



**MOTHERS!**

Don't neglect every-day injuries to which children are subject. A "little" injury if neglected may lead to serious complications. A small cut or scratch neglected may mean blood poisoning, and may result in the loss of an arm or leg, and sometimes of a life.

**Why take chances?** Apply Zam-Buk as soon as injuries or skin diseases occur. Zam-Buk quickly kills all germs, stops the bleeding, prevents suppuration and blood poisoning, and heals quickly.

Mrs. J. E. Bierwirth, of Carnduff, Sask., writes: "My son cut the end off his finger. Zam-Buk stopped the bleeding and gave him such relief that he ceased crying. I decided to see if Zam-Buk would heal the wound, and continued using nothing but Zam-Buk. Complete cure resulted."

Use Zam-Buk for cuts, burns, abrasions, eczema, piles, cold sores, chilblains, chapped hands, and all skin diseases and injuries. Refuse substitutes. See name "Zam-Buk" on every package. All druggists and stores, 50c. box.



**Plot That Failed;**

**Love That Would Not Be Denied.**

**CHAPTER V.**

"How do you mean?" said Ethel.

"Well," said Lord Fitz, "he has to work for his living. He's a barrister or something of that sort. But he writes and draws things for books, you know. I don't quite understand. He can sing like a nightingale and tell a story better than any man I know."

"He looks very happy," said Ethel, "although he is poor."

"Happy!" said Lord Fitz. "He's always happy. He's the best company going."

"And who is his friend? Mr. Dodson, is that not his name, asked Ethel.

"Yes, Leicester Dodson," said Lord Fitz. "He's one of your clever men. You can't understand whether he's serious or joking sometimes, and I've often thought he was making fun of me, only—"

"Only what?" asked his sister.

"Only I didn't think he'd have the impudence," said Lord Fitz, proudly. "It isn't nice to be sneered at by a tall chandler."

"A what?" said Ethel.

"Well, the son of a tall chandler. That's what his father was. A nice, quiet old boy. Haven't you heard of 'em? They live at Penruddie, which is about nine miles from that shooting box in Herefordshire—Coombe Lodge."

"So near," said Ethel. "No, I had not heard of him. He looks to be a gentleman, but I did not notice him very much. I like his friend's face best, yes, I am sure I do, though both the faces were nice."

"You don't take into account Leicester Dodson's coin," said Lord Fitz. "His people are immensely rich; tall, low turns into gold, you know, if you only melt it long enough."

"That's a joke or a pun, Fitz," laughed Lady Ethel. "And really rather clever for you. And where does Mr. Fairfax live?"

"Oh, in chambers in the Temple—quite the clever bachelor, you know. Very snug they are, too, much more comfortable than any of the places. He gives good dinners sometimes—when he's in luck, as he calls it. Eth,

you ought to have been a man, then you could have known some jolly good fellows."

"Thank you, if I were not on horseback I'd curtsey," said Ethel. "Can't I know good fellows as I am?"

"No," said simple Lord Fitz, "you can't! They won't let you; it's dangerous. You must only know men with long handles to their names like ours, and with their pockets full of money—unlike ours. You mustn't know Bertie Fairfax, for instance. The mother wouldn't allow it."

At that moment Ethel's horse started—his rider had, in reality, touched him with a spur—and got in front of Lord Fitz, so that the blush which suddenly crimsoned Ethel's face was hidden from her brother's light blue eyes.

"Now, why should Lady Ethel Boisdale blush at the simple little speech of Lord Fitz? It could be of little consequence to her, surely, if her eyes were fated never to rest on Mr. Bertie Fairfax again. Why did she blush, and why, during the remainder of that park gallop, did she look forward to Lady Darefield's little ball?"

"Well," said Leicester, as the two equestrians rode away, and left the pedestrians looking after them, "what do you think of the Lady Ethel Boisdale? You have been wrapped in a silence unusual and remarkable for the last three minutes; unusual because on such occasions as the present you generally indulge in a rhapsody of admiration, or a deluge of candid abuse, extraordinary because silence at any time is extraordinary in you."

"Hold your tongue, you cynical fellow," exclaimed Bertie, still looking after the brother and sister. "So that is the sister of whom simple Fitz is always talking—Lady Ethel! A pretty name, and it suits her. An Ethel should be dark, or at least brown shadowed; an Ethel should have deep, thoughtful eyes, a pleasant, rather dreamy smile, and a touch of hauteur over face, figure, and voice. She has all these—"

"And fifty more virtues, attributes, and peculiarities which your con-founded imagination can endow her with! Nonsense! She's a nice-looking girl, with a sensible face, and the pride proper for her station. You can't make anything more of her."

