

CANADIAN PACIFIC

EXCURSIONS

Rates from WOODSTOCK

MONTREAL

\$ 14.25

Tickets on Sale Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th. Limit, October 4th

Also Sept. 30th, October 1st and 2nd Limit, October 18th.

W. B. HOYARD D. P. A. C. P. R. ST. JOHN N. B.

War Summary

(Toronto Globe, Oct. 4th)

THE FEATURE OF THE DAY'S NEWS is the serving of an ultimatum upon Bulgaria by Russia which will force Czar Ferdinand and Premier Radoslawoff either to break with Germany at once or take their stand openly on the side of the Germanic powers, in which case Britain, France, Russia and Italy will send troops to the aid of Serbia and invade Bulgaria from Aegean and the Black Sea coasts. After pointing out that the events which are taking place in Bulgaria give evidence of a definite decision of Czar Ferdinand's Government to place the fate of the country in the hands of Germany, the ultimatum concludes thus:—"The representative of Russia, which is bound to Bulgaria by the imperishable memory of her liberation from the Turkish yoke cannot sanction by his presence preparations for fratricidal aggression against a Slavic allied people. The Russian Minister, therefore, has received orders to leave Bulgaria with all the staff of the Legation and Consulates if the Bulgarian Government does not within 24 hours, openly break with the enemies of the Slav cause and of Russia and does not at once proceed to send away officers belonging to the armies of States which are at war with the powers of the Entente."

FROM LONDON COMES THE ANNOUNCEMENT that the landing of an Anglo-French expedition at Saloniki is taking place, Greece having given her approval of the use of this port in April last, although it was not then expected that the present contingency would arise. Russia is reported to have concentrated 600,000 men at Odessa for operations in the Balkans. The entrance of Greece and of the Allied armies upon a campaign in the Balkans against the Bulgars and the Turks will alter the en-

Torturing Sciatica

A Severe Sufferer Cured Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Fierce darting pains—pains like red hot needles being driven through the flesh—in the thigh; perhaps down the legs to the ankles—that's sciatica. None but the victim can realize the torture. But the sufferer need not grow discouraged for their is a cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new, rich, red blood, which soothes and strengthens the feeble nerves, and thus frees them from pain and restores the sufferer to cheerful activity. In proof we give the statement of Mrs. Thos. D. Leinster, Wapella, Sask., who says: "I was attacked with sciatica which gradually grew worse until I was confined to my bed; for three months I had to be shifted and turned in my bed as I was utterly unable to help myself. I suffered the greatest torture from the fierce, stabbing pains that accompanied every movement. I consulted several doctors and took drugs and medicines until I was nauseated, but without getting any benefit, and I began to believe I would be a continuous sufferer. Finally I was prevailed upon to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking them for about six weeks I was able to get out of bed. From that on I kept steadily improving until I was free from this terrible and painful malady."

The most stubborn cases of sciatica will yield to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills if the treatment is persisted in. These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

the strategic outlook. The forcing of the Dardanelles will become a matter of secondary importance, for the Allies, if successful in their invasion of Bulgaria, will follow it up by striking straight at Constantinople, the heart of the Turkish Empire. Sir Ian Hamilton's army will probably continue to engage the attention of the major part of the Turkish army on the Gallipoli Peninsula, but the fate of Turkey will be settled under the walls of Constantinople. The appearance of the Bulgars in the field as the allies of Germany and Turkey will make the Balkans one of the chief theatres of the war.

THE FRENCH OFFICIAL REPORTS OF YESTERDAY afternoon and midnight state that there has been fierce fighting in the region north of Souchez. Four times the Germans tried to retake portions of the trenches they had previously lost near the Givenchy Woods. They were everywhere repulsed, although they used hand grenades on each occasion. Later the French advanced capturing in the southern part of the Givenchy Woods, a blockhouse and some entrenchments. In Champagne the struggle becomes less intense, and the French hold not only the ground gained in the great attack of a week ago, but almost all the subsequent wins. The Germans claim that north of Mesnil the French were driven out of a trench section, losing a considerable number of prisoners.

AERIAL WARFARE CONTINUES all along the front. The French dirigible "Alsace" was captured and her crew made prisoners by the enemy when she was forced to land near Bethel. This airship has been employed in bombing railway lines and stations in the rear of the German lines. French aviators bombarded the railway station and military building of the city of Luxemburg yesterday. It was stated several days that the German Emperor had again taken up his headquarters there.

