

BABY'S OWN SOAP



For Baby's Bath

The creamy softening lather of Baby's Own Soap and the fragrance of its delicate aroma leave the skin cleansed—refreshed—aromatized

Four generations of Canadian mothers have used and recommended it.

In the interest of your children's skin insist on Baby's Own Soap

Albert Soaps, Limited, Mtrs., Montreal

Sold everywhere.

Best for Baby



Best for You

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS

P. E. Island Railway Provincial Exhibition

Charlottetown

September, 21st, to 24th, inst. 1915

Excursion Return Tickets at one way First Class fare will be issued from all stations to Charlottetown by all regular trains on September 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd. good to return up to and on September 25th, 1915.

SPECIAL CHEAP FARES.

Tickets at Special Reduced Rates will be issued from all stations to Charlottetown on September 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, good to return up to and on September 24th, and on September 24th, good to return up to and on September 25th, 1915, good going and returning by either special or regular trains.

Special Train Arrangements and Fares.

Station.	Leave.	Fare.
Tignish	5.00 A. M.	\$ 1.40
O'Leary	6.12	1.25
Summerside	8.22	1.00
Kensington	8.40	.80
Emerald	9.05	.70
Hunter River	9.35	.45
Charlottetown Arrive	10.30	
Elmira	4.45 A. M.	1.00
Souris	6.30 A. M.	1.00
St. Peters	7.32	.80
Mt. Stewart	8.33	.50
Bedford	8.58	.45
Charlottetown Arrive	9.35	
Vernon	9.23	.45
Lake Verde	9.37	.45
Mt. Albion	9.50	.30
Charlottetown Arrive	10.25	

Proportionate fares from all other stations. Incoming A. M. and outgoing P. M. trains will stop at Exhibition Grounds to leave off and take on passengers.

Returning from Charlottetown Trains on 21st, 22nd, and 23rd. will leave as follows: For Murray Harbor at 6.00 P. M. For Souris and Elmira 5.45 P. M. and 6.15 P. M. For Cape Traverse, Summerside and Tignish at 4.00 P. M. and 6.00 P. M., and for Georgetown at 6.25 P. M.

See Posters at Stations for full information.

C. A. Hayes, General Traffic Manager, Moncton.
H. H. Melanson, General Passenger Agent, Moncton.
W. T. Huggan, District Passenger Agent, Ch'town.

Autumn Excursion To Montreal

Going dates Return limits
 Sept. 16, 17, 18 Oct. 4th.
 Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2 Oct. 18th.

Fare—Lowest first class one way fare plus \$1.00 for the round trip \$18.85.

Tickets for sale by.

W. K. ROGERS,

2929-9-11MSTILL

TALES TOLD BY MEN IN THE FIGHTING LINES ON LAND AND SEA

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

row space separating the two lines of trenches. But for that German the daily round of duties was done. His work was over, and with a hundred or so of his fellows he lay stiff and stark in the moonlight before the trenches of Neuve Chapelle.

He looked like a waxen image on its back lying out in the grass in his grey uniform all splashed with mud, his helmet still on his head, his rifle with its rusting bayonet grasped in one hand flung wide. Beside him lay a fellow, and beyond him another and another after that. The flares which at intervals flooded the ground with their unnatural light showed that the grass was dotted with these sprawling figures, so inert, so lifeless that one would have said it was a scene from a wax-work show rather than an actual picture of war.

Watching the Foe at Lunch

In another part of the line one day I noticed a tiny wisp of blue smoke rising into the air. Then through a telescope I discerned very clearly for it was a bright summer morning and the sun was shining brightly, a German soldier leisurely preparing his lunch. He was a stoutly built figure of a man and he wore the little round fatigue cap of the German infantry. He was busily stirring something in a pot. Presently he dipped down and disappeared. In a minute or two two other figures came bobbing down the trench, passed into view for a couple of seconds, then vanished again. They were quite safe from rifle-fire, for they were well out of range.

The men love to get these glimpses of the Germans. Sometimes of course, a German who shows himself is in range. The word will be passed to one of the marksmen of the battalion and he will post himself at a cove of vantage, as often as not one of his own choosing, and wait for hours, with one finger caressing the trigger of his rifle, for the reappearance of the gentleman. Maybe he will get his chance and put in his shot. If his bullet has done its work well there will be like as not a quarter of an hour of German "rightfulness" in retaliation for the damage done.

