

STRANGE STORIES FROM NEWS EXTRACTED OF THE WORLD WAR

League of Night Watchers Is the Newest and Oddest Society.

A STRIKING commentary on the effect of the great war upon the public at large is found in the fact that news stories which a few months ago would have achieved big headlines in the papers of the world are now overlooked in the general run of the news, and are given minor positions, if indeed they are published at all.

Odd Missionary Society.
The Christian, a religious journal, says the newest and oddest of all missionary societies in the world is the League of Night Watchers. Because of worry over fate of friends in the trenches and on battlefields, vast



MILLE DUTRIEU.

numbers of English people found it impossible to sleep at night. Some of them discovered that knowledge that others similarly afflicted were praying or perhaps merely thinking of them helped them to pass the hours and bring cheer.

Means were taken to let each other know names, circumstances, and causes of worries, and now the league numbers thousands, and is growing rapidly.

The leaders held a convention recently and decided to welcome contributions for work to help soldiers, believing that the formation of plans for relief might divert attention and induce sleep. It was decided also to form two branches, one composed of members who cannot sleep because of war worries, and other of those who must not sleep because of duty as nurses, guardsmen, physicians, or military officers.

Aviatrix With the Army.

One of the most interesting figures along the western front is Mile Dutrieu, the aviatrix, who has been rendering excellent service as a pilot in the French flying corps. Mile Dutrieu is an intrepid airwoman and has won signal honors.

Eight Left Out of Forty.

How Corp. Stephen Hobday, of the First Regiment Grenadier Guards (14th Battalion), won the Distinguished Conduct Medal, is described in a letter received from Hobday:

"We moved up to the line of trenches immediately behind the fire trench. Some other battalions were going to make a charge, and we were a working party with picks and shovels to go forward and reconstruct the first line of enemy trenches. The artillery did some wonderful work all afternoon, and, at one minute past six, our engineers blew up a section of the enemy's trenches. This mine exploding was to be a signal for our infantry to advance and for our artillery to lengthen their range to the enemy's reserve trench.

"Our men carried three trenches, but advanced too far, were unsupported and had to retire, losing all three. While we were waiting a 'Jack Johnson' shell burst immediately to the rear of our trench, blowing four men to pieces, and at the same time filling in our trench above the level of the parapet, completely burying our lieutenant and six men under an enormous weight of earth.

"We commenced digging them out from both ends of the fill-in and from the top. Of course the top was exposed to the enemy's rifle fire and our first man up was killed in about thirty seconds. A pal of mine took his place, and he was shot through the leg, but continued digging until his other leg was shattered. His place was taken by one of our corporals, and he was killed at once.

"We got out six alive, one being smothered before we could get to him. I was working all that night, and next morning (we were in the fire-trench by this time). We buried the dead chaps and moved a couple of guns (18 pounders) to a place of safety."

Describing the second charge, Corp Hobday says: "We passed the somewhat vague instructions on, and at the appointed moment our lieutenant blew his whistle, and we charged toward the enemy's trenches. Once over the parapet we were met with a perfect hurricane of lead, but not a man wavered (though they dropped all around) and we reached an old German communication trench, which we

Italian Corporal Honored For Lassoing an Austrian General.

lined, and from which we at once opened fire. We peppered them for about an hour, and then our lieutenant gave the order 'prepare for charge.'

"We were going on. But our S. M. (sergeant-major) says: 'Good God, man! are ye crazy? Do you see how many men you have?'

"He looked around, and we had eight left of about forty. Soon afterward we got the order to retire. When a couple of German trench mortar shells fell between the trenches we managed to sneak through the smoke and dust safely."

Lassoed a General.

Corporal Salvatore Sardina, who captured an Austrian general with a lasso on the Isonzo front is the hero of Rome.

Details of his exploit, published in the Tribuna, state that he had climbed a tree when the Austrian general left a group of officers and came under the tree. The corporal dropped from the tree upon the general, subsequently throwing a cord around his neck. The general fired his revolver, wounding the Italian in the hand. The corporal nevertheless compelled him to surrender and took him to an Italian trench.

Soon afterward the King and Gen. Cadorna arrived, and the King, seeing the general, asked him why, as he was so robust, he had been captured by a single man. The general shrugged his shoulders. Sardina was promoted and awarded the medal for valor and 1,000 lire.

Baby's Hands in Knapsacks!

In London, Eng., a good deal has been heard lately from the permissionnaires, or men back on short leave from the front. One of these who when he was last in Paris was full of enthusiasm for the life at the front, seemed somewhat changed this time.