ON THE EASTERN FRONT the Austro-German advance has practically come to an end, and even the attack upon Dvinsk and Riga slackens. Russia's trenches in the marshlands south of the Dwina have proved a hard nut for Hindenburg to crack, and the weather conditions make it difficult to secure the full benefit of his enormous superiority in heavy artillery. He should have taken Dvinsk two or three weeks ago, by all the rules of the game, but the Russian trenches still bar the way.

The only incidents on the Dwina front during the past two days considered worthy of mention have been an affair of cavalry south of Kosiany, in which the Germans claim success, and a stubborn fight near Lake Narotche, in which the Russians took and destroyed a number of German guns.

UP TO SEPTEMBER 28 the Prussian casualties published total 1,916,148. This would not include the recent battles in France nor the fierce fighting in Courland. The Bavarians, Saxons, Wurtembergers and the Imperial navy are all excluded from the above list and publish their own. The German casualties to date must be almost three millions.

A German Slander

St. John Globe

The kind of literature German-Americans are fed on its indicated by this extract from the September 22 issue of the Fatherland, published in New York:

In all Canadian towns and countryside from British Columbia to Quebec the Canuck ran riot and tyoified himself with brutal Cossack deeds. He burned houses, plundered shops and stoned unoffending men, women and children in city streets and country roads. No one deterred him. German, Austrian and Hungarian men and women were dragged from their homes and slaughtered in the open. Native-born sons who defended foreign born parents were slain, the daughters were brutalized by the mob.

How much more interesting and inspiring must be the information furnished the German people themselves. Happily, the British, Canadian and neutral world know how absolutely untrue are slanders of this kind and, unfortunately for Germany, the whole world knows how true are many, if not all, of the charges made against Germany for misconduct in this war. It began with a crime against an unoffending neighbor and has been persecuted with a ruthless disregard of all the laws of civilization, all the dictates of humanity and with a hatred that has blinded government and people to the necessity of regarding the rights of neutral friends.

CAPT. VON PAPAN MUST GO HOME

Washington, Oct. 1.—Unless Capt. Von Papen, the German military attache, is voluntarily

withdrawn by his government, indications to-day were that within a short time the United States would request his recall.

The last golf tea of the season was served at the golf club house Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Frank Baird, Mrs. T. C. L. Ketchum and Mrs. T. M. Jones. They were assisted in serving by Mrs. Elizabeth Ketchum and Miss Winifred McCunn. Among the guests were Mrs. McKee of Fredericton, Mrs. C. L. S. Raymond and Mrs. Charles Peabody.

N. B. Sunday School Association

The New Brunswick Sunday School Association held their Carleton County Convention at Lakeville, Sept. 20th and 21st. General Secretary, Rev. W. A. Ross, was the present and contributed largely to success of the convention.

The Credential Committee reported the following delegates from the various Sunday Schools present:—

- Pastors 4
- Superintendents 13
- Secretary Treasurer 1
- Teachers 37
- Parish Secretaries 3
- General Secretary 1
- Organists 3
- Pupils 26
- Librarian 1

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

- President—E. C. Morgan, Hartland.
- Vice President—E. L. West, Centerville.
- Secretary Treasurer—H. W. Havens, Jacksonville.
- Assistant Secretary Treasurer—C. A. McBride, Pioneer.
- Recording Secretary—Mrs. S. S. Miller, Hartland.

DEPARTMENT SUPERINTENDENTS

- Elementary—Mrs. F. L. Moores Woodstock.
- Secondary—George True, Woodstock.
- Adult—Rev F. L. Orchard, Woodstock.

Home Dept—Mrs W. W. Wilson, Lakeville.

Education—Rev H. M. Manuel, Florenceville.

Temperance—C. E. Rideout, Hartland.

Missionary Dept—Mrs S. S. Miller, Hartland.

International Bible Reading Association—Mrs J. K. Fleming, Woodstock.

ADDITIONAL MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE

John Flemming, Debec; J. A. Watters, Lakeville; Harry Miller, Tracey Mills; Miss Katie Ronald, West Glassville; Mrs Alma Jones, Knoxford.

COUNTY DELEGATES TO PROVINCIAL CONVENTION AT ST. JOHN.

Mrs. Bessie West Campbell, Centerville; M's Wasson Bridges Gordonsville; Reuben Hagerman, Florenceville; James Tedford, Windsor; Miss Pearl Long, Long Settlement.

