

—To instantly relieve tired, sore, swollen and tender feet.  
—To stop excessive perspiration and ease the pain of Corns, Bunions and Callouses.

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## "THE GREAT WAR AS I SAW IT."

By Canon F. G. Scott, C.M.G., D.S.O., of Quebec, Senior Chaplain of the First Canadian Division.

### CHAPTER 20. Preparing For the Final Blow. September, 1918.

Our Divisional Headquarters were now established in the delightful old chateau at Warlus. In Nissen huts nearby were the machine-gun battalion and the signallers, and I had one end of a Nissen hut all to myself, so was very comfortable. The three infantry brigades were quartered in the villages round about. The engineers and artillery were still at the front. As usual our men soon cleaned themselves up, and settled down to ordinary life as if they had never been through a battle in their lives. The weather was very pleasant, and we were all glad at the prospect of a little quiet after the strenuous month through which we had passed. Our concert party at once opened up one of the large huts as a theatre, and night after night their performances were witnessed by a crowded and enthusiastic audience. Just across a field towards Bernaville the 15th Battalion was quartered in a long line of huts and in the village itself were the 14th and 16th Battalions. I was therefore quite near the men of my old 3rd Brigade. The 16th Battalion concert party gave a fine performance there one evening, which was attended by some Canadian Sisters who came up from one of our C.C.S.'s. The play was called, "A Little Bit of Shamrock," and was composed by members of the concert party. It was exceedingly pretty and very clever, and evoked thunders of applause. The Colonel was called upon for a speech, and although his words were few, the rousing cheers he got from his men told him what they thought of their commanding officer, who soon afterwards was to be awarded the Victoria Cross. As one sat there in the midst of the men and thought what they had gone through, and how the flames in the fiery furnace of war had left their cheery souls unscathed, one's heart was filled with an admiration for them which will never die.

On looking over my diary during those delightful days while we were waiting to make the great attack, I see records of many journeys to our various battalions and artillery brigades. Wanquetin, Wailly, Dainville, Bernaville, Hautes, Avesnes—what memories these names recall! I would rattle over the dusty roads in my side-car and pull up at Battalion Headquarters, and get an invitation to dinner. On such occasions I used to visit the cooks first and ask them if they had enough food on hand for me in case the officers invited me to dine with them, and in case they didn't, if they (the cooks) would feed me later on in the kitchen. When the invitation had been given I used to go back to the cooks and say, "It's all right, boys, you won't be bothered with my society, the officers have asked me to dinner." In the evening, before I rode off, I used to go round to the men's billets, or to the Y.M.C.A. tent, if there was one, and have a talk with the men on the war outlook or any other topic that was perplexing them at the time. Often I was followed to my car by some man who had deeper matters to discuss, or perhaps some worry about things at home, and who wanted to unburden himself to a chaplain. On the way home, when darkness had fallen and our feeble headlight warned us against speeding, I would meet or overtake men and have a talk, or tell them to mount up on the box at the back of the car and I would give them a ride. The rows of tall trees along the road would stand out black against the starlit sky, and in the evening air the sweet smells of nature would fill us with delight. We felt too that nearer and nearer the hour of the great victory was approaching. Who amongst us would be spared to see it? How would it be brought about? What great and fierce battle would lay the Germans low? The supreme idea in the mind was consecration to a sublime sacrifice, which dwarfed into insignificance all previous events in life. We had our fun, we had our jokes, we met our friends, we saw battalions go on a route march, we watched men play their games in the fields; but to me it seemed that a new and mysterious light that was born of heaven hid behind the sunshine, and cast a glory upon men and even nature. To dine at the rude board table with the young officers of one of the companies of a battalion, perhaps in a bare hut on the floor of which lay the lads' beds, was something sacred and sacramental. Their apologies for the plainness of the repast were to me extremely pathetic. Was there a table in the whole world at which it was a greater honor to sit? Where could one find a nobler, knightlier body of young men?

In the garden round the Chateau at Warlus were many winding paths, where old trees gave a delightful shade. Here at odd moments one could get away for a time into the leafy solitude and think quietly and wonder. Although we were in rest there was of course no remission of warlike activity and preparation. We knew that the next thing that lay before us was the crossing of the Canal du Nord and the push to Cambrai. That was a deed which would not only tax our strength and courage, but depended for its success upon the care and diligence of our preparation.

On the two Sundays that we were at Warlus, I had splendid church parades with the Machine-Gun Battalion. Part of their billets were in huts beside the road to Dainville. In one of them one night I found some Imperial officers who were in charge of the wireless telegraph station. They told me some interesting facts about their work. The night was divided into different periods when the communications of the various countries would be sent out. These of course were for all the world to read. The most wonderful thing they told me, however, was that they could pick up the code messages sent from the German Admiralty Headquarters at Kiel to their submarines under the sea. Of course, not knowing the code, our officers could not translate these despatches.