He was asked whether he was still as fond of trench making and taking as ever, and he replied that he was as keen as ever on doing his bit of fighting, but he looked on the job somewhat differently now. The reason was that he had been taken prisoner with two of his comrades, and the same evening they had made good their escape.

But they were chased, and he had barely time to hide in a shell crater. There he saw the Germans catch his two fellow soldiers and crucify one and burn the other alive before his horrified eyes. "That has made me perhaps more careful," he remarked. The same man told me that out of about thirty German prisoners they had once taken, all but two or three had children's hands in their knapsacks! Another permissionnaire, who has had a great deal of police work and guarding to do, declared that it was incredible how many spies were daily caught. He said that the morale of the men he met near the front was generally most excellent.

What the permissionnaire said about the reserve officers is also remarkable. These old soldiers, who might have been thought to have grown rusty, have continually distinguished themselves along the whole of the front. As a matter of fact, the continuous fighting has now found out the weak and the strong vessels, and gradually the whole army is being leavened with the finest influences.

A Strange Privilege.

Russia's Cross of St. Andrew has a remarkable peculiarity attached to it. All who are decorated with it have the right once to demand a pardon for a Russian subject condemned to death.

Britain's Defence Army.

Two hundred thousand soldiers could be concentrated on any given line of defence in Britain within 48 hours, thanks to our system of railways.

Britain's National Debt.

The British national debt at the end of March this year was £1,161,951,706. This is the first time that the figure has turned the thousand millions.

Brigadier-General F. S. MEIGHEN C.P.R. New Director

IT was the most logical thing for the greatest transportation corporation in the world to reach out and pick Frank Stephen Meighen off the financial landscape. When the shareholders of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, at its recent annual meeting, held in Montreal, voted "Yes" to the appointment of this "coming" young Canadian to its Directorate, the business world the wide world over nodded its approval. He was the man that fit, the square post for the square hole, the right man, branded and labelled "C. P. R."

Back from the trenches of France and Flanders, the smell of the powder still on him, his ear-drums still quivering with the shock of the bursting shrapnel, Brigadier-General Meighen—for such is his title—makes a picturesque entry into the larger field. Well, has he served his bleeding country. The best evidence of this could probably be obtained from the few surviving Germans who engaged the then Colonel Meighen's Fourteenth Battalion at St. Julien. Called home to lend his experienced advice to the Militia authorities of Canada, the honors of war gained only by duty well done have overtaken the young regimental commander.

But military prowess is not essential to the make up of the Canadian Pacific Railway Director, and men do not graduate in the service of their country in an industrial way by leading gallant Canadian soldiers to victory in Europe. In the veins of this man runs the blood of Mount Stephen. The first President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Lord Mount Stephen, was General Meighen's uncle. Robert Meighen, father of the new Director, was a railway associate of Mount Stephen, and himself a Director of the road. Here, then, is the Meighen pedigree: It is a piece of the C. P. R.'s family tree.

Robert Meighen was a big man in his day and he left his imprint on the country. His C. P. R. affiliations were extensive, and it is appropriate that his son should resume the connection direct. One of the father's achievements was the founding of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, and in more recent years Frank S. Meighen has been widely known as its President. In addition to the large interest held by the Robert Meighen estate in the great railway company, this Lake of the Woods Milling Company, one of the largest of its kind in the world, has been for many years one of the biggest of the railway's customers.

Let no one imagine, however, that this new member of a galaxy of Canada's captains of industry, is without merit of his own, or that he is riding into the C. P. R. board room on family prestige. At the present time he holds the following important offices: President of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company; a Director of the Bank of Toronto; President of the New Brunswick Railway Company; a Director of the Canadian North-West Land Company; President of the Montreal Opera Company; a Director of the Paton Manufacturing Company. To figure thus prominently in the business life of the Dominion is to prove his great personal ability and mental acumen. "Level-headed" is the adjective that the big business men of Canada apply to Frank S. Meighen.

While filling so large a place as this, General Meighen has still found time to play. Throughout Eastern Canada he is noted as an expert exponent of the hazardous game of pony polo, and many a careering battle has been won by his own skill and daring. He is an enthusiastic sportsman in many directions, as is evident in his membership in the following clubs: The Forest and Stream, the Montreal Hunt, the Back River Polo, the Montreal Jockey, the Toronto Hunt, and others.

