MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

PRIEST WHO LIVED AGONIZING HOUR IN BURNING CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS TELLS THE STORY OF FRIGHTFUL SUFFERING ENDURED

Abbe Camu, Who Battled Courageously to Save Human Lives, Describes Awful Scenes in Rheims During Bombardment — Kaiser's Artillery Tears Off Roof, Blasts Walls and Destroys Church Built in Middle Ages — German Wounded Perish Under Fire From Own Comrades' Guns

(By H. J. Phillips.)

Rheims, France, Oct. 10—One of the most beautiful palaces of Christianity, a marvelous piece of architecture, centuries old, the receptacle for art treasures and one of the show places of Europe—that was the Cathedral of Rheims a few days ago. A mass of wreckage, broken masonry and blasted statuary, the funeral pyre of wounded soldiers—that is the Cathedral of Rheims today.

I have just inspected the ruins—the havoc wrought by German shell and fire. Americans cannot grasp the full meaning to Europe of the destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims. In it the Gaul glimpsed the handiwork of his ancestors and to him it moved centuries forward to only yesterday. He would not so much as mar its exterior with a scratch. To destroy it—he could not imagine such a sacrilege. But it is destroyed! The outer roof is gone—burned. The inner roof alone hides the blackened interior from the sky. The walls are masses of crumbling ruins. The high altar alone remains.

But the cathedral of Rheims is still beautiful. And it will remain beautiful until every stone and slate has been obliterated. Wreck and ruin that it is it stands out in solemn, silent protest that the god of war should triumph over the god of humanity.

German Wounded Burned to Death

But there are even worse horrors than material ruin—however historic and sacred—to be seen among the black mass of cinders that covers the floor of the nave several inches deep. The remains of three human forms lie there, black and cindered shapes, with the arms drawn up above the head, the clothing burned off them the heads scorched to a horrible featurelessness—the form is a man's; the substance is ashes. The fate of some of the German wounded in the cathedral is even worse than heretofore described.

From a priest I heard the full story. There were 180 German wounded. Of these thirteen were consumed in the flames started by the artillery of their own countrymen. Two of these, say some, and the priest is not quite clear about it himself, were dead before the fire began, having been killed by one of the earlier shells that struck the cathedral.

One was too badly wounded to move and met a frightful death, helpless, forced to lie with his eyes fixed in horror on the flames leaping towards him over the fiercely blazing straw that his German comrades had carried there to be the fuel that was to burn him living.

The remaining wounded were so slightly injured that they were able to walk about. When the fire began they sought refuge in an annex on the south side of the nave, where they had had a kitchen to cook their food. But here they were caught between two conflagrations, for the mediaeval archbishop's palace, which joins on to the cathedral at this side, was set on fire by the shells, too.

Falling Masonry Crushes Soldiers

Some of them, to judge from the condition in which their bodies were found, were crushed by falling masonry; one, a sergeant, whose swollen and blackened body still wears the uniform that the flames have licked off the forms of most of the rest, was apparently suffocated by smoke.

There they lie, the unfortunate wretches, part of the sacrifice to Moloch, burned alive by their own comrades. Every shell that fell on Rheims Cathedral was a shell thrown away from the point of view of military utility.

I picked up the belt that had belonged to one of the distorted shapes. It was scorched by the flames. "Gott mit uns" (God with us) it bore upon the buckle. That is the motto of the German army, but it read oddly there amid the charred ruins of one of God's fairest temples.

The Abbe Camu gave a full account of the burning of the cathedral to several officers who had come in to see the wreckage and to myself.

"It was all over in an hour," he said, "an hour from the time the first spark caught alight to the time when the cathedral was the ruin you see it now. There were two fires. The first started in the scaffolding about four o'clock. I did not note the time exactly. I was too busy. I hurried up the winding stairs to the roof with one or two others.

"We had only four buckets of water, but we managed to put it out. Then we came down again, but we had hardly reached the floor of the nave when there was another alarm. This time the roof, struck by another shell, was alight at the west end, and the wind, blowing from that quarter, drove the flames along the rafters inside the ceiling of the nave.

