

SEES DEATH OF GERMANY'S HOPES

NEW BRITISH ARMY WILL LEAD ALLIES TO VICTORY.

Troops of King George Come to Rescue of Noble France, Bled White.

An American correspondent in France writes the following article: As I left the British front for Paris early in March, an English officer said to me: "Stranger things could happen than that the final blow against these barbarians be delivered by the armed force of the great English-speaking nations of the world, two nations with laws and customs of approaching similarity."

I had spent forty-eight hours with his command, and I take off my hat to the King's army. They are the real goods. They have that which France had in 1914 and now lacks—youth. And every man in is in the game heart and soul, not only for the honor of England and the cause of France and right, but as a sporting proposition, full of enthusiasm, grit, gaiety and the stuff that wins.

The marvel of it is that they are all trained soldiers; there is absolutely nothing of the recruit about them. While with them I was permitted that rare thing for a correspondent, to advance in their conquering company upon territory relinquished by Germany. I was deeply impressed by their earnestness, their eagerness; and I could not but think of the doggerel, the slogan if you will:

We don't want to fight, but by Jingo, if we do
We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money, too.

There were not any ships around, although a boat would not have been by any means an inappropriate thing in the sea of Somme mud and water, and I did not see any money; but the men were there by the hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of thousands, each alert, bright-eyed, vigorous, imbued to the core with the spirit that counts. I saw in it all sure death to Hun hopes; for the Boche is always a Hun to the Englishman.

Recovered Territory.

They have taken in the last seven days almost 5,000 prisoners and ninety officers in addition. They have planted the flag of right over what is left of the villages of Ligny-Thillois, Tholoy, Le Barque, Warlencourt, Pys, Miramont, Petit-Miramont, Grandcourt, Puitieux-au-Mont, Serre, Gomsecourt and some more. They have advanced upon a front of thirty-seven kilometers long and from five to nine deep, changing the German line from a crooked zig-zag that would measure thirty miles on a straight line, to the half of an eccentric ellipse measuring less than twelve. They hold every road to Bapaume (Bapaume has fallen since this was written) and the railroad from Arras to Peronne is at the mercy of their heavy guns. The road to Cambrai, twenty kilometers away, is an open book to them, and the town with it. Look at the map and see what this means.

Huns the Only Dead.

I was with their advance as it entered two of these villages, a privilege as yet given to no other correspondent in this war. These two villages are but mutilated edifices of the peaceful hamlets of early 1914. But they are part of the great objective of redeemed France. And the only Boche, the only Hun, within and about them, is a dead one.

Off in the distance, beyond the new German line I saw Bapaume through my glass; Bapaume, the scene of a Prussian victory in 1871, and soon to be the scene of an English victory of 1917. Its church spire reached up into the gray sky, while before and behind it shells tore the air.

I saw thousands of khaki-clad Englishmen covering thousands of square feet of martyred ground with pick and shovel. They were like a crowd of ants, each touching the other; or like a great crowd of feverish gold

seekers as I remember seeing upon the seashore at Nome. They were mine seeking, indeed, but mines of death. For the Boche is a gentleman who plants little mines to kill the hated enemy after he has taken ground, comfortably installed himself and is enjoying his cup of tea. I won't say how many of these mines I saw unearthed. It would take three figures alone in a space 2,000 meters long by 75 deep.

Devastation Wrought by Shells. One sector that the Boche relinquished was most exceptionally fortified months and months ago. At two occasions during November and January, it had been unconquerable. It stands upon a front of three kilometers deep and is practically demolished, not a single square yard of mucky ground about it being free from the pot mark of shell. Its trenches no longer existed, the shell-forts were crumbling holes, the barbed wire a mass of tangled nothing. There was not a living thing about, not even a trench rat. But there were dead ones, and dead horses, and some unburied dead men.

I saw where three German 240 batteries had worked. The guns themselves were still there, intact save for spiking and missing essential parts. Beside them were a quantity of perfectly good unexploded shells that presently will go upon a death journey in the opposite direction.

The prisoners I saw, three lots of them coming in under Tommy escort, were not the second and third rate men I had seen on other sections of the front. They were from twenty-two to thirty years old, giants in stature, and seemingly well fed. One would say they were the very flower of what is left of the Boche army, and in the shell-torn hell they had evacuated only the best type of soldier could stand the gaff. Many of them spoke either French or English.

As I said at the outset of this story, I take off my hat to the King's men. No man who has seen his youth, its vigor, its splendid morale, its stupendous amount of a "zilley" of all calibers, its acres and acres of unexploited shell, and the soldierly quality of its officers, can do otherwise. They hold the Boche on their section of the front, an increasing section, too; and the Boche knows it. They have men in France and more coming.

BOOKS OUR BEST FRIENDS.

