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The medicine that is thoroughly reliable and has stood the test of half a century. There is nothing in it unsafe for even the baby.



SERGEANT MCCLINTOCK.

"OVER THERE"

The Thrill and the Hell of the Trenches, Described by an American Boy.

Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lexington, Ky., and the Canadian Army Has Greeting Tale That Every American Will Read, For He Tells the Facts—Unadorned. Wounded, a Distinguished Conduct Medal Man, He Was Invalided Home, but Is Going "Out There" Again to Fight For Uncle Sam and His Allies.

No. 1. In Training

By Sergeant Alexander McClintock, D. C. M., 87th Overseas Batt., Canadian Gren. Guards.

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FOREWORD.

Here is a literary product which is at once an admirable example of the force of simple realism in the description of things which are difficult of ordinary comprehension, and a handbook and guide for every prospective soldier of our armics.

Sergeant McClintock has not written stories about the war. He has written the war itself, reducing it, one might almost say, to words of one syllable, yet bringing to the reader's view, clearly and vividly, the various aspects of the great struggle, hidden to all except the man who is actually a part of it.

Sergeant McClintock received the Distinguished Conduct medal for leaving England for home on leave. He is returning to accept a commission in the Canadian overseas forces. The story is told in McClintock's own unadorned way.

I DON'T lay claim to being much of a writer, and up till now I have never felt the call to write anything about my experiences with the Canadian troops in Belgium and France, because I have realized that a great many other men saw quite as much as I did and could beat me telling about it.

Now there is a reason, as I look at it, I believe I can show the two or three millions of my fellow countrymen who will be "out there" before this war is over what they are going to be up against and what they ought to prepare for personally and individually.

The war changed him entirely. He became extremely quiet and seemed to be borne down with the sense of the terrible things which he saw. He never lost the good fellowship which was inherent in him and was always ready to do anything to oblige me, but he formed the habit of sitting, alone and silent, for hours at a time, just thinking. It seemed as if he had a premonition about himself, though he never showed fear and never spoke of the dangers we were going into, as the other fellows did. He was killed in the Somme action in which I was wounded.

I also had been made a sergeant on account of the fact that I had been at school in the Virginia Military Institute—that is, I was an acting sergeant. It was explained to me that my appointment would have to be confirmed in England and then reconfirmed after three months' service in France. Under the regulations of the Canadian forces, a noncommissioned officer, after final confirmation in his grade, can be reduced to the ranks only by a general court martial, though he can escape a court martial when confronted with charges, by reverting to the ranks at his own request.

Forty-two hundred of us sailed for England on the Empress of Britain, sister ship to the Empress of Ireland, which was sunk in the St. Lawrence river. The steamer was of course, very crowded and uncomfortable, and the eight-day trip across was most unpleasant. We had to lie on our sides, we were sick of the sight of it. A sergeant reported one morning, "Eight men and twenty-two breakfasts absent." There were two other troop ships in our company, the Baltic and the Metagama. A British cruiser escorted us until we were 400 miles off the coast of Ireland. Then each ship picked up a destroyer which had come out to meet her. At that time a notice was posted in the purser's office informing us that we were in the war zone and that the ship would not stop for anything, even for a man overboard. That day a soldier fell off the Metagama with \$700 in his pocket, and the ship never even hesitated. They left him where he had no chance in the world to spend his money.

"Make a Break!"
Through my training in the V. M. I. I was able to read newspapers slip-

had been treated, if not for other reason. As there seemed to be a considerable division of opinion on this point among the people at home, I came to the conclusion that any man who was free, white and twenty-one and felt as I did ought to go over and get into it single handed on the side where his convictions led him. If there wasn't some particular reason why he couldn't. Therefore I said goodby to my parents and friends in Lexington and started for New York with the idea of sailing for France and joining the Foreign legion of the French army.

Decides to Go to Canada.

A couple of nights after I got to New York I fell into conversation in the Knickerbocker bar with a chap who was in the re-enforcement company of Princess Pat's regiment of the Canadian forces. After my talk with him I decided to go up to Canada and look things over. I arrived at the Windsor hotel, in Montreal, at 8 o'clock in the morning a couple of days later, and at 10 o'clock that morning I was sworn in as a private in the Canadian Grenadier guards, Eighty-seventh overseas battalion, Lieutenant Colonel F. S. Meighen commanding. They were just getting under way, making soldiers out of the troops I enlisted with, and discipline was quite lax.

They at once gave me a week's leave to come down to New York and settle up some personal affairs, and I over-stayed it five days. All that my company commander said to me when I got back was that I seemed to have picked up Canadian habits very quickly. At a review one day in our training camp I heard a major say: "Bory, for God's sake don't call me Harry or spit in the ranks. Here comes the general!"

