

WOMEN'S BLOUSES Including Lawn, Delaine, Linen, Crepe Fancy Prints, Cotton and Silk Repp and Silk Taffeta Materials. High and low neck Collars, trimmed with Embroidery; some with Lace and Insertion, and hemstitched, asstd. style, colors, etc.

Prices Assure a Substantial Saving.

Women's White Duck Blouse ROBES

Lace Trimmed Collars, Tucked and Embroidered Fronts, also a limited number of Serge Robes, in Navy, Saxe, Tan, etc. Extraordinary Values that Challenge their Equal from any other source.

Women's White Underskirts

Made of Fine, Soft Finish Longcloth, Embroidered Flouncing, chosen for their attractiveness and newness of design. Popularly Priced.

Children's Wash Dresses

NO. 1 QUALITY
Check and Figured Percale, in two colors; Light Blue and White, matched with self color collars, cuffs and belt; Circular Skirts.

NO. 2 QUALITY
Made of self colored Linene with belt and shoulder buttonings, short sleeves. Colors: Blue, Pink and Tan.

Girls' Fancy Wash Dresses

No. 1 A
Made of Cotton Crepe with floral design in Blue or Pink colors. Trimmed Collar and Cuffs. Circular Skirts.

No. 1 B
Made of self color Linene, trimmed with Check Gingham with matched Pearl buttons. All warranted fast colors and 1915 styles.

An assortment of **CHILD'S WHITE PINAFORES** In a variety of up-to-date styles. Prices according to size and quality.

Children's and Misses' **UNDERWEAR** For Summer wear.

WOMEN'S SUMMER UNDERWEAR Although low priced they are not seconds. Absolutely standard first quality.

WOMEN'S SUSPENDERS With Rubber Grips.

WOMEN'S COTTON and CASHMERE STOCKINGS In White, Tan and Black Colors

WOMEN'S SUEDE and SILK GLOVES In all the leading shades

SIDE COMBS, BACK COMBS and BARETTES

JAPANESE SILK In all colors.

WOMEN'S BELTS In Tinsel, Leather, Sateen and Silk. Assorted Colors. Ordinary and out-sizes.

Dainty designs in washable **FANCY SILK MOHAIR** 27 inches wide. A variety of colors. Suitable for Blouses and Dresses.

DRESS MUSLINS Fancy White, or White with colored floral figure.

Brand New Line of Lawn, Embroideries and Insertions, all with the

FISHERMAN'S UNION TRADING COMPANY.

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

Its Joys and Sorrows.

(The Casket)

The man who has spent a week on and burrowing six feet below the surface of France or Belgian Flanders before summer's advent will be inclined to ask where the joys of the life come in. The sorrows, alas! he knows too well. Even now, when the warm winds have parched the earth until trench bottoms are as dry as hedgeside ditches, the pleasures of trench war fare are few and far between. But there is a fascination about it which even the vile clogging mud of winter and spring cannot utterly banish—a fascination which grows enormously when viewed in the retrospect.

Much has been said on the subject, perhaps few people in this country really realize how inexpressibly wet and muddy these trenches could be. France, should be explained, is one of the most scientifically drained countries on the Continent. The whole face of enormous stretches of territory is literally honeycombed with irriguous ducts working hand in glove with the numerous rivers and canals. Picture, then, the effect of hundreds of thousands of soldiers burrowing the height of a tall man into mother earth, shooting out excavations at every conceivable angle, and sooner or later tapping one of these ditches. Water falling directly from the sky is nothing to these sickly under-currents, which quickly make of respectable earth an all-prevailing potage of mud to be churned up by passing feet into filthy effervescence, soiling the tall man to the chin and splashing the little fellow over head and ears. Every glug and squelch under the boots depress the trench-dweller's spirits, until the merciful realization comes upon that his muddy baptism is complete and that nothing worse in this direction can happen him, whereupon a philosophic spirit is engendered, when all the mud in France can no longer wound the susceptibilities.

