

NO CONTEMPTIBLE FOE

GERMANS REALIZED THE BRITISH FIGHTING QUALITIES

During Few Hours Contact. — Berlin, Nov. 27.—An earnest warfare against under estimation of the British troops, such as has been customary with a certain section of the German press, is sent home by a well known Berlin newspaperman who is serving as first lieutenant with a regiment facing the British forces near Ypres. His regiment, he writes, marched out with the idea that the British had legs only to run with and that real fighting spirit or skill in arms was lacking in them. A few hours contact with the British, however, showed that they were no easy

The English infantry which opposed us there in the vicinity of Ypres, must be characterized as troops of the first quality," he writes. "From the start it was noteworthy with what high energy the British troops defended their positions against our attacks. After being driven out they kept trying again and again, particularly by night attacks, to regain the lost ground. They were supported most effectively by their field artillery, which, like the French, is at least as good as ours. The British also brought up heavy naval guns in the vicinity of Ypres, and the English snobs and shrapnel caused us considerable loss. "As the British commenced to feel more and more our enveloping movements, they made desperate efforts to break through our lines, particularly in the neighborhood of Beerselers, but vainly.

"The chief strength of the English lies beyond doubt in the science and in the proper use of cover. The natural hunting instincts of the sports-loving Briton come out more strongly in these specialties than in the case with our average infantryman. The minimum of hunting instincts that we of the present age inherit is brought to a higher degree of development in the Englishman, by regular participation in sports; than in men of other nations.

"The Englishman as sportsman undoubtedly has quicker nervous reactions than the average German. It is unquestionably easier, therefore, to instruct the British recruit than the German in shooting, in the use of terrain, and in patrol duty.

SKILLFUL TRENCH WORK.
"The skill of the British soldier in utilizing every advantage of the country was very noticeable in the numerous engagements in the vicinity of Ypres. The British trenches were usually so skillfully constructed that they could not be made out with the naked eye. When we had stormed the first trenches we were astonished to find how well laid out they were, particularly in depth, side protection against shell fragments, special inter-proofs and, above all, in regard to the way in which plates of steel and iron were built into the breastworks.

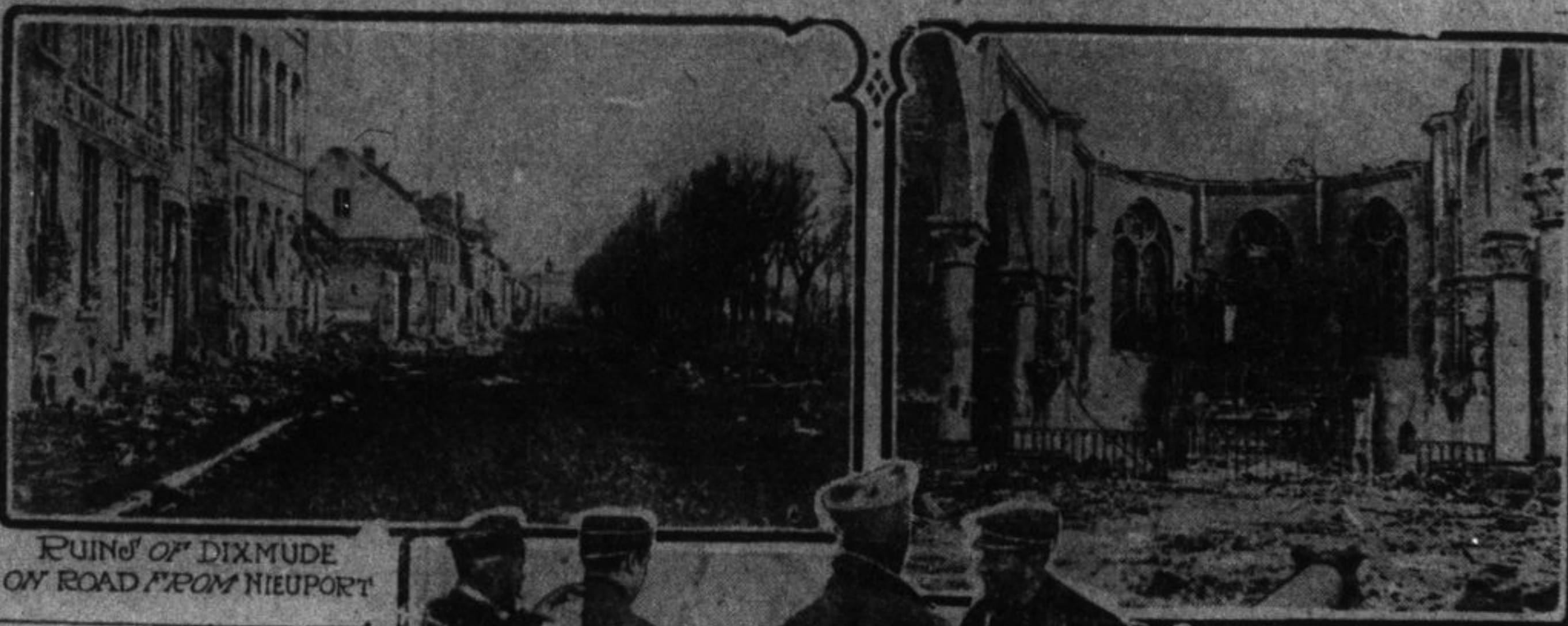
"The shelter pits evidently had been arranged with all possible comfort for an extended stay, and our men rejoiced at the wonderful canned goods, corned beef, ham and other supplies they found in them.

