

OLD MEN KISSED FRENCH SOLDIERS

Story of First French Battle
of the War in Southern
Lorraine.

The first French battle of the war took place in southern Lorraine, and it resulted in the movements that have subsequently developed in the advance that now threatens the great German fortress of Strasbourg. This battle, known as that of Altkirch, is thus described by G. Ward Price, an English war correspondent.

The advance, he writes, began late on Friday night, when a brigade of the French advance guard arrived before Altkirch. The town was defended by important field works and occupied by a German brigade. The French troops dashed to the assault with magnificent spirit.

One regiment of infantry distinguished itself by a furious charge, which carried the German trenches after a sharp fight in front of the lines. Once again the French bayonets put the enemy to flight.

Although the second line of trenches might still have been held, the enemy abandoned them. They also evacuated the town. A regiment of Dragoons was sent in pursuit of the retreating foe in the directions of Walheim, Tagolsheim and Illfurth.

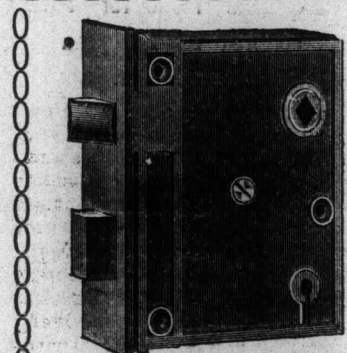
These cavalry attacks were pushed with vigor and serious loss was inflicted on the retreating Germans. A colonel and seven officers of a French regiment were wounded. Night permitted the Germans to escape, and the French troops then entered Altkirch. The old Alsatian city gave them an enthusiastic welcome. Old men who had known the defeats of 1870 embraced the French soldiers, and an immense cry of joy arose. German frontier posts, which had been torn up, were carried round in triumph. It was an hour of intense emotion.

The Advance.

It was only this morning that the French advance guard moved off from Altkirch. A cavalry screen was thrown out ahead and they naturally expected to encounter Germans before reaching Illhouse. They found none, so on word being sent back the general ordered an advance of the whole brigade.

In the afternoon scouts discovered the positions of the entrenchments thrown up by the Germans to cover Mulhouse. But the trenches were empty. The Germans had fled. At last at 5 p.m. long French columns advancing along the railway through Brunstatt reached Mulhouse. They were met by a rush of excited delighted Alsatians who hailed them as their deliverers with roars of cheers.

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FIRST WAR PHOTOGRAPH FROM AUSTRIA SHOWING SCENE IN THE CAPITAL



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PIN THEIR FAITH TO DIFFERENT RIFLES

often broken by sobs of thankfulness.

By six o'clock Mulhouse was a French town guarded by French soldiers, while the cavalry, pushing on at a gallop, are now harassing the German retreat to the north. So ends the first French victory.

The French brigade had attacked and driven back a German brigade entrenched in a strong position. It had been a victory won by steel.

Retreat of the Germans.

The defeated Germans are retreating on Neubrisach, a small fortress a few miles from Colmar.

Meanwhile in the other theatre of war there have been fierce engagements between French and German cavalry south of the Meuse. Here it has already become very clear that the French cavalry is greatly superior to that of the enemy. The French War Ministry gives one striking instance:

A German cavalry patrol of twenty-two Uhlans lancers met a French party of seven mounted riflemen Chasseurs. Despite their great advantage in numbers the Germans did not dare to attack. Whereupon the officer in command of the little French patrol put his horse to the gallop and charged down on the enemy revolver in hand. Straight at the leader of the Germans he rode and fired. Instantly the Uhlans not waiting for the charge of their handful of foes clapped spurs to their horses and galloped off.

The German converted cruiser Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse was sunk by a British cruiser off the west coast of Africa.

It has been charged that the German infantry is using dum-dum bullets in the present war, despite the fact that they are prohibited by the rules that are supposed to govern civilized war. Germans, also, are said to be employing a peculiarly murderous bayonet, one with hooked edges, that makes terrible wounds when it is withdrawn. We became familiar with the dum-dum bullet for the first time in the Boer War, the soldiers of Oom Paul using this sort of missile on many occasions. The dum-dum bullet has not the penetrating powers of a hard-nosed bullet but inflicts a far worse wound, for as soon as a bullet strikes a bone it flattens out and tears a jagged hole, whereas the hard-nosed bullet drills a clean hole, and very often passes through the body leaving hardly a mark. The so-called stopping power of a bullet is very different from its penetrating power. For instance, a heavy bullet travelling at a comparatively low velocity has far more stopping power than a smaller bullet travelling twice as fast.

