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BOMBING TRENCHES ON BRITISH FRONT

ENGLISH OFFICER DESCRIBES SOME INCIDENTS.

Machine Gun Fire Fails to Reach the "Bombers" in Their Shell Hole.

One of the most unusual tales of trench warfare is told in a letter of an officer of the new armies serving in France:

"It happened like this. I was looking out from what was a little sheltered spot alongside the entrance to what we call Stinking Sap, through a very fine new telescope some one had sent to our C. O., when suddenly I spied a shovel sticking up against a little mound, and close to it was a gap in the wet grass.

"I stared jolly hard, and presently the whole thing became clear to me. The Boches had run out a new sap fully fifty yards from their fire trench, which at this point is over 250 yards from ours. It was right opposite our Stinking Sap, and not more than 100 yards from the head of it.

"I walked around to company headquarters and informed the C. O., who swadelighted. I decided to take Corporal Slade with me, because he's such a fine bomb thrower, besides being as cool as a cucumber. I also agreed to take one other man from my own platoon and one man from each of the other three platoons.

Ready to Attack.

"The C. O.'s idea was that we must reach that shell hole close to the new Boches sap as soon as possible after dark and before the Boches resumed work there. As it turned out, we were all lying in the shell hole for three-quarters of an hour before a single Boche made a move. There was a fine rain all the time and it was pitch dark. We lay perfectly still and flat, hands covered and faces down.

"By and by Slade gave a little tug at my jerkin. I listened hard and just made out footsteps. Two or three minutes later six or eight Boches came shuffling along the sap, carrying picks and shovels and jabbering away nineteen to the dozen. I gave the signal with my left hand. There was a bomb in my right.

"I could distinctly hear the safety pins come out of our six bombs and could even hear the breathed murmur of the man at my shoulder—a pugnacious draper. 'A hundred an' one, a hundred an 'two, a hundred and three (he was timing the fuse of his bomb, exactly as I'd told them).

"And then they all let go. Our six bombs landed, one on the edge and the other five plumb in the sap head before us, right in the middle of the six or eight Boches digging there. Two seconds after they left our hands they did their job. And when the rending row was over we heard only one Boche moaning, so I knew that at least six or seven would 'strafe' no more Englishmen.

Bullets Fail to Hit.

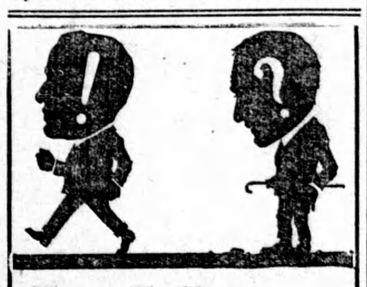
"We again lay absolutely still while Fritz rained parachute lights, stars, flares and every kind of firework, and, just as I had expected, swept his sap head with a tleast a thousand rounds of machine gun bullets, not one of which so much as grazed us, where we lay in the mud of that shell hole.

"Get your bombs ready,' I told my fellows. A few seconds later we heard the Boches streaming along their narrow new sap. They took it for granted we had cleared back to our lines, and they made no attempt to disguise their coming. We waited until the near end of the sap was full and then we gave 'em our second volley, followed immediately by a third. It must have been a regular shambles.

"A few seconds later we heard a fresh lot start on their way down the sap, and the draper and I let 'em have our last two bombs well to the left, and ourselves made tracks like greased lightning for Stink Sap. The luck held perfectly, and Slade was hauling the draper over the parapet of Stinking Sap before a sound came from the Boche machine guns.

"And then, byJove, they opened on us. They holed my oilskin coat for me as I slid in, and spoiled it. But not one of my crowd got a scratch, and we reckon to have accounted for at the very least twenty Boches, may be twice that number. Altogether a splendid job.

"And the best of it is our artillery has registered on that sap this morning, and this afternoon is just about going to blow it across the Rhine.



Two Fellows
are trying to get ahead

It's easy to see who'll win.

If you have any doubt about tea or coffee holding some people back—in fact many—leave the hesitating class, stop both tea and coffee ten days, and use

POSTUM

This delicious pure food-drink, made of wheat, roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses, has a delightful, snappy flavor. It is free from the drugs in tea and coffee and all harmful ingredients.

Postum is good for old and young, and makes for health and efficiency.

"There's a Reason"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

PALE, WEAK GIRLS.

Grow Into Weak, Despondent Women—How to Overcome the Trouble.

