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The Latest Tribute to Newfoundland Heroism.

Our Countrymen Saved Canada.

(H. F. SHORTIS.)

(Concluded.)
Here was the situation. A garrison of 100 soldiers, with a still unorganized militia, the whole country in the hands of the enemy, the Governor in flight, and Quebec, the only place still under the British flag. Talk of surrender was periodically cropping up, when on Saturday, November 4th, Heon's schooner, hove in sight off Quebec. She anchored and from her landed forty sturdy Newfoundland recruits, who briskly marched up to the barracks and signed the muster-roll of the Royal Emigrants. Next day Captain Littleworth's "General Thomas" came up forcing the pace under every foot of canvas. Ninety volunteers, including fifty-eight recruits and thirty-two artificers, disembarked and ascended Mountain Hill Street.

One hundred and thirty recruits in Canada's most terrible hour of distress—such was the splendid help extended to us by Newfoundland.

Accustomed as we now are to enormous effectives, we must, to appreciate its value, place this event in its contemporaneous setting and remember how small were the troops engaged in the conflict. True appreciation must always be in relation to the circumstances involved. Newfoundland's contingent doubled the Regular garrison and its importance loomed greater when one remembers at what a critical time it arrived, and also that it came from a colony of 3,000 souls which had to provide for its own defence.

Numerically and morally was the escort precious. It was also timely, for the next day (November 5th) Arnold's first men appeared at Point Levi, across the river, opposite Quebec. Without the added strength of these 130 fighters (they all were so to

a man) the town might have capitulated—for an active movement was on foot advocating friendship with the Americans. On the 12th, at a meeting of British citizens, "somebody" went so far as to recommend surrendering to the enemy. Fortunately at that moment Lieut-Col. McLean burst into the room of the Royal Emigrants, having just arrived from below with a small detachment of soldiers. He broke up the meeting, declaring that he and his soldiers would fight to the last ditch and the last man. Next day Arnold crossed the St. Lawrence during the night, and on November 14th lined his detachment, about 500 men, before the walls and fired three volleys at the city and then retired to Point-aux-Trembles, eighteen miles up the river, unwilling to attack before Montgomery's army came up.

With feverish activity measures were taken to reinforce Quebec. Walls were strengthened, embrasures pierced, platforms erected, guns mounted. Barriers were put up between the Upper and Lower Town, and two posts established at Pres-de-Ville and Sault au-Matelot, the two entrances to the Lower Town. On the 16th, a Council of War was held by Lieut-Governor Gramah, and the facts of the situation examined. With both militia, English and French, and the crews of the ships, the garrison had been raised to 1,126 men. There were 5,000 inhabitants within the walls. Provisions, consisting of flour, pork, rice, biscuits, peas and butter could last only a few months. Unanimously the decision of the Council was "to defend the town to the last extremity."

An embargo was laid on all shipping and the services of all seamen requisitioned. More men were draft-

ed into the militia, and soon the garrison totalled 1,248 men.

But things were happening. On the 13th, three days before the Council, Montreal fell into Montgomery's hands, and on the 19th, Carleton's little fleet surrendered at Sorel to the American Colonel, Easton. But Carleton had left it, escaping in a ship's boat. Thanks to the daring of two French-Canadians, Lamandiere, his A.D.C. and Captain Laforce, the party eluded the enemy's sentries and posts by rowing at night with muffled oars and at times with their hands. They reached Quebec on October 19th amidst the cheers of the citizens and "the unspeakable joy of the garrison."

Carleton pushed vigorously the fortifying of the city and its provisioning. He ordered out of town all the suspicious pro-rebels and those who were unwilling to enlist in the militia. All at men were drafted and at the end of the month the garrison had swelled to 1,800 men.

Furious at Carleton's escape, Montgomery rushed to Quebec with his army. In the first week of December, having joined Arnold, he invested the last British town in Canada. His plan was to hammer it with his artillery and after thoroughly battering it and distressing the garrison to storm and take the city with a victorious assault. December was spent in intermittent duels between the opposing artillery. Better supplied and better manned, the British guns easily kept the enemy at bay, while the small American shells proved very ineffective. Meanwhile Montgomery was impatient for an assault, but could not inspire his army with his enthusiasm for the idea. He finally promised his soldiers the plunder of the city and fixed the attack for the first favorite night.

