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"I am writing you to tell you that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. This medicine relieved me when I had given up hope of ever being well. I was a terrible sufferer from Dyspepsia—had suffered for years; and nothing I took did me any good. I read about 'Fruit-a-tives'; and tried them. After taking a few boxes, I am now entirely well. You have my permission to publish this letter, as I hope it will persuade other sufferers from Dyspepsia to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and get well".

MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made from fruit. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

German Reply to Allies.

Berlin, Sept. 5.—The German reply to the note of the Allies with regard to the representation of Austria in the German Reichsrath says that the German peace delegation informed the Allies on May 27th that Germany had no intention to modify the Austro-German boundaries by violence, but would undertake to oppose the German-Austrian spontaneous desire for union with Germany.

The Canadian V.C.'s

How Men From Canada Earned the Empire's Highest Tribute for Bravery in the Field of Battle.

For conspicuous bravery, courage and devotion to duty. After the capture of a position the enemy massed in force and counter-attacked. The situation became critical, all wires being cut. It was of the utmost importance to get word back to headquarters. This soldier and one other were given the message with orders to deliver the same at all costs. The other messenger was killed. Private Brown had his arm shattered, but continued on through an intense barrage until he arrived at the close support lines and found an officer.

He was so spent that he fell down the dugout steps, but retained consciousness long enough to hand over his message, saying, "Important message." He then became unconscious, and died in the dressing station a few hours later.

His devotion to duty was of the highest possible degree imaginable, and his delivery of the message undoubtedly saved the loss of the position for the time and prevented many casualties.

Hill 70. Down in the valley where the town of Loos once stood, every building had been smashed to atoms. The Canadians moved up to the front in the dark, past trenches named for the troops who had passed that way before in the attack made on the hill in 1915; Black Watch Alley, Cameron Alley and English Alley. The ground was slippery from the rains of the first two weeks of August. The weather was sultry and moist.

Suddenly from behind them arose the first rumble of the opening artillery attack, the hill was soon clouded with smoke lit by flashes of the bursting shells, and followed by a blaze of flame with the discharge of burning oil and liquid fire over the enemy trenches.

At 4.25 o'clock the infantry left their jumping off trenches and swarmed over No Man's Land into the German line. The first line was taken in six minutes. The German garrison of Hill 70 was composed of



PTE. HARRY BROWN, V.C. OF GANASNOUVE.

(By Carolyn Cornell.)

Harvest time had come again to France and the sickle moon hung low in the sky before the dawn of August 15, 1917. From the ruined town of Loos Canadian soldiers made their way to the front line trenches at the foot of Hill 70. After two years garrison duty at this point of the line, an attack was to be made on the German entrenchments on the side and crest of the hill. The enemy had fortified the position very strongly because it overlooked the mining town of Lens. The whole district was dotted with little mining towns, of which nothing remained now but piles of brick and stone. The Germans had deepened the cellars and put concrete roofs overhead, often many feet thick. The streets of the villages were crossed and recrossed with webs of wire, and concrete gun emplacements sunk deep, but showing only a few feet above ground were pitted all along the way.

Two years' bombardment had left little standing on the chalky slope of

young, raw troops and put up a weak resistance to our troops. The first streaks of dawn were lighting the east when our walking wounded started coming back to the dressing stations, all of them elated with the joy of victory. After two years weary waiting they were moving on, and their wounds were almost forgotten in the exhilaration of seeing the Hun in retreat.

But the day's work was not done and the men who held the newly won line had stern duty ahead of them before nightfall. The Germans were not going to let Hill 70 go so easily. Masses of men were poured through their communication trenches and scores of machine guns were turned on the victors. Hundreds of Canadians were falling, and new troops could not be brought up quickly enough. The German artillery had smashed all the telephone wires to headquarters. It looked as if the joy of the morning was about to be turned to bitter disappointment.

In the chalk pits at the northern end of Hill 70 a terrible struggle took place. The place had been turned into a fortress by the Germans. About 7 o'clock in the afternoon the Germans massed for a counter-attack on the Canadian positions who were trying to build a defence for their new lines. The 10th battalion had been sent up to reinforce the line. As their workers dug in the hard, chalky clay they were mown down by the enemy machine guns. Field guns were trained on the position, and the Canadian line withered under their fire. If help were not brought up the whole day's work would be lost and hundreds of men had died in vain.