Healthy Girlhood is the only path to healthy womanhood. The passing from girlhood to womanhood lays a new tax upon the blood. It is the overtaxing of the blood that makes growing girls suffer from headaches and backaches, from paleness and weakness and weariness, from languor, despondency and constant ill health. Unhealthy girlhood is bound to lead to unhealthy womanhood and a life of misery. Nothing but the blood building qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can save a girl when she undertakes the trials and tasks of womanhood. That is the time when nature makes new demands upon the blood supply. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood to meet these demands. In this simple, scientific way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give growing girls new health, and makes their dawning womanhood bright and attractive. Miss A. Sternberg, Haileybury Road, New Liskeard, Ont., says: "I have much reason to be grateful to Dr. Williams Pink Pills as they restored me to health, if, indeed, they did not save my life. In 1914 I began to feel run down, and the doctor who was called in said that mine was a bad case of anaemia. I lost flesh, always felt tired, and I got so nervous that I could scarcely hold a cup to take a drink. My heart would flutter alarmingly. The doctor did not seem to be able to help me at all and my family and friends all thought that I was in a decline and could not recover. I was in bed for some weeks when an aunt came to see me and urged that I try Dr. Williams Pink Pills. My father got a supply, and by the time I had taken three boxes there was a noticeable improvement, and from that on I steadily progressed toward recovery. I continued using the pills for some time longer, and they restored me to my old time health and strength. I shall never cease to praise this medicine, and to urge all weak run down girls to give it a fair trial, as I have proved in my own case their great merit."

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SENT BY ERROR TO WAR ASYLUM

AMERICAN IN FOREIGN LEGION CONFINED IN MADHOUSE.

Herbert Corey Tells an Interesting Story of French Forces.

"I had rather go through the battle of Champagne over again," said Dennis Dowd.

Dowd is one of the young Americans who enlisted in the Foreign Legion at the beginning of the war. A graduate of Georgetown University and a practising lawyer, he felt very deeply that as a believer in liberty and democracy he should fight for France. After the battle of Champagne, in which he was wounded, there was little left of his regiment of the Foreign Legion. Dowd felt he had had enough of trench fighting. He put in an application for leave to join the aviation arm, writes Herbert Corey, from France.

Just as he was about to go back to his regiment he received word that his application for a change of service had been acted upon favorably. He had passed the very severe examination to which aviators are subjected with flying colors. But red tape unwinds slowly, and when the time came for his return to the trench he had not yet received the coveted paper.

"My hand is not completely well," he told a sympathetic army surgeon. "Give me two weeks in a hospital."

To the Madhouse.

"There," said he, as he struck it on Dowd's papers, that will give you two weeks at the physiotherapeutical institute at Epinal."

It was the psycho-therapeutic stamp he had affixed to Dowd's papers by mistake. An institute of psycho-therapy is a madhouse. Dowd said good-bye gratefully and took up the route for Epinal. The train guards looked at him oddly on the way, but he thought nothing of that. At Epinal he knocked at the door of the hospital.

"Come in," said a guard.

The door locked behind him with a spring. The guard examined his papers—with a lifting of the eyebrows due to his surprise at a madman coming in without a keeper—and crooked his finger at Dowd without a word. Afterward he learned that the guard thought he had given his keeper the slip—had perhaps murdered him—and by an insane freak had come in alone. Another door snapped shut behind the American. He was in a room absolutely bare, save for benches bolted to the wall. On the benches sat insane soldiers. They were quiet and motionless. Still Dowd suspected nothing. His treatment was odd, that was all.

"Usually Frenchmen are kindly and jovial," said he. "These men did not look up or speak to me. But I did not know they were mad.

That night he was locked in a ward with six insane men. His clothing was taken from him, with the exception of a brief undershirt and a packet of cigarets which he managed to conceal under his pillow. He asked permission to keep his razor, but the guard refused.

"If some of these men got hold of a razor," said he, "they would cut their throats or yours."

"None of Them Are"

Then Dowd awakened to the situation. He told the guard that he was not crazy, and the guard laughed.

"None of 'em are," said the guard, as he locked the door.

The six insane men sat on their beds, silent. So did Dowd. The electric light snapped out. From the six beds came animal-like noises. One man talked to his wife, waited for her replies, laughed, coaxed his little ones to come to his knees. Another raved incoherently. He heard their bare feet paddling up and down the board floor in the darkness. Two fought to the accompaniment of the mindless laughter of their mates. Dowd smoked his cigarets and waited for the morning.

The Late Dennis Dowd.

"It will be all right," he assured himself. "I will tell them a mistake has been made. I am not mad."

The doctor in charge made his rounds each morning. Dowd gave up trying to convince him of his sanity. The third morning the doctor shot a question at him suddenly.