"Can't I?" said his friend; "you can't, you mean. I call her beautiful. She is going to Lady Darefield's ball to-night; I—I shall go, after all, I think, Leicester."

"I thought so," said Leicester Dodson, with a smile of ineffable wisdom and sagacity. "I thought somebody said they wouldn't go to the con-founded ball for five hundred pounds, and that the same somebody was pitying me for having promised to grace it with my presence."

"I thought you'd die if I didn't keep

you company, and so, as I like to borrow your money, and don't want you to die, I'll go. I say, Leicester, haven't the Lacklands a small place in Herefordshire near you? What do they call it—Coombe Lodge?"

"Perhaps they have," said Mr. Leicester. "I believe that there are few counties which are not honored by the Lacklands in that way. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, merely for idle curiosity."

"H'm! you promised to come and spend a week or two with me," said Mr. Leicester. "Will you come?"

"Oh, chaff away," said Bertie Fairfax, good-temperedly. "But I'll take you seriously; I will come."

"Done," said Leicester, still chaffing as his light-hearted friend called it. "I'm going down next week. Come with me?"

"Thanks," said Bertie. "I'll think it over. I'll come and cut you out with the Midway hearse! Hah! hah!"

He laughed as Leicester turned to him with a look of mild surprise.

"You didn't know that I was posted up in that intelligence! I've a dozen little birds who bring me news night and morning, and I've heard—"

"Fshaw!" interrupted Leicester. "I've dined with mamma and papa at Midway Park, and that—that's positively all. My dear Bertie, I am not a marrying man; now you are, but mark me. Lady Ethel Boisdale is not meant for you."

"Thank you," said Bertie, "I'm very much obliged, but who said that she was?"

And with a light laugh the subject was dropped.

That night when Lady Ethel Boisdale entered the magnificent saloons of Lady Darefield's mansion in Park Place she looked round the room with calm, yet expectant eyes, and dropped them very suddenly as they met the also searching and expectant gaze of Mr. Bertie Fairfax.

It is one thing to exchange glances and smiles with a belle in a ballroom, but quite another matter to get a dance with her.

The saloons were crowded by the best of the land, eligible parties were in abundance, and Mr. Bertie Fairfax, handsome, sweet-natured and lovable though he was, found himself out in the cold.

It was not an unusual position for him, and on other occasions he had laughed good-naturedly in the smok-ing-room of his club, saying that there had been too many iron pitchers going down the stream for such a fragile, unsatisfactory delf affair as himself to hope for success.

But to-night it was different.

He wanted to dance with Lady Ethel Boisdale; why, he could scarcely have told.

She was very beautiful; but he had seen faces far more lovely even than hers; she was very graceful, tall and full of a sweet, proud dignity, but Bertie Fairfax had seen some of the ladies of the Papal court, and remembered their faces.

She was, as it happened, just the realization of the young fellow's ideal, and yet it must be written—he was already half in love with her.

Round her, forming a sort of body-guard or watchdog, continually hovered in majestic grace the Countess of Lackland, her mamma.

Bertie was aware that her ladyship knew all about him, and that it was utterly vain to hope that he might be allowed to fill a vacant line in the Lady Ethel's little dancing programme.

He watched her dancing for some time, watched her as she spun round in two waltzes with Leicester Dodson for her partner, then the disappointed Bertie made his way out on to the corridor and leaned against the balustrade, gnawing his tawny mustache and trying to make up his mind to go to his club.

Just then, as he had almost decided, Leicester Dodson came out, hot and flushed, but with his usual grave reserve about his mouth and eyes.

"Ah! Bert!" he said. "Taking a cooler; you're wise in your generation. They ought to keep a weighing machine outside in the lobbies, so that a man could see how much he'd fined down after each dance. I've lost pounds since the Lancers. It's hotter than a sizzling hour in Madrid. You look cool!"

"I don't feel particularly hot. I haven't been dancing. I feel like the skeleton at the feast; I think I shall

carry my bones to the club. Will you come?"

"I'm engaged for another turn with Lady Ethel Boisdale," said Leicester Dodson, leaning over the balustrade and skillfully concealing a yawn.

"Lucky dog," said Bertie, enviously.

"Eh?" said Leicester. "By the way, you said she'd half promised you a dance; you don't mean to say you haven't called for payment, Bert; she's the best-looking woman in the room, and the most sensible—"

"Too sensible to dance with Mr. Fairfax, or her mamma has had all her training trouble for nothing," said Bertie.