Criticism of French Rifle.

The rifles, bullets and explosives used in the present war are widely different, different nations pinning their faith to not only different makes of rifles, but different styles. Germany, Russia and Belgium are using the Mauser, which was the Boers' favorite small arm, as it was that of the Spaniards when they fought the United States. Great Britain uses the Lee-Enfield; Austria's troops are equipped with the Mannlicher and the French the Lebel. All are magazine guns, but the French rifles are radically different from the Lebel. The French rifle has a tube through which the bullet passes to the barrel, while others have boxes or clips just under the stock and in front of the trigger guard. The general opinion is that the French method of storing bullets is a mistaken one, since with each shot fired the centre of gravity shifts back to the butt; and the tendency will be for the second and succeeding shot to go high, where as the opposite tendency would be better. By storing the bullets compactly right under the breech the balance of the weapon is not disturbed.

British Magazine Largest.

Until recently the theory of the British authorities upon rifle shooting was that the soldier should reload his gun after each shot, and reserve the magazine for an emergency. Now however, the British infantryman, like all others, will not reload until he has discharged all the cartridges in the magazine. The British magazine holds ten bullets. The Mauser and Mannlicher hold five, and the Lebel eight. Speaking generally the range of modern rifles is about 2,000 yards, this being the extreme distance for which they are sighted.

Different Explosives Used.

The rifles also vary as regards calibre, the Russian bullet being the smallest, .3 inches. The British is .303 the German .311 and the French .315. The Austrian bullet is the heaviest and the British the lightest, the latter being round, whilst most of the German bullets are of the Spitzer type, or sharp-nosed. The muzzle velocity of the bullets ranges from 2,882 feet per second of the German pointed bullet to 1,585 feet per second of the Russian bullet. The muzzle velocity of the British bullet is 2,400. The explosives, also, are different. British uses cordite and Russia uses pyroxyline. The other powers use nitroglycerine. The weight of the British explosive is the least being about three-quarters of the charge that sends home the Austrian bullets.

CATHCART

(From our own Correspondent)

The funeral of the late Mr. McIntyre took place on Saturday. Service at the house was conducted by Rev. Mr. Figgell, after which the remains were taken to Burford for burial.

The W. A. met last week at the home of Mrs. R. Thomas, and had a very pleasant meeting.

Mrs. C. Kelly is visiting friends at Toronto and Ottawa. Her intentions are to spend a month with her friends. What will Charley do all that time?

Miss Stephenson of the post office staff, attended the old home week at Brantford.

Mrs. Bonham of Ridgetown spent Sunday with Mrs. Lawerson.

Mrs. Warboys is spending a few weeks at her home here. After that time she will attend the Warboys picnic at Burgessville, and if it suits her she will spend the winter there.

Mrs. Feeley and children of Brantford are visiting Mrs. J. Chant.

Mr. W. Stephenson is making extensive improvements in his dwelling house.

Mrs. and Miss Secord have returned to their home after an extended visit at New Jersey.

GERMANS GIVE ACCOUNT OF BIG RECENT CLASH

Say That Battle Lasted Nine
Days, and Resulted in a
Victory.

[By Special Wire to the Courier]

BERLIN, Aug. 28.—(by wireless to the Associated Press, via Sayville, L. I. Aug. 28.)—7:40 p.m.—Headquarters has issued an official report declaring that the Western enemy has everywhere been defeated and is in full retreat after nine days fighting.

General Von Kluck defeated the English army at Naubeuge, renewed the attack to-day and threatened to surround it.

Generals Von Buelow and Von Hausen completely defeated the Franco-Belgian forces, about eight corps, between the Sambre and the Namur and the Meuse in several days battle and now pursuing to eastward of Maubeuge. The attack on Maubeuge was opened by the Grand Duke Albert of Wuertemberg, who defeated and pursued the enemy across the Semois and the Meuse.

The German crown prince is advancing towards the Meuse and the crown prince of Vavaria repulsed an attack from Nancy and the south. General Von Herring continues the pursuit southward through the Vosges.

Four Belgian divisions attacking Tuesday and Wednesday from Antwerp have been repulsed, losing guns and many prisoners. Belgian population generally participated in the fighting, necessitating severe repressive measures.

The corps of the last reserves have been called out to guard communications.