"What did you mess around at when you were at home?" is a fairly literal translation of his question.

"I was an advocate," said Dowd.

The absurdity of the answer struck him. Here he was, masquerading behind a dense growth of beard, clad only in a tiny undershirt, sitting up in a bed in a ward filled with insane men, and insisting that he was a lawyer. It seemed to strike the doctor in the same way.

"Ah, said he, "a lawyer—in a variety show?"

They laughed together. Dowd had tears of real mirth in his eyes when the door closed. He laughs yet when he thinks of it. The humor of it—the American ability to see humor under any conditions—saved him. Next day the doctor's assistant put him through an examination.

"This man is not mad," said he.

There was still red tape to be unwound. Days passed before he got out of the madhouse, but he went through them cheerfully.

GERMANS SET MAN TRAPS.

Also Distribute "Tortoise Bombs" in Abandoned Trenches.

Philip Gibbs, in a despatch from British headquarters in France, writes as follows:

"The German is beginning to leave a lot of little things behind him, even if he abandons a trench in a hurry. This is a new dodge. One invention which has come into his fertile imagination is the mantrap, which he sets outside his parapet or inside a shell hole on the way to it. As soon as one of the British soldiers sets foot on it it closes about his leg with a terrific bite and brings him down like a log.

"Another little device in deviltry is the 'tortoise bomb.' It looks very much like a tortoise if you happen to see it, which you do not in the dark, and it stands on four little legs. They waggle a little, but should it be unwarily touched it may detonate a bomb and blow a man to bits."

BRIGGS' FLY MATS PRICE 5¢
ARE CLEAN NO STICKINESS
ALL DEALERS
G.C. Briggs & Sons
HAMILTON

THE NATION'S FUTURE Depends Upon Healthy Babies

Properly reared children grow up to be strong, healthy citizens

Many diseases to which children are susceptible, first indicate their presence in the bowels. The careful mother should watch her child's bowel movements and use

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

It is a corrective for diarrhœa, colic and other ailments to which children are subject especially during the teething period.

It is absolutely **non-narcotic** and contains neither opium, morphine nor any of their derivatives.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Makes Cheerful, Chubby Children

Soothes the fretting child during the trying period of its development and thus gives rest and relief to both child and mother.

Buy a bottle today and keep it handy

Sold by all druggists in Canada and throughout the world

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

She Could Make More.

It was at the piano. Mother's darling firmly refused to do her practice. "What a naughty little girl you are!" chided the mother. "Don't care grumbled the youngster, as she gave the piano a kick. "Now, treasure, you shall have a cent if you'll do your exercises nicely," urged mamma. "Shan't," retorded treasure, getting off the piano-stool. "I can make more than that taking castor-oil."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON.

Belleisle Station, Kings Co., N.B., Sept. 17, 1904.

SHEEP DOGS IN AUSTRALIA.

Dog Trials a Feature of Agricultural Shows.

In no place in the world are sheep and cattle dogs more in use than in Australia. The grazing estates are so enormous that it would be impossible to handle the great flocks without dogs. The Australian pastoralist could not possibly exist without his dogs and that is the reason that sheep dog trials are looked upon as something amounting to national competition. Every town has its agricultural show and at all of these sheep dogs' trials are one of the most deserved attractions and the training that the Australian sheep dog gets is nothing short of miraculous.

Australians are among the chief buyers of English dogs, with the result that excellent specimens can be found there. They boast that there has never been a case of rabies among the dogs.

WHAT AIR PILOTS MUST KNOW.

By Means of a Chart Dangers May Be Avoided.

To the ordinary observer the air may seem quite guiltless of dangers, but, in reality, this is by no means the case. Aviators rarely make a flight without encountering some invisible, and therefore all the more dangerous, peril. During the earlier days of aviation these dangers often proved fatal, but nowadays an airman, by means of his chart, can avoid, or at least be prepared for, them.

A considerable amount of time and money have been expended on these charts, which are of incalculable advantage to airmen.

From towers in various parts of Europe kites, bearing with them apparatus which records fluctuations in the strength of winds, are constantly sent aloft, sometimes to astounding heights. On these towers, also, are placed special instruments which record the force of the wind nearer the earth. From the data thus collected experts are constantly preparing new air charts.

These charts show where the disturbed areas exist, at what heights they are encountered, and what is the maximum force of gusts over localities known to be dangerous during various strengths of wind.

Aviators themselves play a big part in the making of air charts.