"The British often lay out dummy trenches, setting up turps and other earth to deceive us. The firing line, taking full advantage of cover, lies so far in front or behind these trenches that it suffers very little from our fire, directed against the supposed front line. It often happened that we came under heavy infantry and machine-gun fire from the edge of a wood, returned the fire, and stormed the wood, to find only when we entered it that the defenders were in the tree tops, not on the ground. As to patrols, I have often followed British patrols for some distance with the glass, and so far as I could see they missed none of the fine points of the game—something which cannot always be said of our patrols.

"In night fighting, the enemy often follows tactics new to us. It is our rule in night fighting to refrain from shooting, if possible, but to use the bayonet, and to shoot in any case only when it is light enough to aim. The allies, on the contrary, have in

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GREAT BATTLE OF FLANDERS AS SEEN BY A PHOTOGRAPHER.



RUINS OF DIXMUDE ON ROAD FROM NIEUPORT

INTERIOR OF CHURCH AT VIEILLE WRECKED BY GERMAN OCT. 19TH

many instances, adopted for infantry the same principle as for artillery fire—namely, that of strewing a certain area by night with fire.

"The village of Beerselers, which my regiment had stormed and occupied after nightfall, was subjected for hours to such a hail of infantry fire that we finally had to evacuate it. We then occupied trenches near Beerselers and were subjected the whole night through to fire from infantry and machine-guns, which caused us little loss, it is true, but gave the tired troops not an instant's rest. That probably was the enemy's intention."

BLOW AT SWEDEN.
Germany Declares Manufactured Wood Contraband.

Stockholm, Nov. 27.—Germany has declared manufactured wood contraband, thereby causing a heavy blow to Swedish industry, as it is estimated that wood to the value of about 20,000,000 crowns is still under contract for shipment this season. The government immediately took steps to intercept all steamers in the Baltic, and ordered them returned to Swedish ports.

The new contraband declaration also includes tar and sulphur. The new German contraband declaration refers to all wood. Great indignation is felt over this, as being an infringement of the rights of neutral commerce.

The Svenska Dagbladet says: "The step brings further warning to neutral countries stubbornly to protect their neutral rights. It is to be hoped that Germany's decision will not be final, but that reasonableness and wide consideration, as shown by England in the ore question, will also in this case bring about a further modification."

The list of articles prohibited for export has been increased to include handkerchiefs, skins and gold, and silver bars and coins. Persons going abroad are allowed to carry cash in gold and silver up to 200 crowns. The moratorium for foreign debts runs to the end of the year and will probably then be prolonged for another two months.

WOULD WELCOME JAPS.
Ideas of Their Participation is Gaining Ground.