On December 20th, the night was very dark. It was snowing with a strong northeast wind. The order went out for the attack. About four o'clock in the morning Capt. Malcolm Fraser, of the Royal Emigrants, was visiting the posts when he noticed several fires rising in the darkness and the sentries told him of rows of lanterns set up on poles at regular intervals.

A combined assault against both ends of the lower town had been planned, the two detachments then to meet for the final rush against the upper town, while a feint would be made on the other side of the city. At once Capt. Fraser gave the alarm. The guards turned out lining the walls, the drums beat, the bells rang, and in a few minutes with soldiers rushing out of barracks and militia men running from every street, the whole garrison under arms was on parade grounds with Carleton and McLean at their heads.

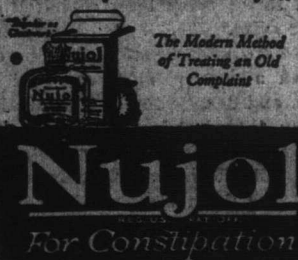
American guns roared on the Plains, and screeching shells began falling into the city. Lively firing was heard at Cape Diamond Bastion and a fusillade battered the walls between St. John's and St. Lewis gates. This was the first attack.

Meanwhile the force assigned to the taking of Sault-au-Matelot, in the lower town, was on the march. 700 strong, all picked men under Arnold. To reach their objective they had to pass along the ramparts at Palaces Gate, where they were subjected to a galling rifle fire. Some fell, others were wounded, and Arnold himself stumbled in the snow, a ball through his leg. Capt. Morgan assumed command, and rushing his men stormed and took a battery and a little breast-work which a few French Canadians stubbornly defended.

With paper slips marked "Death or Liberty" fixed to their caps, the Americans attacked and carried the first barrier—left undefended by the officer in charge. They at once dashed up the street to the second and last barrier. Here a party of

Regularity

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French-Canadian Militia under Capt. Dumas peppered them with shots and kept them at bay. The assailants then tried to scale the position and put up the leaders they had brought with them. But some were pulled over by the defenders and others pushed down. Under the rifle fire from the barrier the Americans retreated to the first houses, in which they lodged themselves. Firing through the upper windows, they enfiladed the position and street.

Then arrived a detachment of Royal Emigrants under Capt. Nairn, soon followed by Major Caldwell with a dash the Emigrants and the militia rushed to the nearest house, entering it through the windows. It was a short struggle. British Bayonets flashed in the air and the house was theirs with several prisoners. But firing continued between the Emigrants and the other Americans sheltered in and behind other houses.

Finding that he had no other attack to deal with, Carleton, quickly grasped the situation and sent out another detachment of Royal Emigrants under Capt. Laws by Palaces Gate to take the enemy in the rear. The Emigrants were eager for the fray and they were soon right on top of the enemy. They opened a brisk fire, forcing the enemy from house to house, who soon found themselves hemmed between the on-coming Emigrants and the composite force at the barrier. Resistance became useless and Morgan and the whole American force surrendered to Nairn and his Emigrants.

About the same time Montgomery and his detachment of fifty men, who had a long distance to cover, were plodding their way through heavy snow towards Pres-de-Ville, at the other extremity of the lower town marked for the second attack. They were now following a narrow road cut on the face of the cliff, at the end of which stood a small block-



house with four small cannon and a guard of fifty men. Representing the composite make-up of the garrison, it comprised thirty French-Canadians under Capt. Chabot and Lieut. Picard, fifteen seamen under Capt. Barnsare and four artillery men under Sergt. McQuarries. Roused by the gun-firing, they were on the look-out for the long-expected assault. Presently in the dark snowy night they spied in the tense silence the enemy approaching. At their head was Montgomery, sword in hand. Everyone took his battle-post and the seamen stood to the guns. Barnsare gave the word to fire.

