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BOSTON HOTEL ADS.

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ROAD TO ANTWERP, SMOKING DESERT OF RUINED HOMES

Countryside Swept for Miles Woodland a Waste of Stumps and a Pall of Black Smoke Overhangs Plain. Eagle Correspondent on Bicycle From Holland to Belgium Meets Disconsolate Refugees.

(Special from a staff correspondent.) CAPELLEN, Belgium, Sept. 2.—Have you ever heard the hollow rattle of a refugees' cart, piled high with the bundled remnants of a home and family, as it clattered through a silent village on a summer afternoon? Have you ever seen a sighing forest of green pines laid low by the soldiers' barbed wire spring up in its place? Has the sooty smoke of a burning house ever blown into your nostrils in cruel gusts that blinded your eyes and cracked heartstones and shriveled hearts? No? Then your senses have never been attuned to the ominous pitch of war. Then you have never looked down the barrel of a sentry's gun suddenly thrust at you from behind a tree. Then you have never seen a swarthy regiment sweating in heavy blue and lolling about in dirt behind a hastily built rampart. Or a line of outposts atop a burned hill keeping endless guard over empty fields and the ruins of demolished houses. Or any of the thousand and one strange paradoxes that have resulted from Belgium's mightiest struggle for its very existence. And if you had seen them you would know that the spirit of Liege is not the spirit of one single city, but of a people and of a country. I write this sitting on a bench on a hot station platform, waiting for a train to take me to Antwerp. "You'll never get through the Dutch lines," said the Foreign Office at The Hague. "Don't take any chances," said the American Legation.

BICYCLE SOLVES THE WAR CORRESPONDENT'S PROBLEM.

But one cannot always listen to the sage advice of gray-haired counsel.

Cut This Out

FAMOUS SPECIALIST'S RECIPE FOR CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES

If you know someone who is troubled with head noises, or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula, and hand to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. Recent experiments have proved conclusively that catarrhal deafness, head noises, etc., were the direct cause of constitutional disease, and that salve, sprays, inhalers, etc., merely temporise with the complaint and seldom, if ever, effect a permanent cure. This being so, much time and money has been spent of late by a noted specialist in perfecting a pure, gentle, yet effective tonic that would quickly dispel all traces of the catarrhal poison from the system. The effective prescription which has aroused the belief that deafness will soon be extinct, is given below in understandable form, so that anyone can treat themselves in their own home at little expense. Secure from your druggist 1 oz. Parment (Double Strength), about 75c. worth. Take this home, and add to it 1/2 pint of hot water and 4 oz. of moist or granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. The first dose promptly ends the most distressing head noises, headache, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., while the hearing rapidly returns as the system is invigorated by the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrhal poison, and which are quickly overcome by this efficacious treatment. Nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh, therefore there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this simple home treatment. Every person who is troubled with head noises, catarrhal deafness or catarrh in any form, should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better. IMPORTANT.—In ordering Parment always specify that you want Double Strength; your druggist has it or he can get it for you; if not, send 75c. to the International Laboratories, 74 St. Antoine St., Montreal, P. Q., who make a specialty of it.

At a crossroads there was a thatched sentry box of yellow straw with a Dutch flag over it. Three soldiers were leaning on their guns and joking, and paid no attention as I rode by. A neighboring house and stable had been taken possession of by a small detachment of troops in charge of a telegraph and telephone station. In the stable yard two soldiers were wrestling and a third was chalking up a score of some kind on the barn door. Under a tree nearby others were playing cards on a barrel. Another group lay on the grass listening to a storyteller, and one of them shed a white-capped chef was preparing a lunch. Six army wagons, laden with supplies, stood in the field, and guns and blankets were stacked about in a trifling profusion. This scene is fairly typical of what the Dutch army, now mobilized, are doing day by day. Holland, while not at war, is in a state of war, and a quarter of a million men are in fighting trim with no enemy to face. They are fully armed and accoutred and notice, but there is none to battle with. They are on the verge of war, without being actually at it. The nervous strain on officers and men is tremendous. A match might set the entire country ablaze, and it is this constant dread of some petty slip that has made and is making the position of the Dutch troops a particularly difficult and trying one. But more of this at another time.

HOW THE DUTCH SOLDIER MAKES A HOSPITAL OF A BARN.

War is a thing of vast impromptus. No one can say that the soldier lacks imagination. He scribbled "Ziekennhuis" across a barn door and ran a Red Cross flag up a pole and had a hospital. Some more scribbling makes a barracks, and a few words on the door of a smelly grocery store transforms it into a glorious regimental headquarters.

Nispen is the last town on the Dutch frontier, and I escaped detection in passing through. There were Dutch flags all along the way, and sentry posts bantering pass-words with flaxen-haired milkmaids. Isn't it much more important to ask a milkmaid where she is going than a mere insignificant cyclist?

There was one especially large Dutch flag, I remember, and then for five minutes, there was neither soldier, sentry, nor signal. Then quite suddenly the streets of another town—Eschen—bumped their way under the wheels of the bicycle, and a man in a green uniform with a red, yellow, and black cockade in his hat stepped into the road and held up his hand. I knew then that I had crossed the frontier and was in Belgium.

"Your passport?" he demanded in French. He examined it carefully, especially the vise of the Belgian minister. There wasn't much difficulty. He affixed a seal to the bicycle, and bade a flowery good afternoon. Ten minutes later, another sentry demanded to be shown, and this time there was a big delay. A crowd collected, fertile with suggestions. Finally they awakened an old banker who thought he could speak English. After fifteen minutes bickering, they tired of the sport and released me.

NORTHERN BELGIUM STUPEFIED BY SHOCK OF WAR.