Paris, Nov. 27.—In an editorial article in the Petit Journal, M. Pichon, ex-minister of foreign affairs, asserts that the idea of Japanese participation in the war in Europe is gradually gaining ground. He says: "At first such a suggestion received little favor from the chancelleries, though greatly interesting the public and the press, but it has now won at least careful examination. It has numerous partisans in Japan, France and Russia, while England welcomes it sympathetically. Germany fears it, which emphasizes its importance. "Any fears aroused quite unjustly in the United States are disappearing. Besides, it is easy to give the American republic all the guarantees it desires.



NEAR PERUYVE. COMMANDANT FICHEL FRENCH MARINES WRITING DISPATCH TO HEADQUARTERS.

MISSIONS AND WARFARE.
Presbytery Condemns Cordiality For Germans.

London, Nov. 27.—The attitude of the Missionary Magazine, Life and Work, in reference to German foreign missions, caused a warm discussion at the Lambeth Conference, where attention was called to the editor's statement that "between our missions and those of Germany there is no war." One member, in moving a resolution of disapproval, pointed out that several German missions in India and Africa were more centres of anti-British agitation. Judging by the utterances of Germany's learned professors and churchmen, said the mover, their Christianity was of doubtful nature.

The presbytery's condemnation is supported by the Official Press Bureau's report that the German who attempted to blow up H.M.S. Dwarf was a missionary in the Cameroons, who declared that he was a soldier first and missionary afterwards.

BETTER VALUE IN MADE IN CANADA.
There are still a few people in this country who imagine an article is necessarily better because it's imported. In spite of a billion and a half dollars invested in modern Canadian factories, a percentage of consumers have got into the habit of looking for the foreign stamp on goods with the idea that they were getting a better quality—even if they have to pay a higher price than they do for the Canadian article.

There is no doubt—in most cases at least—about the price. The consumer of foreign goods has to pay freight charges and a duty. The consumer of Canadian goods pays railway charges and no duty. But the notion that some people never can get hammered out of their heads is that if an article only comes in over a tariff wall it is necessarily a better article than the home-made. If somebody with a foreign name made it, if it came in a ship that sailed from some foreign port, if it was originally paid for in francs or marks or francs, so much the better.

But the goods made in Canada by plain Canadian workmen—put side by side with the imported articles—are just as good; in some cases better, and they usually cost less. The goods made in Canada are the goods that are produced under conditions with which all Canadians are familiar. With the price lower, because of the duty, and the quality as good, if not better, because there is nothing in foreign manufacture to make it any better, it is time Canadians were buying whole-sale and retail, not only because they are made in Canada, but because they are equal or better value for the money.

KAISER LEFT ABRUPTLY.
After Witnessing Defeat at Hands of Russians.

London, Nov. 27.—"The emperor of Germany last week witnessed in east Prussia from a hill called Oberlaga a German defeat at the hands of the Russians," says the Copenhagen correspondent of the Daily Mail. "The emperor took an abrupt leave of the commander-in-chief, asking him to convey his greetings to the troops."

That had happened in John's bachelor days. But now he wondered irritably if an open quarrel were not preferable to this polite absence of either warfare or geniality. But he didn't try to quarrel. One evening he rode home on the L. with Ned Jensen. Ned had a box of violets. He explained that he and Rose had a quarrel and this was the preliminary peace offering. "I can always smooth her down with a bunch of posies," checked Ned. "She can't hold out."

John was a trifle scornful. A year before he would fairly have quivered with scorn. He had forgotten the flowers. John didn't see the box until he himself was ready to get off, three miles farther. It was rose water to go back without making Helen wait. He stopped in a drug store to buy some violets. He had determined then he remembered that Ned had said they were going out for dinner. So he took the flowers home. Helen opened the door for him. He laid the box down and before he could explain she snatched it up. "Violets!" she was crowned in her best. In a minute he had decided not to explain, but to send rose another box. And then suddenly Helen flung the box down. "How mean were they?" she asked indifferently. John was nonplussed. It was the one thing to give her the violets that had not been meant for her, another to let her pay half for them, as was her custom. Just then he remembered that this was Wednesday evening and he had forgotten to get tickets. He had to tell her. And he told her with trepidation.

"But I can phone," he said, hastily. "We may have to take nosey seats."

