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G. W. HARRISON, MANAGER

FREDERICTON BRANCH

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 side lights of the war. Here are the best that have come over the cables today:

PLAYED INTO ACTION.

Stories filtering through from the front tell of the desperate efforts which the Germans made last week to recapture the ground they lost along the River Aisne. Day and night the assaults continued, the Germans being played into action by bands rendering military airs.

A correspondent of The London Times at La Ferte-Milon gives this description of the German counter attack made on Wednesday:

"They came on singing, with their drums beating behind them. Even at night they had their band to play them to the attack.

"We met them in the holes they had themselves dug and as a French soldier who told the story said:

"You know, in a fight like that we had them at an advantage, for our bayonets are longer than theirs, only all these straps about our chests and shoulders get in our way and under our movements. The Germans are better off in that respect, and so are your soldiers, as they can use their arms freely.

"The Germans would break for a whole and go back, but as we sent them running another lot would come on and so it went time after time."

WAR OF MACHINES, NOT MEN!"

"This is not a war of men; it is a war of machines," cables a correspondent of The London Daily Mail. "There is an appalling soullessness about it that is savagely inhuman. Men turn handles and death dies out in large handles. That is what this battle has been. It is all really one battle on the Marne and the Aisne.

"No one can even conceive what the battle has been who has not seen the battlefield. Men could never kill one another by heaps and hecatombs. They would sicken at such wholesale slaughter. They would cry: 'We are soldiers, not butchers. A battlefield should not be an abattoir.'

"Only machines ingeniously constructed to destroy men as locusts have to be destroyed when they sweep over fertile land, only automatic death dealers without hearty, pity or remorse could carpet the earth with the dead in this frightful troops under shell fire is described by General Cherfils, who says:

"After a reverse north of Longuyon we retreated under terrific fire, reaching the river. An infantry regiment began to get panicky.

"The colonel called a halt, made the troops face the shells, drilled them and finally ordered a retreat, which was conducted in an orderly manner."

FOUGHT WITH HAMMER.

Anxious to get into the fight against the Germans, the blacksmith of the Sixth Dragoon Guardsmen of the British force accompanied the cavalrymen on a charge armed only with a hammer, according to stories told by guardsmen who were in Paris.

These men had fought from Belgium through Compeigne and Senlis and came to the capital for remounts. They declared that in one of their charges the blacksmith grabbed his huge hammer, mounted a horse and rode with them, wielding his weapon with deadly effect. The British and German artillery engaged in one duel at a distance of not more than five hundred yards, the guardsman said.

"Another witness of the terrific slaughter which is not yet generally realized told me that the French shells burst with terrific effect and tear legs and arms to pieces. If the wound is in the head or stomach it is all over. This soldier added:

"It is quite true, too, that many men have been found dead without any wound. We find them as we go over the fields of battle, kneeling or sitting in the trenches in a natural attitude, just as if they knelt or sat when a shell burst and in an instant suffocated them with the melinite fumes."

KILLED AS SHE DIRECTS SHOTS

The Rhineland Red Cross chief told a remarkable story today at Aachen of a Belgian telephone girl at Dahlem who telephoned Belgian officers at the forts that they were not properly placing their shells.

By following her instructions they were able to regulate their firing effectively and the telephone girl was killed by a shot which destroyed the office from which she was directing the operations.

DRILLS MEN AS SHELLS FLY.

How a French colonel drilled his the house where I was talking to General — about the German wounded I had come to fetch. At the first explosion, which crushed the roof, I advised the general to take shelter behind the wall.

"Hardly had I left him when the second shells exploded in the very spot where I had been standing. The whole house burst into flames. Captain A —, to whom I had been speaking, fell forward dead, and Colonel B —, who was entering the drawing-room, also was instantly killed.

"I got out of the wreckage through a window. Upon the threshold of the house were General —, Colonel T — and Lieut. V —, all grievously wounded. My name has been mentioned in the army orders."

BURY ENGLISH; BURN GERMANS.

The London Daily Telegraph's Em-

ville (south of the Aisne) correspondent, in a despatch dated Sunday, says:

"The sixth day of the battle is being fought with the same ceaseless energy as were the previous phases. Very little ground is won or lost. The artillery is being engaged in an The British got the range first and wiped out the German gunners. Eleven guns were captured.

'LANGER WEG NASH TIPPERARY'

"It's a Long Way to Tipperary," now has become a fixed classic in this war, much in the same manner as "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" swept through the American army in Cuba during the Spanish-American war.