"We rushed up again, but it was flaming all along; we could do nothing. We hurried down. There are holes in the ceiling of the nave, as you see, and sparks began to fall through on to the great heap of straw, ten feet high and twenty yards long that the Germans had piled along the north aisle. We tried to catch the sparks in our hands as they fell, such of the German wounded as were able to walk helping us. But the first that fell on the pile set it blazing. There was time to think of nothing but getting out the wounded. They screamed horribly. We carried many of those who could not walk, others dragged themselves painfully along to the side door in the north aisle; those who had only hand and arm wounds helped their comrades.

"We got out all except the thirteen whose bodies lie here now. When at last I came out of the flaming building I found the whole body of wounded huddled together round the door; opposite to them was a furiously hostile crowd of civilians of the town and some soldiers with their rifles already leveled. I sprang forward. 'What are you doing??' I cried.

"'They shall all burn,' shouted the soldiers in answer. 'They shall go back and burn with the cathedral or we will shoot them here.'

"'You are mad!' I exclaimed in reply. 'Think of what this means. All the world will hear of the crime the Germans have committed here, and if you shoot these men the world will know that France has been as criminal in her turn. Anyhow,' I said, 'you shall shoot me first, for I will not move.' Unwillingly, the soldiers lowered their rifles, and I turned to the six German officers who were among the wounded. 'Will you obey me and do everything I tell you?' I asked. They said they would. 'Tell your men to do the same, then,' I said, and I made them form up in a solid body, those who could walk unaided, carrying or helping those who could not. I put myself at the head, and we set off for the Hote de Ville, which is only a few hundred yards away.

Enraged Crowd Attacks

"Well, then the crowd, which was mad with grief and rage, set on us. I can't describe it. You have never seen anything so dreadful as that scene. It was only natural of course. Que voulez-vous? One can't prevent such things at such an awful moment. They beat some of the Germans; some of them they got down.

"'Can't you help me?' I cried to a French officer I caught sight of. 'You will never get to the Hotel de Ville like this,' he replied. So I forced my wounded through the gateway of a private house, and we managed to close the gates after us. They had been roughly handled, and they stayed there a day and a night before we could move them again."

For the first time for five days the people of Rheims had come out of the cellars where they had lived night and day during the bombardment. How they blinked to see the strong sunlight that broke out between the showers after their long spell of cave-dwelling! They set out for an inspection of the damage that the shells had done. It will take them a long time to see it all. Smoke was still pouring up from smouldering heaps of ruins all over the town. Some streets are barricaded for fear of collapses of the smashed walls on either side.

The English resident on whom I had paid a subterranean call on Sunday afternoon told me how, that morning, he had been down to the great cellars of the famous champagne firm of which he is a partner and had insisted that the 4,000 refugees who had fled there at the beginning of the bombardment should leave, now that the danger of shells was over for the time. If he had not done so there would almost certainly had been a bad epidemic in town.

Imagine 4,000 people of all ages and both sexes, with nothing but a blanket or two for covering, living for a whole week, night and day, in empty underground cellars intended merely for the purpose of storing champagne, ventilated naturally only sufficiently for that purpose, and entirely without any sanitary accommodation whatever.

"The conditions down there this morning were something frightful," said my English acquaintance. "There was another cellar below the one I went into, and more people down there. They wanted me to go down and speak to them, but I wouldn't. They gathered round me as I came in, but I made them all go over to one side.

Fear of Cholera.

"I made them a little speech. 'I can understand your taking refuge when the bombardment began and you were in danger,' I said, 'but now you must get out of here or you will simply meet a death far more horrible than the shells would bring you. You will have typhoid breaking out down here in a day or two, and it will spread through the town and perhaps through the country.'

"However, they wouldn't budge, so I went to see the general. He was a little doubtful about its being safe for them to come out, as the bread lines had to be broken up that morning and the people sent home because shells began to fall in the town again. He said he couldn't take the responsibility of ordering them out.