We found out eventually that there was a reason for the slackness of discipline. The trouble was that men would enlist to get \$1.10 a day without working for it and would desert as soon as any one made it unpleasant for them. Our officers knew what they were about. Conditions changed instantly when we went on shipboard. Discipline tightened up on us like a tie rope on a coil.

We trained in a sort of casual, easy way in Canada from Nov. 4 to the following April. We had a good deal of trouble keeping our battalion up to strength, and I was sent out several times with other "bums" on a recruiting detail. While we were in the training camp at St. John's I made the acquaintance of a young Canadian who became my "pal." He was Campbell McFarland, nephew of George McFarland, the actor who is so well known on the American musical stage. He was a sergeant. When I first knew him he was one of the most delightful and amusing young fellows you could imagine.

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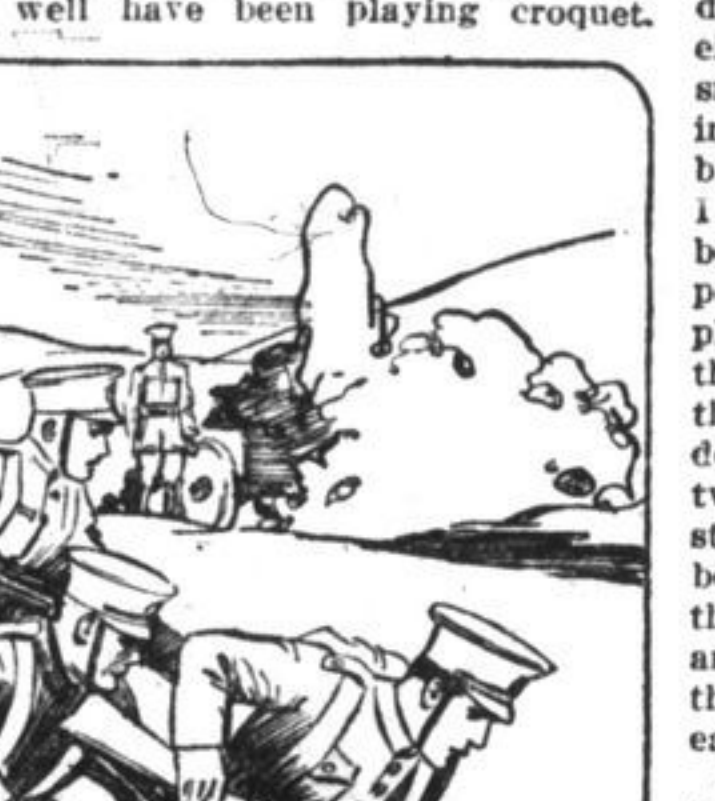
"Make a Break!"
Through my training in the V. M. I. I was able to read newspapers slip-

nals, and I caught the message from the destroyer which escorted us. It read: "Each ship for herself now. Make a break!"

We were aboard of it we proceeded at the dizzy rate of about four miles an hour, and what seemed to be the regular system of our operations at that time, we were the last to disembark.

The majority of our fellows had never been in England before, and they looked on our travels at that time as a fine lark. Everybody cheered and laughed when they dusted off one of those little toy trains and brought it up to take us away in it. After we were aboard of it we proceeded at the dizzy rate of about four miles an hour, and our regular company humorist—no company complete without one—suggested that they were afraid, if they went any faster, they might run off the island before they could stop. We were taken to Bramshot camp, in Hampshire, twelve miles from the Aldershot school of command. The next day we were given "king's leave"—eight days, with free transportation anywhere in the British Isles. It is the invariable custom to give this sort of leave to all colonial troops immediately upon their arrival in England. However, in our case Ireland was barred. Just at that time Ireland was no place for a newly arrived Canadian looking for sport.

After that they really began to make soldiers of us. We thought our training in Canada had amounted to something. We found out that we might as well have been playing croquet.



After That They Really Began to Make Soldiers of Us.

We learned more the first week of our actual training in England than we did from November to April in Canada. I make this statement without fear that any officer or man of the Canadian forces alive today will disagree with me, and I submit it for the thoughtful consideration of the gentlemen who believe that our own armies can be prepared for service here at home.

In this war every man has got to be a specialist. He's got to know one thing better than anybody else except those who have had intensive instruction in the same branch. And, besides

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that, he's got to have effective general knowledge of all the specialties in which his fellow soldiers have been particularly trained. I can illustrate this. Immediately upon our return from first leave in England we were divided into sections for training in eight specialties. They were: Bombing, sniping, scouting, machine gun fighting, signaling, trench mortar operation, bayonet fighting and stretcher bearing. I was selected for special training in bombing, probably because I was supposed, as an American and a baseball player, to be expert in throwing. With the other men picked for training in the same specialty, I was sent to Aldershot, and there for three weeks, twelve hours a day, I threw bombs, studied bombs, read about bombs, took bombs to pieces to see what made them tick and put them together again and did practically everything else that you could do with a bomb, except eat it.

