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LONDON, TUESDAY, MARCH 30.

BIRDS IN THE WAR.

ONE of the interesting minor outcomes of the war is the part that birds are playing, by accident or by intent of man. Carrier pigeons and swallows have long been a part of the equipment of the German and French armies, although as dispatch carriers they have been largely displaced by the aeroplane and the wireless, but as scouts or lookouts the French are using parrots daily, and finding them of great use. A number of these birds are kept on top of the Eiffel Tower at Paris, and, according to their attendants, they are enabled to tell of the approach of Zeppelin or aeroplane long before they come within the range of man's vision, Polly giving the alarm by screams of fear.

Still another instance of the service of birds in the war is that of the seagulls, as it is declared that the British and French destroyers, searching for submarines, or the merchantmen seeking to avoid them, are able to discover them through the gulls, which, sweeping the waters for food, circle about and follow the craft in large flocks.

Our feathered friends have figured in wars in many ways since the memorable occasion when the geese, by their cackling, awakened and saved Rome. Many of these tales are pure fiction, of course, but there is at least one recorded instance where birds provided a commander with information by which he was enabled to score a victory. This case was in the war between Russia and Prussia in 1866. The Austrian Archduke John was leading an army against the Russians in Bohemia, and one night, when camped, as he supposed, far from the enemy, he was astonished to have a gypsy bring him the information that in the dark the Russians were moving against him. Seeing that his outposts had brought him no word of the marching Russians, he was inclined to disbelieve the gypsy, when the latter, taking him to the door of his tent, drew his attention to the large number of birds flitting by in the moonlight, and all coming from the one direction. From his knowledge of bird life he stated this was proof of the advance of a large number of persons, which, under the circumstances, must be the Russians. The archduke, while still doubtful, took no chances, but at once got his men under arms. In two hours' time the Russians were upon him, but, thanks to the birds and the gypsy, who knew of their ways, the archduke had time to so place his troops that he came off victorious.

LOW GRADE PATRIOTISM.

MANY of the papers of the United States, in discussing conditions arising out of the European war, are very insistent that there should be no favoritism shown in that country to either party; that they should be neither pro-British, nor pro-German, but solely pro-American. That, of course, sounds all right. That the people of any country should view international affairs solely in the light of their own best interests, is not only natural, but patriotic. But a patriotism that tries to exalt itself by misrepresenting, or depreciating, or injuring other nationalities, can scarcely be considered patriotism of the highest grade.

A specimen appropriate to this subject is an editorial in one of the Hearst papers, a class of periodicals whose patriotism is more blatant than dignified. It starts out by saying that the European countries have no love for the United States; that "they would direct their armies and navies against us without the least hesitation if they thought they could make gain by doing so." And after describing what it considers the selfish interests of those countries now engaged in war, it strikes at Britain by saying that she is at war because Germany was taking away her trade, and she saw a chance to destroy German commerce by a war in which she would be likely to suffer less than the other nations engaged. We are told that "the pretence that either Great Britain or any other of the combatants is fighting for democracy, or American ideals, or the protection of little peoples, or the sanctity of treaties or any other high moral issue, is sheer hypocrisy that ought not to deceive the intelligence of a child."

Indiscriminate censure of all the nations now fighting is neither intelligent nor just. Who brought on the war? If the Allies made war on Germany to destroy its commerce, or to seize on any of its territory, or to weaken its power, then there should be no blame attached to the German people and Government for defending themselves with all the vigor possible. On the other hand, if Germany began the war, in order to get out into the sunshine of prosperity, to crush any of its neighbors, to aggrandize itself, then surely the allied nations who were either directly or indirectly the objects of attack, are not deserving of condemnation if they try to defend themselves. Somebody is to blame for starting the war. An intelligent and just-minded person would try to decide who was the aggressor, and put the blame on the right shoulders instead of denouncing them all.

And the patriot in a neutral state would follow that course in the interests of his own people. Are the German ideals of military autocracy consistent with American ideals of democracy, and national honor, and the protection of the weak? If that is true the other nations must be at fault, according to the Hearst idea, in fighting against Germany; and the people of the United States would be true to their own interests in being not only passively, but actively pro-German. But, if that is not true, if a victorious Germany would be a menace to democracy, then this continent, on which democracy is supposed to have its pioneer home, is gravely at fault if its sympathies are not with the Allies.

