

British Violet Hazel

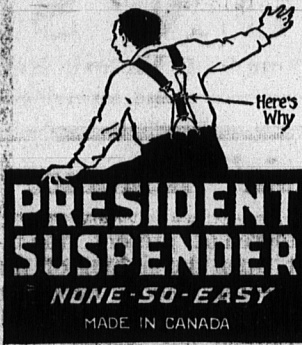
Those to whom the odor of Witch Hazel is disagreeable will find this preparation desirable, as the odor is that of Wood Violets.

This product is an efficacious remedy in cases of burns, bruises, cuts, insect bites, chilblains, sunburn, etc.

It is perfectly antiseptic and makes an excellent After Shave and Toilet Preparation—25c a bottle.

E. A. Foster

Central Drugstore,



PERSONALS

Premier Mathieson went to Alberton Saturday morning.

Mr Harry Harris, meat dealer, is at present confined to bed with a serious illness.

Eva Wilson of Summerside, was in the city Saturday, returning home in the evening.

Mrs. Nathaniel Gay, Pownal, was a passenger to this city yesterday on the Murray Harbor train.

Mr. Roderick Gillis returned to Charlottetown Saturday night from Hunter River.

Gunner, Hollis Rowe, who has been home on furlough, left Saturday morning en route to Sydney Mines.

Miss May McPherson, of the Department of Agriculture, spent the week-end at her home in Brookfield.

Mr. J. J. McKinnon returned to Charlottetown from Summerside on Saturday night by the Express.

The Premier, Hon. J. A. Mathieson, was a passenger to Alberton on Saturday morning's train.

Miss Angle J. Doucette, Rustico, was visiting last Sunday at Oyster Bed Bridge, the guest of Miss Alvina Gallant, teacher.—T.

Mr. George Webster, of the Engineers staff of the P. E. I. R. came to Charlottetown on Saturday night by the Express.

Mr. Edward McPhail, Bunbury, Mr. Seaford Acon and Mr. William Jenkins, Pownal, were in this city Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robinson came to the city on the Express Saturday night from Hunter River. Mr. Robinson is engaged with the surveying party at work on the P. E. I. R.

Mrs. J. Alexander McPhail (wife of Prof. McPhail, M.L.A., who is at the front) and her little son, Master John, arrived in Charlottetown from Kingston, Ontario, on Saturday morning.

Cures Biliousness Prevents Bright's Disease

THE CERTIFIED STATEMENT OF ONE WHO HAS PROVEN THE EFFICIENCY OF DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

write to Mr. Kiel, enclosing stamp for reply, and he will verify his statement. We like to have people to do this, for we are very careful to only use statements from responsible persons.

Should this case not be similar to yours, write to us for the statement of someone whose trouble was along the same line. We have thousands of letters to choose from. Or better still, put the Kidney-Liver Pills to the test right away. They will only cost you a quarter and a box lasts for some time.

As a means of awakening the action of liver, kidney and bowels and thereby curing biliousness, indigestion, backache and kidney trouble, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills hold a unique position. By their combined action on these eliminating organs they prove effective in complicated ailments which defy ordinary treatment. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Company, Limited, Toronto.

CHESS CLUB

The Charlottetown Chess Club will meet for practice to-night at Dalton Rooms, Sunnyside, at 7.30. Ex-President Worthy will be present and give account of recent visit to New York among chess circles. The Chess Bulletin Magazine of New York for June has arrived with a full page account of Charlottetown's Chess Tournament, and poems composed by W. P. Doull and J. J. Enman, which poems have been printed in several other American papers, and favourably commented upon. All visitors and citizens welcome at this evening's session of chessman.

BASEBALL

BASEBALL RESULTS.—American At Philadelphia, Philadelphia 5, St. Louis 3. At Boston, Chicago 2, Boston at New York, Detroit 3, New York 0. At Washington, Washington 6, Cleveland 1. National. At Pittsburg, Brooklyn 8, Pittsburg 2. St. Louis, St. Louis 6, Cincinnati 1. Federal. At Kansas City Kansas City 5, Pittsburg 3. At Buffalo, Brooklyn 9, Buffalo 6. Brooklyn 3, At Chicago, St. Louis 8, Chicago 3. International. At Newark, Providence 3, Newark 0. At Richmond, Jersey City 7, Richmond 3. Richmond, Richmond 9, Jersey City 5.

