

## THE SPIRIT OF THE BOYS AT THE FRONT

Before The Attack, When Next Hour May Be Their Last, After Exhausting Fighting and Under Every Circumstance, General Good Cheer Prevails—Not a Grouch Since Offensive Began

(By Lacey Amy, special correspondent of The Times.)

With the Canadian Forces, France, Aug. 18.—The sound of a distant band drew me up over the hill in time to see a long line of troops file across a field and disperse in a wood through which the German had recently fled so fast as to leave it almost unscathed. At the edge of the wood the band drew to one side while their companions filed past to seek their night's shelter, where there was no covering but the leaves and the cloudless sky of this wonderful weather.

A company passed, fagged a little but keeping in step. The lads were white with dust, their officers whiter, even the Colonel. The brass instruments were dulled but blaring with the customary vigor. Other companies came marching by. Further back from the borders another wood emerged a pipe band, piping jauntily, its followers humming tune as they moved nearer.

Except for the dust and the signs of fatigue in laden shoulders and slightly dragging steps, there was no evidence that these Canadians had come straight from one of the hardest fits of fighting in this battle. For two days they had been at it—some of the officers had not taken off their clothes for five days. At the word of dismissal the line broke into units and a thousand eager school boys broke into a gallop through the brush in search of the best sleeping quarters, shouting, laughing as one tumbled into a shellhole or prickly thimbleberry bush, vying for the few conveniences left by previous occupants—a great shout of high spirits.

And lying outstretched on the grass they told me the story of Parvillers, one of the hard shelled nuts of the Somme battle front which succeeded the great drive commencing on the 8th.

Supper was distributed immediately, and when they had settled down again to their respective nooks, they talked and ate as if out merely on a day's hike. A fox suddenly scooted into view and several hundred soldiers dropped their suppers to give chase.

Fighting for two days where anything might happen, hampered and imperilled by the uncertainty of darkness on a front they had never before seen, trudging straight from the midst of it a long day's march back to this little haven of quiet, they were brimful of life still. For they had done all that could be asked, more than might have been expected—and they had done it "on their own."

The next day I entered another wood in the forenoon, only six hours after a Canadian unit had marched in from another scrap that extended the number of villages scooped in by this offensive and its off-shots. Here there were old German quarters to take over, dirty and malodorous, but deep and safe and cool.

The Colonel was asleep, but several of his officers insisted on interrupting their much needed rest to float over the way they had smashed up the Hun counter-attacks that followed their victory.

Men were lying asleep all over the wood, as they had dropped upon trunks, but merely to stop to converse with the few working about the kitchen was to start a growing crowd to whom sleep is a habit easily controlled.

Only a few nights ago—I walked down the front for hours, within a very few miles of the enemy. The soldiers were there in trenches, for the villages were ruined and under shell fire. Within a couple of hours they would start for the front lines to relieve other troops, the work before them the taking of a village known to be protected by the wire entanglements and trenches peculiar to the old Somme battlefield. After a rest of a day and a half, they were as eager as hounds on leash. Over that barren ground, marked only by smashed huts, a few roads, shell-holes, trenches and fallen aeroplanes, a dozen groups within sight anywhere were playing baseball or football. The few packages of cigarettes I always carry for these fighting lads to whom no organization can cater completely, were more valuable than candles to a child. They passed them about as far as they would go—a five minutes' smoke for fifty boys, but they were all on their toes at the thought of it.

Yesterday I moved along a trench before a village that had just been captured in brilliant style against strongest resistance. Great shells were crashing down only a couple of hundred yards distant, and now and then high explosives and shrapnel made us duck. Most of the men were lying asleep in little hollows they had scooped in the bank, but many were playing cards and other games, and one was lazily playing a mouth organ. And a strafe was coming in ten minutes, to which Helio would probably return his compliments on their heads.

I have seen the boys before attack, when the next hour might be their last, and after attack when they went to sleep standing in conversation. I have talked to them wounded almost to death, or with only a "cushy blighty." But not a one of them since the offensive began has a grouch—unless it is that cigarettes are scarce on account of a temporary lack of transportation. I have never seen such "cockiness," such general good cheer, such indifference to the discomforts of camp life. "This is the life," is the tone of the Canadian camps and trenches.

A small party of Canadian cavalry is said to have even galloped into Roye in the early days of the offensive. Only a few came out. But it is enthusiastic like that which is beating down German morale. As I write Roye seems on the verge of capture. Only a few Canadians have emerged, but those who remained have paved the way for the bigger success.

### TORONTO'S TOLL

Says the Toronto Globe: Toronto's losses in battle since the beginning of the Allied counter-offensive on July 18 have been 2,721, and of this total 469 have been listed as killed in action and 184 as having died of wounds. There are thirty-seven missing, and five are presumed dead. The price of victory is much sorrow in many homes.