And the guns and the forty-two muskets loosed their deadly missiles. The terrific noise subsided and the cries and groans were heard. Montgomery lay dead, with two officers and several men around him in the snow. The rest of the enemy retreated and disappeared. The British casualties were only six killed and thirteen wounded, while the Americans had thirty killed, forty-two wounded, with 389 prisoners, losing about one-third of the besieging force.

It was a grave crisis passed, a great triumph, and Canada was that day saved for the Empire. The Royal Emigrants were in the thickest of the fight, and almost half of them were Newfoundlanders. So that the 31st of December, 1775, should be written down in glory in the history of the island.

For the rest of the winter the siege dragged on with no event of any importance, except that the Americans got a new commander, General Thomas, and some reinforcements bringing their army to about 3,400 men.

About six o'clock in the morning of March 5th, a ship appeared in sight off Quebec, and soon one could see at her mast the British Standard. At once the guns boomed and the whole town ran to the ramparts "to feast their eyes with the sight of a ship of war displaying the Union flag." It was history repeating itself, as when the first appeared in April, 1760, to relieve General Murray besieged by the French. For the second time the Navy saved the day!

The welcomed ship was the Surprise with troops on board. In her wake, also arrived the Isis and the Martin. Two hundred men were landed by ten o'clock. At once Governor Carleton ordered a sortie. At noon, in fighting equipment, 800 men marched out of the town to the historic Plains of Abraham. Led by Carleton the first detachment filed out of St. Louis Gate, while Col. McLean led the other one at St. John Gate. Flying their standard, blue with a red border the Royal Emigrants took the place of honor and danger, forming the advance guard under Capt. Nairn.

Deploying, they advanced towards the enemy. A few shots were exchanged, but as soon as the field-pieces began to play the whole American Army broke its ranks, and scampered away to a man in such a panic that they left their guns loaded, with matches lighted and forgot their books and private letters. It was more than a retreat. It was a rout. Quebec was delivered.

Such was the siege of Quebec in which the Newfoundlanders took so prominent a part. Of the regiment of which they formed nearly one-half, Carleton could write:

"They have gone through service all the winter with a steadiness and a resolution which could hardly have been expected from raw, undisciplined troops, and for which they cannot be too much commended."

And with a kind paternal pride Col. McLean could add:

"No troops could have behaved better than my young men."

Canada has never forgotten Newfoundland's generous help during her hour of need. Canadian histories mention it and it is fully appreciated. And when in June, 1846, an awful conflagration swept over St. John's, destroying half the city, Canada was the first to send provisions and money for the sufferers. Between the two sister-colonies, who have so much in common, it was one more link in the chain of imperial friendship and relations, the first link of which had been forged in the fire of battle fanned by patriotism.

Rings of Death.

The employment of rings for criminal purposes was common in olden days.

Hannibal, we are told, from a fear of being delivered up to the Romans, swallowed poison, which, to be prepared for the worst, he carried with him in the hollow of a ring.

In those days hollow rings were put together with a degree of skill far beyond that of modern jewellers. Sometimes the poison was concealed beneath the stone, which opened with a spring. It required but a small space for the violent poisons which were concocted by Italian chemists in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The signet ring of Caesar Borgia was exhibited some years ago. It is of gold, slightly enamelled, and has a motto around the inside. A box is dropped into the front, having on it "Borgia" in letters reversed. At the back is a slide, within which, it is related, he carried the poison he was in the habit of dropping into the wine of his unsuspecting guests.

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Fads and Fashions.

Sorrento blue duvetyne is embroidered in blue and gray chenille touched with tinsel threads.

A black velvet evening gown, made on moya-ago lines, is lavishly trimmed with white fur.

Autumn suits are made of broad-cloth, tricotine, kasha cloth, duvetyne, perline, velvet and matelasse.

A white crepe gown is trimmed with

self-fabric roses and worn with a white hat trimmed with black lace.

A breakfast jacket of lace and coral-colored chiffon velvet is worn over a lace-trimmed slip of pink Georgette.

A gown of white velvet brocadeed chiffon is intricately draped, with a cover over the right hip. A band of chenille and a ruffle of lace finish the sleeves.

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