It is possible our contemporary has a glimpse of its own inconsistency, for it goes on to throw the blame of the war, not on any of the nations, but on certain classes in all nations. "This war," it says, "is just like every other European war—a slaughter of the peoples for the benefit and gains of the autocratic and aristocratic classes." That is untrue; and every intelligent citizen of the United States knows it. France, Britain, and even Belgium, are as certainly democratic in their government as the United States; some of us think Great Britain and her Dominions have the most democratic governments in the world. And this war, in so far, at least, as France, Britain and Belgium are concerned, is a people's war. When German armies commenced to march westward. Britain would seem at first sight, to have less interest in the movement than either France or Belgium. But any British government that had remained supine, and hesitated to march its soldiers to the front would have been buried "fathoms deep" under an overwhelming wave of popular indignation. Aristocratic and autocratic classes may have had considerable to do with starting the war, but it is the people's war, so far as the western allied nations are concerned.

We can respect an American who honestly believes Germany is in the right, and should conquer, though we may not approve his judgment. But the one who, under the guise of patriotism, condemns all alike, and misrepresents some, if not all, will not stand very high in the estimation of any one, for his patriotism is of a spurious type.

THE MIGHTY FALLEN.

THE massacre of the wretched Assyrians in Persia brings to mind the whirligig of time. Once the mightiest of peoples, ruling a great empire, the Assyrians have sunk among the lowliest. They are a remnant, the shadow of a former name. In Bible times, Nineveh was a power already in decline, and there were only confused memories of the presumption which had failed to complete the tower of Babel. Three thousand years later, the ruined monuments and brickyard libraries of Assyria have to be dug out of sand, while Kurds stick knives in the latest descendants of an imperial race.

THE GRAND SEIGNEUR.

YOUNG members of the House of Commons seem to fall into the error of using the possessive when referring to their constituency. They feel that they own that particular section of the country which they are chosen to represent, and they do not even include the humble electorate. For instance, after perusing a recent speech by S. Francis Glass, M. P., one can see that Mr. Glass has that sense of possession to a marked degree. He does not happen to be "one of us" in his constituency, but none the less he claims not only full kinship with the farmer, but he claims him as "my farmer." Some of the personal applications Mr. Glass made in his speech were as follows:

"I have not in the whole constituency (East Middlesex) even an incorporated village of any kind."

"My constituents are a very intelligent and progressive people."

"A patriotism and production campaign was held in my district."

"In my own district in the county ——"

Once or twice would not be so bad, but in one paragraph it would seem as if the above constituted Mr. Glass the Grand Seigneur of Middlesex—in his own mind.

A GREAT SHIP, BUT SLOW.

BY A LARGE section of the American press the newly-launched United States super-Dreadnought Pennsylvania is being hailed as the greatest of all battleships. Magnificent fighting machine that she is, however, she is lacking in one vital factor, that of speed. The Pennsylvania is a 21-knot vessel, which is several knots slower than half a dozen battleships of different nations that have been placed in commission during the last year or so. In point of armament and defensive features, the Pennsylvania is the very latest thing in naval fighting monsters. Only the Queen Elizabeth is her equal in these respects, but the British vessel has the advantage of the American in speed by four or five knots, and the war has demonstrated in a sensational manner the prime necessity of speed in naval operations. Other powers have grasped this fact, and even Russia, a land power, is rushing to completion a half-dozen battleships that will carry the hitting power of the Pennsylvania, but will be speedier by at least six knots. Japan, too, is building a super-Dreadnought that will have a speed of 22 knots, and Great Britain, before the year is out, will have launched a half-dozen more of the Queen Elizabeth type that will be much faster than the latest and best ship of Uncle Sam's navy. The Pennsylvania as a fighting craft is one of the most formidable things in existence, but because of comparative slowness she cannot be called the greatest fighter afloat.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

March seems to be planning to go out like a lion.

A grateful world sends thanks to the Czar for changing Przemysl to Permysl, and now will he kindly shoot a few vowels into Praznysz?

In the Dardanelles just now it must be hot enough for a Turkish bath.

Some of the men who are looting the public treasury by means of the war supply contracts could give pointers to the Kaiser and his Huns in the gentle art of plundering.

