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let us give you our prices on first-class lumber that will work up without waste—and high-grade, fire-resisting roofing that cannot rot, rust, crack or leak. This roofing is

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It doesn't pay to buy either shaly lumber or low-grade roofing. We'll help you select the choicest lumber in the market, and we'll sell you roofing that will not go wrong. We know that you will not be disappointed. We know that you will get an end to annoying, expensive repair bills.

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It is the permanent roofing of proven quality. Hundreds of roofs covered with it are still waterproof after more than 20 years of service.

We carry the genuine, with the "Ru-ber-old Man" (shown above) on every roll. It comes in slate gray and colors—The Red or Copper Green. Come in and look this roofing over or write or phone for samples and prices.

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! Picnics !

COME! into the Record Store before going picnicking and see our list of Picnic Table Necessities and by so doing save your china plates, cups and saucers. They can be had for a song.

Picnic Plates, 5c a dozen.
Picnic Cups, 5c a box—(5 in a box).
Picnic Ice Cream Saucers, 5c a package. —(12 in a package).
Picnic Napkins, 10cts, Nicely done up and 12 to the package.

The RECORD STORE
JARVIS. Phone 37

AN INCIDENT OF THE WORLD'S WAR
It Happened to a Reporter
By F. A. MITCHELL

When the great European war broke out I was a reporter on an American newspaper. Young and full of vigor, I found it impossible to content myself picking up unimportant items when great armies were in conflict. I begged to be sent either to France or to Germany as a war correspondent. There were persons at hand who were better able than I to write descriptions of battles, but I was chosen because the proprietor of the paper, having been a soldier in the Spanish-American war, knew the dangers I would likely encounter and that a young fellow of twenty-two was better able to face them than an older man.

Everybody knows now, what no one knew then, that newspaper correspondents would not be allowed at the front. I found it out when I arrived and determined, since I could not give battle pictures, to send my paper scenes in the wake of war.

I found it easier to penetrate territory occupied by the allies than by the Germans, so I took the direction of lesser opposition, on the same principle that water flows. I entered Belgium at a time when the Germans were hammering at the Liege forts. It was not long, however, before the allied retreat began, and for my purpose of writing up scenes of the country over which the tide of battle had passed I followed the armies southward. This put me in the rear of the Germans.

It will be remembered that where the Germans passed through a certain district given up to the growing of grapes and the manufacture of wine they helped themselves to the stock on hand. I came one evening upon one of these vineyards where the grape was grown, turned into wine and stored in cellars. The place had not only been fought over, but had suffered from the occupation of an army corps. When I arrived the troops had just left and there was not a person on the place. It was evening, and, though I confess I shuddered at the desolation about me, I took a melancholy interest in exploring the premises.

Singular and impressive to walk through large rooms, in some of which were the wine vats and some of which had been used for bottling, each apartment being devoted to a separate purpose. The premises looked as if a hurricane had passed over them. There were vast rents in the roofs and the walls, while in the interior shells had been exploded, knocking the winemaking apparatus to pieces.

Coming to a stairway leading below the main floor, I went down and found myself in a wine cellar. Judging by the empty bottles scattered about, every drop of wine had been drunk. The sight reminded me of the scene of an orgy the morning after it had taken place and the banquet room deserted by the revelers.

There was a sad fascination in wandering through these cellars, passing from one to the other. They were dark, but I found plenty of partly burned candles lying about to give me light. I passed through several cellars, in all of which the bottles had been emptied, then entered one in which were only casks. I turned the faucet of one on the lowest row and found it empty. Then trying one on a higher tier the red wine gushed forth. Evidently the stock had been only partly drained.

Penetrating a narrow passage at the farther end of the room, I descended several steps and came to an iron door. While examining it I heard voices on the other side. They were not the voices of men, but of women.

It struck me at once that whoever the persons were they had shut themselves in there to escape the fighting that had rolled over the place. With the reportorial instinct strong in me, I desired to interview them. I knocked on the door.

