

BEST STORIES OF THE WAR

Correspondents at the front or marooned in obscure places while the great European conflict rages manage daily to get through the wary censors some little grimly humorous or tragic sidelights of the war. Here are the best that have come over the cables today:

"MAN WHO WROTE THIS SHOT!"

The Spanish Press learns that public opinion in Germany has blind faith in the strength of the army and authorities check severely any manifestation of discouragement. Here is an instance:

A letter from a German soldier to his wife contains the following:

"Events are happening very differently from what we were led to expect. The French are courageous and fight admirably. Our fatigue is terrible. I am famished and will allow myself to be taken prisoner at the first opportunity."

The letter was forwarded to the wife with this official note:

"The writer of this letter has been shot."

"TAUBE! TAUBE!"

M. Berthoulet, editor of the Paris La Liberté spent Sunday near the front. He cites some anecdotes which constitute the sole war news. He quotes an artillery lieutenant who was wounded in the leg, as follows: "That's what happened to me yesterday evening! We were eating in our subterranean abode when a German shell fell right in the opening, killed two men and wounded sixteen; that is almost everybody in the group except a cow, for we had brought an abandoned cow with us which supplied us with milk."

The lieutenant's story was interrupted by cries of "Taube! Taube!"

A German aeroplane was hovering over the station. A bomb dropped sixty yards from the ambulance on an iron crane. Nobody moved, as such visits are made every day. It was learned later that this Faube was brought down near Troyes.

SAYS RUSSIANS KILL WOMEN.

Alleged cruelties committed by the Russian invaders in small villages villages near the border of eastern Prussia are described in the Berliner Tageblatt of Sept. 19. It says:

"A German policeman was shot by Cossacks in a border village because he did not hold up his hands when preaching Russians, the sexton of the told to do so. Informed of the ap-town church had sounded the bell and was shot for this."

"Infuriated that their presence had been discovered, the Cossacks entered the parish house where they found the minister and some twenty men and women who had sought refuge there. They were immediately taken out into the street and shot."

"When the Russian Gen. Martos was made a prisoner a search of his belongings brought to light some documents which indicated that the general had given orders to set fire to villages and shoot citizens."

"THE BEGGAR IS SINKING!"

All the men of the sub-marine E-9, which has arrived at Harwich, are jubilant over the second successful at-

tack of their little craft against German man war vessels. One of the members of the crew in an interview said that by the sinking of the torpedo boat destroyer gth the Dutch coast, more was accomplished than was the case when the E-9 sent the German cruiser Hela to the bottom, luck was with the submarine.

"We knew when we left Harwich harbor," said the sailor, "that it was a case of hit or miss, but we trusted Lieut.-Commander Horton implicitly. When we rose we saw two German destroyers travelling at a speed of about thirty knots. Our commander was at the periscope and ordered the forward tubes fired. I fired the first tube, but could not say whether my missile hit. We then rose to the surface and the commander said, 'Look at her! the beggar is going down!'"

Then we saw the German rise perpendicularly. Her men rushed to the stern and dived into the water. The submarine was then submerged again and made her way back to Harwich.

"I don't want to boast, but we sent our torpedoes home."

WHAT PAT THINKS OF IT.

From a fighting Irishman we find that the Englishman at the front worries most about his food, while the Scotch and Irish are irritated that the enemy does not come out where he can be readily killed. A private of the Royal Irish Fusiliers had this to say:

"What like is it at the front? Well now, it's hard to tell you that unless you've been there; but faith I'll make a good try just to oblige you. It's very little different from what goes on at home. The day's made up of grousing and fighting, instead of that of fighting among ourselves; it's the Germans we fight. Maybe the grousing's a bit different, too, to what it is in peace time."

"The Englishmen swear most when the meals aren't all they might be, but the Scotch and the Irish are mostly angered because the German devils won't come out and fight, so's we can give them the cold iron."

"The English don't seem to mind that so much so long as they have full stomachs and can keep firing away at the Germans with big guns and the rifles."

TERRIBLE DUEL IN AIR.

Official despatches received by the French war department at Bordeaux gave a graphic account of an aerial duel which was watched by thousands of soldiers of the French and German armies on Oct. 5 at Jonchery, in the region of Rheims.

A German aeroplane armed with two men, and after circling over the French positions was returning to its own lines when Sergt. Frantz, one of the most expert of French aviators, accompanied by his mechanic Quinault sprang to a machine and gave chase.

By a skilful manoeuvre the French aeroplane took the German on the flank and wounded the pilot and put a bullet through the gasoline tank.

