ALLIES CONTINUE PRESSURE ON ALL FRONTS

MAIL CAR ON VALLEY LINE ON TUESDAY

New Service Marks Important Development in Postal Facilities in Province—New R. F. D. Routes.

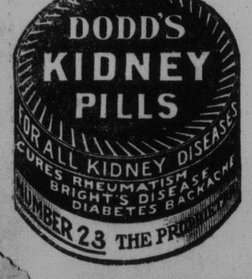
It has been decided to operate a mail car service on the Valley Railway between Fredericton and Centreville, and the first trip will be made tomorrow (Tuesday) August 15. There will also be inaugurated in connection with this service a number of rural mail delivery routes which have been made possible by the Valley Railway. This service will be much appreciated by those in that part of the province as in most cases the daily mail is superceding a tri-weekly and bringing them in closer touch with outside matters. This is only another instance of the part which the Valley Road is playing in the development of the province and of the intention of the government to give the people the very best service possible.

On the western bank of the river between Fredericton and Woodstock there will be five (5) daily rural mail services, the distributing points being the post offices at Fredericton, Prince William, Hawkshaw, and Woodstock. Above Woodstock there will be two daily mail routes served from the Woodstock office, one from Lakeville, one tri-weekly from Belleville and two tri-weekly from Lindsay. The mails will be carried by train to the distributing points and from there taken by rural mail carriers to the homes of those along the route. This will not only give the residents of that section of the province a much better mail service but it will enable the department to do away with about thirty small post offices.

With the inauguration of these routes there will be in operation in the province 240 rural mail routes, distributed among the counties as follows: Gloucester, 3; Northumberland, 7; Westmorland, 16; Albert, 6; St. John, 6; Kings, 39; Queens, 29; Sunbury, 14; York, 50; Charlotte, 19; Carleton, 48, and Victoria, 4. The counties of Kent, Restigouche and Madawaska are as yet without any rural mail routes as the Post Office Department will not open a route until half of the householders on the proposed route agree to buy boxes and the residents of these counties do not seem as yet to have realized the advantages of having the mail brought to one's door.

Deaths Last Week.

Nineteen deaths were reported to the Board of Health last week. There were three from senility, two each from cholera infantum and carcinoma, and one each from pneumonia, appendicitis, cancer of stomach, cancer of kidney, cancer of uterus, sarcoma of humerus, Bright's disease, intestinal obstruction, mitral regurgitation, gangrene of foot and arterio sclerosis.



DIGBY NEGRO KILLS WIFE; SURRENDERS TO POLICE

"Fooled Me Long Enough, and I am Willing to Take the Consequences," Chas. Robart Calmly Tells Police After Shooting Wife Through Shoulder Killing Her Almost Instantly.

Digby, August 13.—Digby has another murder case. There is, however, but little excitement as no mystery surrounds it. From the evidence brought out at the coroner's inquest it appears that Charles Robart, colored, a fireman on the steamer Prince George, running between Boston and Yarmouth, came up on yesterday's Bluenose, hired an automobile, and was driven to the hotel of Luke Frances, at Westville, a village near Digby, where his wife, also colored, had been staying since Wednesday. Without any warning, it is alleged, he drew a 38-calibre revolver and shot her through the shoulder, killing her almost instantly. He then came out to the road and returned to Digby in the same automobile.

At the post office he gave himself up to Chief of Police Peck, at the same time handing him the revolver. He said:

"She has fooled me long enough, broke up my home, sold my stuff, and I made up my mind she would never do it again. I have fixed her, I think, and I am willing to take the consequences."

Both Well Known in Yarmouth.

Special to The Standard.

Yarmouth, N. S., August 13.—News of the murder in Digby which arrived in Yarmouth yesterday afternoon created quite a sensation here where both parties are well known. The victim of the shooting married Robart a little over seven years ago. He built a small house near his parents' home, put his wife into it and forbade her to leave it without his permission. Every movement she made was spied upon by his mother and two brothers and he would be informed of it immediately on his arrival home. Then he would go and beat her. One time he knocked her down on the main street and was arrested and fined for it.

On Tuesday of last week, just before the Prince Arthur sailed he sent word by his brother Arthur that "if she left the house this time he would black both her eyes like he did before."

He was due back on Thursday and that morning, probably fearing him, she left home.

Murder Deliberately Planned.

