

WITH THE HIGHLANDERS EN ROUTE TO ENGLAND

On board S.S. Megantic, in the Gulf—The sound of hearty cheering from thousands of glad Tommies came across the St. Lawrence on Wednesday afternoon as one troopship after another steamed away from the grey walls of Quebec and the storied heights of Levis, down the broad pathway that leads to the open sea. Ship after ship of the great fleet of transports, with decks lined with enthusiastic and impatient troops, moved off in slow and stately manner, bidding a long farewell to the romantic hills on which were enacted the first and brightest scenes of Canada's history.

The cheers came both from the troops who were at last under way and from those who expected almost immediately to follow. One of the last vessels to leave was the Megantic, which had aboard the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, the divisional ammunition column, the corps of the clearing hospital (for the line of communication) and the first field hospital. Under the heading of "48th Highlanders" must be included several smaller corps, the 9th (Sudbury), the 31st (Own Sound), the 2nd Dragoons (Grimsby), and the 26th Stanstead Dragoons (from the Eastern Townships, Quebec). These joined to the 48th at Valcartier to make the 15th (provisional) Battalion. The members of these corps have taken as readily to the spirit as to the uniform of the Highland regiment. And if one finds an occasional Englishman, or Irishman, or Frenchman in kilts, or hears an ex-dragon gaily dubbing himself a "horse highlander" it need not be taken as anything astonishing. They all add good fighting material to a regiment of which the backbone is still composed of enough Fandies and Duncans and Donalds and Archies and Alecs to more than make good its right to its sporrans on parade.

OFF AT LAST

"Last post" and then "lights out" had been sounded on the bugles before the gangplanks were at last drawn in, and the Megantic veered away from the wharf. The Highlanders were graced with a splendid setting for the moment of their departure. Locked down upon from above by the dark mass of the Citadel and the brilliance of the Frontenac, their vessel shouldered its way through the starlight waters, past the few remaining troopships, each of which was aglow with a thousand lights. At last we were off! The illumination of the city soon began to fade in the distance, but overhead was the gold

of a full moon, against which the men in the ringings, loomed up black, and to the north was the shining magnificence of the Aurora. It was no such slight thing to leave Canada.

And we were troops, Imperial troops now, bound for England, and then perhaps for India, or Egypt and the Nile, but more probably for the battlefields of the great war. Who said romance was dead?

All on board the Megantic have been more than comfortable during the few days in which the ship was riding at anchor off Quebec. Not only are the officers and non-coms happy in the luxury of the first and second cabins but the Tommies have found that third cabin can be made much cozier than camp. And although their "grub" may be labelled "second class" the men find it yrrt-rate. "They are feeding us like kings" said one enthusiastic

KEEPING IN CONDITION

In order that the men will not get out of good physical condition during the voyage a large part of the day is given up to physical drills. As space is decidedly limited, it has to be carefully divided. The Highlanders take one deck, while the other is left for the other corps. From nine o'clock to half past ten in the morning the right-half battalion of the 48th occupies the deck; from half past ten until twelve o'clock the left half has its opportunity. In the afternoon each half-battalion has another hour. In this way the 1,100 men of the 48th and the seven hundred men of the ammunition column and Medical Corps are kept from becoming soft and slack.

The physical drill is next to cook-house, the big feature of the day. It is new to many of the men, and is quite different from the rifle and company drills to which they have been accustomed. Adapted from the Swedish system of exercises, with emphasis laid on tenseness of muscle and precision of movement rather than on speed or violent muscular contractions, the physical drill was at first regarded by the men as something specially designed for children. But they soon found that it required all the attention and alertness at their disposal, and exercised every muscle in their bodies. Still it must be admitted that it is an amusing sight to see several hundred Tommies lying on their backs and slowly raising their legs into the air, or with knees bent, sitting erect on their heels and keeping a precarious balance on their toes. It will be more amusing yet when the ship begins to roll.

UNSIGHTLY WARTS REMOVED

The operation is simple and painless—just apply Putnam's Wart and Corn Extractor. For fifty years it has been curing warts and will cure you too. Try Putnam's Extractor, 25c. at all dealers.