(Special to the Guardian.) SATURDAY, June 5.—Results:—

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE. At Jersey City, Newark 8, Jersey City 4. At Richmond, Providence 7, Richmond 4.

At Rochester, Rochester 4, Buffalo 2; Rochester 7, Buffalo 1.

At Toronto, Toronto 3, Montreal 3; Montreal 3, Toronto 0.

NATIONAL LEAGUE. At St. Louis, Philadelphia 3, St. Louis 0.

At Cincinnati, Cincinnati 6, Boston 3.

At Chicago, New York 3, Chicago 0. At Pittsburg, Pittsburg 11, Brooklyn 0.

AMERICAN LEAGUE. At New York, Detroit 11, New York 2.

At Boston, Boston 4, Chicago 2. At Philadelphia, Philadelphia 4, St. Louis 2.

At Washington, Cleveland 5, Washington 4.

FEDERAL LEAGUE. At Brooklyn, Baltimore 7, Brooklyn 5.

At Kansas City, Pittsburg 4, Kansas City 1.

At Chicago, St. Louis 6, Chicago 4; St. Louis 6, Chicago 0.

At Newark, Newark 4, Buffalo 0.

(Special to the Guardian.) SUNDAY, June 6.—Results:—

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE. At Jersey City, Jersey City 9, Newark 6.

NATIONAL LEAGUE. At St. Louis, St. Louis 3, Philadelphia 1.

At Chicago, Chicago 8, New York 6.

At Cincinnati, Boston 5, Cincinnati 2.

AMERICAN LEAGUE. At Detroit, Detroit 5, New York 4.

FEDERAL LEAGUE. At Chicago, Chicago 10, Pittsburg 5.

At Kansas City, Kansas City 3, St. Louis 2.

At Newark, Buffalo 6, Newark 3; Buffalo 4, Newark 2.

HOTEL ARRIVALS

VICTORIA. E. G. Whiston, J. C. Whitcomb, Montreal; C. Thomas, Truro; J. M. Dungan, Quebec; Mrs. J. A. McPhail, Master John McPhail, Kingston; W. A. Campbell, St. John; W. A. Cameron, E. C. Thomson, H. C. Smithcott, Toronto; Geo. Elliott, Middleton; A. S. McAllister, Halifax; R. H. Tingely, Boston; F. K. Bennetts, Oitawa; F. H. Arnold, Toronto.

QUEEN. Mrs. Thos. B. Bell, Cape Traverse; Mrs. F. C. Leavitt, Miss L. B. Leavitt, Alberton; W. J. Gard, Amherst; W. F. Pasdick, Toronto.

They left by the southern train in the afternoon for Orwell, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. A. Scott, Chief of the party of engineers who are engaged in the general survey of the P. E. I. R., returned to Charlottetown by the express on Saturday night from Hunter River. He goes to Murray Harbour this morning to begin work on the Southern line.

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

RETURN AT TWILIGHT.

A correspondent at the front, with the British Expeditionary Force writes: I stood out on the flying field at dusk this evening with a score of Sir John French's young flying men and saw the chickens come home to roost.

Of all the tense hours on the flying grounds the one hour of twilight and dusk before nightfall is the hour that tugs hardest at the nerves of the British flying men. Wherever a flying man may be, taking tea or coffee in the cafe of some village near by, reading in his quarters, or engaged in other pastimes that occupy him and his comrades when they are not in the air, you will see a certain nervousness and distraction come over him about sunset.

Soon he will stir himself and, whether he waits along the French roads to where his flying grounds are situated, or whether he is lucky enough to get a lift in a passing motor car, you will find him some time before darkness begins to fall on his own particular flying field. He is "waiting for the chickens to come home to roost," as he calls it.

I walked out in town early this evening with to flying men who had invited me to watch the evening roosting. "I've got a couple of pals who've been up in the sky all the afternoon," explained one to me. "I want to see whether they've come in or not."

THE AIR SENSE.

When we got to the field we found thirty or more of the young lites men who make up Sir John French's flying squad at particular pace. They stood about in knots, chatting, cutting nervously at the grass with their canes, or sitting in the lee of the hangers to protect themselves from the cold fifty-miles-an-hour wind.