## GENERAL ELSMLEY ARRIVES IN CANADA

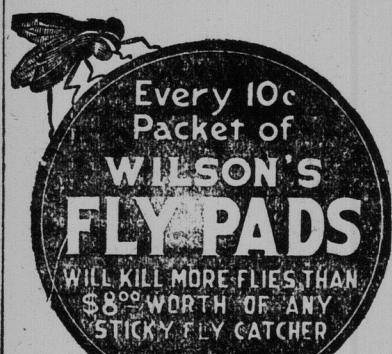
An Atlantic Port, Sept. 27.—General John H. Elmsley, of the Canadian army who went to the front with the first Canadian expeditionary force and who has been decorated both in England and France arrived today with a staff of picked officers and enlisted men to go to a Canadian western port to take charge of the Canadian contingent of the Allied expeditionary force in Siberia.

At stated intervals the government probes the cost of living and invariably confirms our suspicions that it is high. —Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

### EARL OF MINTO COMES TO CANADA AS AIDE-DE-CAMP

An Atlantic Port, Sept. 27.—The Earl of Minto, whose father was formerly Governor-General of Canada, arrived on a British steamship today to take a position as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Devonshire. Earl Minto is a captain in the Scottish Guards and has seen several years of service in France.

Uncle Sam is sending more soldiers across the ocean every month than had ever crossed it before this war in the history of the world. —Florida Times-Union.



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**THE C. TURNBULL COMPANY OF GALT LIMITED**  
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Miss Marie Morrissey, the celebrated American contralto, as she appeared in the Imperial Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, September 24th, proving, by direct comparison that no human ear can detect the slightest difference between her own voice and the New Edison's "Re-Creation" of it.

# AMAZING

## Why It Was Almost Unbelievable

The hundreds who attended the recital at the Imperial Theatre on Tuesday afternoon of this week strove in vain to detect the faintest shade of difference between the glorious contralto voice of Miss Marie Morrissey and the New Edison Phonograph's "Re-Creation" of it. It was the most daring and disarming test ever attempted by a phonograph. Indeed it was almost unbelievable.

There, on the broad stage, was the graceful instrument—the favorite invention of the world's greatest inventor. And there, beside it, affectionately resting her arm on the instrument, stood Miss Marie Morrissey, the famous American contralto.

The sound of music fills the theatre. It is the introductory of the beautiful song "Dost Thou Know That Sweet Land." Then the voice is heard beginning the first line of the song. The lips of the noted contralto are moving—forming the words of the song—it is Miss Morrissey, singing to the eager listeners with all the sweetness of her lovely contralto voice.

But see, the song continues, yet the lips of the artist cease moving; they are tightly closed. It is Miss Morrissey's voice we hear. It is the same warm, sympathetic contralto—but Miss Morrissey, the living, is silent.

Can it be that the instrument is actually—

But now, again, the lips are moving, the artist is singing; yet none could tell just when she began.

Again the tightly closed lips, yet again the song continues without a break. It is—the instrument, alone continuing the song, not in a mere resemblance, not in a flimsy imitation of the voice of Miss Morrissey, but in that tender, caressing sweetness so characteristic of this noted contralto.

It was the same all through the delightful programme. When Miss Morrissey sang in duet with her own "Re-Created" voice on the New Edison, or when her talented assistant Mr. Joel Belov, with his violin, performed in direct comparison with the instrument on which was the "Re-Creation" of his rendition.

The climax came when Miss Morrissey, in her next number was singing with the NEW EDISON, as she stood beside the instrument. Suddenly the lights went out—the theatre was in complete darkness, but the beautiful song continued to fill the theatre.

Which was singing—artist—or instrument—none could tell. The lights flash on. And there,—to the utter amazement of the entire assemblage, Miss Morrissey is gone,—silently she had slipped from the stage at the beginning of the song, the darkness hiding her exit.

The wonder of it. It is scarcely possible to believe it. Applause testifies to the complete astonishment of the audience, that an instrument could provide, could re-create, the actual living voice of an artist so truthfully, as to deceive all present. This, indeed, is music. What more in music could be wished for? It is all that can be obtained.

NOW, THINK of what the NEW EDISON would mean in your home, when, at at your wish, you could have, not a mere imitation, not an approximation, but the actual voices and instrumental renditions of the great musical artists of today.

Don't trust your imagination. HEAR the NEW EDISON. You can believe the miracle of it only when you are standing before it, listening to its literal "Re-Creation" of Music in all its forms.

Come, then, and hear Miss Morrissey, and Mr. Belov, hear any great artists whose performances are "Re-Created," and "Re-Created" only through Mr. Edison's favorite invention, the New Edison Phonograph. Come when it is most convenient for you.

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