BRITISH MIDDIE IS ITCHING FOR A SCRAP

Here is a cheery letter from a midshipman in one of the British battle-ships that are waiting for the German fleet to come out of hiding; it appeared in the London Morning Post:—"A rumour got about that we had been sunk, some wooden gear that we had thrown overboard being found, me have not been sunk yet, nor, I am sorry to say, have we sunk any Germans. By jove, time this fetches up, however, I hope we shall have met them, captured most of it, and sunk the rest. We are all getting rather monotonous. We go to night defence stations for three-and-half hours every night, and sleep in our clothes during our watch off and after daylight. We go into harbour to coal every four or five days. In the daytime at sea we have nothing to do except to rig night defence gear (searchlights are stowed below at daylight), do physical drill, running round the ship, &c., to keep ourselves fit, and occasionally going to action stations. Of course there have been various alarms, when we have had to rush to our stations. But they are generally caused by some ham-handed horse marine firing a gun by mistake, or by some swivel-eyed look-out seeing one of our own ships, and a treacle-bun for the periscope of a submarine. Anyhow, none of them have come to anything; but they tend to relieve the monotony, although at the expense of sleep, which is a rare luxury, especially at night. We have to sleep in the signal house so as to be near our searchlights, and are waked up every two or three minutes by signalmen coming in and falling over our feet (I can imagine you saying it serves me right for having such big ones?) It is the only place where you can switch a light to read signals. But in spite of these little inconveniences, I dare say we come off better than you. I am very sorry for everybody left at home; the war must affect them much more than it does us. I expect Hal is taking the war very seriously and thinks it 'balmy' that he can't go to the front or come to sea? I am not allowed to tell you anything, and so will write no more nonsense."

A NEAT COMEBACK.

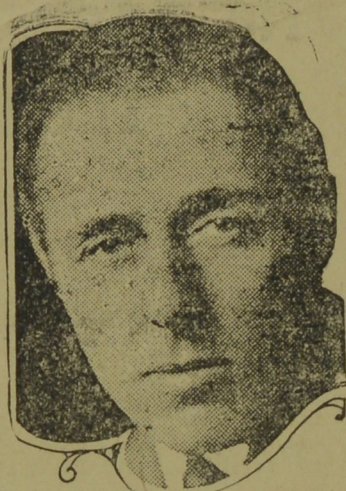
Jokeleigh, visiting Subbubs—And you have a grindstone, too. Will it put an edge on a dull appetite? Subbubs—Certainly, if you turn the handle long enough.—Boston Transcript.

WEALTH IN METEORS

An expedition is shortly starting for Disco Island, off the coast of Greenland, with the object of breaking up and bringing away the big meteorites there. It weighs over one hundred tons, and the theory is that it was projected on to the earth from the moon countless years ago. Fragments of it have already been carried away and assayed, with the result that it has been found to contain iron, copper, and silver, besides rarer metals including polonium. Now polonium is a cousin to radium. Hence the expedition. The organizers of it argue that if they can only extract from the meteorite even a small fraction of an ounce of radium their fortunes are made.

It is quite possible, too, they say that there may be large diamonds embedded inside the mass. Very small diamonds have undoubtedly been taken from the interiors of small meteorites. Then, too, here is the existence of a diamond of fair size taken from a meteorite discovered near Tucson, Arizona.

Fortune From "Movies"



D. W. GRIFFITH

Here is the man who stands out pre-eminently in the business of moving picture producing. He has been called the "Belasco of the screen world."

When he was the director of the Biograph pictures, they were called the best in the business. But now the independents have captured him at a salary of \$100,000 a year. And he is directing the Reliance and the Majestic Mutual movies.

At one time in his career, not so long ago, Griffith was with a travelling company earning the munificent sum of \$18 a week.

Impure Ice Cream

The following is a synopsis of the results of an analysis of ice cream, undertaken in the chief analyst's department at Ottawa, in charge of Dr. A. McGill: Samples found genuine, 77; samples found adulterated, 49; samples found but slightly below required standard, 8; samples lost, 2; sold as imitation, 1; total, 137.