"Did you really forget, John?" she asked curiously. "I won't happen again." After all, he had never forgotten anything before. She needn't be so captious. Then she laughed. "Oh, John I'm glad you can be human and forgetful once in a while. No, you needn't phone. I'm tired of this done-by-rail business of being happy. I'd rather do as the Jensens do."

"Helen!" "I don't care, and I'm three or paying half. I'd rather be so poor we couldn't afford to go." Her eyes were bright and hard, in spite of the wet laughter. "Maybe you are tired of me," said John stiffly. "Nearly," she said. Then the hardness left her eyes. "As you are tired, she laughed. "I've tried to please you!" Helen shrugged her shoulders. "Do you want me to quit?" angrily. "Quit pleasing me!" coldly. "Good gracious, yes!"

"Well, for —" John was astounded. "A woman's a woman, all right." Helen again shrugged her shoulders. And then to laugh sheepishly in less than two seconds she had stepped off the platform of theory that he had so carefully built and supposed so stout. It was shaking and splitting under his feet!

"Well, I'm tired, too, Lord, Helen, you haven't got change again? This is the seventh night." She laughed. "And I would have had 'em seventy nights, till you complained," viciously.

Always a Little More.
We can always stand a little more, Always do a little more, Always try a little more, Than we really think, Effort out of weariness, Striving out of care, We can always do a little more Than we really think our share.

The Best Laid Plans
"The best laid plans of mice and men gang all a-gley." Somehow, somewhere, their married life had twisted from happiness to unhappiness. John Leming couldn't understand it. He had eliminated every possible cause of friction when he promised to love and cherish Helen. He had watched his married friends and had determined to avoid the snags that they ran into. He had observed that money was the rock that punctured most boats. So he avoided that danger nicely. He acknowledged that you couldn't have taken his course with an extravagant woman or a silly woman, but he had fallen in love with Helen because she was entirely different from most women, and superior to all. So he was able to divide his salary in halves, after rent, food, gas, doctors' bills and other necessary expenses had been met. One-half he gave Helen. The other half was his own to do with as he pleased. When they went to a theater or indulged in any extra treat each was to pay an equal share out of each one's reserve fund. "What a sensible idea!" Helen had applauded.

And they had settled lesser matters in the same sensible way. Some were resolved not to follow the steps of Ned and Rose Jensen, who loved and squabbled and parried and made up, to the amusement and despair of their entire circle of acquaintances. John had his room; Helen had hers. His salary as manager of a large wholesale house was large enough to allow such comfort. He was to have two evenings a week to do as he pleased—club, boys, or "a star friend." She was to have the same privilege. John conceded so much to her selfishness, although in his heart he wished that she didn't care to vote. But he was just. Since she cared, such was her privilege.

Then they set out to be happy. They set Wednesday evening to go to the theater. They would avoid the stay-at-home rut that most of their friends had dropped into. Afterward they had supper at a restaurant. And then, before they had been married one year, he became aware that Helen was not happy. Not unhappy, either. She made that plain. But somehow the delight or rye had gone. She was bored. John only suspected it for a while. It couldn't be possible when he had so carefully eliminated all chance of boredom! But very soon suspicion became a certainty. He began to feel resentful. Was it possible that Helen did not care for him any more? He could find no other explanation.

The Wednesday evenings that had begun to be so gay had become matter of fact. Helen really didn't seem to care whether she went to a theater or stayed at home. And she took his presents, birthday and Christmas, without a great show of enthusiasm, although he was always careful to inclose the store's check in order that she might exchange anything she didn't like. He noticed that she never exchanged them—so she must have liked them.

Finally John himself began to be bored. He acknowledged it to himself with horror. He couldn't understand. He was sure that he still loved his Helen. But life had lost its savor. And that is the most serious thing that can happen to man or woman. Even the pretty, dainty breakfasts that Helen never failed to give him had lost charm.

Yet he and Helen never quarrelled. There was nothing over which to quarrel. You couldn't imagine quarreling with Helen. She was always pleasant and even tempered. He kept himself in like temper, and his consideration never failed. He was always home on time for dinner. He never complained of anything. She cooked. Not that there was ever any cause for complaint. But he had heard that other men—Ned Jensen among others—rall because mutton came on the table two days in succession. And if he didn't like it he could get his meals some place else.

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