Wonderful Amount of Consolation in Our Books.

In the passing days of our lives, when the fires of passion have been well burned out; when we have come face to face with the vicissitudes of life and find out that we have either won or lost the battle, let our best friends be books.

We can commune with them so long as we please, and when we are tired we can shut them up. This is more than we can do with our friends of the human family.

When a man comes home at night, harassed and hacked with the worries of life, he wants not only rest for the body; he wants rest for his soul, for his heart, for his mind.

The wife who hopes to develop in the home a perfect atmosphere of content, will study her husband's moods. When he is worried; when his mind is a bit distraught and he desires mental rest, he will read. There is a wonderful amount of consolation in our books. Sometimes he may yield to light literature. At other times he will place his thoughts on more sincere and heavy topics.

Our books are real friends. It does not make a bit of difference how sick a man may be, if he will have read to him a chapter or two of "Pickwick Papers," he will smile. Read your little one just a page or two of "Little Men" or of "Little Women" and see the rest that will spread over his face, that beautiful expression of soothed pain. Let any one who is in trouble, and who has no friend, gather himself in solitude with a good book. There is much consolation in it. It has that unexplainable source of relief. It is like the tender touch of a woman's hand on a parched and fevered brow. It rests the mind, it brings for the time being at least surcease to sorrow.

The temperature of a new electric flatiron can be regulated to four different degrees.

THE EMPIRE'S FOOD.

The Fine Achievement of one Canadian Railway.

What appears to be new light upon the policies back of the construction of railways in Canada is furnished in a paragraph in the last annual report of the Canadian Northern Railway issued recently.

This paragraph deals with the handling over the rails of the Canadian Northern of some 132,000,000 bushels of grain destined chiefly for the feeding of the Allies overseas, and runs:

"Inasmuch as many of the security-holders invested their funds in the company's undertakings, believing that the heart of the Empire would some day need to draw heavily upon the wheat fields of the Canadian West, it is with pride that the directors present these figures, illustrating the extent to which the prairies have been opened up, made productive and the produce marketable by the company's railways. There were probably few who thought that the crucial necessity would come so soon; but having come, it must be considered fortunate that the Canadian Northern system and the country tributary to it were sufficiently developed to take an important part in supplying the Empire's food requirements."

Twenty years ago a new epoch commenced in Canada; and also apparently in the Mother Country. In the Atlantic, earnestly occupied with the problem of feeding the people of a Britain, a problem that would be a very sober fact in the event of that country being involved in hostilities with any European power of the first class. The policy seems to have been arrived at then, to rely upon the power of the British navy to keep the seas open for the passage of grain vessels, and also to rely upon the opening up of vast areas of wheat lands in suitable localities overseas, in order that an adequate supply of food products be produced to fill the holds of the ships for the people of Great Britain for all time to come.

Towards the close of the century, the people in the west began to clamor for rail facilities for the vast areas without railways lying to the north of the Canadian Pacific, and therein lay the cause of the origin of the Canadian Northern Railway system in 1896. Apparently the ability to grow wheat of the country it proposed to open up, and the backing of the people of Manitoba granted the enterprise, were sufficient inducements to the man directing the surplus gold of Britain, and the funds necessary to complete the initial construction were readily forthcoming. Until the commencement of hostilities in Europe in 1914, British gold continued steadfast, and as the Canadian Northern extended its network of lines throughout the Prairie Provinces, before reaching out with its easy grade lines to the sea-ports on the east and to the Pacific, a steadily increasing supply of wheat was moved out from the territory cultivated for the first time by the settlers who had poured in hard upon the heels of its construction gangs.

During 1915, when Canada harvested the largest crop in the history of the country, and incidentally the most valuable, the yield along the lines of the Canadian Northern in the west territory came the 132,000,000 bushels of grain that were handled over the lines of the system during 1916 as outlined in the company's annual report.

But the effect of the investment of this British gold in the Canadian Northern Railway is not confined to the production of food-stuffs transported across the Atlantic to feed the war-occupied nations of Europe. Every settler in the vast regions opened up by the lines of the railway has been a customer for the goods produced in the industrial establishments in east-Canada, in the United States and in Europe. It would be almost impossible to compute the number of the army of workmen who have drawn their wages in this direct way from the western wheat bin, and no figures have been compiled to show the extent and value of the business provided the manufacturers of eastern Canada by the opening up of that vast western market. As the prospects of peace become brighter, the expectation that there will be a movement from abroad to the fertile lands of western Canada greater than any-

A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

Plan for Assistance and Encouragement of Poultry Keepers.

