

# RUSSIANS WILL GIVE UP CITY OF LEMBERG

### Sentiment Sacrifice is Essential to Freedom of Operations.

London, June 22.—The impending Russian attack on Lemberg is indicated in despatches from Petrograd. Though it is not stated that the Austro-Germans so far have failed to pierce the Russian lines north and south of Grodek, the fact that a crisis in the great battle of Galicia is at hand. The reliable *Barricade* is quoted in Petrograd despatches as saying:

"In view of the continued German reinforcements in Galicia, the Russian forces are to choose between retreating from Lemberg and preserving freedom of operations, it is probable we shall have to make a sentimental sacrifice and abandon this Galician capital."

Rawa Ruska, according to a Berlin official report, is the latest Russian position in Galicia to fall into the hands of the Austro-Germans and the Austro-Germans are reported to be fighting east of the town the intention of Lemberg must be so nearly complete that the Russians either must withdraw from the Galician capital or leave a portion of their forces there to be besieged.

**RAILWAY LINE SEIZED**  
The German General von Mack-

sen is reported to have seized the railway connecting Rawa Ruska with Lemberg, thus cutting off the retreat northward of the Russians. According to the latest news from the Austrian headquarters, the Teutonic allies north of Lemberg have reached Zolkva about 18 miles from the city. On the west they are within nine miles of Lemberg, while on the south they have reached the Skemipek creek, where they are furiously attacking the Russian positions.

On the other hand it is admitted by Vienna that the Russians have not withdrawn from the Dniester River line, further to the south-east, and strong Russian attacks from the direction of Bessarabia are reported. Gen. Pfanzers troops are declared to have repulsed these attacks in the region of Zale Szczyty, which is in Bessarabia, just over the Bukovina border.

The Bucharest correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, writing under yesterday's date, says that Russian counter attacks on the Eastern Bukovina frontier have driven the Austrians from the villages of Mahala, Karanczo, Toporovec and Sadagora, 27 miles north of Czernowitz and that Austrian troops are surrendering daily to the Roumanian authorities along the frontier.

The Russian advance is question, he adds, is becoming serious.

Considerable wonder is expressed by the German military critics over the Austro-German advance of the last few days. They had expected the Russians to make a firm stand along the Grodek line. Instead, however, Grand Duke Nicholas, the commander-in-chief of the Russians, not only retired quickly from this position but evidently recognizing his dangerous predicament, also ordered the withdrawal of the Russian forces from south of the Dniester River.

# SWELLING THE GERMAN LIST OF WOUNDED

### Russian Army Has Performed a Great Task in a Grim Retreat.

London, June 22.—A despatch to the *Daily Chronicle* says: The battle in Galicia is an undying testimony to Russian heroism. For six weeks the Germans have been pressing with all their weight on the Russian armies. They poured upon them hundreds of thousands of every kind of shell. They have created an inferno in the country between the Carpathians and the Russian frontier, and with the bodies of thousands of their own men have paved the way for the advance of their batteries.

The Russians have stood against this unexampled fire, yielded ground inch by inch, destroying one after another of the enemy's units, and yet have been compelled to retire gradually from point to point under a blinding and deafening shower of German explosives.

By day the Germans hurl on Russian trenches tons of iron, forcing the night the Russians return, shoot and bayonet the German infantry, and recover the trenches, only to repeat the same process on the succeeding day. There are intervals of real human battles in the green corn fields and on the banks of the swift flowing rivers, but in the main this is a battle between men and machines. The

# SOME SHORT CUTS

### Handsome Frock Made of Freshened Up Silk.

**FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.**

In These Wartime, When Prices Have Gone Soaring, to Know How to Renovate Various Fabrics is an Advantage Not to Be Despised.

Silk fabrics are smooth and shiny and for best results should be washed the same as wool. If rubbed hard the fiber is broken and the gloss is ruined. Silk should never be boiled. Use lukewarm water, with pure white soap chipped and boiled in water, with a little alcohol added. Use a soft brush. Place the material on the washboard and scrub gently. Rinse in several

# Bowser Was Saved

### But He Wasn't a Bit Thankful.

By M. QUAD.  
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Just as the Bowsters had finished dinner the other evening an express wagon drove up with a parcel, and as it was brought in Mrs. Bowser looked at it and turned for an explanation. Mr. Bowser didn't give one until they got upstairs. Then he assumed a look of superior wisdom and began:

"Do you know the money value of the property annually destroyed by fire in the United States?"

"It must be quite large," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"It amounts to tens of millions of dollars, my dear woman. Not only that, but at least 1,000 lives are sacrificed to the fire fiend every year. Business is interrupted and ruined, homes made desolate, wives made widows and children made orphans by the devouring element. You should read up on the statistics. They will furnish you more food for reflection than a hundred novels."

"Have you posted yourself?" she asked, with a tartness to her tones.

