

GERMAN DEFENCES ARE DEATH TRAPS

Powerful Dugouts Were Reduced to Dust By the Terrible Fire of the British Artillery -- Germans Thought They Were Secure.

British Headquarters in France Oct. 8.—The scene of the attack by the British in the region of Lens is a flat mining country dotted with heaps of slag, mine pits, ruined buildings, splintered and felled trees and earthworks churned by explosions, with slightly rising ground toward Loos and Lens. Nothing is visible except the soft puffs of shrapnel bursting and volumes of black smoke from the British Gerden high explosive shells marking the positions where unseen British troops are organizing their gains and the Germans are preparing their new defensive line.

The slightly wounded walking back, the steady tramp of fresh regiments going forward, the processions of swift, smooth-running motor ambulances, whose burrings were back in England twenty-four hours, late; the seemingly endless procession of the soldiers moving up in reserve, ran little streams of water, and the soldiers who came back from the front were white with the chalky mud of the ground where they had dug themselves in as they fought.

Fine Symbol Of Success.

Many of these scenes were repeating themselves at all points along the western front where the Allies had attacked. One place near the front, a park of captured guns, guarded by a pacing British sentry, seemed an attraction more symbolic of success to the inhabitants than the parties of German prisoners. The distances of the last ranges at which they were fired before the British infantry engulfed them were chalked on some of the gun shields.

Elaborate Defences. The elaboration and permanency of the German trenches indicated the apparent conviction of the Germans that their line was secure. The dugouts often were thirty feet deep, equipped with electric lights and arm chairs, a home impregnable even by high-explosive shells of big calibre.

Dugouts Death Traps. Where the artillery work was perfect the British infantry sprang over the parapets at a given signal, and sprinting toward the German trenches, arrived at them almost without opposition. Then the German trenches were theirs, with the Germans who were alive huddled in their caves. Some of the dugouts had been demolished, with fragments of German bodies mixed in the debris; in others the openings had been blown in by shell explosions and the occupants buried or suffocated.

Again, when a dugout was unharmed the British with bayonets fixed or bombs in hand appeared at the entrance to find the Germans still inside or perhaps just starting out. All in the dugouts must surrender, or if a British soldier started to enter or even showed himself he was received with a fusillade. In case of refusal to surrender, bombs were thrown without the thrower exposing himself. The Germans surviving the explosions usually gave in, though not always, some dying to the last man.

Use Flats in Melee. Some incidents had a humorous as well as a tragic side in these sudden encounters in close quarters. Where a charging Briton met a German merging from a dugout, bayonets, bombs and even fists were used in the melee. Great difficulty was found in gathering and guarding the prisoners in such a confined space as their wrecked trenches. With rifles and bombs lying about, the Germans even after capitulating, were likely to seize them and rush to cover in a traverse or shell crater and renew the fight.

The British, in keeping with their tactical plan, had undertaken with certain ground by the attack. The Germans fought desperately, and were vicious and prompted in their counter-attacks, displaying a rage born of the realization that they had lost their comfortable dugouts which had cost them much painstaking labor, and of the unpleasant prospect of a winter in the mud-building new caves.

The Man on Watch

It must make Ontario ward people mad to be officially told that there are only 32 canines within their midst. After reading the reports of the Kingstons fair, the Lampman came to the conclusion that horse race judges are no more popular than baseball umpires. With the farmers watering the milk, the Utilities Commission chlorinating the water, and some vendors doping the liquor, Kingstons is up against it as regards pure drinking. That was a cruel kind of welcome for Kingstons to give the Minister of Militia by chucking him into a Ford automobile. No wonder Sir Sam gave the officers a Barfield camp the ding-bats when he got on the parade ground. Short-sighted individuals are not the only ones who should look carefully where they are going. Councilmen should also do it. When the Board of Works Chairman cannot direct an automobile on a roadway thirty feet wide, the Lampman thinks this talk of making the highways narrower should be dropped. It will be in order, the Lampman says, for several town councilmen to have their heads read anew by the phenologist since they have acquired some new bumps this week. Returned warriors report that the Germans do not like the bayonet. Well who does? If any Canadian would like to have a bayonet run through him, the Lampman would be obliged if he would make himself known. According to the General Synod, the Anglicans lead in regard to overseas volunteers, and according to Jailer Corbett the same church leads the Protestant bodies of Kingstons with regard to the number of its flock incarcerated in the West street prison house. The Lampman notes also that the Presbyterians have this year forged ahead of their Methodist brethren in the jail statistics. But then why should the Calvinists not be on top when Kingstons has the General Assembly Moderator? THE TOWN WATCHMAN