When reviewing the different departments of Sunday School work, the Temperance Dept was very warmly discussed, resulting in the following resolution being drawn up:—

Resolved that this Convention hereby places itself on record as in favor of the strictest enforcement of the law in regard to the liquor traffic,

Carleton County continues to be one of the foremost in the province in Sunday School work all the parishes in the country being organized.

LAUDS SHADOW BOXING

Bombardier Wells Describes Splendid Training—His Funniest Experience

It is never a good thing for a champion, or any fighting man, writes the famous heavyweight, Bombardier Wells, to be swayed by personal animus against his opponent in the ring, owing to the great danger of his being blinded by the fury of passion and so laying himself open to carefully calculated attack. I never know or think anything about who the man is that is pitted against me. I only see a challenging and threatening figure sparring in front of me as I adapt myself to the varying attitudes he assumes, and constantly watch for any chance he may offer for an effective blow. I trust from first to last to science and brains, knowing that absolutely nothing else is of any use whatever in the long run. Reverses may come occasionally to the best of men, but the accomplished "noble art" list always comes out top in the end.

After my early victory over Clohessey, at Simla, I became well aware of my own importance, and didn't ask anyone's permission to think myself the best man in India. The officers, in their rather reserved way, gave me every encouragement, and I soon began to wonder whether it would be worth my while to remain much longer in the army, where my place as a gunner, or afterwards as a bombardier, could be easily filled, much more easily than my place as the champion heavyweight of England. Practically the only books I read at this time were books on boxing, especially those by Fitzsimmons and Captain Johnstone. Fitzsimmons taught me footwork, and the great importance of it. To him I owe ninety per cent. of my success, though I have never yet had the pleasure of meeting the grand old "on of the modern ring."

I was indebted to the enterprise of the cinematograph people for some splendid pictures of shadow boxing by Tommy Burns, which were shown on the screen in India. I had never heard of shadow boxing before, and I immediately made up my mind that it was just the one thing I needed to complete my training outfit. I revel in shadow boxing. Have you ever tried hitting a shadow? It is harder than hitting a substance. Lest you have never, as must be true of most of you, seen a boxer at work in his training quarters, let me explain what shadow boxing is. First of all there is no visible shadow at all. There is no screen, and the boxer beholds no reflection either of his own or anyone else's movements. The shadow with which he boxes is projected from his mind. He fancies he is having a bout with a tremendously clever fellow who comes a thim from all positions like lightning.

Shadow boxing is as hard work as punching the ball or the bag. You can almost throw your arm away at it. Ask a footballer how it feels to lunge at a football and kick nothing but empty air. That is what the shadow boxer is doing with his fists all the time—punching the air quick and hard. Your imaginary opponent keeps you going fast and furious. He never holds or clinches. Of course he never hits you either, but if you shadow box properly you can easily tell when and where he would hit you and when and where you would have hit him.

Boxing is anticipation and imagination. You must make a man do the thing which he knows he must not do, and you must so harass him by your movements that he cannot help doing so. This is "feinting," making the man give you the opening you want, while he has the fear of death upon him in case he should give you this opening. The shadow boxer must imagine all sorts of things happening to him, and before he can do so he must know what the things are which can happen to him. If he has cultivated the faculty of concentration to a high degree, as I have, then he can almost see and feel the blows exchanged between himself and his phantom sparring partner.

I have a letter from a lady in Devonshire, which caused me to think a bit. She addressed this essentially feminine question to me: "What is the funniest incident in all your variegated career as a boxing man?" Well, I ruminated through my memory, and finally decided that nothing has amused me more than an incident which occurred on the morning after my second fight with Carpenter at the National Sporting Club, London. I was sitting at the window of my home, out Mitcham way, with my baby on my knee. I had forgotten about the catastrophe of the previous evening, being entirely occupied with my youngster, when a passing tradesman, catching sight of me sitting there, sang out a line from a popular ditty, "Who were you with last night?" I should probably have fallen off my chair with laughing, had it not been necessary for me to balance the baby.

Corbett as Comedian

"Gentleman Jim" as an actor! James J. Corbett wants to be forgotten as a champion pugilist, and wishes to be accepted as an actor. He has several times taken to the legitimate stage as a comedian and in his latest had a speech composed by himself. He denounces his aristocratic family and friends for casting aspersions upon the honorable calling of prize fighting, declaring that to be a successful fighter a man must live and think a clean life. "And," says "Gentleman Jim," with emphasis, "it is true. A successful pugilist does not have to prove the purity of his life, his very public record proves it for him."