"'If you don't clear them out of these cellars at once, general,' I said, 'you'll incur a far heavier responsibility. You'll have 100,000 deaths in the department, maybe, of typhoid or cholera.' So the general sent eight gendarmes with fixed bayonets and we cleared them all out. Now I am simply going to have the place soaked with disinfectant."

Where Hundreds of Thousands Are Suffering

Major Louis Livingston Seaman is not only a military man, and a medical man, but a traveller and newspaperman of international repute. His work in the Balkans and elsewhere in connection with the Red Cross movement has made his name familiar. He went to the front some weeks ago as special correspondent of the "Independent," New York. One of the liveliest weekly journals in that great city. In view of the statements written by him concerning German atrocities in Belgium, the publication of which the pro-Germans in the United States considered as a virtual breach of neutrality, Major Seaman was requested by the authorities to explain his action, as it is contrary to regulations for an officer of a neutral country to express himself definitely as a partisan in favor of either combatant.

"On the day of the Zeppelin massacre at Antwerp, Major Seaman sent the following letter to President Wilson:—

"My Dear Mr. President:—

"Preferring liberty of speech to military or other service where it is denied, especially when silence would be a crime against humanity, I herewith tender my resignation as a member of the Medical Reserce Corps of the United States Army."

The following correspondence, within the limits imposed by the censorship, hints at the pitiful sufferings of which Major Seaman has been a witness, and which impelled him to take this action.

"I am writing from the Hotel de la Paix in Ghent, the city whose people for 2,000 years have done so much to wring from their rulers the concessions upon which constitutional government is founded. In feudal days it was one of the first of the free cities of Europe, and its historic monuments bear witness to the part it played during the Reformation. I believe no city on earth has contributed more to the development of civilization than Ghent. Here on December 24 next, it was the purpose of representatives of Great Britain and the United States to celebrate in the old Convent des Charteux the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the treaty of peace between England and America. Two months ago in the Royal casino and Palais de Fete the international exhibition of flowers was held. France sent many roses of rarest hue and variety, many of which still adorn the extensive exhibition grounds, and in the Palais de Danse, the French Opera Company made gay music.

But what a change, the Palais de Fete is now a palais de misere, transformed almost in a night. Fourteen thousand desolate peasant women and little children, refugees from the country near Louvain, Malines and Termonde, whose husbands or fathers or brothers had been butchered or driven to parts unknown, their homes pillaged and burnt, their crops destroyed, their only possessions the clothing on their backs, have been, or are now, being sheltered here. Could the reader but hear for himself the tales of suffering and horror that come from every mouth, or see the ghastly wounds of many, even among the little children, that testimony to the agonies they have undergone, his indignation would know no bounds.

I have participated as an officer or observer in eight campaigns in almost every country in the world, but in none have I ever witnessed such exhibitions of atrocious barbarism as this war is furnishing.

Thank heaven there is another side to this dark picture. In that Palais de Fete, now the palais de misere, the Red Cross is doing a noble work of rescue and mercy. Refugees are carefully treated, clothed and housed. Many had not tasted food for two days preceding their arrival here.

The work of the Red Cross in Ghent cannot be too highly praised. It has many hospitals (ambulances as they are called here) under its direction and is working most efficiently and in perfect harmony with the military authorities. The most severely wounded are sent to the military hospital, while others are distributed to the hotels, schools, convents, private houses and private clinics which have been thrown open for them. At present comparatively few of the severely wounded remain, the majority having been transferred to other cities in anticipation of the coming of the enemy. Thousands of empty beds with attendants and nurses from the most aristocratic and highly cultured families in the land, are waiting the arrival of more, ready to care for them with gentleness and skill, German and Belgian alike, in surroundings of elegance such as the majority of them never dreamed of.

Many of the shrapnel wounds are terrible, shattering bony structure and causing extensive laceration of tissue. A very large proportion of the bullet wounds are found in the legs and feet, showing that the Germans who shoot from the hip, are firing low. The Belgian shoots from the shoulder. Doctor Dulet in Anvers has a dum-dum ball which he extracted from a wounded Belgian. Many of the invalided suffer from extreme exhaustion, after their three days' incessant fighting, but they soon rally and beg to return to the colors.