In an instant the talking ceased and all was still. I knocked again, and receiving no reply called out in tolerable French:

"The soldiers have gone; there is no danger."
I heard nothing for a few moments; then a sweet feminine voice, evidently near the door, asked:
"Who are you?"
"A citizen, an American."
"Has the battle ceased?"
"Yes, and the troops have moved on."
"Are you sure there are no Germans on the place?"
"I have seen none."
I could hear that those behind the door were debating, but not what they said. Presently some one tried to move a bolt on the farther side of the door and after some effort succeeded. Then the door was slowly swung open.

Directly before me was a young girl about eighteen. Farther on were several middle aged women, an old man and a number of children. The older ones showed the effects of having passed through a harrowing experience, but the children only looked curious as to what would happen next. On seeing a man in citizen's dress all appeared to be relieved, but they had suffered so much that they felt no great confidence. "I think," I said, "that you have

"An incident," said the girl, "we are lucky to escape with our lives."
"Come," I said, "you all doubtless need food and to breathe the fresh air." They left the subcellar in which they had been perfectly safe from bursting shells. While passing through the rooms that had contained their now vanished wealth the older ones groaned; when they ascended to the main floor and saw the ruins of their buildings they looked at each other in despair. The young girl did what she could to keep up their spirits, saying that all would soon be recovered, but her words had no effect upon them.

From the south came a distant booming of cannon, though night having come on there was a lull in the fighting. There were no men on the premises, except the old man who had hidden in the cellar, for the men were all in the army. The women therefore cherished my presence with them and looked to me for guidance. I told the young girl, whom they called Clochette, that we had better go to the house where the proprietor had lived, and she led the way thither.

We found it much upset, but not a ruin. The officers had occupied it, and though they had left the furniture topsy turvy, the house itself except for being perforated by a few cannon balls was not injured. We lighted candles and set to work to make the house habitable. Fortunately it was summer, and we did not suffer from the passage of air through the holes in the walls.

Clochette and I, being the only young persons present other than the children, did most of the work and got the premises in tolerable shape, except for cleanliness, which would require more time and effort. Then Clochette took me to one of the buildings, beneath which provisions had been concealed, and selecting what was needed we returned to the others, and Clochette got up a supper which was seasoned with hunger, and all ate ravenously.

Being the only man on the premises fit for service, and these people relying upon me alone for aid and comfort, I did not go to bed with the others, but securing a fowling piece for defense stationed myself on the porch to watch, for grim visaged war was about us, and I did not know at what moment I might be called upon to protect my charges. The firing grew less toward midnight, but here and there in every direction the heavens were lit with a light that indicated some house was being destroyed, and heaven only knew what dreadful calamities were being visited upon those who dwelt therein.

Now and again I heard voices of those who were probably stragglers and likely marauders who were out for pillage. Coming upon the buildings which were in ruins, they passed on. The house in which my flock was sleeping, being as dark as the rest, was fortunately not visited. I was sitting in a chair, with my gun resting on the porch, nodding, when I felt a light touch on my shoulder.

"You are very kind," said a voice which I knew to be Clochette's. "I will relieve you for a time. Go in and get some sleep. You Americans are the finest people in the world."
I told her that I preferred to watch. When I asked her if there were any more arms on the place she replied that she knew of none excepting a revolver which she drew from under the skirt of her dress, and which she told me she had kept there from the time the tide of battle began to roll over the vineyard. She would not go to bed, so I drew a chair for her, and we sat together on guard.

Clochette was the daughter of the superintendent of the vineyard. Among the women was her mother, and the others were mostly her relatives. She had evidently been the dependence of the party before my arrival, and even now was unable to throw off the responsibility resting upon her. And yet she was especially feminine. Sitting there together, whenever a yell, a curse or a shriek rang out in the night she drew near me and shuddered, while I, though I dreaded what might at any moment happen, spoke in tones of assurance that I might so far as possible keep up her courage.