Even the German prisoners interned in England have caught the fever and may be heard singing it as well as they can, writes a correspondent from London.

SHELL KILLS THREE OFFICERS.

The Paris Temps today prints the following letter received from a friend of its editor at the front. The letter is dated Sept. 9 and says:

"For four days we have been fighting without stopping and sleeping so little that this morning I fell asleep in an automobile and bursting shells in the road hardly caused me to blink my sand-laden eyelids.

"Two big shells fell on and wrecked incessant roar and the troops have little rest.

"Every trench won on the left has been won by the greatest sacrifices. Some of the British regiments have paid very dearly, but the French have brought up fresh heavy ordnance, and both British and French reinforcements are hurrying to the line through the railway to Soissons directly behind the British position.

"All the whole the battle has proceeded a small army of civilians has been out burying the dead. French and British soldiers are being buried together, almost always close to where they fell, and their graves mark the course of the battle.

"The German dead are burned. Their bodies are placed on piles of stack wood and oil is poured over them and the pyre lighted."



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LORD BRYCE SENDS CONGRATULATIONS TO JOHN REDMOND

London, Sept. 24—Lord Bryce, ambassador to the United States, has written a letter of congratulation to John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Nationalist party, on the enactment of the Home Rule Bill. Lord Bryce writes:

"Let me congratulate you with all my heart for this triumphant issue for Ireland. Let me say how largely it is due to your wisdom, tact and eloquence. I have been admiring for the last month the admirable combination of firmness and prudence that has enabled you to surmount successfully one crisis after another, and bring the ship safely into port. You have done more than secure the passing of the Home Rule act. You have completed the work begun by Gladstone, when he determined to try to create good relations between the two islands. You have laid the foundations for a better understanding and co-operation between the peoples than has ever existed before. May what you have to do in Ireland prosper, as well as what you have done in these years at Westminster."

BRITISH SOLDIERS SING IRISH TUNE

London, Sept. 14 (By Post).—The route to Tipperary, that famous old spot in Ireland famed for generations in song and story, is of no strategical importance in the great war, but it is playing no mean part these days in upholding what staid military experts call the "morale" of the British troops fighting the Germans in France.

"It's a long way to Tipperary" song in the present war. It will go down to history and it is nothing at all but a London music hall ditty. As they go into battle the Germans has come to be the English battle thunder their "Die Wacht Am Rhein" the French chant their "Marseillaise" sonorous and impressive, and the Belgians fight gallantly with their beautiful "Brabançonne" on their lips, but the British sing no national air. "Tommy Atkins" goes into the fray shouting an incoherent vaudeville jingle that has in it not a word about death or valor, glory or pathos. And lest Americans do not know the words of this speech making chorus, here they are, fated for some unathomed reason, to become historic:

"It's a long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go; It's a long way to Tipperary, To the sweetest girl I know! Goodbye, Piccadilly, Farewell, Leicester-Square, It's a long long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there."

The author composer of this imperishable lyric is Jack Judge a music hall artist, and there is probably no man in the world more surprised than he—unless it is his publisher, Behl Feldman—at the "far flung" vogue it has so suddenly received.

The British hero sings it when he reveals sounds; he sings it routs marching to drown the monotony of "Boots-boots-boots-boots, Sloggin' up an' down again," he has familiarized his French comrades with "Le Chemin de Teperaire," and he sings it when he takes his position in the teeth of a raking shell fire. But why he chooses this particular air nobody knows.

Certainly Feldman doesn't. "Mind you," he said, "it's a good song of its kind—a good marching tune, quite simple, and it doesn't require much breath to sing it, for there are no particularly high or low notes in it. But there are other songs with all these qualities; the fact is, we can never say with any certainty whether a song will catch on or not.

"The Tipperary song only just came aged to be published. One day a comparatively unknown composer, Jack Judge, brought it to me. He played over, and liked its lift, so I undertook to publish it. But, before coming to me, Judge, had tried his song on practically every other publisher in London, and they all turned it down.

"I had great difficulty in getting any of the pantomime artists in the 1913 season to try it. But some of them did, and it became immensely popular, and swept into favor through the North of England. Now we're all singing it—it's so catchy, simple, and light-hearted—and I am printing ten thousand copies a day which doesn't meet the demand. Guess we'll deafen the Kaiser with it before we're done!"

