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We have a large stock of this soap which has been so satisfactory for several years. Gives fine lather keeps skin perfect and price lowest for this quality soap.

20c Pound
7 lb Box \$1.00

J. G. Jamieson
DRUGGIST.

BIRTHS

McQUARRIE.—On Monday, Oct. 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. McQuarrie, Victoria, a son. Congratulations.
BELL.—To A. F. and Mrs. Bell, Midnapore, Alberta, on Sunday, Sept. 6th, a son, Arthur Kenneth.
WEATHERS.—At Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, on Sunday, October 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weather (nee Emma Jenkins of Annandale) a son. Congratulations.

MARRIED

PATTEN-LAWLOR.—At the Sea View Hotel, Sauris by Rev. E. E. Styles, on Oct. 21st, Florence M., daughter of Richard Patten of Grindstone, Magdalen Islands, to William B. son of Peter Lawlor, of Spry Harbor, N. S.
LE PAGE MCKENZIE.—At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ewen J. MacKenzie, parents of the bride, on Wednesday, Oct. 21, by the Rev. John Stirling, James L. LePage of Rustico and Lucy Matilda MacKenzie of North Rustico.

DEATHS

MCDONALD.—At Tryon, Oct. 19th, Mrs. Angus McDonald, aged 34 years.
MATHESON.—Entered into rest on Friday, the 23rd inst., Emily M. Clowser, wife of J. A. Matheson. Funeral will leave the house at 3.25 Sunday for St. Paul's Church, thence to the People's Cemetery.
FRASER.—At Montague yesterday, at 2 p.m., Dr. D. Roy Fraser. Funeral will take place Sunday afternoon from the Presbyterian Church. Service will begin at 2 p.m.

LIKE INFERNAL REGIONS AS HUN BATTERED GATE

Whole Streets Afflame as 200,000 Antwerp Citizens Fought for Freedom.

FINAL NIGHT OF TERROR. Eye-Witness Tells Hideous Story of Buildings Falling—Hundreds Stayed Behind Dreading Burial in Ruins.

LONDON, October 23.—A Daily Chronicle correspondent, who has just arrived from Antwerp, tells the following story:
Antwerp has surrendered. This last and bitterest blow which has fallen upon Belgium is full of poignant tragedy but the tragedy is lightened by the gallantry with which the city was defended.
Only at the last to save the historic buildings and previous possessions of the ancient port, was its further defence abandoned. Already much of it had been shattered by prolonged resistance against the tremendous engines of war was impossible. Owing to this the siege was, perhaps, the shortest in the annals of war that a fortified city ever sustained. The end could not long be

TIDE TABLE

OCTOBER.

Date	Day	High	Water	Time H ¹	Time H ²
1	Th.	8.13	7.4	21.27	7.1
2	Fr.	9.14	7.6	22.04	7.3
3	Sa.	10.07	7.8	22.36	7.5
4	S.	10.54	8.0	23.05	7.6
5	M.	11.36	8.0	23.32	7.8
6	Tu.	12.15	8.0	23.57	7.9
7	W.			12.53	7.8
8	Th.	0.21	7.9	13.30	7.5
9	Fr.	0.45	7.9	14.09	7.1
10	Sa.	1.10	7.8	14.52	6.8
11	S.	1.37	7.7	15.45	6.4
12	M.	2.10	7.6	16.47	6.2
13	Tu.	3.00	7.3	17.54	6.3
14	W.	4.27	7.1	18.56	6.5
15	Th.	6.04	7.1	19.48	6.8
16	Fr.	7.26	7.4	20.34	7.2
17	Sa.	8.38	7.9	21.15	7.7
18	S.	9.40	8.3	21.54	8.1
19	M.	10.35	8.7	22.32	8.5
20	Tu.	11.27	8.9	23.10	8.8
21	W.	12.18	9.0	23.49	9.0
22	Th.			13.10	8.8
23	Fr.	0.30	8.9	14.04	8.4
24	Sa.	1.15	8.7	15.02	7.9
25	S.	2.04	8.3	16.04	7.5
26	M.	2.59	7.8	17.09	7.1
27	Tu.	4.04	7.3	18.12	7.0
28	W.	5.27	7.1	19.10	6.9
29	Th.	6.48	7.0	19.57	7.0
30	Fr.	7.56	7.2	20.35	7.2
31	Sa.	8.53	7.3	21.09	7.3