The three characteristics of the Belgian people that have most deeply impressed me during the last month are their patriotism, their bravery and their gentleness. In the military, civic and Red Cross hospitals of Bruges, Ostend, Ghent, and Antwerp, more than forty of which I have visited, the wounded German soldier has always received as careful surgical, medical and nursing care as the Belgian whom he came to murder, for this most unjust war was deliberately planned for conquest and extermination.

Whatever may be the outcome of this moustrous holocaust, the justice and honors and the humanities belong to Belgium. When the victorious allies make their triumphant entry into Berlin (and I believe they will) the Belgian should have the line, and royal restitution should be made for his sacrifice, in memory of Liege, Malines and Louvain. All honor to little Belgium.

PATRIOTS AT HOME.

(Montreal Mail.)

A Montreal man was heard to remark to a friend on the street car this week that a mutual friend had given up tobacco during the progress of the war. "He's very patriotic, you know," continued this gentleman in explanation, and almost, it seemed, in apology.

Ten thousand German-born citizens of New York, rich and poor, are wearing the "Iron Ring." This simple device, with a certificate, is given to every patriot who brings into a receiving office some possession valued at one dollar or more to be sold at auction for the benefit of charities arising out of the grim necessities of war.

The best men of those who are unable to go to the front and share the privations and perils of their heroic compatriots do not fail to make some sacrifice in their daily lives for the national cause to show that they are desirous of sharing something at least of the burden which falls most heavily upon the soldiers and their families. It is not right that the soldiers and their relatives and friends should take up the extreme burdens of the times while the non-combatants at home, sheltered from all danger of physical pain and discomfort, should live in their accustomed luxury without constant thought of the men in the field or on the ocean.

The man who gives up smoking tobacco so that he may be able to contribute the more, in sympathy and in money, to the common cause, is a better patriot because of that sacrifice, trifling as it may seem. For the care of those dependent upon the thousands of men who have fallen and will fall on the field in this war every cent of money that can be procured is necessary. The smallest sacrifice which produces something of value for the cause will help. All over this country there are thousands of men and women who are making some sacrifice for the good of the cause. It is not the British habit, in these matters, to expect or to receive even so trifling a return as an "Iron Ring.' The names of these individuals are not published in the press and "Fame shall never know their story." Yet they receive their reward. Because of what they are doing they are better patriots, better citizens, better men and women.

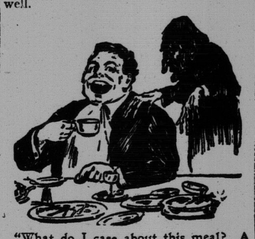
FRENCH FERRYMAN DROWNS CAVALRY

An old French peasant insists that, single handed, he destroyed a patrol of Uhlans. The Germans came to a spot on the River Oise where the retreating French had destroyed a bridge and compelled the old man to ferry them across. When the boat was loaded with men and horses the ferryman steered it across dangerous currents and with his pole helped to capsize it. Uhlans and horses instantly were struggling in the stream. Not one of the heavily accoutred cavalrymen, he says, escaped.

LAUGH AT DYSPEPSIA

By Simply Using a Stuart's Dyspepsia Table After Any Meal You Want to Eat.

It sounds almost ridiculous to think of eating a big meal without pain and discomfort, doesn't it? Well, try this simple remedy and demonstrate its truth. You know that 12 men (a jury) decide the laws of our land. Not only have 12 men O. K.'d Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, but hundreds of thousands as well.



"What do I care about this meal? A little Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet will digest it easily for me."

Just think! One ingredient contained in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 3,000 times its weight in food.

Doesn't this tell you that such aid to your body means relieving your distress from food?

What the thousands are daily doing you can surely do. Every condition of stomach and digestive troubles has been relieved by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They have been tested and tried for years. They are this nation's greatest dyspepsia remedy. They are sold wherever drugs are sold. Surely this manner of proof is all you need to know what course to pursue.