Economic Waste

THE only road to REAL economy is the road that leads to the Home Town. This is the FIRST COMMANDMENT in community development. Whenever we pass up our own community and send an order away from home we break this commandment by one stroke of the pen. Give your home dealer the CHANCE to fill that order. Given the same conditions, HE can beat any out-of-town house in the country. The Long Distance route is the road to waste, over-buying and false economy. This cartoon shows vividly the ECONOMIC WASTE in long distance buying.

The "Community Builder" idea is endorsed and approved of by, among others, the following well-known and reputable business concerns:

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SOME OTTAWA GLIMPSSES

Special Correspondence by H. F. Gadsby.

Keep the Flags Flying

Ottawa, Oct. 9.—It has not escaped the notice of his friends that Major General Sir Sam Hughes is obliged to spend a large part of his time roving from one Canadian city to another, gathering salutes from the soldiers, verbal bouquets from officers and civic receptions wherever the Major can be persuaded to sign the order. Although this is a duty not unpleasant to Sir Sam, the opinion grows here that he could profitably stay at home at Ottawa and attend to matters, less personal perhaps, but quite as important to the welfare of the nation and the Conservative party.

For instance, there is the large question of getting all the good that can be got in the way of cheer for the people and arguments for the next election campaign out of the grand old Union Jack. It is felt that the Minister of Militia should have this department in charge. He is just the man for it. Activity along this line has been neglected far too long. So far as an adequate display of flags is concerned the German soldiers well demand, neither we have a native land to die for at all.

This strange absence of flags has been brought to the attention of the authorities mostly by the remarks of American tourists in Canada, who cannot understand how a country can be in the throes of a great war without hanging out a banner or two. The average American visits Canada, sees our troops marching away by the thousands, the people lining the streets to see the heroes off, but no cheering, no flags.

Naturally our America cousin asks why. "We feel too sad to cheer," he replies, with a lump in our throats. "So many of these brave fellows will never come back." And that explains why there is so little cheering. But when the American cousin goes on to ask about flags we are fairly stumped. Why is it that the cities and towns and villages of Canada, the public buildings and the private dwellings, are not aflame with the Union Jack and the Red Ensign? Why do we deny our soldiers the right of a flag of liberty, and justice, to hearten and inspire them? There's nothing bucks the soldier boy up like that meteor flag fluttering from every corner of the old home town as he marches away to Flanders, or the Dardanelles, or Egypt, or wherever the paths of glory lead him. The old flag and the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me"—there's a remembrance to live in his heart amidst the perils of battle. It sustains him like a religion.

Knowing what aid and comfort it is why don't the soldiers get a chance to see more of it? If ever there was a time to wave the flag this is it. Here is a real crisis of Empire, a real occasion for loyal bunting, a tremendous opportunity for all the moral support and spiritual enthusiasm the flag can supply, yet the Government does nothing. It does not even give out a word of advice and encouragement.

The other day Premier Borden was visiting the great and loyal city of Toronto, with the object of delivering a message from our soldiers at the front. His visit coincided with the news of victories in Flanders and the Argonne, due to the reason for flags and paeans of joy. One would have thought to see flags everywhere, on the shop fronts, on towers and steeples, in the hands of the young men and maidens, in the hands of the old people and the little children. Instead there was a time for flags. If an American city had been celebrating a double triumph like that—victory in Europe and a visit from the First Commoner—it would have been ablaze with flags. The landscape would have been completely covered with stars and stripes. But Toronto the loyal, Toronto the Conservative, with the premier of its heart in its very midst did not hang out one extra flag. I take that back. One down town saloon ran up the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, but doubts were expressed as to what it had to do with the celebration, now that the License Commission has got busy.