The British Foreign Office issued a white book on the diplomatic rupture between Britain and Germany.

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT

Take a glass of Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers you.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

THE STORY OF Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

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Rodman and Patty started up the hill gayly with their business, and Ivory walked by Waitstill's side as she pulled off her black bark crown and twisted her braid around her head with a heightened color at being watched.

"I'll say goodbye now, Ivory, but I'll see you at the meeting house," she said as she neared the store. "I'll go in here and brush the pine needles off, wash my hands and rest a little before rehearsal. That's a puzzling answer we have for tomorrow."

"I have my horse here. Let me drive you up to the church."

"I can't, Ivory; thank you. Father's orders are against my driving out with any one, you know."

"Very well. The road is free, at any rate. I'll hitch my horse down here in the woods somewhere, and when you start to walk I shall follow and catch up with you. There's luckily only one way to reach the church from here, and your father can't blame us if we both take it."

And so it fell out that Ivory and Waitstill walked together in the cool of the afternoon to the meeting house on Tory hill. Waitstill kept the beaten path on one side and Ivory that on the other, so that the width of the country road, deep in dust, was between them, yet their nearness seemed so tangible a thing that each could feel the heart beating in the other's side.

Their talk was only that of tried friends, a talk interrupted by long, beautiful silences—silences that came only to a man and woman whose understanding of each other was beyond question and answer. Not a sound broke the stillness, yet the very air, it seemed to them, was shedding meanings, the flowers were exhaling a love secret with their fragrances, the birds were singing it boldly from the treetops, yet no word passed the man's lips or the girl's. Patty would have hung out all sorts of signals and lures to draw the truth from Ivory and break through the walls of his self control, but Waitstill, never, and Ivory Boynton was made of stuff so strong that he would not speak a syllable of love to a woman unless he could say all. He was only five and twenty, but he had been reared in a rigorous school and had learned in its poverty, loneliness and anxiety lessons of self denial and self control that bore daily fruit now.

He knew that Deacon Baxter would never allow any engagement to exist between Waitstill and himself. He also knew that Waitstill would never defy and disobey her father if it meant leaving her younger sister to fight alone a dreary battle for which she was not fitted. If there was little hope on her side there seemed even less on his.

His mother's mental illness made her peculiarly dependent upon him and at the same time held him in such strict bondage that it was almost impossible for him to get on in the world or even to give her the comforts she needed. In villages like Riverboro in those early days there was no putting away even of secret women, so debarred as to be something of a menace to the peace of the household. But Lois Boynton was so gentle, so fragile, so exquisite a spirit, that she seemed in her sad aloofness simply a thing to be sheltered and shielded somehow in her difficult life journey. Ivory often thought how sorely she needed a daughter in her affliction. If the boy sister had only lived the home might have been different; but alas, there was only a son—a son who tried to be tender and sympathetic, but after all was nothing but a big, clumsy, uncomprehending man creature, who ought to be felling trees, plowing, sowing, reaping or at least studying law, making his own fortune and that of some future wife.

Mrs. Mason, a garrulous, good hearted grandame, was their only near neighbor, and her visits always left his mother worse rather than better. How such a girl as Waitstill would pour comfort and beauty and joy into a lonely house like his if only he were weak enough to call upon her strength and put it to so cruel a test! God help him! He would never do that, especially as he could not earn enough to keep a large family, bound down as he was by inexorable responsibilities.

Waitstill thus far in life had suffered many sorrows and enjoyed few pleasures. Marriage ought to bring her freedom and plenty, not carking care and poverty. He stole long looks at the girl across the separating space that was so helpless to separate, feeding his starved heart upon her womanly graces. Her quick, springing step was in harmony with the fire and courage of her mind. There was a line or two in her face—small wonder. But an "unconquerable soul" shone in her eyes, shone, too, in an uncertain way, but brightly and steadily, expressing an unshaken joy in living. Valiant, splendid, indomitable Waitstill! He could never tell her, alas! But how he gloried in her!

It is needless to say that no woman could be the possessor of such a love as Ivory Boynton's and not know of its existence. Waitstill never heard a breath of it from Ivory's lips; even his eyes were under control and confessed nothing, nor did his hand ever clasp hers to show by a telltale touch the truth he dared not utter; nevertheless she felt that she was beloved. She hid the knowledge deep in her heart and covered it softly from every eye but her own, taking it out in the safe darkness sometimes to wonder over

and adore in secret. Did her love for Ivory rest partly on a sense of vocation—a profound, inarticulate divining of his vast need of her? He was so strong, yet so weak because of the yoke he bore, so bitterly alone in his desperate struggle with life, that her heart melted like wax whenever she thought of him. When she contemplated the hidden mutiny in her own heart she was awestruck sometimes at the almost divine patience of Ivory's conduct as a son.