LADIES' NEWS

EXTRA! WAR FASHIONS FROM THE FRONT

First of the "war-fashion" bulletins to (we announce the capture of a new color, "kaiser gray," and it's nothing less than the color of the German army uniform, that hazy, misty gray that fades so completely into a background of green foliage and blue sky any, leaves the enemy's outposts guessing as to the position of the gray uniformed invaders.

But lest anyone charge her with pro-German sympathies Dame Fashion has commandeered styles from all the warring nations. She has seized the Tommy Atkins hat from the English, the Cossack cape and cap from Russia, the Napoleon hat from France, and from Austria she takes those high military heels for street shoes, patterned after the boots of Austrian cavalry men.

But folks who follow "war-fashions" are probably more interested in the new color, the "kaiser gray" than they are in the military millinery. The color of her gown is of first importance to every woman, and unfortunately the kaiser's troops didn't select their uniforms for becomingness, but for strategic reasons, and the "twilight" colors so useful in war may play havoc in peace, for it's the exceptional woman who can wear the dull, faded color-tone of the kaiser's uniform.

But here it is, and fashion devotees must make the most of it, for much of the new fall dress materials and accessories, cloths, silks, ribbons and hosiery are made in the gray shade just now so unpopular in England, France and Russia.

Aside from the "kaiser gray" perhaps the most striking fashion called forth by the "world-war" is the Cossack Cape. This is a modification of the cape that had such vogue last spring, its military features are accentuated in accordance with the military spirit of the hour, and the fashion prophets predict that the cape

VERANDAH STORIES

A DOG STORY.

Some men at the club were telling dog stories after a day's shooting. After some time, when the tales had got very "tail," one little man, who had been quite silent, said:

"I have a dog that makes all yours seem fools. I generally feed him myself after dinner but the other day a friend dropped in and the poor animal slipped my mind. After the meal we went into the garden. The dog scratched up a flower and laid it at my feet, with the most yearning look in his eyes—it was a forget-me-not." Nobody told any more dog stories that evening.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BELINDA'S VANITY.

Belinda was a colored domestic in the employ of a Mrs. Jones. Recently a camp meeting was announced to take place in a grove nearby and a few days before the opening Belinda appeared before her mistress, looking some concerned.

"Ise jes' all upset, Miss Jones," began the domestic. "I sho' needs a new pair ob slippahs befo' dat camp meetin' commences an' I hain't got a cent in de world."

"Perhaps we can fix it, Belinda," benevolently smiled Mrs. Jones. "What size do you wear?"

"My right size am fo's," answered Belinda with a vain glance at her feet, "but I has to wear sobens becuz fo's hurt me dat bad dat I kain't jes' hardly walk."

MOTHER'S POOR MEMORY.

At eight a.m. the Greens took their trunks, grips and suit cases and hustled to the railroad station. Twenty minutes later a taxicab dashed up to the house and out jumped Green.

"What in the world is the matter, old man?" asked a kindly disposed neighbor. "Did you forget your railroad tickets?"

"No," answered Green, showing some symptoms of peevishness. "My wife left a kettle of water boiling on the gas stove! Didn't think of it until we reached the station! You can always depend on a woman to have a memory like that!"

With this Green unlocked the door and hustled into the house. Two minutes later he emerged with his features puckered into a peculiar twist.

"How did you find it?" cheerily asked the neighbor. "Sizzling to beat the locomotives, I suppose."

"No," answered Green, guiltily. "I had forgotten that I turned the gas off at the meter." Philadelphia Telegraph.

TRUSTED LONG ENOUGH.

Tom Pence of the Democratic National Committee, tells of a good sister in one of the Southern States who was late for the service and explained it by saying that the horse she was driving had run away.

"You shouldn't let such little things as that detain you," reproved the pastor. "You should trust in the Lord."

"I did," she replied, "till the belly-hand broke and then I jumped."—National Monthly.

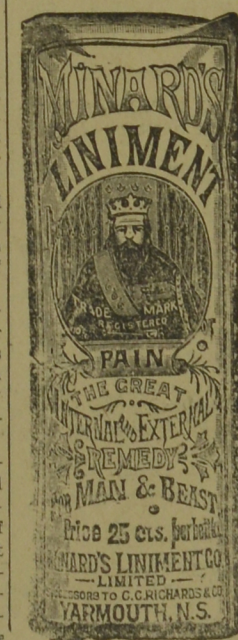
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