Robart found she had gone when he arrived home and deliberately set about to punish her. On Friday he purchased at E. K. Spinney's store a revolver and box of cartridges, buying them from George Skinner, a clerk there. He took them home and tried the revolver, then he told his wife's brother and his own parents what he intended to do. Next morning at six o'clock he went into the residence of Frank Beals, a neighbor, and got his daughter Viola, wife of Harry VanTassell, formerly of Digby, to draw up a will for him. In this will he left his house and property to his father and mother. He signed the document, as did also Harry VanTassell and his wife. He then went to the home of his brother Inglis and wished Inglis' wife goodby, saying that it was not likely he would see her again. At the same time he gave her his guitar. He also wished his brother Arthur goodbye and presented him with his graphophone. After this he took the train for Digby and to the scene of the tragedy.

"MME. TIPPERARY."

A STORY OF THE GREAT OFFENSIVE

Nobby Clark and I were just returning to our billet after three days' outpost duty.

Nobby was one of those perky little men, who are always in hot water and game for anything that promised the smallest amount of fun. It was not long since he had received twenty-eight days for practicing on the O. C. The latter, although a bit of a sport, could not overlook the fact of a large bucket of slimy black mud smothering him from head to foot as he entered the backyard of his billet; and although Nobby and his fellow-jokers had slid out of sight immediately, they were not quick enough for Captain Binks, who ran them to earth in the disused fowlhouse. Of course, Nobby invented a yarn about the bucket having been rigged up to trap troublesome children, but that would not work with Binks; so they all got their deserts.

"That old woman in the Rue de Nappoo's a queer old 'awk, ain't she?" said Nobby suddenly.

A Weird Visitor.

"Do you mean the one that comes round for bully every morning?" I asked.

"Ah wee, that's 'er."

I said that I, too, thought she was a strange creature, and then relapsed into my thoughts. I had been thinking a great deal lately about the ugly, shrivelled old dame who lived in the only house in the Rue de Nappoo.

The name had been invented by some facetious individual on account of the only house that the once fine street contained—the residence of "Mme. Tipperary," as she was called. The other dwellings had all lacked that quality of retiring modesty so essential to buildings in the zone of operations—and had been painfully extinguished.

The sight of our billet, however, drove the subject of Madame from my mind. A savory smell issued from the dixies presided over by Darkie, our cook; and it was not long before we were sampling some of the contents with the relish imparted by three days of "iron" rations. Our meal finished we lit our pipes and prepared to turn in.

"Anything doing today, Darkie?" I queried.

"Well, yes. They've plonked a few 'Sighing Lizzies' across, matie," he replied slowly. "One or two o' them chimbleys got in the way—but not much else so far."

"That's cheering!" I remarked. "I hope they leave us alone tonight. By the way, has that old Frenchwoman been knocking around today?"

"Lemme see. Yes, she was hanging about this morning."

Somehow, that old woman would enter my mind, try how I would to dismiss the matter, and I felt that I should never rest until I had eased my conscience about it.

Premonitions.

My dreams were troubled by visions of the strange old woman. I first dreamt that she had poisoned me. After that, I fancied that I woke up to find her drawing a towel tightly round my throat, her sharp old face, with its beady glittering eyes, thrust close to mine in mockery. She was choking me!

I awoke suddenly to find myself on the floor and beads of perspiration rolling down my forehead. It was a long time before I could resume my slumbers. I eventually dropped off, only to find myself in the clutches of the old witch again. I awoke at dawn, strongly resolved to pay a visit to the mysterious house in the Rue de Nappoo.

Nobby and I snatched a hasty breakfast and then set out on our quest. Just before we reached our goal, I enjoined my companion to proceed as cautiously as possible. I had noticed a fairly large hole, which had once been an air grating, at the back of the house, leading into the basement, so everything was plain sailing at first. I dropped down through the hole, fortunately falling on something soft, and then proceeded to give Nobby a hand down.

In a few minutes we were creeping through a dark cellar, our pulses beating like sledge-hammers. Once or twice we were startled by a rat scuttling past in the darkness. All of a sudden we heard some one talking.

"Wot's that?" whispered Nobby, peering at me in the darkness.

I peeped round the corner with mixed feelings of curiosity and excitement. As I did so, I got one of the greatest shocks of my life. There was the old hag at a field telephone, dressed as usual in a striped petticoat, and talking in a language that I couldn't make head nor tail of. She had developed a very hoarse voice rather suddenly, I thought.

Caught in the Act.

Mme. Tipperary put the receiver down; and, motioning Nobby back, I was just in time to retire behind a buttress as she passed on her way upstairs.