"Tommy's" Introduction

The British soldier's first acquaintance with the trenches is usually preceded by an experience neither eventful nor interesting, but unforgettable none the less—the journey up country from the coast. For sheer crawling monotony it is heard to beat. French railway travelling is reckoned the fastest and most comfortable in Europe, but that is in peace times. The journey of perhaps 150 miles to the billeting village, next door to the Army base, occupies in one instance—probably typical of many—from 11 o'clock on Sunday morning till Monday afternoon at four. The train comprised 24 trucks and horse-boxes for the rank and file, and three very second-eleven-looking-carriages for the officers, the lot drawn by a Leviathan locomotive of the Atlantic type. In each horse-box was a printed notice informing the curious that the accommodation was intended for 16 horses or 36 men. Altogether, 1500 human beings, and their belongings were packed into the train, and the rate of progress was so distressingly stately that friendly visits between horse-boxes, while the train was in motion, were of frequent occurrence. Men played cards and mouth-organs in about equal ratio; others settled down in wigwag fashion for a long sleep among the fresh straw liberally supplied, only to be rudely disturbed by the violent jolt of one of the numerous sudden stoppages.

The billeting village is an oasis in a wilderness of rough and tumble life. Here is to be found everything calculated to make life worth living, good beds, abundance of excellent food, and cheerful hosts, whose welcome has the genuine ring of sincerity. And on the back of it—all too soon—comes the great experience, the march to the trenches—alas! the last march of many a gallant fellow. It is hard to portray, the feelings of the man who finds himself for the first time in the actual arena of war, about which he has heard and read so much. His arrival may synchronize with a sepulchral stillness, or be welcomed by the thunder of guns on either front, with an occasional blinding glare from an exploding shell, momentarily lighting up the surrounding blackness—for platoon changing is a task of the night.

The men enter a connecting underground passage in the rear and pass silently along in India file to where a perfect labyrinth of excavations crisscross in every conceivable direction. This trench thorough-fare may be humorously called "Charing Cross," "Piccadilly Circus," or other celebrated street name, according to the fancy or original locus of its denizens. The newcomer is staggered at the amount of life these seemingly endless parallels—only some 36 inches at bottom—are gorged with. From

intersecting trenches he comes to support trenches and once more into connecting trenches. Here, under beetling shelvings of earth, are dug-out holes for snoozing in, pretentious dug-outs with doors and corrugated roofing, showing inside the ruddy glare of a friendly stove, of tricky little alcoves into which biscuit tins and earthen ware vessels have been adroitly fitted, and here and there, a busy little kitchen exuding appetising smells.

The Firing Line At Last

After an hour's walk at a snail's pace through winding passages, where men can pass each other only at a squeeze, the newcomer reaches the great main artery—the fighting trench itself, which is destined in a few minutes' time to give him his first baptism of real responsible duty, if not of fire. Each company is then escorted into its own particular street, so slowly and with such exactitude that two or three hours have been dissipated in the entire operation. This relieving process is always a particularly trying time in trench routine—even more so for the weary man going off duty than his confrere who is coming on. The former, with perhaps the grime and dirt of a five days' trench sojourn without soap or washing water, has had to stand sphinxlike for a solid hour waiting his turn in the long sinuous line of unthawed humanity, exposed to any shell explosion or the bullet of some lynxeyed sniper. But the creash of some big gun fired at random, or the wicked ping of a rifle bullet, is not a whit more eerie and nerve-racking than the deathlike silence under which the change of shifts is usually effected.

At last, however, the relieving soldier reaches his allocated position, which is a platform raised a few feet above the trench floor, and upon this he squats, Bisley fashion, with loaded rifle poised, ready for any emergency. Side by side with him are his comrades, the entire platform party being under charge of an officer, who equally shares the perils. The long night watch passes in tense expectancy, and may finish without a single thrill being experienced, or it may be full to overflowing with nerve-trying episodes. From the enemy's trenches—perhaps only a few yards away—may come a shower of fire-balls, emitting blinding fingers of light, a sure herald of a furious crackle of rifles and the zip-zip of striking bullets. There may even be a night attack, when the support trenches will vomit fighting men, in all stages of deshabille, as if by magic. Mayhap the calm of night is rudely dispelled by a reverberating crash and a demoniacal shriek as a high explosive shell, by miraculously ill-fate, finds a lodgment in a trench. But even should it do so, the traverses, which divide the fighting trench into innumerable parts, liberally discount the effects of the explosion—though these same effects are bad enough in all conscience, especially when tons of earth are dislodged and dug-outs and their inmates are wiped out.