"Certainly I have. You don't imagine I am talking through the top of my head, do you? It was my duty to post myself, and I know all about it. There were just 11,329 fires in the country last year, and the loss was exactly \$128,252,747.29. The point I set out to make is that of these 11,329 fires 9,288 were due to carelessness."

"How carelessness?"

"The carelessness of women and children mostly. Every time you heat your curling tongs you may set fire to

# LITTLE CLARA REIS TELLS OF ZEPPELINS

### Was Pupil in a Ramsgate School For Two Years, Now in New York.

By Special Wire to the Courier.

New York, June 22.—Miss Clara Reis, fifteen year old daughter of a New York manufacturer, told from the deck of the New York, of the American line yesterday how for months she watched Zeppelins sweep over her school in Ramsgate, in a trail of bombs and shells, on their voyages of destruction.

For two years she has been a pupil at Homecroft school, at Eastcliff, Ramsgate. She has seen Zeppelins drop their flaming bombs, with deadly effect and has seen the futile efforts of the land and sea craft guns to bring them down.

"My," she gasped, "it was exciting. We were chased out of bed almost every night by their hissing and rattling. The only exciting thing I did there the whole two years. I'm mighty glad to get home, though, for now I can sleep a whole night through without expecting a bell."

Many of the Zeppelins flying over the different sections of England cross in the vicinity of Ramsgate, and for that reason there are many alarms sounded and the land and sea batteries open up on the long, grey envelopes of gas and whirring searchlights. Hundreds of tongues of light from the battleships off the harbor and the towers on land spit the night and from all the heights there roar angry guns. And from the banks of the river, the aeroplanes which make after them, the Zeppelins answer with their flaming bombs.

It was on May 17 that Miss Reis had the greatest and most exciting experience after which she and the other girls refused to go to bed until daybreak.

"It was two o'clock in the morning," she said, "when, my gracious, a racket. One by one rang and rang, and all the sirens blew and the teachers and maids called to us to get up quickly. Our clothes were arranged neatly for expedience, and we dressed quickly and then went in to help the little children. You know that school is for girls from one to fifty years. Some of the other girls and I went to the window and got behind curtains and peeked out. We saw up in the sky three Zeppelins going along with those bobbing cradles underneath and from all of them were coming a perfect stream of bombs. After they left the Zeppelin a little ways they burst into flames and lit up everything.

"The guns nearby and the guns from off the harbor fired and fired for two hours it seemed they stayed around, and we were hurried down stairs where we could be harmed. Finally at 4 o'clock, more sirens blew to assure everybody that everything was all over and we were told to go back to bed. The little girls went, but I just couldn't and some of us talked until morning."

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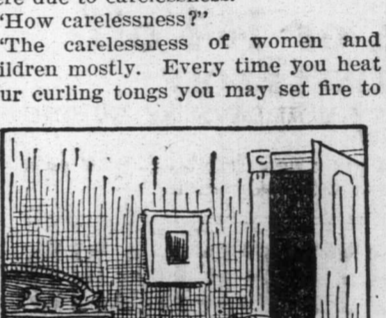
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MADE OVER GOWN.



"I AWAKE AT MIDNIGHT AND SMELL SMOKE."

children mostly. Every time you heat your curling tongs you may set fire to the house. The cook's carelessness may start a fire in the kitchen. You light the gas and drop a match. The cook flings matches about where the rats can get at them. At any hour of the day or night your absentmindedness may reduce this home to ashes.

"And how about your leaving lighted cigar stubs around?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "You have burned three holes in the carpet, spilled the piano cover, set the curtains on fire and done other damage."

"Woman, I am talking statistics!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he turned on her with such majestic dignity that the cat wondered if she had ever met him before. "Passing over the fact that you and the cook and even this infernal old cat are liable to set this house on fire any day in the year, let me say that if people had been prepared for fires there would not have been half the loss of property given in the statistics. While I can't watch over you, from hour to hour, I can in a measure offset your carelessness by being prepared to nip a conflagration in the bud."

"Then the package downstairs is a conflagration nipper?" she asked.

"Don't try to be funny, woman. This is a matter not only of dollars and cents, but of life and death, and I want it treated seriously. That package down the hall is a fire extinguisher. You may at some time or other have heard of one, the same as you have heard of a pile driver or a thrashing machine."

"Yes; I have heard of them."

"They are to extinguish incipient conflagrations. For instance, I awake at midnight and smell smoke. I leap out of bed and come down here to find a fire just starting in that closet—a fire due to carelessness. Left to itself for five minutes more and away would go the house and our lives, but by means of the extinguisher I extinguished it."

"Which is very kind of you!" she observed.

"Still trying to be funny, are you? The object is to provoke me, but it will fail. I have not yet purchased the extinguisher, but brought it home to test it. I want you to learn how to handle it so that you may be prepared in my absence. It will also be well for the cook to know how."

"Are you going to set the house afire in order to put it out?"