A sheet of flame enveloped the aviator and the machine dropped rapidly landing close to the French lines. In the decent the unwounded man continued to fire his pistol until prevented by the flames.

Sergt. Frantz came to earth with a

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series of magnificent spirals. Both Germans (were found dead in the embers of their machine. Frantz was decorated with the Legion of Honor and Quinault was awarded the military medal for their exploit!

"THEY'LL HOWL FOR PEACE!"

There is a bit of "bally swank" in the following from a lance corporal who was apparently irritated in his letter writing by interruptions from the German guns:

"The Germans don't give us much time for letter writing. This one has been stopped six times already, just because the beggars were creeping too close, and I had to go out with my bayonet to chase them off before set, fling down again."

"What most of us feel here is that the Germans are staking everything on fighting in France, or Belgium and when they are beaten, as they will be sooner or later, they will howl for peace to save their own country from the horrors of invasion."

"That's an idea we have got from their prisoners, and they think it's a rattling good one. If it were left to the army, to settle you may be sure we'd vote to a man giving the devils a taste of their own medicine, and you'll see us crossing the sacred Rhine before long unless you're the greatest fools in creation."

"You are only a woman and can't vote, but for heaven's sake rub it in to all the men you know that this is what the army feels about the thing. We wouldn't make peace with the devils until we've rubbed their noses well into the ground of their Fatherland, and we'll do it yet, even if it costs us a million lives."

SILK FROM SPRUCEWOOD

Beautiful Cloth Spun From Filaments of Great Logs

Silk dresses are now made from wood. There is the cleverly "mercerized" cotton, but machinery and chemicals have gone a step even beyond that in rivaling the art of the silk-spinning worm. The process of making silk yarn from a spruce log is a remarkably speedy one, and the results astonish you when you see the wood thrown carelessly into a great vat to appear a few hours later in shining thread. The wood is first cut into thin sheets, after which it is put into a tank for chemical treatment. It is chewed and mashed by the machinery and "digested" by the strong chemicals until it closely resembles molasses in color and consistency. The solution is then forced through well-heated tubes, each with an outlet containing just as many perforations as there are to be filaments in the thread. Simultaneously it is sprayed with a chemical which "fixes" the thread, shrinking and hardening it. But to the wearer of silk, a garment made from wood pulp looks every bit as good as the product of the silkworm.

Cloth of this kind wears like leather and is cheaper than the cheapest cloth. The value of the material thus spun is that it dyes extremely well, the colors coming up admirably, and it is as a matter of fact, a good imitation of silk.

The people of Tibet have for a long time now worn clothes constructed of wood. In Ecuador the bark of a tree which grows on the slopes of the Andes is utilized for making blankets. Usually the blanket is six feet long and five feet wide, and is as soft and pliable as though it were made from flannel. It is about the thickness of a good flannel blanket, and can be rolled up and put in a strap without hurting or injuring it. This tree or bark blanket is merely a strip of bark cut from a section of the trunk of the demajagua tree. The Indians make a cutting around the trunk to get it, and they prepare it by soaking it in water until it is soft. It is then pounded so that the rough outside can be stripped off and the inside alone left. The inside is of fine fibres so joined together by Nature that it makes a beautiful blanket, warm enough to be used as a cover, and soft enough for a mattress.

Sheep Thrive on Electricity

A California scientist claims to have greatly increased the breeding capacity of sheep as well as their yield of wool by pasturing them under high voltage electric wires.

One Pound, One Horsepower

That he can produce one horsepower for each pound his engine weighs is the claim of the French inventor of a motor depending upon the explosive force of gunpowder for power.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING

For a bet of ten shillings, a Barnsbury laborer consumed twelve buns and a gallon of ale in twelve minutes.

Old-age pensioners at Chiswick, England, are admitted free to one of the picture theatres every Friday on production of their pension books.

For "placing an obstacle on the rail, thereby causing a train to stop," a peasant of Nijni Novgorod was recently fined. He was trying to commit suicide, and the "obstacle" was his own head.

Leopold Federmann won the Bavarian beer-drinking championship by consuming at a three-hours' sitting at Munich fifty-three pints. Hans Hehnert came second with thirty-nine pints, while the third competitor accounted for twenty-seven.

It is estimated that the motor cars and motorcycles running in Great Britain and Ireland aggregate a value of approximately \$275,000,000, while their first cost, the money spent on the purchase of motors during, say, the last ten years, cannot have been far short of \$500,000,000.

Mr. John T. Stone, president of the Maryland Casualty Company, of Baltimore, reduced his own salary by \$6,000 a year. He was receiving \$36,000 a year. He told the directors that he was being overpaid and asked them to sanction a reduction. He explained that the cutting his own salary was preliminary to a reduction of expenses in all departments.

