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G. W. HARRISON, MANAGER

FREDERICTON BRANCH

INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE FIGHTING AT MONS

An account of a fight between British and Germans at the battle of Mons is given by an English sergeant in a letter to his brother.

"Well, we know now what it is like to be in a battle. It came to us unexpectedly at a time when we had given up hope of seeing any Germans. The first inkling we had of it was just after reveille, when our cavalry pickets fell back and reported the presence of the enemy in strength on our front and left. In a few minutes we were all at our posts. Without the slightest confusion, and as we lay down in the trenches our artillery down in the trenches our artillery it was a fine sight to see the shells speeding through the air on their way to pay our respects to Kaiser Bill and his men. Soon they returned the compliment but they were a long time about finding anything approaching the range.

IN CLOSE FORMATION.

"After about half-an-hour of this work their infantry came into view along our front. They were in solid square blocks, standing off sharply against the skyline and you couldn't help hitting them. It was like butting your head against a stone wall. We lay in our trenches with not a sound or sign to tell them of what was before them. They crept nearer and nearer, and then our officers gave the word. A sheet of flame flickered along the line of trenches, and a stream of bullets tore through the advancing mass of Germans. They seemed to stagger like a drunken man suddenly hit between the eyes, after which they made a run for us, shouting some outlandish cry that we could not make out. Half way across the open another volley tore through the ranks, and by this time our artillery began dropping shells around them. Then an officer gave an order, and they broke into open formation, rushing like mad towards the trenches on our left.

LESSON FROM THE BOERS.

"Some of our men continued the volley firing, but a few of the crack shots were told off to indulge in independent firing for the benefit of the Germans. That is a trick taught us by Brother Boer, and our Germans

did not like it at all. They fell back in confusion and then lay down where ever cover was available. We gave them no rest, and soon they were on to move again, in sight. Then came more furious shelling of our trenches, and after that another mad rush across the open on our front. This time they were strongly supported by cavalry, who suffered terribly, but came right up to our lines. We received them in the good old way, the front ranks with the bayonet and the rear ranks keeping up an incessant fire on them. After a hard tussle they retired hastily, and just as they thought themselves safe our mounted men swooped down on them, cutting them right and left. This sort of thing went on through the whole day without bringing the Germans any nearer to shifting us. After the last attack we lay down in our clothes to sleep as best we could, but long before sunrise were called out to be told that we had got to abandon our position. Nobody knew why we had to go, but like good soldiers we obeyed without a murmur. The enemy's cavalry, evidently misunderstanding our action, came down on us again in force, but our men behaved very well indeed, and they gave it up as a bad job. Their losses must have been terrible, little mounds of dead were to be seen all along the line of their advance to the attack, and in the retreat we picked off their cavalry by the score."

LATEST IMPLEMENTS OF GERMAN CULTURE

In the month of August the German cruiser Magdeburg ran ashore in the Baltic and fell into the hands of the Russians. When her new owners searched her a singular discovery was made. It is thus described in a dispatch from Petrograd, dated Sept. 3rd, appearing in The London Morning Post:

"Considerable sensation has been created here by discoveries made on board the German cruiser Magdeburg that was blown up after going ashore at the entrance of the Finnish Gulf. Among the articles lying about the decks on the after-part, where boats were lowered for the majority of the crew to escape on the accompanying destroyers, were several specimens of the old 'cat-of-nine tails.' When the Russian authorities went through the ship they found one of these instruments in every officer's cabin, and all bore signs of long, and in some cases of hard usage.

"These curious attributes of naval

EVENING SMILES

ANOTHER GUESS.

"One good, I hope, will come from this terrible European cataclysm," said F. E. Spaulding treasurer of the American School Peace League. "War will be taken out of the hands of autocrats and put into the hands of the people—the people who, anyway, are the ones who really have to do the fighting."

"These heaven-born autocrats may really desire peace, but they go about maintaining it in such a warlike way. Take, for example the Kaiser's peace telegrams to the Czar. Why, they remind me of Shronk."

"Shronk stopped his motor car at a desolate crossroad and yelled to a farmer who lay on a cart of fertilizer:

"Hey, Cornsilk, is this the way to Crocydon?"

"The farmer raised himself from the fertilizer in astonishment.

"By heck, stranger how did you know my name was Cornsilk?" he asked.

"I guessed it," said themotorist.

"Then, by heck, said the farmer as he drove off, 'guess your way to Crocydon.'"

WILLIE'S POLITENESS.

Congressman Samuel W. Beakes of Michigan recalled the politeness of little Willie.

Willie visited an aunt in the adjacent town one day, and after he had listened to the phonograph and looked at the souvenir postal cards, the loving relative gave him a comfortable chunk of bread and butter.

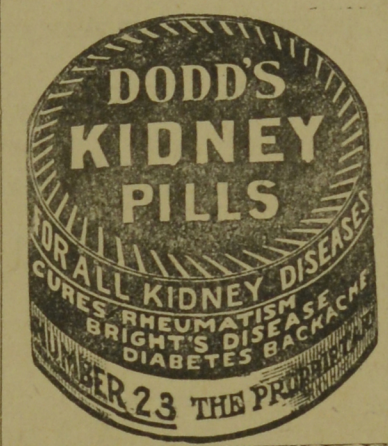
"Thank you, aunty," responded Willie as he gently clutched the fodder.