"Our standards for ice cream," says Dr. McGill, "require 14 per cent. of milk fat in ordinary ice cream, and 12 per cent. milk fat in the article when fruit or nuts are present. Samples which show less than one per cent. shortage in butter fat, I have not declared to be adulterated, but have indicated as slightly below the required standard."

Wireless Waves and Fire

It is contended by a French scientist of standing that many unexplained fires at sea and explosions on war ships and in mines are caused by stray wireless waves.

A Democratic Statesman

M. Giolitti, former Prime Minister of Italy, is a statesman who follows the simple life. He has lived for twenty years in the same modest house, and neither he nor Mme. Giolitti ever goes into society. When Mme. Giolitti needs a change of air she takes a room in an unpretentious country "pension" which charges only \$1.70 a day; and when M. Giolitti joins her for the week-end he never fails to invite the local doctor and the local schoolmaster to join him at a rubber of whist.

Modern Life-saver

Of European invention is a new life boat for ocean going vessels that will right itself if capsized and carry 100 persons and which is equipped with a gasoline motor and wireless apparatus.

Fast Time on One Wheel

A speed of nearly 75 miles an hour was attained by a unicycle built by a St. Louis inventor, the machine consisting chiefly of a single wheel almost seven feet in diameter, drawn by an aerial propeller.

Wealth In Frozen South

One small strip of the coal fields discovered in the antarctic continent contains as much fuel as the unworked fields of Great Britain.

Black Velvet Hats

In every size from the Picture Hat to the Small, tight fitting Toque. Sailors in every style. A very smart Felt or Velvet Sailor at **\$2.00**

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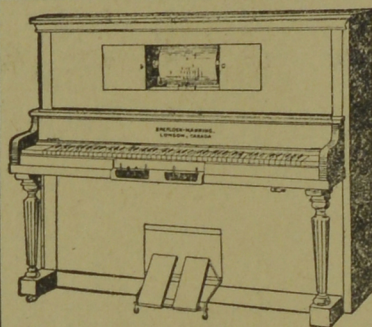
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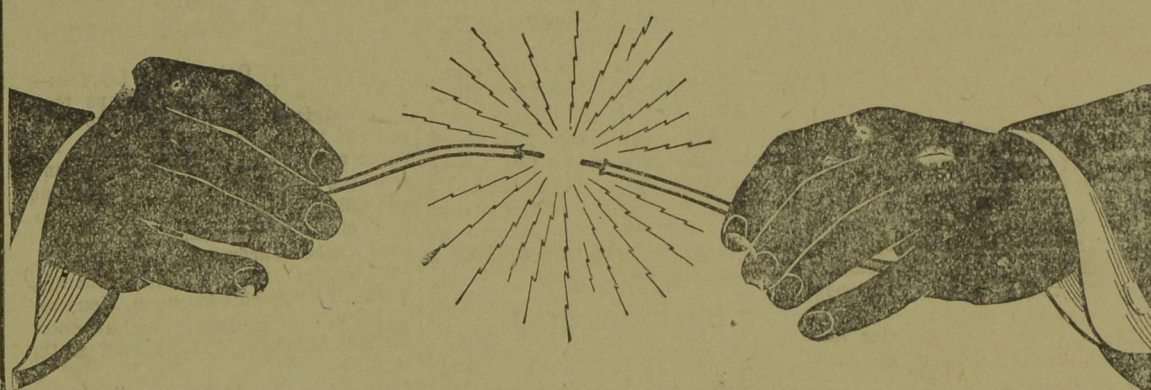
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Thoughts are Sparks

--flashes of the mind that decide for success or failure.

The question is, what kind of sparks

does your brain generate?

The brain, like a battery, must be supplied with certain elements to generate thought properly. These brain elements are water, albumen and phosphate of potash. If any of these are lacking in daily food, brain and body energy are vitally lessened.

Are any lacking? Listen! Water and albumen are plentifully supplied in ordinary food, but phosphate of potash--together with other mineral elements--is almost entirely lacking in white bread and all other white flour products.

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--containing all the nutriment of wheat and barley, including the precious phosphates so essential to perfect bodies and active brains, provides a food at once delicious, nourishing and economical.

A morning dish with cream furnishes POWER for accomplishment that many a man has come to appreciate.

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