because the peasants destroyed the bridge over the village brook. There were no rifles nor ammunition in either place; probably never had been.

The town of Tirlemont, where small arms were stored in a desperate desire of self-protection, has been badly shot up, but still stands. In Brussels and the Belgium, where Prussian soldiers are exposed to foreign observation, they conceal their regimental numbers while the officers refuse to give their names. Thus atrocities are the work of anonymous men.

Chalked on Machine Guns.

Within the German cordon such safeguards seem unnecessary. Scarcely Tirlemont is filled by dragons of the 66th, 26th and 84th Regiments of the Line. The Place du Marché is crowded with machine guns, on whose steel shafts are chalked each gun crew's record so far in the war. On the walls of the Thirteenth Century church the Prussian army has pasted posters printed in three languages, giving us the following exact news of the war:

"The English are being driven into the sea."

"The French have retreated to Paris."

"Germany's campaign is all over but collecting the indemnity."

Two refugee women at my shoulder sobbed piteously. A sentry reproved them with blows on the abdomen from the butt of his gun.

Utterly cowed, we turned away. Tirlemont is not Belgian any more, is—reads the Prussian placard—now part of a conquered German province.

The straight, tree-shaded road to Grinde is crowded with homeless women; hundreds of wan-faced women, children whimpering at their skirts; scores of ageing men in self-respecting homespun, a determined little boy carrying his pet dog, a girl clasping her bolt of wedding linen, youths with the essential part of their textile tools strapped to their backs, and old women staggering under huge jars, dogs tugging at over-laden trucks, a cart with a white flag, a dying child in its father's arms, a paralytic, a blind man—all, all of them homeless, penniless, heart-broken.

Yet in their misery they find pity for sharper sorrow. That old woman lying in the water-barrow is the sister of the army scout, John Markin, whom, it is charged, dragons buried alive, head downward, and whose Belgian chestnuts discovered and disinterred—too late.

In silence, in terror, we crowd down the one peaceful road, hands raised, past passers humbly before us. Every few yards there is a sentry to be passed, perhaps placated, an over-strained, sullen soldier who commands with a bayonet and argues with a gun butt.

Farm Laborers with Lance Wounds.

In the level fields, golden with wheat, lie wrecked reapers and ruined steam plows—all the simple wealth of the farming community. Broken men with lance thrusts, many of them wounded by lance thrusts, garner the sugar beet harvest.

The air is foul with the odor of decay of unburied sheep, poisoned by owners who refused to feed the invader of their free country. All the sign boards are effaced to baffle the incoming enemy.

"We are defeated, but we are not conquered," mutters the brave old man who helps me rope a load.

In Roebuck white flags hang from every house front, here a housewife's embroidered towel, there a lace edged pillow case. Being non-combatants, they hope to save their home. The village is utterly destroyed. In the midst of the ruin is a crater dug by a siege gun—a siege gun brought up to deal with a hamlet of 400 people!

Two Old Men Hanging to Tree

The villagers have disappeared. Only three dead peasants, bayoneted in their doorways, and a few horses killed in the small main street remain. I see men of the 15th German Dragons, white crosses on their gold starred caps, looting at their leisure.

Refugees speak in whispers, plodding on to poor little Bandersee, from

far off we can see that the village has been shelled, its houses leveled by artillery. Near the road two old men hang from a tree, hostages whose lives were taken by the enemy. I passed that tree, but never as long as I live will I be able to erase from memory the dead faces of those two old men.

A frightened child fetches and carries for the sentry, lounging near a culvert, rifle cocked. "Soon she will be handy as a wife," he bawls in high good humor. At home this fellow would hardly be trusted as a swine herd. Here, rifle in hand, his word is law for almost a square mile.

His Day-Old Babe.

In the roadside ditch the father of a day-old babe has built a wigwam of tent poles and straw. Last week he had a nice little Belgian house, a prosperous farmer, the master of flocks and kine.

"Louvendane is utterly destroyed," he says grimly. "Germans fighting west of Mechlin were repulsed by the Belgians. A hundred 55th Lancers of the Rhine fell back here. Some of them, mad with blood, insulted the women of our village. In a dozen houses viols were burst which spread strangling fumes. Then our houses were fired. If you want to see worse go to the chateau below."