I noticed that, with all their seeming idleness, and preoccupation, their sharp, trained glances were raking the evening sky. "There's a dot in the sky no larger than the head of a pin. No, I think that's —," said another youth. "Right you are," said the first one. "I was mistaken."

How he knew he was mistaken I could not understand. Neither could the flying men explain to me how they had developed the ability to distinguish one aeroplane from another. They have simply developed it, and that's all. The aeroplanes are all as like as two pins; but there's something in the individual flying of a man or it may be either waves of telepathy that one flying man in the air can send to a man on the ground, that helps the flyers to tell one speck in the air from another.

The spot grew bigger; suddenly the machine tilted and spiralled down dizzily. Within a minute or two it had alighted and two heavily furred young men climbed from it. One after another the spots appeared in the sky were recognized as — or —, the machines alighted, — or —, climbed out and came over to join our group.

"Who isn't in yet?" was always the question they asked. Safe themselves from the battle line, where the fatly shrapnel had broken about them, they were as curious and anxious as we for the safe return of the chaps who as yet were not lucky enough to be "in" for the evening "roosting."

At last all were in but one. Night was almost upon us. A man in an aeroplane must see the grass when he alights; there's a lever a little throw of the lever, which he must give at the last moment, that will bring him to earth lightly instead of in a smash.

FLARES FOR THE LAST MAN.

"He's a young fellow and a new flyer," explained an officer to me, "and I'm rather worried about his getting out the flares." He had an attendant. The flares are white lights that are placed about the field when a flyer is bighted; by them he can trace his way through the night sky to his own flying field and, with difficulty can measure his low height from the ground at that last ticklish moment before landing.

Suppose the young flyer didn't come back. Where might he be? This wasn't an ordinary peace-time flying meet; this was war time. He might be a wreck of broken bones and bleeding flesh; men had been trying to kill him all the afternoon; they had been shooting at him like hunters shooting at a bird; he had hunted him in packs; if he has gone near the trenches it was certain that a thousand German rifles had potted at him; he might be a prisoner in the German lines, for if his engine had stopped at the wrong time he had been forced to come down. There were so many places where he might be and so many terrible things might have happened to him that it wasn't pleasant to think of it. And yet, there we were, waiting for him. I pinched myself to see whether it wasn't all a dream.

We were waiting for a man who might be dead. There were the soldiers setting out the flares and getting ready to light them. No one was speaking now.

"That's him," said an officer. "Yes," answered three or four of the young men at once. "Where?" I asked. "Can't see him yet, but that's his propeller," explained one of my friends.

Their trained ears had caught the hum of the aeroplane engine long before I could hear it. Soon he came into view; it was almost dark, and the aeroplane loomed large when I caught the first glimpse of it. It settled down on the field, two young fellows piled out of it, clumsy, on account of their many clothes, and walked over to us.

"Who isn't in?" asked one of them. "Everybody's here," said the captain.

"Good!" said the young fellow, for whom we had all been waiting. Then we all dispersed. Every "chicken" had come home to "roost."

"MUD THEIR KINGDOM."

A French officer writes:—The privates offer us coffee. They are ever pleased that we should come to visit them in their mud-holes and tell them that the commander-in-chief is pleased with their work. They look worn out. But they do not worry, and all of them have jokes to crack.

The fact that the Germans have been driven from their fortress and that at the very moment our advance company is making them run down the southern slopes of the hill faster than they climbed them is sufficient to make them endure the cold, the rain, and the fatigue without succumbing; it is the revivifying of a worn-out body by a sublime ideal.

What are they talking about? The fight—its hazards and its risks—forms the ordinary topic of conversation. Agricultural laborers, workmen, employees, and men from a higher rank in the social scale—they all have the same soul, the same thoughts, and the same aspirations. War has become for them the important thing, their object in life, their all. They know that they have accomplished a magnificent task in carrying the heights of Eparges, and they are quite ready to begin a similar task, again.

To realize the respect which we should pay to these soldiers' valour it is necessary to retrace step by step the progress which they have made victoriously during the two months the operations lasted. Napoleon's veterans in the worst hours of the retreat from Russia did not experience such trials.