More than once from points of vantage I have seen Germans going about their work behind their lines. Only yesterday I was watching a spectacle which was as good as a picture of the life of the German soldier behind the front.

First two German soldiers emerged on to a white ribbon of road, little baskets in their hands. I imagine they were going to pick fruit. When they had passed out of sight two other Germans emerged from the opposite direction strolling along the road and then were swallowed up by an adjoining wood. At another part of the field of vision two farm carts came slowly down a hill and stopped by a couple of German soldiers who were digging there.

Germans out for a Canter

Another day from another point I



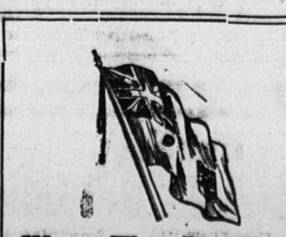
Here's a New One!

The clever "Sleeft" device (patented 1914) on Eastern Shirts makes it easy to lengthen or shorten sleeves in a moment. Saves cuffs. Cuts down laundry bills. Gives the "Good-bye" to fussy armlets.

Eastern Shirts come in real nobby stuffs, with spanking smart style, costing no more than mere common makes.

Eastern Shirts

Say "Show Me" to your dealer



Wear This Patriotic Badge

and help the Island Patriotic Fund. Price 10c each. Proceeds to be given to the Island Patriotic Fund.

Charlottetown Guardian
1279-9-9-MBET.

ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN

"Fruit-a-tives" Now Known as Woman's Best Medicine

"FRUIT-A-TIVES," the famous fruit medicine is particularly well suited for the use of women, because of its mild and gentle action and its pleasant taste.

In severe cases of Constipation, Indigestion, Bloating, Sick Headaches, Pain In The Back, Neuralgia, or a General Run-Down Constitution, "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine needed to correct such troubles and restore the sufferer to complete health.

As a tonic, "Fruit-a-tives" is invaluable to purify and enrich the blood and build up strength and vigor.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

watched two German officers out riding, the one on a brown the other on a white horse. They rode across an open field, now cantering for a stretch now breathing their horses, and as they rode and doubtless enjoyed the beautiful afternoon the officers beside me discussed the point whether it would be worth while sending a shell over at them. It was decided that this was not a case of justified sniping with a field gun, and so those two officers finished their ride in peace.

Sometimes, however, a round of shrapnel hits rudely into the peaceful avocations of the Boche behind the front. One day I saw a German working party busy on a road behind a screen of trees. The Germans—four or more of them—could be seen clearly in their white shirt-sleeves digging away. A couple of rapid directions went over the telephone to the battery in the rear, and as the telephone orderly cried out, "First gun just fired, sir!" the report rang out, blended in the whistle of the shell. Then a swelling ball of smoke appeared behind the screen of trees, and through the glass I saw a glint of white as the Germans jumped for shelter or were blown up—which, I cannot say.

Three other puffs of smoke suddenly materialized all round the place where they had been working, and then to make sure another round was sent over. The working party vanished like the smoke of the shells, but it seemed a curious contrast to me to see even then two Germans emerge on a slope at the other corner of my field of vision and plod slowly up the ridge. They were mixed up with the exploding shells, of course, and only that working party and ourselves at our point of vantage were sharing the emotions of that brief moment of war.

ALLIES SWAP FOOD

Wounded soldiers who have just returned from the front are loud in their praise of the great work which the Frenchmen are doing. In particular, they emphasize the brilliant feats of the French artillery. In their hours of ease at the rest camp—rather a pleasant one, as it is—only that fact that every inch of ground on the Peninsula is well within range of the Turkish guns, and the rest camps enjoy no special immunity—the British Tommies and their French comrades mix. Said a man of the Selkirk Company: "Just about got my foot shot last night. Coming back along the shore myself at night I sat down for a rest and a smoke listening to the bullets pinging in the water. I thought I was quite safe under a big cliff but gradually I heard a bullet coming with its high whistle—then I had a few inches off my right foot. It arrived, raining stones and sand, I said, 'This is no place for you—get, immediately.' I did. I would grudge being wounded like that.

