

That Son-in-Law of Pa's

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THE BRAVE WORDS AND GALLANT DEATH OF CAPT. NORMAN LESLIE

"Try and not worry too much about the war; anyway, individuals, cannot count. Remember we are writing a new page of history. Future generations cannot be allowed to read the decline of the British Empire and attribute it to us. But count the loss fought. It is far better to go out with honor than survive with shame."—Capt. Norman Leslie.

Of all the noble words, and they are many and eloquent, which the war has inspired, none shines with a purer radiance than this last message sent to a friend by Capt. Norman Leslie, writes "an Englishman" in the London Daily Mail. There are plain words, the words of a soldier, there is no vaunting in them, no clamor for fame or glory, but what is far greater a perfect modesty and abnegation of self.

Capt. Leslie, who bravely and cheerfully gave his life for his country, took a martial view of his duty and his fate. He knew himself but a part of a vast "British Unit." He refused to exalt the man, the individual. "We live our little lives and die," he said, and thanked God that to some, and to some pharisees, was given a chance of proving their courage. The loss he counted as naught, for he knew, like the hero that he was, that the gain to the empire was incalculable.

"Greater love hath no man..."

So long as there are Englishmen to look upon death and duty with Capt. Leslie's serene confidence we may be sure of the victory. Yet it is not for us, who stay at home to accept the soldier's estimate of the sacrifice which he makes. At the call of his country he gives us the free gift of his life and tells us in his simple phrasing not to worry too much about it. Even if we could escape the worry we cannot and we shall not evade the claim of gratitude. It is in vain that we seek comfort in the commonplace of the philosopher. We guard our lives carefully, even in the very moment that we declare that we are ready, booted and spur-

red, to depart. And in our hearts we know that "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

But the gratitude which we owe to such heroes as Capt. Leslie and the men who have fallen with him should not be a thing of mere lip service. A gift, which is a deed, asks a deed in exchange, and for every soldier that falls on the field there should be ten ready to take his place. That is the only reparation that he would demand; it is the only reparation that we can give. "It is far better to go out with honor than survive with shame." There is a call which comes to us from the grave, a call which all who believe in their country's destiny know will be answered.

The Army clamors for recruits and there are still some who lag behind. They understand not the necessity, maybe, or their duty is not set before them with sufficient clarity. Where, if we need a trumpet call, shall we find one louder and deeper than that which rings in Capt. Leslie's gallant words? Let all Englishmen hear them, and they will not fail us in our need. "Remember we are writing a new page of history. Future generations cannot be allowed to read the decline of the British Empire and attribute it to us."

KELVIN

While on the road to Brantford on Saturday morning, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Andrews, met with quite an accident. As they were driving through the village of Scotland, the horse took fright and ran nearly to Oakland, upsetting the rig, throwing both occupants out. Mrs. Andrews was uninjured, but Mr. Andrews received a severe bruise on the side of his head, which has caused him a great deal of pain. However, we hope he may soon recover under the skillful treatment of Dr. Chamberlain, of Kelvin.

The friends here feel very sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Miles Wood of Norwich. He was a former resident of this place.

Mr. Richardson of Toledo, Ohio, was through this section on business one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Almas spent Sunday with friends in Scotland.

Mrs. J. N. Ramsay is quite poorly, indeed. We hope for her early recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Roswell spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Almas of this place.

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MISSING BY THE CABLES

Graphic Incidents of the War, Told in Soldiers' Letters and by Wounded Men From the Front.

An account of very recent fighting near the Lys is given in the following letter from an officer, which has been placed at the disposal of the London Morning Post:

"Just a line to let you know that we have had a most frightful fight last Saturday night and then again on Sunday morning. It happened like this: Since Friday we held two miles of country near the River Lys in front of a village called Wytsate, and during the first day we were there nothing happened much except that we sniped a few Germans at long range, but during the second night, about two in the morning, the Germans delivered a terrific attack, which was directed almost entirely against this regiment. "Perhaps, a night, I have never seen anything better, as the Germans advanced in the most gallant way, shouting and screaming at the top of their voices, and in numbers they seemed to come just like a lot of locusts, and in the light of the moon they seemed to be never ending."

"Our position on the whole, I think, was a goodish one, except just where my trench was placed, so B— gave me another troop, so that I had 80 rifles to sweep the ground in front of me. The reason why my position was bad was because I had a wood within 200 yards of me and a small farm behind, which the Germans might reach without being seen."