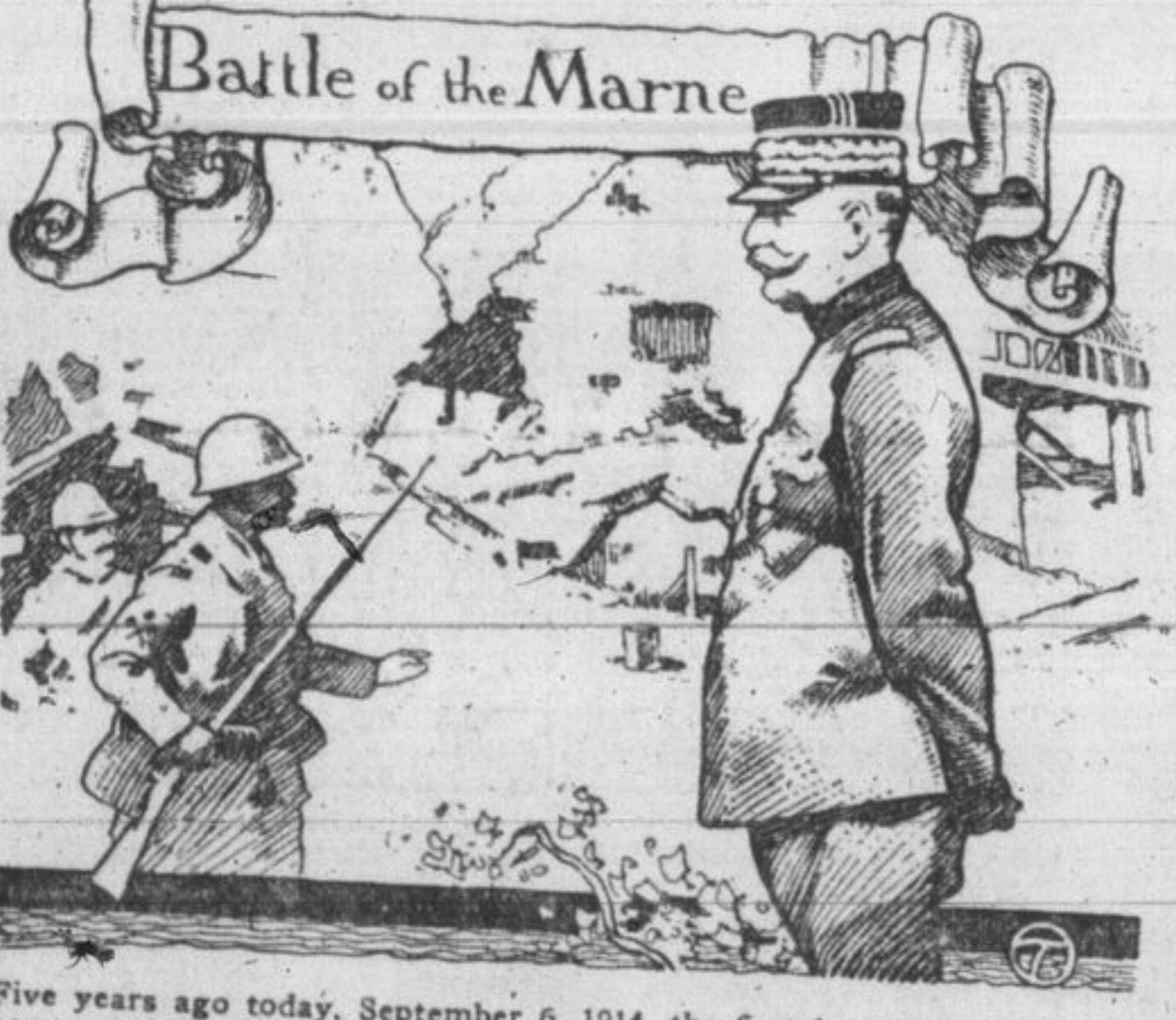
Volunteers to carry back a message to headquarters were asked for, and two of those who offered to go were sent off their dangerous mission. The ground over which they had to pass was swept by a barrage. The men watching from the trenches saw the first boy fall. The second started out. He too fell. Then both were lost sight of. The curtain of fire fell between the valiant young runners and the men in the shell-torn trenches whose lives depended on the delivery of the message to headquarters.

Out on the shell-torn field a boy was fighting for consciousness. It was Pte. Harry Brown, who carried the message to headquarters. His comrade was killed. His own left arm was mangled by a shell. He lay unconscious for a moment, then struggled to his feet. Hatless, his clothing riddled with shrapnel, he staggered on, falling into shell craters, rising again, crawling over the riddled earth, fainting often from pain, but always conquering by his indomitable will. One thought only framed itself in his mind—on him depended the lives of hundreds of men.

The day had almost run its course, and the sun was lowering in the west, when the pitiful form of a battalion runner was seen stumbling down one of the communication trenches. He approached the door of a dugout, swayed for a moment on the top step and then fell to the ground below. An officer bent over him. Pte. Brown struggled for consciousness. The officer raised him gently and the boy opened his eyes.