Modern courage has increased tenfold with the perfection of modern weapons of warfare. To carry the heights of Les Eparges under the fire of the 8 in. guns, the land torpedoes, and the quickfiring was the work of giants, and no war in the past can suggest the horrors of the undertaking.

CONSCIENCE.

It is in their conscience that our men find the energy to accomplish such tasks and also in the example given them by their leaders. What their officers have done and what they are doing every day you must ask them.

Eparges cost us dear in dead because the French officers, confident in his men, is proud to march before them. Our visit continued, always in the mud. "You would never have imagined there was so much," remarked to me with pride a young man of the 1915 class. Mud is their kingdom. They owe to it some of their gaiety. Witness the story of "Moi Boche."

It happened last night. A patrol went out to the reconnoitre the enemy's lines and then they returned to the shelter to warm themselves, the men crouching one against the other. In the silence just broken by the snoring of those already asleep a voice called out, "Moi Boche."

S.O.S. signals of distress

Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Pimples

Don't Neglect

25c. and 60c. everywhere

Abbey's Efferescent Salt

Made in Canada

The Salt Of Salts

perhaps, even more to the point is the fact that these physicians use it themselves. Witness Dr. Charles L. Martigny, for fifty years a leading practitioner in Montreal, from whom we have a letter stating: "I may add that I use it myself every day."

Sold by **George E. Hughes**

Nobody replied, but the voice insisted "Moi Boche." The men thought it was a joke and shouted out, "Keep quiet, will you?"

The voice, however, again took up the cry, "Moi Boche." This time the whole shelter rang with protests from the men who wanted to go to sleep, and insults hurled broadcast at the supposed practical joker.

The next morning an unexpected guest was found in the shelter whose cloak of mud made him resemble the others. It was a "Boche," a deserter who had followed the patrol during the night, so as to get away from potato bread, the revolvers of his officers, and the chains which fasten the gunners to their pieces, a real Boche who had told the truth without being relieved.

A bright sun shines on the plateau. For the first time for a week it does not rain. The German counter-attack has been a sorry failure and our artillery alone is thundering. Over the parapet from time to time we can see flying into the air sand-bags, rifles, and once a German soldier absolutely nothing by way of con-

firmation of the report," stated a high official of the Militia Department this morning in regard to the German report that Brigadier-General Turner Vie has been taken a prisoner. "The message came via Saville all right, but as to its accuracy we know nothing."

COL. TURNER SAID TO HAVE BEEN CAPTURED.

TORONTO, Ont., June 5.—The Globe publishes the following:—Berlin, June 4.—(via wireless to Sayville)—Colonel Turner, in command of the Third Canadian Infantry Brigade, has been captured. Among the papers found in his possession was a division order saying that several men had been observed, who had surrendered to the enemy without being shot by the officers or men, whose first duty it was to shoot every man trying to surrender.

The order directed that if the body which attempted to surrender was large enough, artillery fire should immediately be directed at it. OTTAWA, Ont., June 5.—"We have absolutely nothing by way of con-

HUNDRED THOUSAND FOR MACHINE GUNS.

OTTAWA, June 4.—Hon. W. T. White, Minister of Finance, to-day received, through His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, a check for \$100,000 from Mr. Huntley R. Drummond, of Montreal, to be used for the purpose of providing one hundred and twenty-five machine guns (more or less) it is being understood that these guns are to be in addition to those to be provided by the Militia Department for the use of the Canadian expeditionary forces.

In acknowledging the gift, Hon. Mr. White, expressed the deep appreciation of the Government to Mr. Drummond for his munificent donation, and of the high patriotic spirit which prompted it.

One Year Ago The Silver Black Fox Started In Business

During this year that has passed it has done more towards spreading the news of the Fox Industry throughout Canada and the United States, than any other one medium.

From it you learn all that is taking place in the Fox Industry. If you are interested in raising foxes, or if you are a shareholder in any Fox Company you cannot afford to be without it.

Our July Number

will be a special New England one and an extra large distribution is guaranteed throughout the New England States.

We have a number of new plans which we intend to carry into effect during the coming year to advertise the Fox industry, and we ask the support of every Fox man, so that we may be able to make them successful.

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