A few minutes later we heard the front door open and slam. Dashing over to a packet of papers near the telephone, I crammed all I could into my pockets without glancing at them. Then we flew up the stairs and out at the front door on the track of our quarry. I thought I knew what Madame's business was. We were just in time to see her disappearing round a bend in the main road, and slackening pace a little, settled down to track her to wherever she should lead us.

After dogging her footsteps for about half an hour towards our lines, we saw her break off into a field and make for some of our support trenches. We were now close up to her. She had to step across some sandbags, and as she was in the process of doing so my heart gave a great thump. For I had seen the green-grey trousers of the uniform of the German Army!

So the "old hag" was a German spy! No wonder we had been shelled out lately. Everything was as clear as daylight now!

Next day, at the first faint flush of dawn, a firing party filed out—and "Mme. Tipperary" never came for bully beef again.

BRITISH GAIN ALONG FRONT OF NEARLY A MILE

(Continued from page 1)

The statement follows:

"Between Thiepval and the Somme, our allied opponents yesterday, after the previous restricted fighting, combined their whole forces in the Ovillers-Pozieres sector in a united attack along the entire front. The attack between Thiepval and Guillemont broke down with the heaviest losses to the enemy. Further south, as far as the Somme, it came to heavy hand-to-hand fighting, with the French forces attacking repeatedly. This fighting continued throughout the entire night, and near Maurepas and to the east of Hem it is still in progress.

"Directly south of the Somme the French made an attack against Blaches, which broke down completely under our fire. On the remainder of the front there were no developments of importance.

"North of Vermelles, near Combres, and south of Lusse, our patrols took prisoners in the enemy's line. At several positions expeditions of enemy reconnoitering detachments were repulsed.

"A British biplane was shot down southwest of Bapaume. The Emperor has bestowed the Order Pour Le Merite upon Lt. Frankl, who took part in a successful aerial encounter south of Bapaume on August 9th."

Allies Fail on Balkan Front, Bulgars Claim.

Sofia, via London, August 13 (1.32 p. m.)—An official Bulgarian statement regarding the fighting on the Balkan front, in the neighborhood of Doiran, says that all attacks by the Allies were repulsed and terms the fighting "mock engagements." The text of the statement follows:

"After a day-long bombardment of our positions south and southwest of Doiran Lake on August 10 the enemy, under the protection of a similar bombardment, attacked our positions on the morning of the 11th. Our artillery dispersed the attacking parties, inflicting considerable loss by a curtain fire. Our guns then directed their fire against the enemy artillery which was silenced.

"At four in the afternoon the enemy renewed the bombardment, but there were no infantry attacks. All these actions were pure mock engagements. An enemy detachment attempted to capture a height northwest of the village of Pahovo, but was repulsed by a counter-attack. The enemy suffered losses."

News despatches from Saloniki on August 11 stated that Anglo-French forces had attacked the Bulgarians at Doiran, 40 miles northwest of Saloniki, and had occupied the Doiran station and Hill 227. There was no official confirmation of the fighting from either the British or French war offices.

Bombardment Near Ypres.

London, Aug. 13—The official communication issued by the British war office shortly before midnight is as follows:

"Between the Ancre and the Somme there is no change. There has been intermittent shelling on the whole front. After a heavy bombardment of our trenches southeast of Ypres this morning the enemy's infantry, of a newly arrived corps, attempted to leave the trenches and attack. The attempt was defeated. Everything is now reported quiet."

BORN.

FLEWELLING—To Mrs. George W. Flewelling, 306 Duke street, West St. John, August 13th, a daughter—Helen Irene.

More N. B. Men Pay Supreme Sacrifice

INFANTRY.

Died of Wounds.

Peter Gallagher, St. John, N. B.

Killed in Action.

L. M. McBeath, Richibucto, N. B.

Seriously Ill.

Frederick Syvertsen, Yarmouth, N. B.

Wounded.

L. Mills, Newfoundland.

W. A. Wittinham, Halifax, N. S.

ENGINEERS.

Wounded.

Sapper Leonard Chiasson, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Previously Reported in Error, Prisoner of War and Wounded, Now Discharged from Hospital, Transferred to Husarancaserne, Drefeld.

Brig. Gen. Victor A. S. Williams, Winnipeg.

INFANTRY.

Wounded.

William J. Hillier, Newfoundland.

INFANTRY.

Died of Wounds.

Norman Melvin, 89 Bilby street, Halifax, N. S.

Wounded.