### "Via Wireless."

I received a great blow at this time, for my friend, Lyons, who acted as the chauffeur of my side-car, was sent off to the 3rd Division to replace one of the despatch riders whom they had lost in the attack. Our own signallers could not give me another man. As I could not run the car myself, a sudden move might compel me to leave it behind. Someone, too, might appropriate it, for the honesty of the army was, as I knew from experience, a grace on which one could not place much reliance. The only person to whom I could apply was my good and kind friend, the bullock of my churches and huts, Colonel McPhail, our C.R.E. He was always my refuge in distress. He looked upon the building of churches at the front as an act of such piety that it would guarantee to him at any time the certain admission into heaven. He attributed his piety to the claim which his clan made to be the descendants of St. Paul. Apparently in Gaelic, McPhail means "the son of Paul". The Colonel was always fond of insisting upon his high lineage. He came to see me once when I was ill at Bruay, and after stating the historical claims of his ancestors, asked me if I had not observed some traits in his character which were like those of St. Paul. I told him that the only resemblance to the Apostle which I had discovered in him was that his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible. In spite of those urking thrusts, however, the Colonel manifested the Apostle's quality of forgiveness, and was always ready to try and make me comfortable. I wrote to him now and asked if he could send me a driver for my car. He did not fail me; a few days afterwards a young sapper appeared, saluted most properly, and told me that he had been ordered by the C.R.E. to report to me for duty as chauffeur. I was so delighted that I at once despatched the following letter to my friend:—

"Dear Colonel MacPhail,  
If I had but a tail  
I would wag it this morning for joy.  
At your having provided  
My car that's one-sided  
With a good and intelligent boy.

May your blessing from heaven  
Abound in this war,  
And be seven times seven  
More than ever before."

The possession of a new driver for my car enabled me to pay a last visit to Le Cauroy, where I had left some of my possessions on our trip to Amiens. I found the Cure in high good humor over the way the war was going. The outlook was very different now from what it had been when I was there before. I also visited Arras and the forward area, where I dined one night in a tent with Major Price, who was in command at the time of my original battalion, the 14th. The men were billeted in trenches, and as usual were making the best of things. It was strange to look back to the early days of the war and talk about old times. As I returned in the twilight, and gazed far away over the waste of land towards the bank of low clouds in the eastern sky, my heart grew sick at the thought of all which those fine young men might have to endure before the crowning victory came. The thought of the near presence of the Angel of Death was always coming up in my mind, changing and, I think, transfiguring into something nobler and better our earthly converse.

(Continued on Tuesday.)

### Injured in Collision.

En route to Lya to visit relatives, Edmund Crandall, of Paterson, N.J., was seriously hurt a few days ago when the motorcycle upon which he was riding collided with an automobile on the Burrville road near Watertown, N.Y. He is at the City Hospital, Watertown, convalescing from an operation which was performed as a result of the accident. Mr. Crandall is a brother-in-law of Burton Billings, third concessioner of Elizabethtown.

The fisher, the largest American marten, is becoming quite rare.

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30 doz. charming new Voile Blouses with Organdy and lace trims—all white and with colored trimmings—exceptional values in every case—all the latest styles; in sizes 34 to 44.

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A complete showing of new Gingham and Chambray Dresses; in a wonderful range of colors and styles. The sizes range from 2 to 14 years.

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12 only, All Wool Cream Jersey Suits; in sizes 36 to 42. These smart Tuxedo Suits sell regularly at \$20.00 each. While they last ..... \$11.95

## 50 New Silk Taffeta Dresses

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### Sale Price Less 33 1/3%

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TO-NIGHT LESS 33 1-3%.

Or repriced from ..... \$16.67 to \$33.34.

### MEN'S OUTING SHIRTS, \$1.79—

60 only, Men's Sport Shirts in white, with Collars attached; in sizes 14 1/2 to 16 1/2 ..... To-night \$1.79

### BOYS' BATHING SUITS, 49c. EACH—

120 Boys' Cotton Jersey Bathing Suits—Zimmer-knit brand—all colors. Regular 90c. .... To-night 49c.

### SILK STOCKINGS, 69c. PAIR—

25 dozen Black and White Silk Stockings with reinforced lisle garter top. All sizes. Reg. 85c. a pair. To-night 69c. pr.

### NEW DROP-STITCH SILK HOSE, 95c. PAIR—

18 dozen new Drop-Stitch Silk Stockings; in colors black, white, and cordovan; all sizes; regular \$1.50 values. .... To-night 95c. pair

### MEN'S BALBRIGGAN SHIRTS and DRAWERS, 69c. EA.

25 dozen Men's Natural Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers—both long and short sleeves and legs; sold everywhere at 75c. a garment ..... To-night 69c. each

### WOMEN'S VESTS, 25c. EACH—

20 dozen Swiss Ribbed Cotton Vests in sleeveless and short sleeve styles. Special values at 35c. each. .... To-night 25c.