"No, ma'am. I am not. I am going to set fire to a pile of newspapers on the cement floor of the cellar and then show you how to douse the flames out."

Gustav Stahl, the German reservist, pleaded not guilty to the charge of perjury.

There will be some smoke, but that can go out of the windows."

Mrs. Bowser felt certain that some disaster would happen if anything of the sort was attempted, but it was either give in or have a row, and she gave in. The cook felt the same way, but she wanted to keep her place for the winter. Before going down cellar Mr. Bowser unwrapped the extinguisher and explained what it was charged with and how it worked. He also gave a brief history of the great Chicago fire, which might have been prevented by a cool man and an extinguisher. Then the trio proceeded down cellar, and he heaped up a lot of old newspapers and gave a history of the Boston conflagration, which could also have been checked in its infancy by one squirt from a squirter.

"Now, then," he continued as he opened the cellar windows and got ready to strike a match, "we will make this scene as realistic as possible. It is midnight. I awake to smell smoke and hear the faint crackling of the destructive flames. I bound out of bed without saying anything to anybody, and as I come downstairs I find the cellar ablaze. It is from the cook's carelessness as she brought up coal for morning. I seize the extinguisher and come dashing down, and, though it appears as if no human power could stay the conflagration, I tackle it and have it out in twenty seconds. I will now light the papers and show you how the thing works."

As the papers were about to be rushed upstairs after the extinguisher. A minute later he appeared with it strapped to his back and the nozzle in his hand. He had meant to keep very cool and do the thing up beautifully, but he grew excited over it and as he was met by a volume of smoke he lost his head and his footing at the same time. With a whoop and a yell he fell forward downstairs and rolled over and over to the cellar bottom. As he rolled the extinguisher tried to extinguish, but instead of the stream striking the flames it played on Mr. Bowser's head and feet and body, on the ceiling above and the walls around, on the women who tried to rush forward and help him up. The pile of papers blazed, and the smoke poured out of the windows, and it wasn't thirty seconds before some one was pounding at the front door and yelling "Fire!" Mrs. Bowser and the cook dodged the fire and the extinguisher and fled upstairs, but it was too late. A score of people crowded in as soon as the door was opened, and, without asking questions, they dived down into the kitchen and snatched up anything that could hold water.

Mr. Bowser had got up by this time and had got control of the squirter, but he couldn't get upstairs for the people who were throwing down water. As he yelled and shouted and swore an engine came rattling up, a hose nozzle was thrust into the open window, and during the next five minutes 300 barrels of the cold water gushed into the cellar. Everything, including Mr. Bowser, was afloat and soaked and chilled to the marrow when Mrs. Bowser finally made the overzealous populace understand the situation. Then Mr. Bowser was hauled out of the window by a fireman, and while steps above and the populace crowded around the fireman held the fire station up against the wall and called him seventeen kinds of a Buncombe county fool and added that he ought to be drowned like a rat in a tub. Five minutes later Mr. Bowser stood in his own front hall with the door shut after him and the crowd dispersed. He was soaked and limpy and smoke begrimed and half scared to death, but he remembered his dignity.

"Well, the incipient conflagration has been extinguished," observed Mrs. Bowser as she looked him over.

"It is extinguished!" he hoarsely replied. "Yes, woman, the incipient conflagration has not only been extinguished, but you have been extinguished with it!"

"Then it was all my fault, was it?"

"A putup job on me from the start to finish! Woman, I go upstairs to change my clothes. Do not follow me to offer explanations or assistance or to finish your work of stabbing me in the back. I know you at last—at last—and—"

And he pulled himself up step by step, and he halted at every step to point his fingers at her and nod his head. He meant by that most dire revenge a human being can conjure up, but she only smiled and wiped up the puddles of water left behind him.

**Ephemeral.**  
Sister Sue—Has Tom Sumbay a bank account, do you know?  
Brother Bob—Quite likely, but Tom's bank accounts are like gnats—they are born, run their little course and die within forty-eight hours at the utmost.—New York Globe.

**A Truce.**  
Crawford—I understand that his matrimonial difficulties have been settled.  
Crabshaw—Yes; wife's relatives have agreed to maintain strict neutrality.—Life.

**Tart Answer.**  
Mr. Slowboy (calling on girl)—You seem—er—rather distant this evening.  
The Girl—Well, your chair isn't nailed down, is it?—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Filling the Order.**  
"And now," asked the youth, "could I purchase—"  
Some book that will answer the need of a young man about to be married?—The merchant replied, "Yes, indeed."

"There's quite a demand," he continued, "so we carry a full line of these. Here, Brown, all the gentlemen's orders—A strong, large sized pocketbook, please.—Browning's Magazine.

Gustav Stahl, the German reservist, pleaded not guilty to the charge of perjury.

The captain of the Cameronia says his vessel rammed and sank a German submarine.

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N. B.

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