"We are having a church service tonight before leaving in the dark, at 8.30—the second time since we got here. We have just had some rum, 7.30, so you can imagine the atmosphere at church! Fancy a whole churchful of men breathing rum! There is going to be 'something doing' tomorrow, so God help the Turk. He always gets the worst of it, poor devil of a catspaw. Where we were yesterday we counted (and smelled) roughly 500 dead Turks in front of our trenches, and it is more or less the same all along the line. It is getting dark, and I can hardly see to write. It gets dark very quickly here. I have not yet told you that we have a bath nearly every day when at the 'Rest' camp, but have to wash our clothes in the sea.

A LETTER FROM GALLIPOLI

Writing under date July 9th from the Dardanelles to his friends in Edinburgh, a sergeant in the 4th Royal Scots says: "Just about got my foot shot last night. Coming back along the shore myself at night I sat down for a rest and a smoke listening to the bullets pinging in the water. I thought I was quite safe under a big cliff but gradually I heard a bullet coming with its high whistle—then I had a few inches off my right foot. It arrived, raining stones and sand, I said, 'This is no place for you—get, immediately.' I did. I would grudge being wounded like that.

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"Truly Hellish Spell."

(16th July.) "We are back again at the 'Rest' Camp after a truly Hellish spell in the trenches, and I have never yet got this letter posted. The Turks have had another good dusting, and the trenches we took were in a most frightful state. They got such a whipping from our artillery that they made no real organized counter-attacks. The trench I got into afterwards had the parapets on either side almost razed to the ground level, with the result, that I could practically no cover, and might quite as well have been in the open. . . . At the time one does not feel what is happening round about one. It is when the excitement is all over that we feel our nerves a bit, but we get quite unlike our old selves now in this respect. I can do first-aid to a very ugly wound, and bury dead without feeling it badly." This Edinburgh man speaks of the

scarcity of paper and envelopes among the men at the Dardanelles.

MUSICIANS STRUCK DOWN.

The men who were playing without music saw their comrades fall. A little shadow passed over their eyes, the fire there, their only emotion. Tillotcher, the bass viol, who had already been wounded, was again hit. In spite of his first wound in the forehead he was able to continue, but this second ball in the thigh put him out of action in the orchestra. Lowering his bow, he received permission from the bandmaster to sit down. Suddenly the 46th sprang forward as one man to the enemy's trenches. "La Charge!" shouted Laty and the musicians began the charge in a fanfare of terrible significance. Intoxication for death and music, which made our blood boil to the very finger tips; grim ecstasy, in which our bones felt like sticks of bamboo! Almost immediately a body fell over Tillotcher, one of the three clarinettes. Laurent collapsed with a bullet in his stomach.

Music is such a master that in spite of the tumult they could still hear the charge. A young artist—Blanchard—a former student of the decorative arts, received a bullet in his right cheek, which made him fall backwards with his bass drum. He also did not stop, and the same bullet, which wounded him, went through the hand of one of the fiddlers, the soldier Regnier.

A French company was already in the village. One could see it there. The enemy's artillery seemed mad with massacre. The assault finished the hand to hand fighting began in the town from door to door, from one wall to another, "The Marcellaise!" was M. Laty's order. He was superb. Holocaust of flame, earth and stone, the sunken land was swept by machine guns which raked the guns on their flank from the right of Vanquoy.

Gastel, a clarinetist, fell, shot through the heart. The bursting of a shrapnel shell tossed a saxophone into the air. Every one of the instruments had been pierced, and M. Claude Laty still held his.

In a final blast the German artillery redoubled its fire, impouring fifty guns belching, vomiting, pouring a cacophony of shrapnel, which fell clean on to this regiment, this group of singing soldiers, and bursting on them like monstrous cauldrons. Finally, in a moment of silence we heard the reverberation of a great shout. The 89th was dashing to the aid of the 46th.

A few days later this band and its leader was cited in the Order of the Day.

"Laty, Claude, sous-chef de musique, of the 46th Regiment of Infantry, conducted his band under fire to inspire the troops during an assault in spite of an intense bombardment which wounded or killed six of his musicians."

NIGHT OF SONG AND TOIL.

