

Our Brave Soldier Boys Of a Century Ago

(Continued from page five.)

of the company attributed his preservation from famine and suffering bordering upon death, to this gallant exploit of Captain Charles Rainsford of Fredericton, who was that young lieutenant of whom I am speaking.

ON TO KINGSTON.

After reaching Quebec the 104th was allowed but a day's rest. A further march of 360 miles was before them ere the fun, which they looked for, should begin, for the scene of operations was at Kingston, but they pushed on with the vigor of men determined to do or die in their country's service.

The first engagement in which this regiment participated was at Sackville's Harbor, the forts of which had to be approached in open boats; and on board of these the men were conveyed. Sir George Prevost was the commander-in-chief. The troops were kept in the bay, to the amazement of all, for two hours after the sun had risen, long enough to enable the American commander, who had been stolen upon during the darkness of the night, to reinforce his garrison, and thus the chances of success on the part of the British were rendered desperate. When the signal for landing, however, was at length sounded, the 104th sprang on shore and gave a good account of themselves. It was the first time of their going into action. It was not frost this time but fire with which they had to contend and they knew they had an enemy before them worthy of their steel. They fought, as we are told, like heroes. At length the British succeeded in their assault upon the fort, gained a foothold and were masters of the situation—the day was theirs—when suddenly Sir George Prevost sounded a retreat to the amazement and disgust of the whole army and to the astonishment of the enemy, but the order had to be obeyed. "Our soldiers swore terribly at Flanders," quoth my Uncle Toby, but we doubt if they made more noise than the New Brunswick boys did on this occasion.

Sir George was called to England to answer for his conduct and we believe he died on the passage. The 104th lost a large number of men in this engagement.

AT LUNDY'S LANE.

The next battle was at Lundy's Lane, in which the 104th and the Canadian "Glenagaries" greatly distinguished themselves and here our regiment also lost heavily.

The storming of Fort Erie was the most severe engagement in which the 104th took part. Indeed, they were placed in the van of the army in making the assault, and when a breach was made in the ramparts and a number of our men had got inside, the magazine was exploded by means of a train of powder previously laid by the enemy, when the colonel of the regiment (Colonel Drummond) and a number of his brave followers perished in the ruins.

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RESOURCEFUL MEN.

Sir John Harvey, who was governor of New Brunswick in 1839, was present in most of the engagements, and has often spoken highly to gentlemen in Fredericton of the valor displayed by the 104th in the taking of Fort Erie. Whenever or wherever batteries had to be erected, roads made through the woods and heavy fatigue duty to be performed, to which regular troops were unaccustomed in America, (from the peculiar ruggedness of the country much bush fighting, in real Indian style, had to be done), the 104th were always on hand and ready to go to work and give a good report of themselves. As a sample of their readiness and pluck, one night at ten o'clock, the order was sent to their camp to be in readiness to march at four o'clock upon some surprise adventure. The announcement was received with loud cheers. Few of the men after that went to sleep but set to work at their fire-locks and otherwise got ready for action, with as much hilarity as if they were going to have a morning's sport to shoot plover instead of men.

Previous to going into action the militia was always drawn up in line, and every eighth man was ordered to stand back (to be kept for the reserve) but in the 104th the eighth man watched his opportunity and always fell in again and thus ran another chance of being drafted, so full of fight were they all and determined to be together and in every engagement.

It was not until after the battle of Waterloo and final disposal of Napoleon, that we received large reinforcements of British troops, and then some thousands of these proceeded southwards to New Orleans. In the meantime all the heavy engagements that took place along the Canadian frontiers were sustained chiefly by our own people, who fought for the honor of the English flag, with the bravery of Britons raised in the Nar service of their country.

LOST MANY MEN.

At the close of the war the 104th returned to Fredericton a mere skeleton of a regiment—reduced, decimated to a mere fragment—many of them mutilated and maimed for life. Out of 1,100 men less than two hundred answered to their names at roll call. I am not aware that medals were

awarded by the British government, but every survivor certainly deserved a gold medal with three clasps.

WHERE IS IT NOW?