If any man can prepare a better remedy than Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets he can make millions of dollars. Is there a better one?

Why not use this hint to awaken your common sense and make you go to your druggist today and buy a box. To anyone wishing a free trial of these tablets please address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich., and a small sample package will be mailed free.

ITCHING BURNING OF ECZEMA INTENSE

Began on Child's Face. Spread all Over Head. Pimples Would Fester and Break Like Boils. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Healed.

Elrose, Sask.—"My little boy had eczema when he was about a week old. It began on his face and spread all over his head. It was in pimples and they would fester and break like little boils all over his head, but were like rash on his face. The eczema was very itching and the burning was intense; it made him so restless he could scarcely sleep.

"I tried several ointments and salves and they seemed to do very little good so I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment after he had been sick about a month. When I used Cuticura Soap and a few applications of the Cuticura Ointment I noticed such a difference. He was able to sleep and his face began to get a new skin on it. I kept on using them for three months, and two cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment cured him." (Signed) Mrs. A. F. Thayer, July 13, 1914.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough and oily skins, itching, scaly scalps, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails, that it is almost criminal not to use them. They do even more for skin-tortured infants and children. Although sold by dealers throughout the world, a liberal sample of each will be mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A."

Tone Up!

Not Drugs — Food Does it

—wholesome, appetizing food that puts life and vigor into one, but doesn't clog the system.

Such a food is

Grape-Nuts

The entire nutrition of wheat and barley, including the vital mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc.—

Long baked, easily digested, ready to eat; an ideal food with cream or milk, and fine in many combinations.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Fathers No Longer Family Figureheads; They've a Club of Their Own in Iowa

Council Bluffs, Ia., Oct. 28—"What kind of a father are you"

It was Stymest Stevenson, a Council Bluff's business man who put this question squarely up to the heads of families in Council Bluffs a year ago last May when he invited them to help him organize the Fathers' Club, the first organization of its kind in the world.

Fewer than thirty fathers accepted Stevenson's invitation to meet him at the Madison Avenue school and talk over the importance of being fathers.

Everyone of the fathers admitted that they had been leaving the business of bringing up the children to the mothers and the teachers; they sort of thought that if they earned the money that paid for the shoes and the clothes the youngsters wore, and the food they ate they were doing their whole fatherly duty. But after they talked it over they agreed that too much family responsibility had been placed on mother's shoulders and it was up to the men folks to be real heads of the families, and not merely providers of clothes and food.

It was then the Father's Club was founded. Now there are fourteen clubs of fathers in Council Bluffs with an average membership of fifty. Last July the clubs united as the Federated Fathers' clubs.

The federation's motto is "Make the indifferent different." Some of the topics

Stymest Stevenson

the members debate at their monthly meetings are "How can Home and School be more Closely United" "Choosing a Vocation." "The 'gang' and Boys' Club." "The Dollar and the Child." and "Should We Have More Men Teachers?"

Mothers are occasionally invited to the fathers' meetings, but they take no part in the programmes.

GRACE VANDERBILT'S ILLNESS WAS SERIOUS

Grace Vanderbilt

Newport, R. I., Oct. 28—The physicians attending Grace Vanderbilt, the little daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, say her condition is somewhat improved though her temperature remains high. She has been seriously ill with pneumonia at "Beaulieu," and her brother, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has been constantly near her. He himself was seriously ill during the family's recent return from Europe, and it is thought Miss Vanderbilt's case is connected with his.

RENEWED VIGOR IN OLD AGE

This Letter Brings a Message of Cheer to the Aged—Results of Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

New, rich blood is what is most needed in the declining years to keep up energy and vitality. That Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a wonderful help in maintaining good health and prolonging life is attested by the writer of this letter:

Mr. Stephen J. Leard, North Tyron, P. E. I., writes: "At seventy-five years of age my heart gave out and became very irregular and weak in action and would palpitate. My nerves also became weak, and I could do nothing but lie in bed in a languishing condition, losing strength and weight. In that condition I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and am cured. Had I not obtained this treatment I would now be in the box with the roof over my nose. At eighty-one I have an energy which means go, and I am writing this letter so that old people like myself may prolong their health and strength by using this great medicine." 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. For sale by all dealers.