A curious novelty was introduced on the Paris stage in a little play called "Bicard, dit le Boulé," at the Théâtre Cluny, in the Latin quarter. Every evening a racing character in the piece gives the audiences a tip for next day's racing. Quaintly enough, the tips proved extraordinarily successful.

EVENING SMILES

SMILE.

When the whole blame world seems gone to pot,
And business is on the bum,
A two-cent grin and a lifted chin
Helps some, my boy, helps some.
—N. Y. World.

SLANGY BUT SINCERE.

"That's my beau."
"I suppose he considers you the apple of his eye."
"Well, something like that. He says I'm a pippin."

A SURMISE.

No women prisoners they make
In modern war, and so I fancy
That message must be some mistake
Asserting they have captured
Nancy.

WRONG WAY.

"Biggles doesn't get on."
"No. He insists on figuring on the high cost of living instead of on how to get the price."—Washington Star.

THE SAME.

"I understand that millionaire's grandparents came over from Europe in the steerage fifty years ago."
"So did he last week."—Baltimore American.

THE HOW OF IT.

Alkali Ike—And so Slippery Sam died with his boots on, eh?"
Broncho Bill—No, he died with my boots on. That's how he came to die."

WRONG RACE.

"Feyther," said little Mickey, "wasn't it Patrick Hinyr that said, 'Let us have peace?'"
"Niver!" said old Mickey. "Nobody be th' name of Patrick iver said anything loike thot."—Ladies' Home Journal.

THERE WERE OTHERS.

"That Mrs. Wilbur is so angry she won't speak to me," confided Mabel to Ethel.

"Really!" exclaimed Ethel. "And what is she angry about?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Mabel. "We met a couple of days ago and we were talking as friendly as possible when suddenly she flared up and she hasn't noticed me since."

"What were you talking about?" inquired Ethel.

"Why, nothing in particular," explained Mabel. "Just the ordinary small talk. I remember she said, 'I always kiss my husband three or four times every day.'"

"And what did you say?" asked Ethel, in an effort to get at the root of the trouble.

"Why, I said," replied the other, "I know at least a dozen girls who do the same," and then she nearly had a fit."—Lippincotts.

THE HORSE FOR HIM.

A Scottish farmer of a miserly disposition bought a horse at a fair. On the way home he thought a drink of water would refresh it, so he got a pail of water, but the animal would not take it. When he got home he offered it a feed of corn, but to his surprise it would not touch that, either.

"Weel," he muttered to himself, "if only I was sure ye were a guid worker, ye're the verra horse for me."

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S. P. C. Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Fredericton Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, will be held at the City Council Chamber, at eight p.m., on Tuesday, October 13th, for the election of officers, and the transaction of other business. A full attendance of members is requested.

L. C. MACNUTT,

President.

H. B. HARRISON,

Secretary-Treasurer.

Sat, Oct. 11th., Tues., Oct. 13th.

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One bay horse, weight 1350 lbs. An excellent driver and would make one of a good working team. Apply to MRS. W. T. WHITEHEAD, one week.

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Never perhaps will such a rare opportunity occur again.

To purchase such a magnificent lot of furniture as will be offered at auction at the residence of Mrs. Lynne Evans, Lansdowne St., on Wednesday the 14 inst. at 10 o'clock a.m.

Mahogany and walnut furniture suitable for all rooms in the house beautifully carved and finished in the "purple." Cut Glass, China and other dishes. Coal Range and Oil Range and other useful articles.

Parlor grand piano, "A Beehstein", in perfect order and condition, solid mahogany case, and cost nearly \$1,000 will be sold at 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon of the day of sale, Oct. 14.

House will be open to those who desire to inspect furniture on Monday and Tuesday next. Mornings 10.30 until 12; afternoons, 2.30 until 4.30.

E. H. ALLEN,

Auctioneer.

Stock for Sale

Coach mare, dark bay, eight years old, with colt, one month old. Sired by Jewett's "Gresham," champion Percheron of Maritime Provinces for two years. Mare is a high-class general purpose animal. Weight, 1250 lbs., in fair condition.

Also pure bred Clydesdale filly, foal five months old, dark brown, well marked. She has the ground work and choice breeding of a high-class draft mare. A good opportunity to obtain foundation stock for the breeding of the best class of draft horses. The Clydesdale's "Dusky Maid," imported dam, J. R. Randall's "Sir Wilfrid" sire.

Also a six month old coach filly foal a promising foal of the roadster type. Her breeding warrants the best of breeding.

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