"I was woke up about 2 a.m. by one of the sentries in my trench, who told me thought the Germans were going to make an attack, so, standing to our arms, we heard shouting and screaming, which seemed to come from 700 or 800 yards away. We stayed perfectly quiet for about ten minutes, listening to a perfect babel of voices, which sounded as if thousands of drunken men were coming towards us, and then within the wood in front of us we saw line after line of German infantry advancing, the main body of which swung off left-handed in front of the 1st Life Guards' trench. We then let them come within 300 yards of us, and let drive into them as thick as we could shoot, and you could really see them fall in thousands. But there were too many of them; it did not seem to make much difference; and on they came until they reached the 1st Life Guards' trench, where a devil of a bayonet fight started, which lasted for half an hour, the Germans were eventually driven out (1st Life Guards), but rallied again by M— W—, who was already shot in the side, they made a counter attack and drove the Germans out again in the most gallant way."

A GERMAN DECOY

"We then retired through the village, after firing a few shots at the enemy, and found outside a company of the North Staffords, whom we formed up with, and were able, during the rest of the night, to keep the Germans in the village. About six in the morning, however, out came the Germans, and we had to retire a quarter of a mile, where we found that half a battalion of North Staffords and one battalion of Leicesters had just arrived. We then determined to attack the village again, and see if we could not get into it, so, reinforced by these, we ran under a good heavy fire again towards Wytsate, where eventually the leading company managed to get in."

"The most disgusting show I have ever seen then started, as I think the Germans had rats decoyed us in. The result was that the leading company, as well as 250, were practically killed as a man, and half the support company, with which I was, as they had the range of the ground where we were with machine guns and every man who did not happen to be behind good cover were killed to a man. Luckily I and about twelve Blues with me, got behind a house, but the Leicesters, who gallantly lined a hedge, were practically exterminated. I never want to see anything like it again; they were simply killed like so many sheep, and the sights made me, even in the excitement of the moment, quite sick."

"The cheery subaltern in command of the half company which I was with said to me: "What are we to do; we cannot get on, and we obviously cannot get back," and so I said: "We must try and get out and run like fau! So back we went, and I do not think, except perhaps the occasion of a fortnight ago down by the Lys, I have ever run so fast in my life. After we had run back to our old positions we found the Brigadier with the rest of the Brigade, and we were able, till French reinforcements came up, to hold the Germans back. The next day the 1st Lanciers made a counter-attack over the ground we had held, and they said the ground in front of our position was simply covered with dead Germans. They said that in front of us alone there must have been at least 700 dead. How many of the poor brutes went away wounded I do not know, but I should say, perhaps a couple of thousand, as they came on so thick you simply could not miss them. We were told officially next day that we had been attacked by sixteen infantry battalions, that is about 16,000 men. This, of course, means our brigade. A great communique came round the following day from Gough, congratulating the Brigade on the way they had fought. I think B— will be mentioned in despatches, and quite rightly, too, as he behaved splendidly."

DRUGS EXCITE YOUR KIDNEYS, USE SALTS

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers, Drink Lots of Water

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grape and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; it cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and back-ache.

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Johnson, accompanied by his white wife and attended by his usual retinue of managers and sparring partners, the Lys, I have ever run so fast in my life. After we had run back to our old positions we found the Brigadier with the rest of the Brigade, and we were able, till French reinforcements came up, to hold the Germans back. The next day the 1st Lanciers made a counter-attack over the ground we had held, and they said the ground in front of our position was simply covered with dead Germans. They said that in front of us alone there must have been at least 700 dead. How many of the poor brutes went away wounded I do not know, but I should say, perhaps a couple of thousand, as they came on so thick you simply could not miss them. We were told officially next day that we had been attacked by sixteen infantry battalions, that is about 16,000 men. This, of course, means our brigade. A great communique came round the following day from Gough, congratulating the Brigade on the way they had fought. I think B— will be mentioned in despatches, and quite rightly, too, as he behaved splendidly."

"But I prefer to find a way to mobilize the dollars."

Charley Somers thinks the Naps had too many stars last season. The stars were almost as numerous as the fans.

If peace is arranged in baseball somebody is going to lose a lot of money. Can you imagine a baseball magnate parting with money without the aid of an anesthetic?

—Geo. E. Phair.

THE LAW OF THE GAME

No matter how good they are, No matter their rank or fame; No matter the grip they tighten with In the whirl and swirl of the Game; No matter the stride they hold, If they follow the long trail through Some day another will come along — With more than they ever knew.

No matter how fast they look, No matter how great their day, No matter the power and speed they show

In the wrack and wreck of the fray; No matter that thousands crown Them king of a nation's lad, Some day another will reap the field With something they never had.

As Time and the Race of Man; As old as the bear of heart and pulse, In the first dim dawn of their last, No matter the height they keep On the crest where their drawn swords gleamed, Some day another will storm the walls With more than they ever dreamed.

—Grandland Rice.

BERLIN VERSION

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—A cable from London to the Herald this morning says: "The Berlin version of the events in Poland was made public last night in a despatch reaching here via The Hague, and which said that the presence of the Kaiser at Field Marshal Von Hindenberg's headquarters is interpreted as indicating that everything is thought to be going well."

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