The suggestion is good but impracticable. A seemingly endless convoy of guns block the road—sage guns moving toward the east. Fifty drivers flourish taunting whips to chafed inscriptions. We read as they pass:

"Nach (to) Brussels—nach Lille—nach Paris."

Wayside Shrine a Target

While we wait perforce Uhlans off duty amuse themselves by firing at a wayside shrine. Women who have borne the catastrophe bravely break down as they watch the wanton shooting of the crucified.

In what was lately the little town of Corbeek-Loo stands what was a chateau. Both are ruins for Corbeek-Loo suffered annihilation by artillery.

Baron Ernst lived in the chateau. He is an elderly man, retiring and scholarly. Both of his sons are in the diplomatic service. With him lived his six daughters—ladies of a certain age—all unmarried, the good angels of our village. Come that I show you what these barbarians do to a Belgian home.

We enter the once shabby gates, now shattered by shells. The acres-wide formal garden is strewn with fragments of statuary, with broken graphophone disks, wine glasses, slippers, shattered porcelain, the family chapel of ease served as a shooting gallery, debris makes the bedrooms impassable.

"Rich and poor, gentle and simple, we Belgians are paying the price to protect Europe," sighs the cure.

Sowing the Tares

"The Emperor is the enemy sowing tares! If we are to be a conquered province will not this pitiless devastation make us hateful vassals? If Belgium is to remain independent will not this make us hateful neighbors for a century?"

Heart-sick I walked toward St. Trond, a little town where the Kovandatur Bilhoef has "subdued" ruthlessly. The Mobile Stappen is crowded with dragons from the 85th, 88th and 26th regiments.

In the shadow of the ancient church, "sacred to God and Fatherland," are gathered the seized crops and farm wagons of the district. The town is ringed round with field pieces—guns' crews lying ready. Motor cars filled with soldiers facing four ways, their rifles cocked, dash about incessantly. It is two weeks since the nine-hour cavalry battle ended in a Prussian repulse. There is quiet now in St. Trond. It is the peace of Warsaw. "St. Trond was rebel, was you understand," boasts the Uhlans commanders.

Five Priests Shot

Today the population is made up of

Get the full benefit of your food, - use Windsor Table Salt

The Pink of Health is every woman's right; but many are troubled with sallow complexions, headaches, backaches, low spirits—until they learn that sure relief may be found in BEECHAM'S PILLS

Directions of Special Value to Women with Every Box. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

Manufacturers who are interested in daily newspaper advertising for nationally distributed products can obtain the co-operation of The Telegraph and Times in arousing the interest of local dealers and in gathering data covering trade conditions in this city. Communications should be addressed to The Advertising Manager.

women and children. No one seems to know what has become of the men—no one will ever know, I am afraid.

A mile down the St. Trond road we refugees pause that some may pray. It was right here that five priests were shot dead—all hostages (none of them young), whose lives were forfeit because peasants who had fowling pieces did the Lexington and Concord act. Just beyond lies the road for Tongres where these peasants made their last stand.

The elm trees, felled as a barricade by these citizen sharpshooters, are hardly dead.

In the broad sunlit square of Tongres troops of the 15th and 52nd Brandenburg regiments haggle over their loot.

For Tongres (i. e. a fort), which has been a place of defense since the days of Caesar, resisted invasion and was, for reprisal, given to shell and sack. Today no one may leave his or her house without a military pass; no one may light a candle after nightfall.

In the twilight the shattered streets echo with the agonized sobbing of heart-broken women. The burghers have been driven by Uhlans none save their captors know where.

"Halt—or I fire!"

It is the last sentinel on the way of sorrow. We stand submissively to show our papers. Beyond, just two miles away rise the spires of Measricht in Holland.

Reach Holland at Last

A pearl gray evening mist shrouds the stricken land. Only one little mile now between us and safety. Men and women who have faced death with fortitude walk on blinded by tears. In the dusk we can see a spectral barrier, a lantern, and the tricolor of Queen Wilhelmina's delightful Holland.

"Stand—friends or enemies?"

The refugees' voices answer:

Slowly, so slowly that the last sink down exhausted, our sad little company crosses the frontier.