A MESSAGE TO THIN, WEAK, SCRAWNY FOLKS

An Easy Way to Gain 10 to 30 Lbs Of Solid, Healthy, Permanent Flesh

Thin, nervous, undeveloped men and women everywhere are heard to say, "I can't understand why I do not get fat. I eat plenty of good, nourishing food." The reason is just this: You cannot get fat, no matter how much you eat, unless your digestive organs assimilate the fat-making elements of your food instead of passing them out through the body as waste.

What is needed is a means of gently urging the assimilative functions of the stomach and intestines to absorb the oils and fats and hand them over to the blood, where they may reach the starved, shrunken, run-down tissues and build them up. The thin person's body is like a dry sponge—eager and hungry for the fatty materials of which it is being deprived by the failure of the alimentary canal to take them from the food. The best way to overcome this sinful waste of flesh building elements and to stop the leakage of fats is to use Sargol, the recently discovered regenerative force that is recommended so highly by physicians here and abroad. Take a little Sargol tablet with every meal and notice how quickly your cheeks fill out and rolls of firm, healthy flesh are deposited over your body, covering each bony angle and projecting point. Your druggist has Sargol, or can get it from his wholesaler, and will refund your money if you are not satisfied with the gain in weight it produces as stated on the guarantee in each package. It is inexpensive, easy to take and highly efficient.

Caution:—While Sargol has produced remarkable results in overcoming nervous dyspepsia and general stomach troubles, it should not be taken unless you are willing to gain ten pounds or more, for it is a wonderful flesh-builder.

USE THE WANT AD. WAY

LADIES! LOOK YOUNG, DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Use the Old-time Sage Tea and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks dry, wispy, and scraggly, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the tonic at home or get from any drug store a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully and removes dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

New Victor Records for NOVEMBER

All the new songs, new dance music, and many beautiful new records by the great singers. These are a few of the titles:

Ten inch, double sided, 90c for the two selections

17637 Along Came Ruth — Arthur Fields
17637 I'll Do It All Over Again — Billy Murray

17638 Mary, You're a Little Bit Old Fa hioned — Charles Harrison
17638 You Planted a Rose (In the Garden of Love) — Charles Harrison

New Dance Selections

Twelve inch, double sided, $1.50 for the two selections

35403 Th Pavlowa Gavotte — Victor Military Band
35403 Melody in F—Half and Half — Victor Military Band

35395 Millic nt—Waltz Hesitation — McKee's Society Orch.
35395 Mighty Lak' a Rose — McKee's Society Orch.

New Harry Lauder Record

70110 The Message Boy — Harry Lauder

New Red Seal Records

64459 Silver Threads Among the Gold — Maud Powell
88483 Berceuse from Jocelyn — McCormack and Kreisler

ON SALE TO-DAY

The "His Master's Voice" dealers (in every city and town in Canada) want everyone to come in and hear the whole of this splendid list. Ask for free copy of our November supplement giving a complete list of all the new Victor Records and our new 300 page Musical Encyclopedia, listing over 6000 Victor Records.

Berliner Gram-o-phone Co. Limited
18 Lenoir Street
MONTREAL

Victor Records---Made in Canada
Patronize Home Products

459-286

FOR SALE BY

J. & A. McMILLAN

98 and 100 Prince Wm. St.

Wholesale Distr butors of Victor Gramaphones and Records. Also Berliner Machines and Supplies.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

NOW'S THE TIME

Business is picking up—many of those who were out of work a month ago are now employed. If you would have the pick of skilled

Factory Hands	Laundresses
Machinists	Handymen
Electricians	Stenographers
Salesmen	Bookkeepers
Solicitors	Salespeople
Bricklayers	Painters
Carpenters	Decorators

You will read and use Telegraph and Times WANT ADS.

Cent a word single insertion, four cents a word a week in advance in each paper.