The travelling workshop beguiled the night with song. Behind the canvas flaps which had been let down to keep out the dew, a concert was in full swing. I should think that every song sung in the music halls of England during the past two years went rolling out into the silent countryside from the lusty throats of the travelling workshop. One number was an "In-an" and the chorus was a jingle of gibberish which the travelling workshop roared out sonorously into the night to the accompaniment of empty petrol cans beaten in rhythm. The song ran on, verse after verse, while the frogs croaked in never-ending chorus in the ditches, and now and then an owl went hooting over.

By and by the M. P. sank to rest. The canvas flaps were pulled, the last light inside a lorry was extinguished, and now the only sound was the tramp of the sentries past the long string of red lamps marking the line of lorries on the road. Our car stood ready, patched up with ends of "32" wire and scraps of rag for the long run home, the young officer, dinnerless but still charming, the two consulting specialists, begrimed once more but still unruined, regarding "her" with a critical eye.

I heard many stories of the travelling workshop that night, of brand new lories cruelly torn from the M. T. section after every little eccentricity and caprice had been mastered, and replaced by the hideous wrecks into which the Flanders' roads convert some of the cars in a few months of sudden calls by night, after a long day's work seemed done, to distant points, where cars are in trouble. There were tales of emergency jobs, brought in late and requiring instant attention, over which these skilful mechanics, many of them enlisted for the war from the great British motor-parks, pored with their officers far into the night heedless of fatigue, untroubled by difficulties. If you want a short word for efficiency you can spell it M. T.

IN SUMMER TIME.

Whitney Avnoo—"Why does your wife dry the clothes in the cellar now?"

Park Street—"Dunno. To tell you the truth, my daughter is wearing so little that mother is ashamed to hang the stuff in the yard."



- 1—Crowded with flavor
- 2—Velvety body—NO GRIT
- 3—Crumble-proof
- 4—Sterling purity
- 5—From a daylight factory
- 6—Untouched by hands

What?

Sterling Gum 5¢
The 7-point gum
PEPPERMINT AND CINNAMON FLAVOURS
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Annual Session 1915-16 Opens Saturday, September 18

Many Scholarships and Prizes are offered. For information regarding Courses of Study, Degrees, Scholarships, Prizes, Admitted Relations, Expenses, etc. SEND FOR CALENDAR

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62nd YEAR BEGINS SEPTEMBER 6

It is the largest Residential Ladies' College in Canada. It is in a beautiful town; it has specialists for teachers. It offers Library Courses, Music Courses, Oratory Courses, Household Science Courses, and Courses in Fine Arts. Its standards are the highest; its students are its best advertisement. It gives Scholarships to worthy students. Its aim is true Education, not surface culture. Its popularity is undoubted; its attendance is steadily increasing.

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Mt. Allison Commercial College

Offers a Course in Business, Shorthand and Typewriting, Penmanship, etc. STRONG STAFF OF EXPERIENCED TEACHERS

FIRST TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 6
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Give children the benefit of modern ideas in underwear

Don't put old-style uncomfortable bothersome underwear on them. Watson's Children's Union Suits are made expressly for little folks' comfort and convenience.

They are snug fitting, neat and comfortable. Made according to the Klossed Krotch idea that the grown-ups esteem so highly.

The fabric? Spring Needle Rib—uniform, elastic, smoothly finished, good for wear.

Fit the youngsters out with

WATSON'S
Klossed-Krotch
COMBINATIONS

OLD STYLE NEW STYLE

We also make Waists, Vests, Drawers, Bloomers and a full line of Infants' Goods in all fabrics. Ask your dealer.

THE WATSON MFG. CO., LTD. 28
Brantford - Ontario

The Prince Edward Island Exhibition and Horse Races

at
Charlottetown Sept. 21 to 24, 1915
OPEN TO ALL CANADA
Over \$8000.00 in Exhibition Prizes

Live Stock entries except Poultry close 10th September
All other entries close 14th September.

Special days Horse Racing, \$2800.00 in purses.
Special attractions in front of the Grand Stand.
Nearest Station Agents will give particulars of Railway rates.

For Prize List and all information write the Secretary
C. R. SMALLWOOD,
Sec'y-Treas.

FRANK R. HEARTZ,
President.

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Then insure in good strong stock companies, which never contest an honest claim such as is represented by

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Charlottetown