General Meighen was born at Montreal, December 24, 1869. He was educated at Montreal High School and graduated in Arts from McGill University in 1889. He began his business life in the steamship office of the Robert Reford Company, later entering the service of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, in their Montreal office. For many years he was Treasurer of the Company, succeeding to the Presidency on the death of his father in 1911.

Besides the clubs mentioned General Meighen is a member of the St. James and University Clubs of Montreal; the York Club of Toronto; the Junior Athenaeum, of London, England; and the Point Judith Club, of Narragansett Pier. His public-spiritedness is indicated in the fact that he was Honorary Treasurer of the local committee for the Quebec Tercentenary Celebration in 1908, and was one of the principal promoters of the Typhoid Emergency Hospital, in Montreal, in 1910. For most of his life General Meighen has served in the militia of Canada. He was formerly adjutant of the 5th Royal Highlanders and became Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the regiment in 1906. He volunteered for service in South Africa. When the present war broke out he went to the front in command of the 14th Battalion, leading his men through several of the most famous and important engagements of the war on the west-front. He was recalled in an advisory capacity, and is now engaged in organizing and recruiting the 37th Overseas Battalion, Canadian Grenadier Guards. His promotion has taken place since returning to Canada.

Strictly Business.

He—Do you expect to carry out the promise you have made to marry me? She—Well, as I look at the matter, I have taken an option on you, but I feel I have a right to surrender it in the event that a better opportunity offers. —Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Coral Powder.

The debris left from coral, after it has been made into articles of jewelry, etc., is crushed, scented and sold as tooth powder at a high price by East Indian perfumers.

Ancestors.

"Our ancestors are very good kind of folks, but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.—Sheridan.

Appropriately Named.

"What do you call your bulldog?" the visitor asked the farmer.

"Nabe."

"A curious name for a dog. Why do you call him that?"

"Wait until a tramp comes along and I'll show you."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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BERLIN HARD HIT.

Life Seems Normal But Real Suffering is Under Cover.

A Swiss merchant who has just returned from Berlin confirms what already has been said several times regarding life in the German capital, at first sight appearing quite normal, but afterward, especially to those who have been there before, showing many and obvious symptoms of being very different from ordinary times. Business is at a standstill, traffic has enormously decreased, no building is being done, comparatively little male labor is employed, and there is an increasing number of women workers. All these and many other signs testify to abnormal conditions. Nevertheless, the Berlin population still is very optimistic, and any one sitting in a frequented cafe of an evening may often hear the words, "We are invincible." If the English are mentioned it is a sure sign for the clenching of fists and the raising of voices, which immediately become harsh. The conclusion is always the same: "We must get to Calais."

Calais, says the Swiss merchant, is still the German goal, and the French, Russians, Serbians, and Italians hardly count in the war, being considered as merely temporary enemies. The detested, abhorred, hereditary and permanent enemy still is England. "There is more joy in Berlin over one Englishman killed than over ten thousand Russians made prisoners." This explains the popularity of the submarine warfare and of Zeppelin murders, these being German's sole weapons for hitting direct at England, although in certain quarters it is the opinion that the submarine warfare is in reality injuring her more than England. The government, however, according to this man, does not dare put an end to it for fear of popular discontent and to a certain extent admitting that a mistake has been committed.

Hon. Mr. Duff Helping.

Assistance given by the Agricultural Department of Ontario to the plans of the Militia Department is outlined in a letter to the Minister of Militia from Hon. James Duff, Provincial Minister of Agriculture.

At the present time the department has in hand plans to add to the comfort of the soldiers in the hospitals. It is intended to send forward consignments of apples up to five thousand boxes or more and four hundred boxes have already been sent. In addition there is being prepared at Vineland some twenty thousand gallons of preserved peaches.

Mr. Duff adds that at the Ontario Agricultural College a system of drill is being carried out. Every man in the first year has to participate in military drill, while an officer's training corps is being conducted for those of mature years.

The Italian soldier is armed with a Mannlicher-Carcano rifle. It is 6 inches longer than the British rifle and 4 ounces heavier.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

Women's Fire Brigade in England.

A brigade of woman firemen has been formed at Norwich, Eng. It consists of the members of the staff of a wholesale dry goods firm, and was organized to take the place of the men's brigade, which disbanded because the members had all gone to the war. The new brigade is smart and efficient organization. The instructor is Inspector Thompson, chief engineer of the city of Norwich Fire Brigade.

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Scene in "The Final Settlement," as presented by the Joe N. Machan Associate Players.