MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

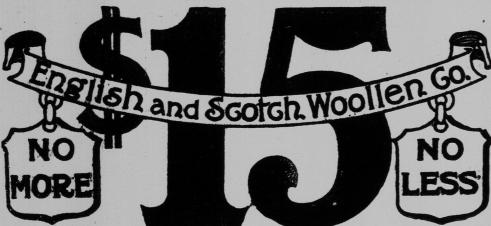
THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN N. B., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1914



T 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

MADE TO ORDER AND TO MEASURE

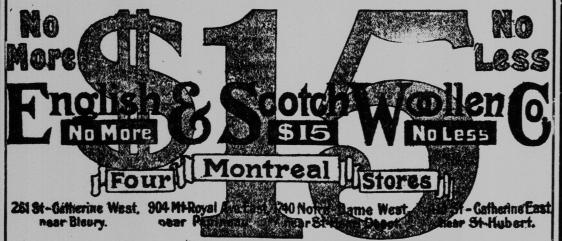


A Wise Judge United States' Judge Landis has a clean contempt for a lie. Living, as he does, a simple, straightforward life, he hates deception, false pretences, or anything that isn't "dead on the square." A little while back he expressed himself in open

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 ap-Fred'k Gareau, proaches subterfuge. You can absolutely depend ipon every one of our published announcements. 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

"Mill-to-Man Tailoring Service"



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 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 research which was right here that five priests were shot dead—all hostages (none of them young), whose lives were forfeit because research which was right here that five priests were shot dead—all hostages (none of them young), whose lives were forfeit because research which was right here that five priests were shot dead—all hostages (none of them young), whose lives were forfeit because research which was right here that five priests were shot dead—all hostages (none of them young), whose lives were forfeit because

duty amuse themselves by firing at a wayied and waysied abrine. Women who have break down as they watch the wanton shooting of the crucified.

In what was so lately the little town of Corbeek-Loo stands what was a chateau. Both are ruins for Corbeek-Corbeek of Durning Herent and Tangarde darkens the sky, stands an ancient church, white flags of peace still hanging from its bombarded beffry. On the shell-shattered steps lie the dog of Flanders, his Red Cross blanket and first-aid barrels to pieces by the invader's bullet. The two are sign and symbol of a Prussian arry passing. Herent was fired because a father resented a Uhlan's insult to his daughter. The heart of prosperous Hangarde was bombarded because father resented a Uhlan's insult to his daughter. The heart of prosperous Hangarde was bombarded because the peasants destroyed the bridge over the village brook. There were neither 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 stil stands. In Brussels and the Belgium, where Prussians soldiers are exposed to foreign observation, they concat their regimental numbers while the officers refuse to give their names. Thus attrocties are the work of anonymous men.

Chaiked on Machine Guns.

Within the German cordon such safetuards seem unprecasary. Saked Tilles and the feetuards seem unprecasary. Saked Tilles are the work of anonymous men.

Chafked on Machine Guns.

Within the German cordon such safe-guards seem unnecessary. Sacked Tirlemont is filled by dragoons of the 66th, 26th and 34th Regiments of the Line. The Place du Marchi is crowded with machine guns, on whose steel shields 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 in the abdomen from the butt of his gun.

Utterly cowed, we turned away. Tirle-like the deformant or the sea."

"The Louis XVI boudoir, the dining room is ankle deep with shattered glass and porcelain, the family chapel has served as a shooting gallery, debris makes the bedrooms impassible.

"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 all this pittless devastation make us hateful vassals? If Belgium is to remain independent will not this make us hateful neighbors for a seemtury?"

Heart-sick I walked toward St. Trond, the little town which Kommandantur For sale at all dealers or the search of the search of the search of the search of the set of the search of the search of the set of the search of the

mont is not Belgian any more, is—reads the Prusisan placard—now part of a conquered German province.