"How polite you are, Willie," commended aunty, with a pleased smile.

"I like to hear little boys say 'thank you,'"

All right," foxily suggested Willie, "if you want to hear me say it again, you might put a little jelly on top of this butter."

Philadelphia Telegraph.



rank are all alike in having a handle eight inches long, with a loop for the wrist. From the other end depend nine leather thongs of formidable appearance, nearly as thick as the little finger, and twelve inches long. In each case the officer's name was inscribed on the handle. These 'cats' were handed round for press inspection last night at the Naval General Staff headquarters. Those left lying on deck had apparently played their habitual part in speeding-up the German 'Jackies' during the nervous operation of lowering the boats to escape from the cruiser lying comfortably aground. It is considered here that the little instruments tell a most interesting and significant story of the procedure on board the ships of the Royal German Navy, and provide yet another illustration of the systematic savagery of that Germanism dating from 1870, which has replaced the good old culture of an earlier and better Germany.

"The public are also to have an opportunity of inspecting these latest discovered instruments of Prussian culture."

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.

WHY NOT SPORTS?

It seems to us that one of the best means to encourage general interest in the country as a place to live in is for communities to aid in organizing amateur sport and give the young people a reasonable amount of time, in which to make themselves proficient in the particular sport in which they desire to engage. If the farm work has to be stopped one or two nights a week a half an hour or an hour earlier in order that the chores may be done in time to get to the ball field, it will in the end mean a very small loss; in fact, it generally proves a gain, as interested boys are much better workers than those who look upon their daily operations as drudgery with no play thrown in. The old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," will never wear threadbare. It is just as true to-day as it ever was, and we believe that parents and the older folks generally should take an interest in the sports of the young people. There is a great means of developing not only good physique but first class mental training in meeting opponents on a common ground fairly and squarely, and doing the utmost that lies within one's power to win on a fair basis a game of football, baseball or lacrosse. Many a man owes the measure of self control which he has in his older life to experiences on the diamond or grid iron. There is plenty of land in the country to provide athletic fields, and there should be sufficient interest taken to insure a number well supplied with the best possible pastimes which amateur sport offers, and where the people know the players, take an interest in the teams, and everything is done on a square and fair basis for the pure "fun of the thing."—Farmer's Advocate.

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NO RUSSIAN MENACE NOW, SAYS KIPLING

Staunton, Va., Sept. 28.—On Sept. 5 the Staunton News printed some verses by Charles Miner Blackford, an associate editor, addressed to Rudyard Kipling calling attention to the apparent inconsistency of his attitude of distrust of Russia as shown in his well-known poem, "The Truce of the Bear," and his present advocacy of the alliance between Russia and Great Britain. A copy of the verses was sent to Mr. Kipling and the following reply has been received from him:

Batesman Burwah, Sussex—I am much obliged for your verses of Sept. 1, "The Truce of the Bear," to which they refer, was written 16 years ago in 1898. It dealt with a situation and a menace which have long since passed away and with issues that are now quite dead.

"The present situation as far as England is concerned, is Germany's deliberate disregard of the neutrality of Belgium, whose integrity Germany as well as England guaranteed. She has filled Belgium with every sort of horror, and atrocity not in the heat of passion but as a part of settled policy of terrorism. Her avowed object is the conquest of Europe on these lines as you may prove for yourself if you will consult her literature of the last generation.

"Germany is the present menace, not to Europe alone but to the whole civilized world. If Germany by any means is victorious, you may rest assured, that it will be a very short time before she turns her attention to the United States.

"If you could meet the refugees from Belgium flocking into England and have the opportunity of checking their statements of unimaginable atrocities and barbarities studiously committed, you would, I am sure, think as seriously on these matters as we do and in your unpreparedness for modern war you would do well to think seriously indeed.

Yours truly, Rudyard Kipling.

OCTOGENARIAN VISITOR.

Mr. Robert Anderson Sr of Kingsclear, was among the visitors to the city yesterday, having driven in with his granddaughter. Mr. Anderson has reached the ripe old age of ninety five years and is apparently in the enjoyment of excellent health. He is a little hard of hearing and his voice is not as strong as it used to be, but otherwise he is all right. Mr. Anderson was born in Quebec and his father was a member of the famous 104th regiment described in these columns yesterday.

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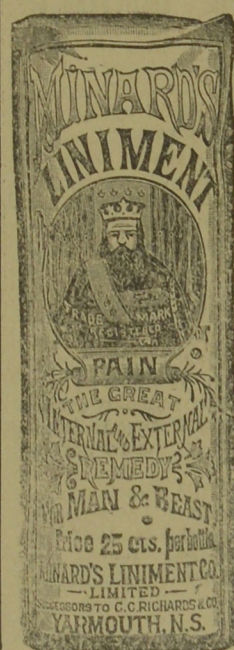
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