"Nonsense! She's looking this way; go and ask her, man. I'll wait until the waltz is over; then we'll go on to the club, for, between you and me and that hideous statue, which is all out of drawing, by the way, I have had pretty well enough; and you seem, to judge by your face, to have had a great deal too much."

Bertie, without a word left his friend, fought his way through the crowd, and, after some manoeuvring, gained Lady Ethel's side.

"Have you saved me that dance which you half promised me this morning?" he said.

Lady Ethel turned—she did not know that he was so near—and a smile, bright, but transient, passed across her face.

"There is one dance—it is only a quadrille," she said; "all the waltzes are gone."

"I am grateful for the quadrille only, and do not deserve that," he said.

"I thought you had gone," said Ethel. "My brother was looking for you just now, and I told him that I had seen you go out."

"I was in the corridor cooling," said Bertie Fairfax.

"Is it cool there?" she said; "I thought it could not be cool anywhere to-night."

Then Lord Fitz came up, his simple face all flushed with the heat and the last dance.

"Hello, Bert, I've been looking for you. I say—"

"You must tell me when the dance is over," said Bertie, "there is no time."

And he led his partner to her place in a set.

A quadrille has the advantage over its more popular sister, the waltz; it allows of conversation.

Bertie could talk well; he had always something light and peasant to say, and he had a musical voice in which to say it.

He was generally too indolent to talk much, but neither his natural laziness nor the heat seemed to weigh upon him to-night, and he talked about this matter and on that until Ethel, who was not only beautiful but cultivated, was delighted.

(To be continued.)

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**DOCTORS ADVISE OPERATIONS**

**Saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

Swarthmore, Penn. — "For fifteen years I suffered untold agony, and for one period of nearly two years I had hemorrhages and the doctors told me I would have to undergo an operation, but I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am in good health now. I am all over the Change of Life and cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too highly. Every woman should take it at that time. I recommend it to both old and young for female troubles."—Mrs. EMILY SUMMERSGILL, Swarthmore, Pa.

**Canadian Woman's Experience:** Fort William, Ont. — "I feel as if I could not tell others enough about the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was weak and tired and I could not rest nights. A friend recommended your Compound and I soon gained health and strength and could not wish to sleep better. I know other women who have taken it for the same purpose and they join me in praising it."—Mrs. Wm. A. BUFFY, 681 South Vicker Street, Fort Williams, Ontario.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, it is not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (consultants) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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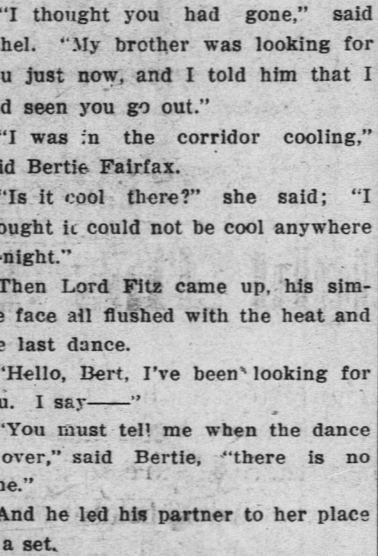
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**Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.**

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

1132—A VERY SIMPLE BUT PLEASING MODEL. Girl's Dress with Long or Short Sleeve.



1139—A SIMPLE FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL. Girl's Dress with Long or Short Sleeve and with Collar or in Round Neck Outline.



**J. J. ST. JOHN.**

**CUT PRICES**

1400 lbs. of REAL IRISH BUTTER.

California Blue Raisins, 12c. lb.  
 Cleaned Currants, 1 lb., 7 1/2 c. pkg.  
 Seeded Raisins, 1 lb., .13c. pkg.  
 Icing Sugar . . . . .9c. lb.  
 Evaporated Apricots . . . . .20c. lb.  
 Fresh Eggs . . . . .40c. doz.  
 Pink, White & Chocolate Icings.  
 Moir's Chocolates, Cake and Candies.  
 Dessert Raisins, 25c. and 30c. lb.  
 Large assortment of JACOBS' BISCUITS.  
 Bird's Egg & Custard Powder.  
 Large bottles of Syrup . . . . .22c.  
**3 GREAT LEADERS:**  
 Our Eclipse Tea at . . . . .40c. lb.  
 Our REAL Irish Butter.  
 Our Sloan's Liniment . . . . .25c. btl.  
 (The greatest cure known.)

Our Free Silver will be ready for delivery on and after Monday, 28th inst.

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 Sloan's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

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1132—A VERY SIMPLE BUT PLEASING MODEL. Girl's Dress with Long or Short Sleeve.