Why was Toronto so timid, so meticulously thrifty in the use of flags on that glorious day? Or rather why doesn't Canada exist in a greater degree to show its colors, for Toronto is only one case in point? One would suppose that flags are something they don't keep at the department stores, so few and far between are they. And yet they were plentiful enough in September, 1911, when they were used at every Conservative campaign meeting to give an artistic verisimilitude as Pootah Bah would say, to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative. Perhaps you remember, gentle reader, how their custom was to blossom at the psychological moment, carrying the intelligence off his feet and causing him to forget the statistics presented by the other side. They had the flag in all sizes then, from copola size down to button hole ribbons, and it cannot be denied that the flag did excellent work for those who were handing it at that time. Just here the question arises where are all those flags now, also the men who organized the flag enthusiasm. The answer is that there are plenty of flags in Canada yet, and that the flag-organizers of that day are in power now at Ottawa, but that

there's nothing doing in the way of concerted effort. Somehow or other nobody is taking hold of the flag and waving it, as it could be waved if they had the heart to do it. A possible explanation is that they may have the heart, but not the nerve to do it. Having waved the flag for a petty partisan purpose in 1911, they naturally feel a little shy about tackling a more important matter. Besides, the people remember three things and no doubt cherish resentment against those who used the sacred emblem of our nationhood for anything less than the noblest ends. At all events it doesn't do to recall the facts of four years ago by too much ostentation now.

A cynic has suggested that another reason why the people have had no official encouragement from the Government in the use of flags is that the Government doesn't feel like celebrating victory in Europe when it has nothing to celebrate at home—except defeats and reverses at the polls, as in Manitoba, and Prince Edward Island and—not yet, but soon—in British Columbia.

However, this is a digression. The point is that a man is not apt to induce Major General Sir Sam Hughes to stay at home more in Ottawa and take charge of the flag operations. What the people lack is not the spirit but direction. The Major General is just the man for the job. He is a thorough democrat and only accepted the power hood because it was an honor to democracy. For himself he didn't give a hoot. He's like that, is Sir Sam, always sacrificing his personal feelings for the public good. He believes in the flag and the flag believes in him and when Sir Sam has the matter in his hands the people will feel that he isn't overdoing it. Besides, Sir Sam is a technical expert on flag work which has become a science in Ottawa. At the capital you can even tell what the flag on the House of Commons is, whether Senator Blank was cured of his asthma or whether he wasn't. Mostly he wasn't and that is always a glad message to the new candidates. At any rate there's a great run on flags in Ottawa—they're always hoisting of 'em up and hoisting 'em down, thus letting the world know what goes on.

As might be expected the Militia Department excels in this branch of service. The red-tape colonels have made the flag almost a language. You can always tell what a red-tape colonel is thinking about by watching his flag. For instance, if he has just had a high-ball the flag is at peak, if he wants a high-ball the flag is at half mast, and if he doesn't expect to see more of it, if ever there was a time to wave the flag this is it. Here is a real crisis of Empire, a real occasion for loyal bunting, a tremendous opportunity for all the moral support and spiritual enthusiasm the flag can supply, yet the Government does nothing. It does not even give out a word of advice and encouragement.

THE SPORT REVIEW

John McGraw plans to rebuild his New York Giants with youngsters. The Canadian Henley at Port Dalhousie yielded the magnificent sum of \$1,800 for the St. Catharines Red Cross Fund. The Juarez winter meeting opens on the American Thanksgiving Day, November 25th, and there will be one hundred days of racing at least.

"Eddie" Nagle, the star Rugby and hockey player, whom the Ottawas have been after for some time, has been persuaded to stay in Ottawa. Hamilton Tigers have about settled on their regular team for this season. Erskine, the former Queen's man, will be at rover, while the back division will be "Jack" McKelvey, "Sam" Manson and "Chicken" McKelvey.

Hugh Gall, University of Toronto's victorious football captain of 1914, has been appointed as representative of the University's Advisory Board on the athletic directorate during the absence of Dr. Hendrie, who is at the front with the University of Toronto Base Hospital. For the first time in Jhn McGraw's thirteen years' regime over Manhattan baseball, the Giants finish in the cellar. Only once in that span of years have they finished in the second division. The Varsity's athletic and C. O. T. C. authorities are having some difficulty in arranging for Saturday dates. "The military" wish to hold regular Saturday field days. The foot ball club were hoping to arrange double-headers at the Stadium on Saturday afternoons. The old adage could well be reconstructed: "All drill and no play makes Tom a poor soldier."

Directors of the American Coal Product Company to-day declared a stock dividend of 5 per cent. on the common shares in addition to the regular 1 3/4 per cent. quarterly cash distribution.