My turn comes finally. The captain of the barrier scans my American passport. His glance meets mine shrewdly.

"You are a journalist," he accuses gravely. "Enter Holland, but do not remain. Our land, like yours, must be neutral. 'God guard the country where there is no war'."

LOCAL MEN ORGANIZE

CANADIAN PATRIOTIC

RIFLE CLUB; 100 START

The formation of the Canadian Patriotic Rifle Club, Company No. 1, organized by L. P. D. Tilley, and approved by Colonel Sam Hughes, has been about completed and they will start practice soon. More than 100 business and professional men of the city have joined the club and great enthusiasm prevails over the work. It is expected

CURED OF PILES

AND ECZEMA

By Using Three Boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Abram Buhr, Herbert, Sask., writes: "I want to say that I was troubled with eczema and piles and suffered greatly from the itching, burning sensations caused by these annoying ailments. I sent for a free sample of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and this did me so much good that I bought three boxes more, and after using same was cured of both eczema and piles."

This is the kind of letters we receive daily from people who have been cured of these distressing skin diseases by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. No matter how skeptical you might be, you could not read these letters for many days without concluding that Dr. Chase's Ointment is undoubtedly the most prompt relief and certain cure for these ailments.

If you have doubts send for a free sample box and be convinced. It was by use of a free sample that Mr. Buhr was convinced of the merits of this treatment. For sale at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

CLARK'S CORNED BEEF

Economical and Delicious. All ready to serve. No bone. No gristle. Ask for Clark's.

W. CLARK Limited, Montreal.

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that about ten of these companies 1,000 men—will be in line soon.

L. P. D. Tilley, E. J. Shreve, J. Bauer, F. W. Coombs, A. E. Prin, Fred Doig, Allan H. Wetmore, Steph W. Palmer, Trooper A. L. McIntosh, L. Day, W. A. Lockhart, C. P. Nisco, A. S. Bowman, P. A. Clark, G. Merryfield, Leon A. Keith, W. E. Anerson, Heber S. Keith, R. R. Rankin, C. John Stammers, Dr. H. C. Wetmore, W. H. Irving, S. G. Smith, P. B. Homan, Rev. G. F. Scovill, S. L. A. Lanstroth, Dudley S. Robillard, W. Clarke, E. B. McInerney, R. H. C. Skinner, John Gillis, G. Guy Merritt, E. G. Thompson, A. A. White, C. Bogart, W. J. Wetmore, J. A. Gow, Reginald G. Schofield, G. C. Jorda, Maurice D. Coll, W. B. Howard, J. A. L. Fairweather, A. C. Powers, G. Rivers, S. E. Elkin, T. E. Ryder, C. Sanford, F. M. Keator, Geo. T. Pol, Archie F. Manks, Nathaniel Gow, L. Wright, F. S. Pilton, H. G. Barn Roy L. Sippel, R. C. Gilmore, C. Burnham, E. S. Crawford, F. T. C. D. R. Smith, W. T. Nilsson, W. Armstrong, E. V. Morrow, Wm. Pearson, H. V. MacKinnon, R. Fowler, Hugh Cannell, W. H. MacBric Roy A. Willett, Chas. H. Johnston, W. L. Ryan, L. H. Berton, Paul Longley, G. Ellis, G. H. Lounsbury, R. De Davis, Cecil F. West, Herbert A. We A. W. Covey, James MacMurray, St. F. Jamieson, Ralph W. Sadler, Geo. Bishop, Jas. I. Turnbull, R. Hu Bruce, J. R. Reid, W. C. Wright, E. Johnston, J. W. Heans, Kenneth Gault, P. G. Taylor, A. C. Clarke, B. Gerow, J. Leonard Heans, E. E. Churc Win. A. Church, Dr. J. L. Day, W. McIntosh, Samuel Withers, K. Downer.

Bad Blood

is the direct and inevitable result of irregular or constipated bowels and clogged-up kidneys and skin.

The undigested food and other waste matter which is allowed to accumulate poisons the blood and the whole system. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills act directly on the bowels, regulating them—on the kidneys, giving them ease and strength to properly filter the blood—and on the skin, opening up the pores. For pure blood and good health take

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

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