"Important message," he whispered, as he handed over a crumpled Harry Brown was born in Gananoque, Ont., in 1898. For two years after the war began he continued working on a farm, and then, in August, 1916, three months after his eighteenth birthday, he enlisted in London, Ont., in the Canadian Mounted Rifles. He was sent to Hamilton Ont. first and then overseas in the sixth draft to the C.M.R. He spent the winter in camp in England, and in 1917 was drafted into the 10th battalion, in which unit he was serving when he performed the heroic act for which he was awarded the Victoria Cross posthumously. His mother, now Mrs. Helen McLaughlin, lives in Omamee, Ont.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY



Battle of the Marne. Five years ago today, September 6, 1914, the first battle of the Marne began, and the French checked the German advance on Paris. Find two prisoners. Answer to yesterday's puzzle: Right side down at shoelace.

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Join With These Men

FOR SANE, MODERATE TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION

The time has come when the people of this Province must band themselves together in order to obtain a sane solution to the Temperance problem.

Representative men and women who feel that their liberties are being unreasonably encroached upon have associated themselves in what is known as the Citizens' Liberty League.

The League is not a radical organization promoted and dominated by selfish interests; but an organization of broad-minded thinking people, who, having the best interests of this Province at heart, believe that the unsatisfactory Temperance Act should be repealed.

The League is opposed to a return of the open bar as it previously existed in Ontario under the old License Act. It simply asks that non-intoxicating beer and wine be sold generally and that pure spirituous liquors be obtainable at Government

agencies under proper restrictions. These prominent citizens appeal to you to join the Citizens' Liberty League and assist in the effort to obtain sane, moderate temperance legislation.

To-Day is The Day! Join Now!

Send your membership fee of one dollar to Dr. J. G. Evans, Secretary Citizens Liberty League, Kingston.

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Secretary
Citizens' Liberty League.

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THE MAN ON WATCH

The only fault the Lampman has with Brer Bushell is that his exhibition gate entrance fee is too small. It is still one bit or quarter dollar for the big show. Let everybody get ready to attend.

The posties are not as popular as they once were. They were fine boys when they were overburdened with work. Now, they have come out for their rights.

Well, the next thing we may suffer in no mail delivery on Christmas day, so the critics had better subside and not make the posties too angry.

Some people who did not get their mail for three days, and who once upon a time opened even the post-office lobby being open on the Sabbath for boxholders, would now vote for a Sunday morning street mail delivery. How times have changed!

It takes the Free Methodists to loosen up. Their meetings of last Sabbath brought over two thousand dollars from the pockets of the worshippers. They must have had a Billy Sunday amongst them who caused this coin parting.

Don't imagine that foodstuffs alone are the only things that have gone up in price. "Bob" Reid tells us that furniture has taken the most little advance of thirty per cent since the spring. The old arm chair and the kitchen table will have to suffice a while longer.

Col. Hunter is still fining farmers who water the milk they sell. The colonel says that when he was young

he joined a sect that professed nothing and he has lived up to that profession ever since. It is too bad the milk diluters did not join that sect also. No doubt the bulk of them are highly respected in the religious community.

A suggestion: Who will donate a special prize for the exhibition at the Kingston fair of a ninety-pound bag of potatoes. A full weight bag would certainly be deserving of a prize in these days. They say that the people around Hartington are the only ones who give full potato weight.

Well, people, the millinery openings are with us. Much as we would



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TORONTO CANADA

like to have summer remain a while longer, the hat artists will not have it so. Winter bonnets must appear now. If a man puts on his straw lid before the 24th of May he is looked upon as a little looney, but a woman may bring forth her summer hat in February, while the snow is on the ground.

He was only an old Greek popcorn vendor, but now that he is dead, the people mourn his passing. He had a smile for everybody, was courteous to the ladies and kind to the children. Princess street is not the same without him, because for years the people bought from him, and when he was absent even on a very rainy night or a stormy winter one, he was missed and people asked, Where is the popcorn man? If George Glizan had known how much the people liked him, it would have made his heart rejoice. And may we not wonder why such as he should suffer a frightful death by fire. Good old popcorn man, goodbye.

THE TOWN WATCHMAN.

The establishment of a governmental commission of board with powers to fix both railroad wage scales and transportation rates was advocated in the U.S. senate by Senator Underwood of Alabama.

Fire breaking out Friday morning in one of the stills of the Imperial Oil Company at Woodside across the harbor from Halifax was extinguished by the company's fire fighting force.

Cholera and dysentery are reported to have broken out in Petrograd. There is a lack of medicines and famine threatens.

William C. Redfield, United States secretary of commerce, has tendered his resignation to President Wilson and it has been accepted, effective November 1st.

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