Northern Belgium, outside the confines of Antwerp, has seen little or nothing of the war as yet, except in an indirect way. Town after town seemed silent and deserted. It was as if the carnage of Liege and Brussels had stupefied them. Belgium has offered up the very flower of its youth on the altar of the war, and the sacrifice is of the greatest. There were old men in the fields and women gathering in the crops. There were old men on the street corners and in the inns. But of young men there were scarcely any at all. In each town many houses were boarded up, and the inhabitants had fled before the storm broke. Business houses of all kinds were closed. Buildings stood half finished, with the trowel and mortar as the mason had dropped them, when he laid down his hod and took up a knapsack. In many places subscriptions are being taken up weekly among the more fortunate, to provide bread for the wives and hungry children of those who have gone and may never return.

In the towns of Eschen, Wildert, Calmpouth and Hode conditions were the same. A tremendous depression seemed to rest over them like a wet blanket. Northern Belgium is stupefied with the shock of it all. At the present time the people are living on what they have. It will last for a time. If the war lasts much longer, who can say what will result? "We do not know what it is to become of us," is all they say in answer to your questions. These are only small villages, and when the saw-mill, and the farm, and the blacksmith's shop, and the stores have discharged all those of their help who have not already been called to fight, a complete economic death is the result, and the question of war resolves itself into the question of bread and butter.

Country About Capellen a Smoking Desert

At Heide I came upon a little inn, the Cafe des Arts, and it lived up to its name. A sparkling-eyed Belgian was sitting on a green bench outside, dabbing water-colors from palette to paper, and the result was a colorful confusion. The inn-keeper spoke English, and it was due to his encouragement that I determined to try to reach Antwerp. Heide is only a few miles from Capellen, and at Capellen is one of the fortresses that surround Antwerp and make it one of the most strongly fortified cities on the continent, and certainly the stronghold of all Belgium. All railway communication between Holland and Belgium has been cut off, and the trains are running only from Capellen to Antwerp, a comparatively short distance.

The neighborhood of Capellen is a smoking desert. For miles and miles on either side of the railroad the countryside has been swept clean. People have been turned out of their houses and the Belgian troops have battered down the homes of their compatriots in order that not a foot of cover might remain to protect a German advance. House after house along the roadside lay in ruins, as if a mighty cyclone had swept the land bare. The brick walls had been tumbled into the cellars and the wooden roofs burned. Fences had been pulled down. A great pine forest of all the trees were stripped and the smoke rose over the plain and the air was filled with the pungent odor of burning resin. Only then stumps of the trees were left, and those to the height of about three feet. And after the land had been burned clean, so that the Belgians behind the ramparts before Capellen had an unobstructed view for miles, thousands of miles of deadly barbed wire were interlaced from stump to stump, and acre after acre has been made utterly impassible.

Belgian Force Strongly Intrenched Near Capellen.

It gives one a strange sensation to look upon these barbed stumps. The hairs made and is making, the position of the wire is new and shines wickedly in the light afternoon sun. And just as it is the duty of certain men to wire these thorn fields, it will be the duty of certain others, less fortunate, to cut that wire, if the Germans decide to come that way, and their work will be the most hazardous of all, for they are continually under fire and must simply go on cutting away the enemy's barricade, until they are shot down in their tracks and others run forward to take their places. Toward Capellen, where the harvest of wire ends, there is a fringe of forest remaining and here the Belgians have thrown up breastworks and many regiments are entrenched behind them in fighting order. They are a cheery lot and they had lain off their guns and overcoats and were squatting about on the pine needles having an afternoon meal as I passed. About them was all the machinery of war—heavy guns with ugly noses poking over the top of a rampart; lumbering army wagons, sunken into soft ruts, stacks of guns, piles of blankets, tents, hospital wagons and stretchers, and, farther off, an unbroken line of blue sentries and scarecrows against the orange sunset.

Skin Trouble on the Scalp

SKIN DRIED AND CRACKED AND HAIR FELL OUT—CURED BY DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. Eczema is annoying and distressing at any time, but doubly so when it gets into the scalp and causes the hair to fall out. Here is a grateful letter from a lady who was cured by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. The Mrs. Hector Currie, Tobemory, Ont., writes:—"I was cured of a disagreeable skin disease of the scalp by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. The trouble started with itching and pain in the scalp, the skin would get dry and crack, and at times would bleed, and the hair would fall out. I tried three doctors without benefit, and suffered for three years. Reading in the almanac about Dr. Chase's Ointment, I began its use, and am now completely cured. The hair has grown again, and I am as well as I ever was. You are at liberty to use this letter, for I am glad to recommend so excellent a treatment." Dr. Chase's Ointment has no rival as a cure for itching skin disease.

These men were not neutrals. They were actually at war. Their country had been invaded and over-run, and their brothers slain. And so they lay there, grim smiles on their unshaven faces, loaded guns within reach of their hands, and a burning hatred in their hearts for everything German. These men weren't wrestling or playing cards to pass the time. It was enjoyment enough to gaze at the field of barbed wire and to finger a trigger, and to dream of the possibilities of a bloody future. But the train to Antwerp is whistling a shrill warning. Thus far luck has held and the passport has provided staunch against all hazards. And all the great company who prophesied in diplomatic diction that the Belgian frontier could not be crossed have been proved wrong, and perhaps those who added the wail that no foreign war correspondent could get into Antwerp via the Dutch route may be added to their number. At any rate there'll be \$8 worth of fun trying it.

HENRY WEST SUYDAM

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They come in large broken checks, square checks, in the different colorings also plains, in Greys, Mahoganys, Crimson and Blues, also in White.

NEW CLOTH IS WELL REPRESENTED in the new Roman Stripes, suitable for Fall Waistings and Dresses.

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