A Night's Adventure.

The newspapers will soon have a real grievance against the Censor, for London is learning to do without them. The air raid on Wednesday night on certain parts of the home countries was known throughout the length and breadth of the city when offices opened the next morning by that mysterious and rapid method of viva voce communication which was once all our ancestors had to depend on. Everyone was watching to see what the placards said and how long it would take them to obtain permission to say it, and of course the bare announcement of the raid did not give the many interesting details which were already the property of everyone with friends or relatives in the suffering portion of the affected area. The censorship is killing descriptive writing, for even with the locality concealed the Journalist is not apparently permitted to detail incidents. Therefore with no fear of being behind hand in the fair, I will, without revealing the locality and so without offending the Censor, I hope, give a brief account of what occurred in London on Thursday, gathered from the lips of more than one friend who was an eye-witness of the events. About eleven o'clock and a dark night, as the old watchman would say, the inhabitants of a high standing suburb of London were awakened by terrific noises which they took at first to be another of those fearful thunder storms we have experienced daily during the past month. But there was a quality in these sounds which held in it something unfamiliar. People rushed out, some tying on their respirators as they went. They saw a

wonderful sight, these onlookers. They were about two miles from the actual district over which five or six Zeppelins were passing, and they saw incendiary bombs falling like August meteors from the dark heavens, to be followed by blazes of light as they struck buildings below. In the densely populated and unfortunate district itself there is a Picture Palace. The hour was near that of closing, when the audience was disturbed by terrific sounds which seemed to shake the ground beneath their feet. The Manager came before the screen, "Ladies and Gentlemen," he said, "We have been experiencing terrible weather this August, there is at the moment a frightful storm in progress. If I were you I should wait for a few minutes before leaving, and meantime we will have the ventilator closed because of the rain." That man saved an awful panic. The people sat still until the noises died away and then they sallied forth to find—that in the space of ten minutes ruin and desolation had been wrought about them, and they had been saved from a terrible struggle for life, perhaps ending in death. For the raid only took ten minutes. A friend of mine who was in the Picture Palace, walked home through the districts affected and did not reach his house till two thirty in the morning. Fire engines were racing along the streets, voluntary aid detachments were carrying still figures, or other who shrieked with pain to the nearest dispensaries and infirmaries; all the Doctors were out, and many families rendered suddenly homeless, were sitting by the roadway sobbing in front of houses without fronts. Tramway lines were torn up, trees were felled across the roads. A Railway Arch had its massive foot removed, a train depot was wrecked, huge holes were torn in the causeway of granite sets, and the fragments had killed several persons while others were buried under the falling houses or burned in the fires which arose. Eight men playing billiards were killed in one room. The local Priests were amongst the first on the scene and rendered signal aid to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. There was no panic but there was consternation and misery. Such is war around the Capital of the Empire in the 20th century.

BOSTON BABES

"Now I tell you," said little Waldo to little Wendell, "transcendentalism is not characteristic of the cosmos."
"Don't you enjoy listening to the rattle of the children?" murmured Mrs. Backay to Mrs. Beaconstreet. —Pittsburg Post.

J.J. St. John

To Shopkeepers:

100 dozen ROYAL PALACE Baking Powder at 50c dozen tins.

500 Dozen TOILET SOAP 1 dozen in a Box, 35c dozen.

500 Dozen BLACK PEPPER, at 10c lb.

150 Dozen ELECTRIC PASTE, the best Blacklead on the market, 48c dozen.

J.J. St. John
Duckworth St. & LeMarchant Rd.

Thoughtful People

Are stretching their Dollars by having us renovate the old garments, and make up remnants of cloth.

C. M. HALL,
Genuine Tailor and Renovator,
248 THEATRE HILL.