"How is your mother this summer, Ivory?" she asked as they sat down on the meeting house steps waiting for Jed Morrill to open the door.

"There is little change in her from year to year, Waitstill—by the way, why don't we get out of this afternoon sun and sit in the old graveyard under the trees? We are early and the church won't get here for half an hour. Dr. Perry says that he does not understand mother's case in the least and that no one but some great Boston physician could give a proper opinion on it; of course that is impossible at present."

They sat down on the grass underneath one of the elms, and Waitstill took off her hat and leaned back against the tree trunk.

"Tell me more," she said; "it is so long since we talked together quietly, and we have never really spoken of your mother."

"Of course," Ivory continued, "the people of the village all think and speak of mother's illness as religious insanity, but to me it seems nothing of the sort. I was only a child when father first fell ill with Jacob Cochrane, but I was twelve when father went away from home on his 'mission,' and if there was any one suffering from delusions in our family it was he, not mother. She had altogether given up going to the Cochrane meetings, and I well remember the scene when my father told her of the revelation he had received about going through the main and into New Hampshire in order to convert others and extend the movement. She had no sympathy with his self imposed mission, you may be sure, though now she goes back in her memory to the earlier days of her married life, when she tried hard, poor soul, to tread the same path that father was treading, so as to be by his side at every turn of the road."

"I am sure" (here Ivory's tone was somewhat dry and satirical) "that father's road had many turns, Waitstill! He was a schoolmaster in Saco, you know, when I was born, but he soon turned from teaching to preaching, and here my mother followed with entire sympathy, for she was intensely, devoutly religious. I said there was little change in her, but there is one new symptom. She has ceased to refer to her conversion to Cochraneism as a blessed experience. Her memory of those first days seems to have faded. As to her sister's death and all the circumstances of her bringing Rodman home, her mind is a blank. It is a pathetic picture of father's return, on the other hand, is much more intense than ever."

"She must have loved your father dearly, Ivory, and to lose him in this terrible way is much worse than death. Uncle Bart says he had a great gift of language!"

(To be Continued.)

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Courage of British
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Force of 700 Fought
5,000 Germans for
Hours.

[By Special Wire to the Courier]

LONDON, Aug. 29.—The Daily Mail's Boulogne correspondent, writing of the Battle of Tournai, says:

"The Battle of Tournai should go down in history besides Rorke's Drift, and Magersfontein as a revelation of the prowess of the British army."

At Tournai, a German cavalry force of 5,000 men overwhelmed a British force of 700 men. The British were expected to be defeated, but they fought bravely and held their ground for hours. The British were then rescued by the arrival of the British army.

"The story of this last stand somewhat belatedly by the British charge that the Germans had turned the tide of battle mounting quick fires in the Cross wagons. The British survivors fell back on Wednesday afternoon, the fighting having lasted from 11:30 in the morning. He is the story of Tournai in brief."

"On Wednesday morning our troops had taken a position slightly to the rear of the town, with high ground. Our artillery fired effectively at first upon the German advance, but later lost the range. Towards one o'clock our position became critical."

"As every vital moment slipped by, anxious eyes looked back. The promised help that was to come. Even at the terrible disadvantage of more than ten to one, the infantry and artillery were holding their own. The hordes of Uhlans seemed suddenly to swoop down from nowhere."

"Through the town they galloped with an amazing disregard for themselves and up to the muzzles of our field guns. The losses were appalling, but survivors insist that the British at their ground until armed ammunition was exhausted in many places. They were placed on them, fire guns mounted on them. Towards two o'clock the 300 survivors began to retire."

HUNGARIANS ARRESTED ALLOWED TO PROCEED

Seven Foreigners From Budapest, Taken Off Train, Allowed to Proceed to Windsor.

Seven Hungarians, suspected in connection with the way were taken from G. T. R. train yesterday at London by Detective Down and Detective Dwyer. They were placed on the 8.05 G. T. R. train last evening by the detective and allowed to proceed to Windsor, which would not doubt be as they would get in view of the system of scrutiny at border points.