Come-backs That Failed
Confirming attempts of fighters to get back, here is a little list, by no means complete, for the dopesters to ponder:

Come Back	Beaten By
Jim Jeffries	Jack Johnson
Jack O'Brien	Sam Langford
Young Corbett	Eddie Hanlon
Battling Nelson	Ad Wolgast
Jack Johnson	Jess Willard
Johrgy Coulon	Kid Williams
George Lavigne	Young Ernie
Joe Choynski	Jack Williams
Jimmy Britt	Johanny Summers

DANNY MAHER LIKES GAMESNESS IN HORSES

Exotic Experiences and Shrewd Opinions of Mrs. Famous Jockey—Begun at Seven

Severe illness has for some time past kept Danny Maher out of the public eye. That, however, he is still the idol of the British racing public is evident from the congratulations which were showered upon this incomparable jockey on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Dorothy Fraser. Maher's riding record is unique. Since he commenced in 1893 he has had 6,789 mounts and ridden 1,771 winners. Maher was born in America, but is a naturalized Englishman. He first rode in England in 1900. In the following article he tells stories of his remarkable career:

I was crazy about horses as a boy, and I cannot remember the time when they did not seem to occupy my whole thoughts. My parents raised no objection to my choice of a calling and at the age of seven, I was apprenticed to my uncle, Mr. J. Daly, better known across the water as "Father Bill." I could have had no better tutor than my uncle, who turned out some wonderful jockeys in his time. I was twelve years of age when I first rode in an actual race. My mount was a horse named Fagot, belonging to my uncle. It proved a most exciting race, and I really thought I had won, but the judge's decision placed me second. However, it was not long before I broke my "duck." My first training mount being Phoebe, at Providence, Rhode Island. This time I won easily, much to my uncle's delight. Like most young jockeys on the occasion of their first success, I had visions of racing fame, but I had to wait until four years later before I did anything very startling. In fact, 1898 was my first really satisfactory year. At the Brighton Beach Meeting that year I rode no fewer than sixty winners in thirty days. On one day I was first past the post in five races, and finished second in the last event.

His Mad Mount

During my early days, however, I took many a hard toss. I have never been actually knocked out through a fall from a horse, though I have broken my arm and my collar bone, and on one occasion I had a nasty fall in front of a field of twenty runners. I think my narrowest escape was when I was engaged to ride Nimrod at Newmarket in 1909, when the horse deliberately tried to kill me. Three times I got on his back, but he threw me and tried to stamp the life out of me as I lay on the ground. Falling this, he threw himself down, and, rolling over, deliberately and viciously tried to crush me. Ultimately, although I would have ridden Nimrod, it was decided to try him no more.

I have won most of the big races in Great Britain but have never yet realized my great ambition to win the Futurity Stakes, the most valuable race in America, which is worth roughly about \$50,000. The nearest I ever got to winning this race was the first time I rode in it on a mare called High Degree, which finished second to Martinmas, the Canadian horse. It was in 1901 that I had my first Derby mount, Lorillard's Tantalus, and the following year I rode the late Duke of Devonshire's Cheers without success. And then, in that red-letter year, 1903, I won the Blue Ribbon of the Turf for the first time on Sir James Miller's Rock Sand. If I live to be as old as Methuselah I shall probably never gain feel so elated as when Rock Sand galloped first past the post in the Derby of 1903. It was the proudest moment of my life. As a matter of fact, Rock Sand won easily and never gave me an anxious moment. He was a magnificent horse, for this reason, that he could boast of that one quality of inestimable value in a thoroughbred—he never shirked his work. In the St. Leger, too, Rock Sand gave me another armchair ride. A curious trait in Rock Sand's disposition was his strong objection to the use of the whip, but the little horse was so game that really I never had serious cause to resort to the fall.

Won Many Derbies

Since that initial success it has been my good fortune to win the Derby on two other occasions—in 1905 on Lord Rosebery's Cicero, and in the following year on Spearmint, the son of Carbine stable companion to Pretty Polly. There were twenty-one runners in the race, a number of which were greatly fancied, but a long way from home I felt that, barring accidents, I should win pretty comfortably, for Spearmint strode out in that game, plucky fashion he always showed in his races. People may perhaps have seen more brilliant horses than Spearmint, but I am convinced that a gamer horse has never looked through a bridle. And a game horse is something; indeed to be proud of. Which reminds me that people who say that a jockey only looks upon his mount as a mere racing machine are as far from speaking the truth as—well, the North Pole is from the South.