The present year will see a great increase in the number of poultry keepers. The almost prohibitive prices of eggs and poultry during the past winter have caused many consumers to seriously consider the home production of these very necessary and useful commodities. It is important that all efforts be put forth in this direction result satisfactorily. Many difficulties present themselves in attempting to rear chickens successfully on a small lot. Experience has shown that the best way for poultry keepers to enter the poultry business is by the purchase of pullets in the fall. Well-matured pullets are the most reliable winter egg-producers and if well cared for will not only produce plenty of fresh eggs for the breakfast table but also return a reasonable profit on the expenditure entailed.

TOMMY ATKINS, ACTOR.

Army and Navy Strive to Counteract the Horrors of War.

Tommy Atkins is an inveterate actor. Whenever he can manage it he gets up a show at the front, making the theatre, writing the play, and acting the parts himself. Every day the theatrical costumers are bombarded with requests from officers and men to send them wigs, dresses, grotesque-paints and other paraphernalia. Some of the recent productions just behind the firing-line have been of quite an elaborate description. This Christmas saw a new pantomime, entitled "Cinderella Torn Up," written by a rifleman; there has been an all-soldier-star performance of "The Critic"; while Shakespeare, revues, modern comedies, and even propaganda plays receive their due attention. Only in the ramshackle, temporary theatre does Tommy delight to play the actor. He loves to do a little in a great demand from individuals for Harry Tate moustaches, Charlie Chaplin "howlers" are also popular, not to mention Crown Prince noses, Tirpitz whiskers, and George Robey eyebrows. If he cannot get anything more lifelike he makes what he can of Guy Fawkes masks, sometimes putting these up over the top of the parapet for the Germans to fire at.

The Navy, too, is very keen on amateur theatricals, and besides giving well catered for by what is known as the "stage ship." This is a ship specially fitted up as a theatre, and possessing a stock company of actors and a stock repertoire of plays. It patrols the North Sea, calling at our various men-of-war, and Jack Tar is never more delighted than when this travelling theatre draws up alongside of his vessel, announcing that a performance will take place to-night at eight.

Huns Filing Coal Up.

Piles of coal, covering scores of acres, are being heaped up around the collieries at Charleroi, Liege and Mons, where nearly 50,000 Belgians are working in night and day shifts. Although there is great shortage of coal at places less than a hundred miles away, none of the coal is being moved, as the German authorities require all available means of transport for military purposes.

ODD MISSIONS OF RED CROSS.

Activities Not Confined to Caring for Wounded and Prisoners of War.

Help in the location of Brigadier-General Victor Williams, formerly of Toronto, in a German hospital after the "June show" along the Canadian front. Upkeep of a grave at Cologne. Search for the whereabouts of the late Lieut. John Galt of Winnipeg, also a prisoner in Germany. Distribution of illimitable quantities of biscuit to hordes of hungry captive Russians. Payment of interest on pawn tickets for goods in the hands of brokers in Germany and Belgium. Renewal of life and fire policies in Belgium. Collection of a court tailor's bills and release of his household furniture upon which the Kaiser's emissaries had already set the deadly tax seals. Funds sent to Jerusalem for the upkeep of tombs and for the Eveline Rothschild Charity Schools. Negotiations for the removal of two children of disputed nationality from a convent in Strasburg to England. Saving of the stocks and shops of British subjects in Germany, whose property was about to be seized by the Huns for outstanding taxes. Personal escort to England of a young English lady from a convent in Mons. Recovery from the Royal Palace of Potsdam presents, the property of foreign ladies who had been attached to the German court prior to the war. Location of a missing Scotch farmer believed to be in a German hospital about to undergo an operation for peritonitis, and whose signature to certain documents was necessary to secure the lease of a Highland farm. Surely, indeed, a diversity of commissions. Yet these are some of the activities of the Red Cross.

Money remittances to British prisoners through the Red Cross trebled within the last six months. It has been arranged by the American Express that British officers interned in Germany may have their cheques or drafts up to a limited amount cashed by the German camp commandants, who forwarded them for payment to the company. Doubtless some fond parents wonder when they see the drafts how so much money can be spent in a German prison camp. Money remittances have also been transferred from Germany to German prisoners of war in England, and through the same agency the effects of German prisoners of war detained have been returned to Germany.

If any orchard planting is to be done this year it is now time that orders for trees should be placed. Miss Bright (to her small brother): "Willie, put Mr. Boreleigh's hat down, you might damage it. Besides, he will want it in a few minutes." The needle of a compass does not point true north. The north magnetic pole does not coincide with the north pole.

In order that greater effectiveness may be given to this proposal, the Dominion Live Stock Branch is prepared to extend, to all associations qualifying under these provisions, some assistance that is given to associations desiring to purchase other kinds of pure-bred live stock, namely, the payment of reasonable travelling expenses, during the time required to conclude the purchase and transport the stock to destination, of representatives of associations, in any section of Canada, desiring to purchase pullets in lots of 300 or more. Should it be desired, the Live Stock Commissioner will also nominate a suitable person who will be directed to accompany this representative and assist him as far as possible in the selection and shipping of the pullets.