At the Front, for instance, our airmen are constantly coming in with news of fresh dangers they have discovered. The air-pockets, eddy, or whatever the newly-discovered peril may be, is promptly marked down on the chart of that region for the guidance of other aviators flying over that part of the country.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

THE POPULAR LAURENTIANS.

A Holiday Resort of Unsurpassing Beauty.

Lovers of beautiful mountain and valley scenery, towering rocks, thick forests, pleasant glades, flower-clad vales and plains, rushing and placid rivers, roaring waterfalls and babbling streams could not do better than to select the Laurentian Mountains reached by the Canadian Pacific, as their holiday resort. So prettily situated are all the spots where the holiday-makers make their headquarters that it is embarrassing to choose the one that might be best suited to the taste of the individual. But all are enchanting, from Shawbridge—the first of them—to Mount Laurier—the last. Within easy reach of any of the resorts there is excellent trout and bass fishing to be had. The rivers and lakes are clear and sand-bottomed generally, and are well suited to the requirements of the swimmer and bather. Row boating, motor boating, and canoeing are favorite pastimes, and on a fine calm evening it is exhilarating to sit by the waters and listen to the laughter and merry chat of the parties who are on the waters. Golfing can be had at Ste. Agathe, Ste. Margaret and Val Morin. Tennis courts are attached to some of the better class hotels. Those who love mountain climbing can have a variety of spheres for this form of activity to select from and the expense of a holiday in the Laurentians is comparatively small.

Sore Eyes **Granulated Eyelids,** Eyes inflamed by exposure to **Sun, Dust** and **Wind** quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy**. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. **Murine Eye Salve** in Tubes 25c. For **Book of the Eye Free** ask Druggists or **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

No "Same Place" Then.

"Herbert," said a school teacher, turning to a bright youngster, "can you tell me what lightning is?" "Yes, ma'am," was the ready reply of the boy. "Lightning is streaks of electricity." "Well, that may pass," said the teacher, encouragingly. "Now tell me why it is that lightning never strikes twice in the same place." "Because," answered Herbert, "after it hits once the same place ain't there any more."

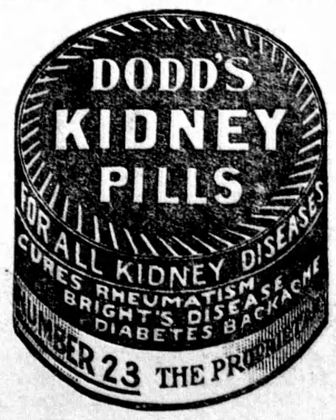
Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Mary's Jam.

Mary had a little jam
Upon a piece of bread,
And everywhere that Mary went
She left some, be it said.

They found it on the parlor rug,
And later irate dad
On his dress suit found traces of
The jam that Mary had.

If girls went on parade in breakfast attire there would be fewer hasty marriages.



Get the "Peaches" that are coming to you in the peach season—but be sure to eat them on **Shredded Wheat Biscuit** with cream, a combination that ensures good digestion, health and strength for the day's work. Cut out meat and kitchen worry and serve this ready-cooked, whole wheat food with the choicest fruit that grows—a dish for the up-and-coming man who wishes to keep at top-notch efficiency for work or play. Serve it for breakfast or any meal with milk or cream, with sliced peaches or other fruits.

Made in Canada

This is Awful.

"I see one lady missing from this war who has figured prominently in warfare."

"Who is that?"

"Minnie Ball."

"Well, there's Shrap Nell,"

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Talking 'Em Over.

"My husband is a regular rainbow chaser," said one woman.

"Mine isn't" replied the other. "Even if he knew there was a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, he'd sit still and expect the rainbow to come to him."

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CANCER, TUMORS, LUMPS, ETC., internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co., Limited, Collingwood, Ont.

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Mailed free to any address by the Author
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10—15—20 Years from now the Bissell Silo will be giving good service. It is built of selected timber, treated with wood preservatives, that prevent decay. It has strong, rigid walls, air-tight doors, and hoops of heavy steel.
Therefore it lasts, simply because it can't very well do anything else. Our folder explains more fully—Write Dept. U.
T. E. BISSELL CO., LTD. Elora, Ontario.

SELDOM SEE a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat.

ABSORBINE TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

will clean it off without laying up the horse. **No blister, no hair gone.** Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. $2 per bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 8 M free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins; allays Pain and inflammation. Price $1 and $2 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Made in the U. S. A. by W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 516 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can. Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

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Wheelock Engine, 150 H.P., 18 x 42, with double main driving belt 24 ins. wide, and Dynamo 30 K.W. belt driven. All in first class condition. Would be sold together or separately; also a lot of shafting at a very great bargain as room is required immediately.

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