During the night we met with various causes for especial terror. One I remember for the narrow escape we made. Half a dozen stragglers, all evidently drunk, came through the vineyard. My companion and I withdrew behind some latticework, where we were well concealed. The men passed the house and stopped before it. I heard them discussing whether or not there was any loot within, and for some time we were preparatory to breaking in. If they had done so they would have undoubtedly discovered us, and the consequences would have been terrible.

The few hours we passed between midnight and dawn, though terrifying, were in some respects the most pleasing and in all respects the most important of my life. I had spent long periods in proximity with young girls without being drawn to them. This one I met at evening and with the first gray streak of dawn she was all in all to me. We had sat together amid the booming of distant guns, the burning of homes, the passing and repassing near us of those who were bent on the work of war. Before morning we belonged to each other.

Clochette soon after left the fighting zone and I left it with her. I had just one incident in war's wake, but it was not published in the paper I represented. I brought back a bride and offered her as an excuse for my sorry service.

Good NEWS from One of Canada's Best Linen Departments

For several months past Linens have been advancing very rapidly, and to-day the price at the Linen Mills is from 40 to 50 p.c. Higher than they were one year ago. The cause of this advance is as everybody knows due to the fact that the Fields that usually grow the Flax, are to-day and have been for the Past twelve months the Battle Fields of Europe. For many years we have been large buyers from four of the largest Linen Makers in the World and as soon as they found there was to be a shortage of the Raw Linen they gave us a chance to place large orders for Table Linens, Towellings, Towels, Bed Linens, Fancy Linens, in fact everything in the line of Linens. WE SPECULATED, we took advantage of their Good Advice and for the past five months case after case of Linens from four standard makers of fine linens have been arriving. "Browns' Shamrock Linens," "Old Bleach Extra Fine Linens," "Erskine Beverdye Famous Household Linens," and "Wm. Liddells' Gold Medal Linens."