In the general interests of the poultry industry throughout the Dominion and the urgent need this year for increased production of eggs and poultry and the releasing thereby of a large surplus for export to Great Bri-

tain, it is hoped that as many associations as possible will take advantage of this proposition. All associations desiring to become active in this direction are requested to write the Live Stock Commissioner, Ottawa, at once for further advice and instruction in the matter.

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From the Ocean Shore

BITS OF NEWS FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Items of Interest From Places Lapped By Waves of the Atlantic.

There is no surplus of agricultural labor, except in Prince Edward Island.

The residence of Mr. M. F. Reid, of Marysville, was damaged by fire to the extent of \$4,000.

At the meeting of the Sydney City Council it was decided to raise \$22,500 for Patriotic Fund by tax.

Thirty thousand dollars was voted by the City Council of Amherst, N.S. for the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

The total increase in mining revenue in the Maritime Provinces in 1916, as compared with 1915, was about \$87,000.

A fine of twenty dollars was imposed on a St. John man for assaulting an agent, all on account of a fifty-cent picture.

The third annual convention of the New Brunswick branch of the Retail Merchants' Association of Canada was held in St. John last week.

Mr. H. V. Cann, a Cape Breton man, formerly of North Sydney, has been appointed assistant general manager of the Bank of Ottawa.

A Digby, N.S., man found a fuse bomb plugged in a hole in one of the chairs of the ss. Matatua, which was sunk in St. John harbor over a year ago.

According to the latest bulletin of the Marine and Fisheries Department the rough, cold weather of January interfered greatly with the New Brunswick fisheries.

Major J. H. Parks, of St. John, a veteran of the Boer War and an officer of the Canadian Engineers, has been decorated with the Order of the White Eagle by the King of Serbia.

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

Everyone Should Have Some Knowledge of Scientific Principles.

I cannot think that, for general purposes, any attempt to impart high proficiency in science is necessary or even desirable, says a famous writer. It is not necessary to be a skilled physician in order to appreciate the value of public health. But, just as every educated man has some knowledge of the benefits conferred by medicine and surgery, so he should, I think, have some knowledge of scientific principles, of the constitution of the universe, of the operations of the great forces of physical force, and of the reasons of underlying phenomena of daily occurrence which are apt to pass unheeded by reason of their familiarity. A boy who is able to explain why a wet patch on a towel looks darker than the dry surface reflected, or how a rainbow is formed, or what is implied in the fact that different surfaces are of different colors, will have had his mind opened for the admission of many new ideas, and will look upon the world with new interest. His curiosity will be awakened, and curiosity, wisely guided and adequately satisfied, is the parent of intelligence and comprehension. A conception of the laws which govern alike the occurrences of daily life and the whole order of the universe will invest the trivial things with a new significance, and will present them in their true relations to mankind and to each other. The mind which has been instructed to this extent will be lifted above the blindness of the ignorant and the pettiness of daily life, and will be set upon a place which was inaccessible to the greatest thinkers of antiquity.

HIRING CHINESE LABOR.

Ten Thousand Coolies for British Manufacturing Plants.

British consuls in Shantung province, in China, have been instructed to recruit ten thousand Chinese laborers at Tsingtau, Chefoo and other ports in their province within the next three months. These laborers are to be sent to England to work in manufacturing plants. They are to be paid a monthly wage of twelve dollars and sent, together with a monthly allowance of ten dollars silver for their families. Passage money will be defrayed by the British Government, and the term of service is to be three years.

British army officers have been recruiting laborers at Wei-Hai-Wei for some time. Barracks have been erected there for the accommodation of the laborers, and that port will also be used as a point from which the Chinese coolies will embark for England.

Fixing the Blame. A glue factory stands near a certain railway. Its charms are not for the nose, and therefore a lady often carried with her a bottle of lavender salts. One morning an old man near the seat beside her. As the train neared the factory, the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the whole car was filled with the horrible odor. The man put up with it as long as he could, then he shouted, "Madam, would you mind putting the cork in that 'ere bottle?"

The Doings of the Duffs.

COME ON TOM, LET'S GET SOME FRESH AIR.

GOODNESS KNOWS HOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET ANY AIR WITH THAT RIGGIN' ON - I 'SPOSE IT'S THE LATEST THING TROUGH -

TOM, DO THEY SELL MAGAZINES HERE?

CERTAINLY, CAN'T YOU SEE?

ISN'T THAT A FASHION MAGAZINE? - I WANT TO GET ONE -

WAIT, I'LL HELP YOU OUT

SEE, YOU WON'T WANT THIS ONE, IT'S NEARLY TWO DAYS OLD