As soon as the 104th was organized and equipped and just before marching for Canada, the legislature of this province presented the regiment with a silver trumpet and had a suitable inscription engraved upon it. This trumpet was the pet lamb of the regiment. Every man felt that he had an interest in it. It was the talisman that accompanied the regiment in every battle. The lares and penates of the ancients were not regarded with more reverence. Now, you will naturally ask what became of this trumpet. I answer that it is still in existence, in England, in the Hunter family. Major General Hunter was then lieutenant governor of New Brunswick and commander-in-chief and on the disbandment of the 104th this trumpet fell into the hands of the governor. Public allusion was made to this fact a few years since with the object of trying to get the trumpet restored to the province and at the same time the right of ownership was questioned. The answer given was that the trumpet was presented to the general by the authorities on the eve of his departure for England as a testimonial and as a memento of the gallant exploits of the 104th during his administration.

It has always appeared to me however, that as the legislature provided the trumpet it should have reverted to the province, when the body to whom it was presented ceased to exist in 1812. For this as it may now that we have an Historical Society, I would really like to see that old trumpet handed back and placed within our archives. I cannot however, but regard it as the property of the province, in the first place.

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A STIFF BILL.

The St. John city commissioners yesterday decided to pay \$1,846 for the military services rendered the city at the time of the street railway riot, but the bill of the St. John Railway Company for \$15,500 for damage done during the street railway riot was ordered filed after His Worship had strongly condemned the action of the railway company in presenting such a bill.

ON DOGS

I wonder if you have ever owned a dog; a taggy, sad-eyed, droop-tailed mongrel that stuck close to you and shared your little triumphs and big troubles with you?

I reckon a feller who has never owned a dog has missed a considerable lot with havin' outin' life. One kin be a mighty no-count piece of humanity in the eyes of his feller-men



but to his dog he's the one, big, best everything in the world.

I reckon you can't measure a dog's devotion to his master any more than you kin measure other things as have got the great scientists of the globe guessin'. One thing I know, though is this, any man who kin live up to what his dog thinks he is, is a good man; and don't you forget it.

ON RIDIN'

SOMEHOW or other I can't seem to accustom myself to ridin' in one of them ottermobile machines. I know I ort to set back and fold my arms and look as though I was enjoyin' life, but it's no use, I can't do it. Take a feller who, all his life has done his ridin' on an old buck board with bolts and nuts jinglin' and spokes rattlin' and he can't enjoy smoothin' ridin' no how.

He misses somethin' that he ha

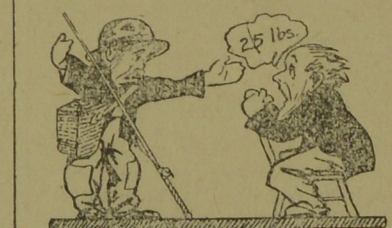


groomed used to. It may be the dust in his face, the clatter of the loose bolts or the rattlin' reports of the loose spokes; anyway it's somethin' that the benzine wagon don't seem to have, and so he don't hanker none fer a ride in the new fangled rig.

Ye see, it's all in gettin' used to a thing and that's why I say when I ride I want to do it in an old buck board full o' noise and complaints, and I want to get some dust myself, not let the feller behind have all on it. Sounds queer, maybe; but it's right!

ON FISH LIARS

CANADA, so I've heard, possesses the greatest fishin' grounds in the world. They tell me that bass and trout anglers come hundreds o' miles jest to fish in our waters. That's mighty gratifying if it's so. I don't know 'bout the fishin' grounds but I do know we have some fust prize fish-liars in this country. The difference between a fish-liar and



an ordinary one is that the fish-liar believes what he is tellin' you.

A fish-liar is a feller possessin' plenty of imagination, no conscience to speak of and a bum fishin' outfit. He is found in all parts of Canada and lost only where there ain't some easy mark to listen and believe. He is most active during his open season which is between May 1st and April 30th followin' year.

HOG SENSE

ON account of his stubbornness and mischief-lovin' ways no body has a great deal of love for a pig. I take it. Fer wantin' his own way and gettin' it he has a spiled child beaten to a stand-still. Nuthin' short of a machine-gun will keep a razor-back from tryin' a hole in the fence or a red-haired Jersey from rootin' up the entire tater-patch, but you can't get round the fact that a



pig shows mighty sound sense in some ways.