delayed when the siege guns began the bombardment.
It was three minutes past noon on Friday when the Germans entered the city, which was formally surrendered by the burghmaster, J. Devos, Antwerp had been under devastating and continuous shell fire for over forty hours.
It was difficult for me to ascertain how the German attack was being constituted, but from officers and others who made journeys from the firing lines into the city, I gathered that the final assault consisted of a continuous bombardment of little over two hours' duration, from 7 o'clock in the morning until 9.30. During that time there was a continuous rain of shells, and it was extraordinary to notice the precision with which they dropped just where they would do the most damage. I was told that the Germans used captive balloons, whose officers signalled to the gunners the points in the Belgian defense at which they should aim.
The German guns, too, were concealed with such cleverness that their position could not be detected by the Belgians. Against such methods and against the terrible power of the German guns the Belgian artillery seemed quite ineffective. The firing came to an end at 9.30 o'clock Friday, and the garrison escaped, leaving only ruins behind them.

BLEW UP FORTS AT LAST MOMENT.
In order to gain time for an orderly retreat, a heavy fire was maintained against the Germans up to the last minute, and the forts were then blown up by the defenders as the Germans came in at the gate of Malines. I was lucky enough to escape by the river to the north in a motorboat. The bombardment had then ceased, though many buildings were still blazing and while the little boat sped down the Scheldt one could imagine the procession of the Kaiser's troops already goose-stepping their way through the well-nigh deserted streets.
Those forty hours of shattering noise, almost without a lull, seem to me now a fantastic nightmare, but the harrowing sights I witnessed in many parts of the city cannot be forgotten. It was Wednesday night that the shells began to fall into the city. From then onward they averaged about ten a minute, and most of them came from the largest guns

which the Germans possess. "Black Marias," as Tommy Atkins has christened them.
Before the bombardment had been long in operation the civil population, or a large part of it, fell into a panic. It is impossible to blame these peaceful, quiet-living burghers of Antwerp for the fears that possessed them when the merciless train of German shells began to fall into the streets and on the roofs of their houses and public buildings. The burghmaster had in his proclamation given them excellent advice to remain calm and he certainly set them an admirable example, but it was impossible to counsel the Belgians, who knew what had happened to other fellow-citizens in other towns which the Germans had passed through.
Immense crowds of them, men, women and children, gathered along the wayside and at the railway stations in an effort to make a hasty exit from the city. Their condition was pitiable in the extreme. Family parties made up the biggest proportion of this vast crowd of broken-hearted men and women. There were husbands and wives with their groups of scared children, unable to understand what was happening yet dimly conscious in their childly way that something unusually terrible and perilous, had come into their lives.

"LES MISERABLES."
In many groups were to be seen old, old people, grandfathers and grandmothers of a family, and these, in their shaking frailty and terror, were the more pitiable objects in the great gathering of stricken town-folk. This clinging together of families was one of the most affecting sights I witnessed, and I have not the slightest doubt that in the mad rush for refuge beyond the borders of their native land many family groups of this sort completely perished.
All day and throughout the night these pitiable scenes continued, and when I went down to the quayside early Thursday, when the dawn was throwing a wan light over this part of the world, I found again a great host of citizens awaiting their chance of flight.
In the dimness of the breaking day this gathering of "Les Miserables" presented, as it seemed to me, the tragedy of Belgium in all its horror. I shall never forget the sight. Words would fail to convey anything but a feeble picture of the depths of misery and despair there. People stood in dumb and patient ranks down to the quayside, but the announcement that two boats would leave at 11 o'clock Ostend, and Ostend looked across to England, where their hopes lie. There were fully forty thousand of them assembled on the long quay and all of them were inspired by the sure and certain hope that they would be among the lucky ones who would get on board one of the boats. Alas for their hopes! The two boats did not sail, and when they realized this I fancied I heard a low wail of ang-