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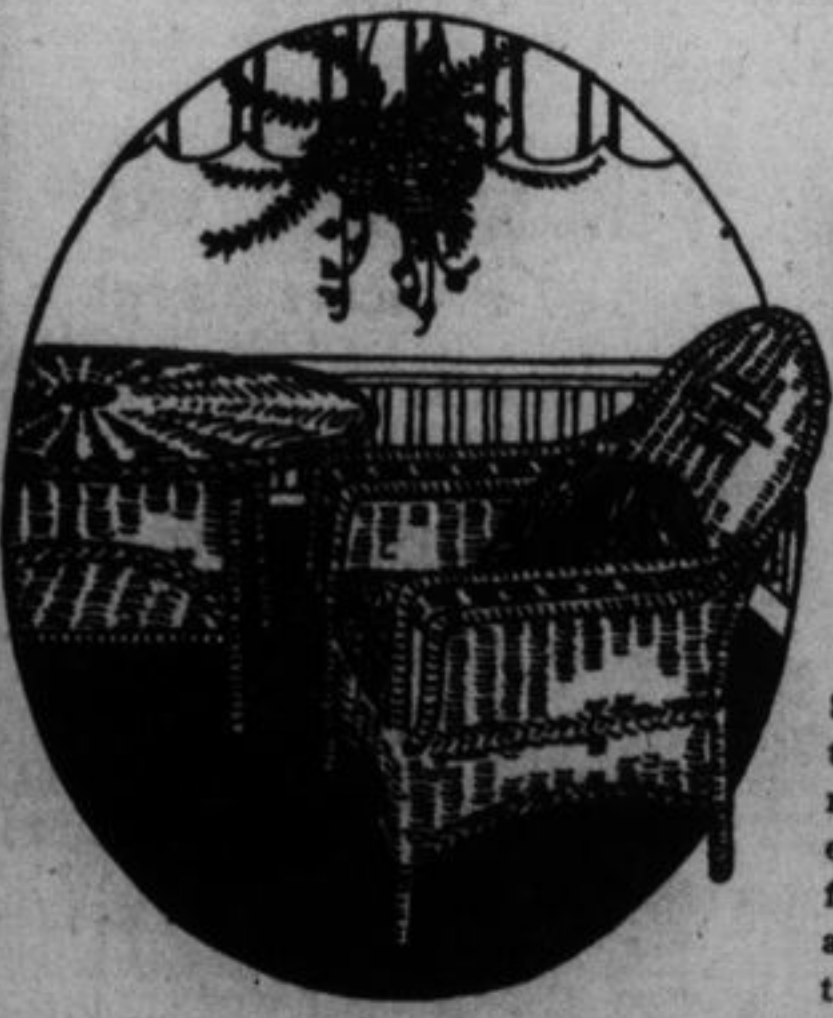
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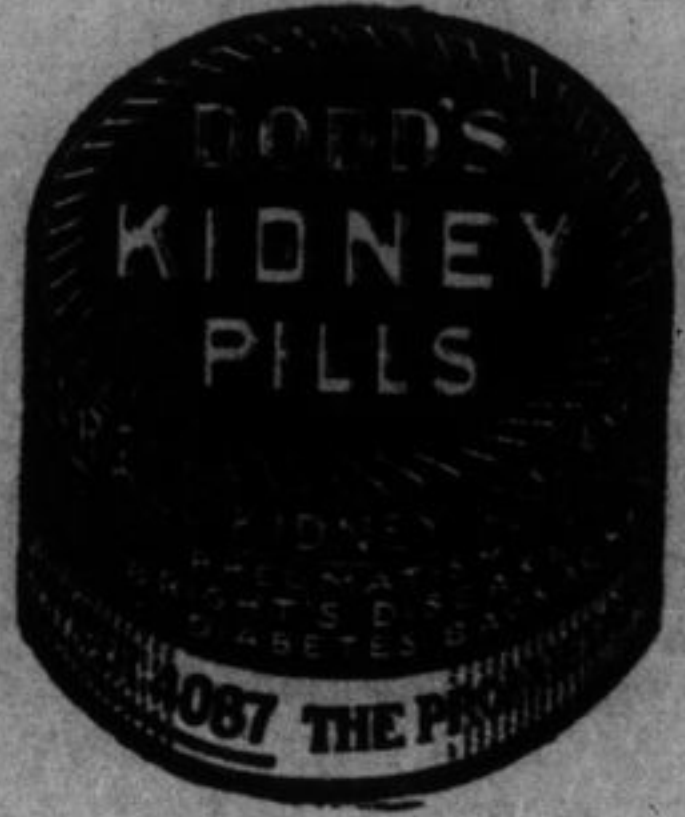
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