Then I was ordered back along with the other men who had gained this intimate acquaintance with the entire bomb family, and we were put to work teaching the entire battalion all that we had learned. When we were not teaching we were under instruction ourselves by the men who had taken special training in other branches. Also at certain periods of the day we had physical training and rifle practice. Up to the time of our arrival in England intensive training had been merely a fine phrase with us. During our stay there it was a definite and overworking fact. Day and night we trained, and day and night it rained. At 9 o'clock we would fall into our bunks in huts which held from a half to a whole platoon—from thirty to sixty men—and drop into exhausted sleep, only to turn out at 5 a. m. to give a sudden and exact imitation of what we would do to the Germans if they sneaked up on us before breakfast in six inches of mud. Toward the last, when we thought we had been driven to the limit, they told us that we were to have a period of real, intensive training to harden us for actual fighting. They sent us four imperial drill sergeants from the British grenadier guards, the senior foot regiment of the

British army and the one with which we were affiliated. It would be quite unavailing for me to attempt to describe these drill sergeants. The British drill sergeant is an institution which can be understood only through personal and close contact and is about as cordial as loose electricity. If he thinks a major general is wrong he'll tell him so on the spot in the most emphatic way, but without ever violating a single sacred tradition of the service. The sergeants who took us in charge to put on the real polish to our training had all seen from twenty to twenty-five years of service. They had all been through the battles of Mons and the Marne, and they had all been wounded. They were perfect examples of a type. One of them ordered all of our commissioned officers, from the colonel down, to turn out for rifle drill one day and put them through the manual of arms while the soldiers of the battalion stood around looking on. "Gentlemen," said he very politely in the midst of the drill, "when I see you handle your rifles I feel like falling on my knees and thanking God that we've got a navy."

A Call For Volunteers.

On June 2, after the third battle of Ypres, while McFarland and I were sitting wearily on our bunks during a strange hour in the afternoon when nobody had thought of anything for us to do, a soldier came in with a message from headquarters which put a sudden stop to the discussion we were having about the possibility of getting leave to go up to London. The message was that the First, Second and Third divisions of the Canadians had lost 40 per cent of their men in the third fight at Ypres and that 300 volunteers were wanted from each of our battalions to fill up the gaps. "Forty per cent," said McFarland, getting up quickly. "My God, think of it! Well, I'm off to tell 'em I'll go."

I told him I was with him, and we started for headquarters, expecting to be received with applause and pointed out as heroic examples. We couldn't even get up to give in our names. The whole battalion had come up ahead of

us. They were all at first, "What was about this time that a story went round concerning an English colonel who had been called upon to furnish volunteers from his outfit to replace casualties. He backed his regiment up against a barrack wall and said: "Now, all three places to the rear!"

In our battalion sergeants and even officers offered to go as privates. McFarland and I were not accepted; our volunteers went at once, and we were re-enforced up to strength by drafts from the Fifth Canadian division, which was then forming in England.

In July, when we were being kept on the rifle ranges most of the time, all leave was stopped, and we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to go overseas. In the latter part of the month we started. We sailed from Southampton to Havre on a big transport, escorted all the way by destroyers. As we landed we got our first sight of the harvest of war. A big hospital on the quay was filled with wounded men. We had twenty-four hours in what they called a "rest camp." We slept on cobbles in shacks which were so utterly comfortable that it would be an insult to a Kentucky thoroughbred to call them stables. Then we were on the way to the Belgian town of Poperinghe, which is 150 miles from Havre and was at that time the rail head of the Ypres salient. We made the trip in box cars which were marked in French, "Eight horses or forty men," and we had to draw straws to decide who should lie down.

In the Front Trenches.

We got into Poperinghe at 7 a. m., and the scouts had led us into the front trenches at 2 the next morning. Our position was to the left of St. Eloi and was known as "the island," because it had no support on either flank. On the left were the Yser canal and the bluff which forms its bank. On the right were 300 yards of battered down trenches, which had been rebuilt twice and blown in again each time by the German guns. For some reason, which I never quite understood,

(Continued on Page 17.)

Startling Facts Brought Out By Strict Medical Examination. 35 Per Cent. of Several Thousands Examined Had Kidney Trouble. You may know something of the reputation of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a means of overcoming derangements of the kidneys. Reports of cures are appearing in the leading newspapers throughout Canada. There can be no doubt of the efficiency of this great medicine. But how are you to be aroused to your condition? Backache is one of the early symptoms, headache, loss of flesh, dryness of the skin are others. Deposits in the water after standing for twenty-four hours are a positive warning. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are effective when other treatments fail, because they awaken the action of the liver and bowels as well as the kidneys. They reach the source of trouble when most complicated. You can depend on them for splendid results. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25c a box, 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.