uish arise from the disappointed multitude.
WILD STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.
All other means of escape were, however, available in the shape of a dozen or fifteen tug-boats, whose destinations were Rotterdam and Flushing, and other ports of Holland. They were not vessels of any considerable passenger-carrying capacity, and as there was no one to arrange the systematic embarkation, a wild struggle followed among the frantic people to obtain places on the tugs. Men, women and children fought desperately with each other to get on board, and in that moment of supreme anguish human nature was seen in one of its worst moods. But who can blame these stricken people? Shells that were destroying their homes and giving their beloved town to flames were screaming over their heads. Their trade was not war—they were merchants, shop-keepers, comfortable citizens of more than middle age, and there were many women and children among them, and this horror had come upon them in a more appalling shape than it has visited any civilized community in modern times.
I now return to the events of Thursday. At 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon when the bombardment had already lasted over twelve hours, through the courtesy of a Belgian officer I was able to ascend to the roof of the cathedral and from that point of vantage I looked down upon the scene in the city.
FLAMES ADD TO HORRORS.

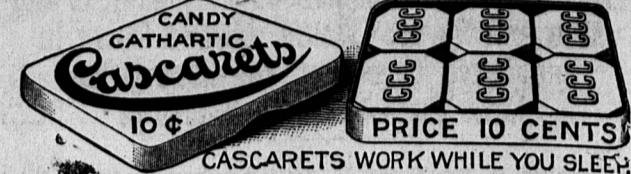
All the southern portion of Antwerp appeared to be a desolate ruin. Whole streets were ablaze and flames were rising in the air to a height of twenty and thirty feet. In another direction I could just discern through my glasses dimly in the distance the instruments of culture of the attacking German forces, ruthlessly pounding at the city and creeping nearer to it in the dark. At that moment I should say the enemy's front line was within four miles of Antwerp.
From my elevated position I had an excellent view also of the great oil tanks on the opposite side of the Scheldt. They had been set on fire by four bombs from a German Taube and a huge thick volume of black smoke was ascending 200 feet into the air. The oil had been burning furiously for several hours, and the whole neighborhood was enveloped in a mist of smoke.
In all directions were fire and flame and oil-laden smoke. It was like a bit of Gustave Dore's idea of the Infernal Regions. From time to time great tongues of flame shot out of the tanks, and in this way the flames greedily licked the sides of other tanks, the conflagration spreading. How long this particular fire raged I cannot say, for I saw neither the beginning nor the end of it, but while I watched its progress it seemed to represent the limit of what a

fire was capable of.
FLAMES RAGED UNCHECKED...
After watching for some considerable time the panorama of the destruction that lay unrolled all around me, I came down from my post of observation on the cathedral roof, and at the very moment I reached the street a twenty-eight centimetre shell struck a confectioner's shop between the Place Verte and the Place Meir. It was one of those high explosive shells, and the shop, a wooden structure, immediately burst into flames. The city by this time was almost deserted, and no attempt was made to extinguish the fires that had broken out all over the southern district. Indeed, there was no means of dealing with them.
As far back as Tuesday in last week the water supply from the reservoir ten miles outside the city was cut off, and as this was the city's main source of supply—indeed, practically its only source—great apprehension was felt. The reservoir is just behind Fort Waelhem and the German shells had struck it, doing great mischief. It left Antwerp without any regular flow of water, and the inhabitants had to do their best with artesian wells. Great efforts were made by the Belgians from time to time to repair the reservoir, but it was always thwarted by German shell fire. The health of the city was thereby menaced, for there was danger of an epidemic.
There was a scarcity of gang-planks to the boats and the only means of boarding them was by narrow planks sloping at a dangerous angle. Up these the fugitives struggled, and the strong allowed the weak out of their way in their mad rush to escape. The marvel to me as I watched the scramble was that many were not crushed to death in the struggle to get on board.

Passerby—What's the fuss in the schoolyard, boy?
The Boy—Why, the doctor has just been around examin' us an' one of the deficient boys is knockin' the everlastin' stuffin' out of a perfect kid American School Board Journal.
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The Latest News of the Fox Industry

Shows that the Cross or Patch Fox is becoming highly popular with investors. Companies formed last year with this class of foxes are paying very large dividends. There is always a good percentage of black foxes in a number of litters.

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