Never see a sick pig very often do ye? Well, here's the reason. He keeps well by rootin', in other words by keepin' close to mother earth, keeps healthy by keepin' dirty, but he clean dirt. When it comes to takin' a good spring tonic I reckon there ain't nuthin' kin beat a little rootin' round in fresh, wholesome earth. It's good for pigs it oughter be good for us; what ye think?

A Word With Subscribers

It is a popular misconception that in times of War a newspaper makes money. As a matter of fact, any newspaper which tries to do its duty by its subscribers, loses money during war time. This is true of The Daily and Semi-Weekly Mail. Both of these papers, in spite of their tremendous increase in circulation, are not making any profit out of the war. This being the case, we have to ask our subscribers who are in arrears to be good enough to REMIT. If we are properly doing our duty toward you as a subscriber, we have to ask that you will carry out your duty to us, by remitting promptly any amount that may be owing to us.

If you want to help us make our paper better, send us your subscription in advance. We assure you that we will spend it in improving our news service.

Accounts are now being sent out, and we will be very much indebted to you if you will give the same your prompt attention.

The Mail Printing Company

The Gold 'Dust Twins' Philosophy

THE floors and doors appear to wait until the dust germs congregate; the housewife hails each dawning day with grim and harrowing dismay. Says she: "My work will NEVER end; o'er dusty stretches I must bend, until, with aching back and hands I finish what the day demands."

The "Floor-and-Door-a" Girl

Then Mrs. Jones, one afternoon, dropped in, at time most opportune. An optimist, she knew the wiles of household work—its sighs and smiles. She told of how she polished floors and woodwork and the endless doors, until when Hubby saw them, too, reflections said: "Why, howdy-do!"

"The Gold Dust Twins," said she, "I find, help leave the woes of dust behind. Each mark of sticky hands on doors, each tread of muddy feet on floors, each fade before the slightest touch of Gold Dust, and the work is such that, when the woodwork has been done, I find said work was only fun." This line of reasoning must show that those who've tried it OUGHT to know. If you, in one day's duties, find that there's a Grouch in ev'ry Grind, invite the Gold Dust Twins to share such tasks as tire and fret and wear.

From kitchen floor to bedroom suite, these tireless little chaps make neat, and best of all, the sum expense is measured up in meager cents. They put both dust and dirt to rout and run the last old microbe out.

The Gold Dust Twins

A Host of Different Centers

You like the spice of variety, therefore you'll enjoy Moir's Chocolates, with their hundred or more different centers.

Toothsome nuts, dainty jellies, luscious fruits, form some of the centers, while others are of unique creamy confections. All are hidden in that wonderfully thick coating of smooth, rich chocolate that's being talked about so much today.

Enjoy a new treat. Try Moir's Chocolates.

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Calendar sent on application.

Autumn Term Commences Sept. 10th, 1914.

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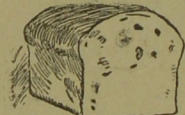
THIS WEEK

MON.



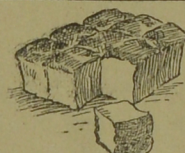
One baking day proves that Rainbow Flour goes further than any other.

TUES.



The Bread you made yesterday is cut and how the slices vanish!

WED.



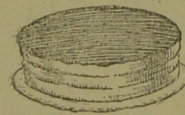
Tonight: A batch of Tea Biscuit—as mouth-melting as the butter that goes on them.

THURS.



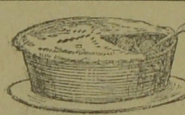
Rainbow Flour makes the crunchiest, sugar Cookies ever tasted. For youngsters—great!

FRI.



The only regret about Rainbow Layer Cake is that cook does not make it 20 stories high.

SAT.



No feast like a savory Chicken Pie with light, flaky dumplings of Rainbow Flour.

SUN.



Give them that Jelly Roll you made yesterday. The finest end to a fine week of eating.

In using Rainbow Flour for pastry, less flour is required and more water (added slowly).

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MAKES GOOD BREAD

At your grocer's. In convenient 3½-lb. and 7-lb. boxes, 7-lb., 14-lb., 24-lb., 40-lb. and 98-lb. bags and in barrels.

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