Lee Crawford, Lancaster House, Fairville, N. B.

MOUNTED RIFLES.

Prisoner of War.

Alfred M. Mundle, Rexton, N. B.

ARTILLERY.

Killed in Action.

Gunner Arthur G. Cobham, St. John, N. B.

THE MAGIC OF FIFE AND DRUM

From "Blighty" to the Battlefield.

By Margaret Bell.

Every morning about half-past nine, I hear the piercing lilt of the fifes cutting the air in its thin, lusty treble. And the accompanying b-rr-r of the drums, followed by the tramp of marching feet.

Round the Square they come, a long khaki line of them, square-shouldered, erect, moving with rhythm of a giant centipede.

Windows fly up, and heads are thrust out perilously far above the pavements. They are white-capped heads for the most part, at that hour. And here and there, the pompous figure of a butler appears in the doorway.

All stand silent, watching the khaki ribbon wind its way along, the b-rr-r of the drums and lilt of the fifes becoming more and more faint. At last they disappear altogether, and the windows are closed once more.

I have seen them in other lands, too, and heard the same magic lilt which brought French windows opening with a clash, and French phrases tumbling over each other in eagerness of expression.

On the quay at Boulogne, at disembarkation hour, the same cheery music floats up from the magic fifes. It may be in the middle of the night, when the long rows of fishing boats stand ghoul-like against the grey of the wharves. When the warm, brown of the sails is enfolded tight, and masts rise, ghost-like, towards the clouds. The lights of the quay are all but extinct, the stand of the friend potato vendor sending a golden glow across the bridge leading from the Gare Centrale. The English sentinel stands alert at his post, giving a "Bong Soir" to the night porter who strolls leisurely across the bridge towards the station. He has made friends with the old woman who sells plums and strawberries at exorbitant rates on the quay. He does not always understand what she says, but the two of them laugh at each other's attempts at explanation, and all is well.

The English sentinel knows when the troopship will arrive, and keeps one ear carefully attuned to the sounds which issue from the quay. Presently he sees the waves shuddering and swishing against the bridge. A narrow slit of light falls across the deep, shimmering blue, there is the quiver of an engine, a shudder of machinery, a grating against the timbers of the wharf.

The Magic Lilt.

And out across the night sounds the magic lilt, accompanied by the b-r-r-r of the drums and the tramp of a thousand feet. Up the quay they go, past the rows of ghost-like fishing boats, past the belching trains which all night long rumble in and out of the Gare Centrale, past the sleepy porters, who rub their eyes and stare. The friend potato vendor at one side of the bridge, the old fruit woman on the other, forget commercialism for a moment, and cry forth to the Stygian night, "Vive les Anglais!" The lilt of the fifes stirs their blood, and they see no reason for suppression.

The Tommy on the bridge is stirred, too, though he may witness the same sight a score of times during the month. His enthusiasm at the sight of comrades just fresh from "Blighty" does not evince itself in verbal expression, however. That is not Tommy's way. He stands silent at strict attention, until the khaki ribbon has wound its way past the post office, up the hill toward the old fort, the thin treble of the fifes wafted back through the night breeze, like the echo of a half-forgotten melody.

The next journey is in a train. A long, black French train, with stiff-backed carriages and groaning wheels. Through banks of bright green foliage they go, past rows of white tents, where other Tommies display a great deal of activity. It might be England. The roads are full of English tents, and English horses, sleek and shining, nibble at the grass.

This goes on for miles, when a change gradually takes place. The khaki is gradually changed to blue, and the familiar language is not heard at cafes and shops and restaurants. The country is becoming flatter, and fewer trees fringe the roadside. Slovenly women stand and stare at the long, black train rushing past. And a murmur goes from one cottage door to the other, "Encore les Anglais!"

They reach the flat, marshy fields of Flanders. There is a certain tenseness in the atmosphere, which is not noticeable in the movements of the villagers, who laugh and stare and comment volubly. Here and there, the remnant of a building stands, shell-like, encircling a pyramid of bricks and stones. At one place, workmen are busy on the roof of a church, which seems to have met with disaster. Sacks of sand begin to put in an appearance, heaped against cellar windows. Large houses stand vacantly upon the streets, their entrances carefully boarded. It might be the holiday season in some inland town. Many shops are shut, but those which are open seem to be kept busy from lack of competition. Children play about in the streets and gutters, while garrulous mothers scream persuasion toward them from kitcheen doors.

Up to the Firing Line.