This design will readily appeal to the busy thoughtful mother, who is mindful of her little girl's comfort. Dresses that "hang from the shoulders" as this one piece model are best for growing children, for they give freedom of movement and do not hamper or bind. The style in its simplicity, will be easy to develop. The front is shaped at the closing, and the sleeve in either length has a neat cuff. A simple round collar finishes the neck edge. Galatea, Devonshire cloth, gingham, chambray, seersucker, percale, cashmere or serge are good for this dress. It will be so charming in any pretty inexpensive wash material, or in the novelty plaid or striped wool and cotton goods. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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**Spare Ribs, Apples, etc.**

Ex Durango and Stephano:

50 tierces SINCLAIR'S SPARE RIBS.  
 200 brls. No. 1 WAGNER APPLES.  
 50 brls. AMERICAN CABBAGE.  
 75 cases VALENCIA ORANGES.  
 300 cases SMALL ONIONS.  
 300 bags SMALL BEANS.

**GEO. NEAL**

**"Get Out and Get Under."**

There is no doubt that "Wilhelm" will soon have to get out and get under his machine, if he is not already there; and there is also no doubt that we are going to get out our stock of

**Ladies' Felt HATS,**  
 at their present further extremely  
**Reduced Prices**

All the balance of our stock of Ladies' Untrimmed and Ready-to-Wear Felt and Velour Hats we now offer at give-away prices to make a complete clearance. The prices are

**50c., 60c., 80c. and 95c. each.**

In every case price at first of season was from double to quadruple the price now made.

We are also offering some

**Ladies' & Girls' Felt Hats,**  
 in older styles at only 20c. each. The others are all this season's.

**GET OUT EARLY** if you want to **GET UNDER** one of these Bargains.

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**THE BIG FURNITURE STORE!**

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 Your visit to our store will enable us to give you a full description of each piece of stock that interests you.

WHEN MAY WE EXPECT YOU?  
 When in doubt as to what you wish to give for a Xmas present.

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Any of the following please:  
 Rattan Chairs, Pictures, Coal Vases, Jardiniere, Photo Frames, Clocks, Mirrors, Bookcases, China Cabinets, Stools, Music Racks, Fern Stands, Kitchin Cabinets, Fire Irons, Card Tables, Children's Sets, PeDESTALS, Rocking Horses, etc., etc.

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**CLEARING BALANCE OF Ladies' Hats At Half Price, 50 cents, 90 cents, \$1.20 and \$2.00. LATEST FALL STYLES. Liberal Reduction in Ladies' FURS. Robert Templeton.**

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**Visit to the Officers and "Boys"**

of the First Newfoundland Regiment at Bustard Camp, Salisbury Plains.

Last week was the first opportunity I had of visiting our "boys" on Salisbury Plains, fortunately I received information a few days previous that they had moved from Pond Farm Camp to Bustard Camp; otherwise I should have gone by the G. W. Railway to Lavington, the station for Pond Farm and have wasted time and temper, Salisbury is the nearest city for Bustard Camp to which tourists can make about 4 trips daily, distance 12 miles, fare 2s. 6d. each way.

On my arrival at Salisbury last Friday, I proceeded to Amesbury, a market town about 6 miles from Bustard—presuming it would be more convenient, but alas! not a bed to be had for love or money so had to return to Salisbury. While at Amesbury, the Bustard Camp touring car drew up, landed a passenger and just as it started I saw Mr. Edwin Murray, just a passing glance, no time to speak, he remained at the Camp that night and left the next day before I arrived so did not see him again.

Returning to Salisbury I secured a room at the Red Lion Hotel. After had dinner I strolled into the White Hart Hotel where to my surprise I met five of our officers. It was a pleasant surprise, handshakes all round and a most enjoyable hour was spent, after which they left for the Camp in a large and luxurious Landulet, placed at the officers' disposal, I understand, by Mr. F. Bowring, A. the wheel was one of our well known citizens and expert drivers, accompanied by Mr. R. B. R. and Mr. L. G. B., and here I may say an expert driver is necessary, as the roads are fearfully cut up by the heavy transports.

The following day (Saturday) I arrived at the Camp about one o'clock and before I was clear of the car I was hailed by Capt. A. with "have you had lunch?" Replying in the negative I was escorted to the Officers' Mess and made welcome. Having finished lunch I started for the Camp situated about 600 yards from the other side of the road. At the roadside our Regiment had a pocket; the sentry spotted me, not with a bullet, but with the greeting: "No turkeys to be had here, Mr. . . ." From this remark you may surmise he handed turkeys in a city grocery store, not a turkey from the Custom House. Proceeding to the camp I was most heartily welcomed by the officers and personal friends as well as many others, and also introduced to Major Burton, the Commanding Officer of the Regiment. I spent a very pleasant afternoon, returning to Salisbury about 4.30.