The straight, tree-shaded road to Grinde is crowded with homeless wanderers; hundreds of wan-faced women, children whimpering at their skirts; scores of ageing men in self-respecting home-spun, a determined little boy carrying his pet kid, a girl clasping her bolt of wedding linen, youths with the essential part of their textile tools strapped to their backs, strong 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 delirious woman lying in the wheelbarrow is the sister of the army scout, John Markin, whom, it is charged dragoons huried alive, head

lying in the wheelbarrow is the sister of the army scout, John Markin, whom, it is charged, dragoons buried alive, head downward, and whom Belgian chasseurs discovered and disinterred—too late.

In silence, in terror, we crowd down the one peaceful road, hands raised, passports humbly held 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, ie wrecked reapers and ruined steam blows—all the simple wealth of the

farming community. Broken men with tense faces, many of them wounded by lance thrusts, garner the sugar beat har-The air is foul with the odor of decay, of unburied sheep, poisoned by owners who refused to feed the invader of their

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 Roesbek 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 homes. The village is utterly destroyed. In the midst of the min is a crater dug by a siege gun—a ruin is a crater dug by a siege gun—a siege gun brought up to deal with a ham-let 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 18th German Dragoons, white crosses on their gold starred caps, loot at their leisure. We refugees speak in whispers, plod-ding on to poor little Bandersea. From

the butt of his gun.

Utterly cowed, we turned away. Tirlemont is not Belgian any more, is—reads the Prusisan placard—now part of a more placard—now part of a goons from the 85th, 88th and 26th regiments. For sale at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, To-ronto.



of your food, - use

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

AD.

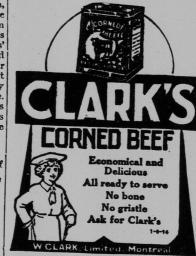
"Nach (to) Brussels—nach Lille—nach Paris."

Wayside Shrine a Target

While we wait perforce Uhlans off duty amuse themselves by firing at a wayside shrine. Women who have thorne the catastrophe brayely break is no way."

crosses the frontier.

My turn comes finally. The captain of the barrier scans my American passports. 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 have a superior of the barrier scans my American passports."



War's Fearful Sights

Inside Prussian Lines

A Word From the Editor.

A Word From the Editor.

The present world's conflict has pretity well proved by this time that, while the human race may be, in peace, what is called "civilized," in war that human race may be, in peace, what is called "civilized," in war that human races go 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 German because she was a newspaper woman, amanaged eleverly to get back inside their lines from Holland by means of a German consul's pass. As a newspaper woman, she would have been stoyed in a mile, so she became a simple Belgian for pror!

It was, indeed, a pilgrimage of hor Tor!

The present world's conflict has pretity by the grant with the provided from the provided by the constant of the provided from the provided in a mile, so she became a simple Belgian army.

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The present world's conflict has pretity by the provided by the conflict has pretity by the page and the walked laboriously and footsore for days through the Prussian army.

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The present world's conflict has pretity by the conflict has pretity by the pretity by the provided by the constant who had fowling please alid the condon of the provided has a barriaced as a barriaced by the citizens, file and by the consideration of the provided has a provided by the citizens harpshooters, are hardly lead.

In the broad sunlit square of Tongres to fee 12th and 52nd Br

army.

Walked laboriously and active of clays through the Prusian life and property of the control of the contr

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



The Gurney-Oxford is a Remarkable Stove

BUYING a stove is not something to be decided

Cheapness is not the consideration. Quality is.

If a stove is extravagant in fuel it should not have a place in your house.

The Gurney-Oxford is a truly remarkable stove.

The Economizer, fitted to the stovepipe, gives you complete control of the fire always. One turn of the handle dampens the fire down to a spark that consumes practically no coal at night and between meals.

The fire is supported on grate that present a large surface to the air. This means perfect combustion and economy.

The heat from the fire box goes through a series of divided flues, over and around the oven, and not up the chimney. Will you come in and allow us to show you the many good points of the Gurney-Oxford

1. SPLANE & CO. Water St. ST. JOHN, N. B.

"The only people who do who do who can't read we was people who can't read withing"

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