At length a halt was made. The Tommy fresh from home realises that this is the land where his own land is being fought for. Across the tress comes the rumble of guns, mingled with the ever-present whirr of giant wings which keep circling about eternally. Out of the long, black train they scramble, the thousand marching men, glad of a chance to stretch themselves. The little station suddenly wakes up. From cottage doors near by heads appear, and curious faces are turned, open-mouthed, toward the new village of khaki which has suddenly sprung into being.

Then across the rows of yellow roofs across the cobbles and pyramids of stones and bricks sounds the note. The magic note of the fife, accompanied by the tramp of marching men. The other soldiers in front of cafes cease their merrymaking for a moment, until the long line has filed past. A few children run after them, but it is difficult to keep pace.

Up the narrow village street they go, the piping notes clear above the never-ceasing rumble of guns but two or three miles away. Two or three grizzled heads appear from cellar windows. For this is the land where the inhabitants who are left dwell perpetually in cellars. They never know what moment may bring a shell whistling over their heads, to drop in the midst of the row of cottages.

PREMIER BORDEN LEAVES HALIFAX FOR OTTAWA

Special to The Standard.

Halifax, August 13.—The people along the line of the Musquodoboit Railway, the new branch of the I. C. R., extending sixty miles eastward from Dartmouth, had a visit from Sir Robert Borden on Saturday. Crowds assembled at a number of the stations who were addressed by the premier. Sir Robert spoke with satisfaction of the railway which is having a good traffic. Afterwards he visited a number of points in Dartmouth and thereafter left at 3 o'clock by the Maritime express for Ottawa.

S. O. E. Benefit Society.

Officers of the Supreme Lodge, Sons of England, as finally announced, are as follows: Supreme president, B. J. Procter, Toronto; supreme vice-president, T. H. Carter, St. John; supreme secretary, J. W. Carter, Toronto; supreme treasurer, C. Mooch, Toronto; auditors, C. Barker and C. Richardson, Toronto; trustees, C. Topping, Toronto; G. Clay, Toronto; E. A. Miller, Aylmer, Ont.

Concert in King Square.

The City Cornet Band will occupy the bandstand from 8 to 10 o'clock tonight and will render the following programme of music under the direction of Frank Waddington:

National air, "O, Canada," Lavelli.
March, "Appleton," R. B. Hall.
Overtrue, Oriental, Blezer.
Waltz, "L'Estudiantina," Waldteufel.
Novelty, "Flower Song," Lange.
Selection, "Bonnie Scotland," Hare.
Novelty, "Mr. Thomas Cat," M. Hall.
Cornet solo, (air varie), "My Old Kentucky Home," Rollinson, (Soloist, F. J. Gallagher.)
Operatic selection, "Gipsy Love," Lehar.
Song and chorus, "Never Let the Old Flag Fall," Kelly.
Galop, Whip and Spur, Allen.
God Save the King.

William O'Keefe, who has been confined at the General Public Hospital the past four weeks is improving and expects to be out soon.

Bilious Headache

The liver gets sluggish, the bowels constipated and then comes the bilious spell with headache and stomach troubles.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills relieve this condition most promptly and thoroughly by reason of their combined action on liver, kidneys and bowels.

One pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, all dealers.

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QUEBEC, LA TUQUE, AMOS, COCHRANE, WINNIPEG

Dep. QUEBEC	2.00 p.m.	Tues.	Thurs.	Sat.	Dep. WINNIPEG	5.15 p.m.	Sun.	Tues.	Thur.
Arr. LA TUQUE	7.20 p.m.	"	"	"	" COCHRANE	7.15 p.m.	Mon.	Wed.	Fri.
" AMOS	9.44 a.m.	Wed.	Fri.	Sun.	" AMOS	1.31 a.m.	Tues.	Thurs.	Sat.
" COCHRANE	4.10 p.m.	"	"	"	" LA TUQUE	3.50 p.m.	"	"	"
WINNIPEG	4.30 p.m.	Thurs.	Sat.	Mon.	" QUEBEC	9.10 p.m.	"	"	"

"THE NATIONAL"

(WEST BOUND)			(EAST BOUND)		
Dep. TORONTO	10.45 p.m.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.	Dep. WINNIPEG	5.15 p.m.	Sun. Tues. Thurs.
Arr. WINNIPEG	4.30 p.m.	Thurs. Sat. Mon.	Arr. TORONTO	12.50 p.m.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.

Maritime Provinces Quebec Winnipeg Pacific Coast