The next day, favoured with fine weather, I arrived at the Camp about noon. The Cartaginian's mail had just arrived so the "boys" were receiving their letters and papers. Again I had the pleasure of accepting the Officers' hospitality to lunch after which I visited the Commissariat Department and had a chat with Lieut. M. F. S., the Quartermaster. I spent the afternoon with many of the "boys" all of whom I can assure you was glad to see. Scattered here and there on the exposed parts of the Plain are small clumps of fir trees, the Plain itself being mainly grass land, except in the fertile localities where villages are situated. Just at the back of the Camp is one of those clumps of fir trees. If the "boys" had a good pond alongside they could by a stretch of imagination picture themselves camped by Quiddi Vidi Camp. One of the drawbacks of Camp life is to get a bath when water is only available from a tap; still I saw on Sunday morning some of the "boys" stripped to the waist, having a good wash which is the nearest approach to it. They are still in tents, but wooden huts are being built as fast as possible on another part of the Plain into which they will move later. This is the rainy season consequently a little muddy. About a fortnight ago we had a sharp frost for a few days. This was the weather they preferred although under canvas.

Having got many friends to see, it was necessary I should visit them on Saturday and Sunday these being "duty" days, but I would like to have seen them at drill; not being a full battalion, in many manoeuvres, they are associated with the Canadians. I have been in conversation with many of the latter at the hotel, and in evening, unobscured, they have said our contingent were a fine "bunch" and may add in that they did not envy their khaki uniform they presented a fine appearance; are in good spirits, perfectly happy and some of them remarked, if we do not get to the front, after coming this far there will be no appointments. That is the spirit in which their opportunity comes to them, we need have no fear, but that they will do their duty to their King and their honor to the Old Colony. Information re auxiliary charges

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The following day (Saturday) I arrived at the Camp about one o'clock and before I was clear of the car I was hailed by Capt. A. with "have you had lunch?" Replying in the negative I was escorted to the Officers' Mess and made welcome. Having finished lunch I started for the Camp situated about 600 yards from the other side of the road. At the roadside our Regiment had a pocket; the sentry spotted me, not with a bullet, but with the greeting: "No turkeys to be had here, Mr. . . ." From this remark you may surmise he handed turkeys in a city grocery store, not a turkey from the Custom House. Proceeding to the camp I was most heartily welcomed by the officers and personal friends as well as many others, and also introduced to Major Burton, the Commanding Officer of the Regiment. I spent a very pleasant afternoon, returning to Salisbury about 4.30.

The next day, favoured with fine weather, I arrived at the Camp about noon. The Cartaginian's mail had just arrived so the "boys" were receiving their letters and papers. Again I had the pleasure of accepting the Officers' hospitality to lunch after which I visited the Commissariat Department and had a chat with Lieut. M. F. S., the Quartermaster. I spent the afternoon with many of the "boys" all of whom I can assure you was glad to see. Scattered here and there on the exposed parts of the Plain are small clumps of fir trees, the Plain itself being mainly grass land, except in the fertile localities where villages are situated. Just at the back of the Camp is one of those clumps of fir trees. If the "boys" had a good pond alongside they could by a stretch of imagination picture themselves camped by Quiddi Vidi Camp. One of the drawbacks of Camp life is to get a bath when water is only available from a tap; still I saw on Sunday morning some of the "boys" stripped to the waist, having a good wash which is the nearest approach to it. They are still in tents, but wooden huts are being built as fast as possible on another part of the Plain into which they will move later. This is the rainy season consequently a little muddy. About a fortnight ago we had a sharp frost for a few days. This was the weather they preferred although under canvas.

Having got many friends to see, it was necessary I should visit them on Saturday and Sunday these being "duty" days, but I would like to have seen them at drill; not being a full battalion, in many manoeuvres, they are associated with the Canadians. I have been in conversation with many of the latter at the hotel, and in evening, unobscured, they have said our contingent were a fine "bunch" and may add in that they did not envy their khaki uniform they presented a fine appearance; are in good spirits, perfectly happy and some of them remarked, if we do not get to the front, after coming this far there will be no appointments. That is the spirit in which their opportunity comes to them, we need have no fear, but that they will do their duty to their King and their honor to the Old Colony. Information re auxiliary charges