- Below we give a Partial List of the Good Linens on Sale.
- Table Linen Unbleached, all linen—at 39c, 50c, 60c, 65c, 75c, 85c, 95c, and \$1.15 per yd.
 - Table Linen Bleach—at 75c, 85c, 90c, \$1.00, 1.15, 1.25, 1.40, and 1.50 per yard. Every yard pure linen.
 - Pattern Table Cloths in single and double Damask sizes—24x24, 24x24, 28x28, 24x24, 24x24, 24x24. Prices \$1.68, 1.98, 2.29, 2.68, 2.98, 3.48, 3.98, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 7.50 up to 18.00 each.
 - Table Napkins in single and double Damask sizes—20x20, 22x22, 24x24, 25x25, 27x27. Prices \$1.50, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 3.75, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 6.00 up to 12.00 dozen.
 - Tray Cloths and Carvers, in damask, plain Embro linen and fancy Embro linen—Sizes 15x25, 18x27, 20x30. Prices 25c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 65c, 75c, 95c up to \$3.00 each.
 - Sideboard Drapes in damask and Embro linens—Sizes 14x50, 18x72. Prices range from 75c up to \$3.50.
 - Tea Cloths and Lunch Cloths, a large assortment in this line—Sizes 30x30, 36x36, 45x45, 54x54. Prices \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50 up to 10.00 each.
 - Huck Towels—an endless assortment to choose from—all the popular sizes 15x22, 16x27, 18x36, 20x40, 22x42, 24x45, 27x45. Prices 12c to \$3.00 pair.
 - Huck Towellings, over 75 different widths and patterns to choose from—Width 15in., 18, 20, 22, 24, 25 and 27 inches. Prices 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c and \$1.00 per yard.
 - Crash Towellings—This is one of the lines that have advanced more than any of the others. Our stock is large but limited—Plain brown, plain white and bordered crash from 12c and up to 25c per yd.
 - Check and Glass Towellings—Prices 10c, 12c, 15c, 17c, 18c, 20c and 25c per yard.
 - Glass and Tea Towels ready for use—at 12c, 15c, 22c and 25c each.
 - Linen Sheetting—72 inches wide at \$1.50 per yd. 30 inches wide at \$1.75 per yard.
 - Circular Pillow linens—45 inches at 75c per yard.
 - Plain Pillows and Embro Linens—18 in. at 30c, 36 in. at 50c, 60 in. at 75c, 45 in. at 75c, 85 in. at \$1.00 and 54 in. at 1.00 and \$1.00 per yard.
 - Handkerchief Linen in heavy and sheer quality—36 inches at 50c, 60c, 65c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00, 1.25 and 1.50 per yard.
 - Plain Brown Hollands and Embro Crash Linen—18in., 30 in. and 36 in. at 17c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 40c, 45c and 50c per yard.
 - Diaper Linen—36 in. wide at 45c per yard.
 - Stair Linen—18 in. wide at 25c per yd.
 - Bath Towels—in white and colored, all sizes, prices from 8c each up to \$2.50 each.
 - Plain Hemstitched Pillow Shams—size 30x30 at 75c and \$1.00 each.
 - Pillow Cases—Plain and Fancy Hand Embro, Pure Linen, 22x36 at \$1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.25 up to \$6.50 per pair.
 - Hand Embro Linen Tea Cloths, Doilies, etc.—All sizes from the little 6x8 in. Doily up to the large 54x54 in. Lunch Cloths. Prices range from 10c each to \$20.00.
 - Real Hand Embro Madera Doilies, Tea Cloths, and Lunch Cloths—Size 6x6 in., 9x9 in., 12x12 in., 18x18 in., 24x24 in., 30x30 in., 45x45 in., 54x54 in. Prices 35c, 50c, \$1.00, 2.50, 3.50 up to \$20.00 each.
 - Real Irish Lace Doilies Tray Cloths, Chiffonier Drapes, etc. All sizes. Prices \$1.00 up to 22.50 each.
 - Real Cluny Lace, Doilies, Tea Cloths, etc., in all the sizes. From 6x6 in. up to 54x54 in. Prices from 35c up to \$15.00 each.
 - Our Christmas Stock of Fancy Hand Made Belgium Lace Lunch Sets are now in stock, one Lunch Cloth with 6 or 12 Doilies to match. Prices from \$5.00 up to 12.00 Set.
 - Hand Embro Madera Linen Luncheon Sets from \$12.00 up to 25.00 per Set.
 - Double Damask and Hand Embro Linen Serviettes. Size 14x14 in., 15x15 in. at \$4.00, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00 and 7.00 Per Doz per Pair.
 - Hemstitched Linen Sheets, size 24x24, 24x24 at \$8.50 - 9.50 per Pair.
 - We make a specialty of filling orders for Wedding and Christmas Gifts of Table Linens. One Table Cloth and 12 Napkins. We have a large range in this line. Cloths 24x24, Napkins 22x22. Prices range from \$6.00 per set up to 30.00 per set.
 - A few extra Special Linens for Linen Week—Fringe Huck Towel, all linen, size 19x38, 2 for 25c. Extra Heavy all Huck Towel hemstitched, size 23x40 in. at 50c each. Fancy Damask Border Huck Towel H. S., good value at \$2.00 pair, size 25x44 for \$1.25 pair.
 - Damask Table Cloths, all pure linen, 24x24, very heavy quality at \$4.08, 24x24 very heavy quality at \$2.98.
 - Bleach Table Damask—5. Beautiful patterns to choose from, special at 98c yard.
- WARNING—Do not accept any mercerized Table Cloth, they are nothing more or less than Cotton, fully dressed and finished and are sometimes sold as mercerized linens. We have a small stock of this line and will gladly show them to you on your request.