A Michigan man offers to sell his two infant children in order to get cash to buy an automobile, which once more illustrates how unfortunate some children are in their choice of parents.

The Bismarck centenary will not be celebrated this year, because of the war. Anyway it would be painful for the Kaiser, who has made such a mess of things since "dropping the pilot."

REVERIE.

[Springfield Republican.]

The woods hold peace. Their unworn ways have lain
A quiet hand on those who know the strain
Of toil that strives but cannot reach its goal,
And ends in weary nights and restless pain
Of days when shadows mock the hunger of the soul.

Here there is life, still-eyed and unafraid
Of urging hours that clamor to be paid,
Working in quiet power as nature wills
To slow perfection; and on all is laid
The touch of beauty and the peace that fills.

The air that breathes along the dim-lit aisles,
So shall the heart forget the weary miles
It trod, encompassed by its own alarms,
Be strong once more and trustful as a child's
Feeling beneath the Everlasting Arms.

FAIR WEATHER VERSES.

[Judge.]

Clorinda smiles—and darkened skies
Take on a golden, gleaming guise;
Clorinda frowns—and e'en the sun
Its gay, resplendent course has run.

Clorinda, dear, the present weather
Is sickly, nasty altogether;
Forego, then, every other wile,
But, please, oh, please, don't doff your smile!

IMPRESSIONS.

[Washington Star.]

"Latin is a dead language is it not?"

"Well," said the pharmacist, as he looked at a long prescription, "sometimes I think it's a dead language, and then again I get an idea that it's pretty lively, killing people on its own account."

COMING IN THRONGS.

[Kansas City Journal.]

"My wife is greatly disturbed."

"What's the trouble?."

"She says that red ants are holding an old home week in our pantry."

CHIEF PLEASURE.

[Pittsburg Post.]

"Do you think aeroplanes will ever be as popular as automobiles?"

"Never. You can't fly low enough to put on airs for the benefit of your pedestrian friends."

THE KAISER AND THE NURSE.

[Pittsburg Post.]

The rather doubtful privilege of an interview with the Kaiser fell to the lot of a French nurse, who was taken prisoner with her ambulance near Sedan. Threatened with execution as a spy, she wrote to the Emperor, and was received into the august presence at Charleville.

In the France de Demain, M. Hinzelin tells the story of the interview which followed. The Kaiser had taken up his quarters in a couple of houses near the station of Charleville. His bedroom was protected against possible hostile aeroplane attacks by guns mounted on pivots, and whenever he went abroad for a constitutional on horseback or in motor car he was accompanied by a strong escort.

The lady was introduced into the Kaiser's presence by an officer of his staff, Major Von Plessen. When she entered the reception-room she saw sitting at a table covered with maps and plans an officer in a greenish-grey uniform. At her entrance the officer rose, clicked his heels together in the German way, and said, "I salute the ladies of France."

It was the Kaiser, though she had some difficulty in recognizing him. He had not shaved his mustache, but cut it very close. There were heavy pouches under his eyes, and his skin was yellow and drawn. He looked not like the photographs, but like the caricatures of himself. As soon as she came before him he asked her to be seated, and with a strange, nervous rapidity set her a series of questions which he answered himself. It was rather a monologue than an interrogatory.

"Why did France insist on making war on us?" he first asked, following up his question before it could be answered by a second. "Don't you know that France was the first to mobilize?"

Half-swamped beneath the torrent of royal words the nurse murmured something about the invasion of Belgium. The Kaiser caught at Belgium.

"They are propobly reproaching us with that," he said. "Just listen to me. At Brussels we found absolute proof that a treaty existed between Belgium, France and England, enabling the French and English to attack Germany through Belgium."

"Excuse me, sir," said the Frenchwoman, trying to stem the stream of verbiage. "I have come here to protest against a charge of espionage."

But the Kaiser swept her interruption aside.

"I'll tell you what I think of your fine England," he said, with growing fury. "She is treachery incarnate. She has betrayed everybody, and me first of all. If I wished she would betray France tomorrow. How can France have made common cause with our secular foe? I expected better things of you. Yet it is true that you are proving yourselves unworthy of your ancient fame, for you have summoned savages to your assistance. Just think, bloodthirsty negroes form the flower of your army!"

Here the Frenchwoman broke in: "I have never heard, sire," she said, proudly, "that our black troops massacre children, shoot down old men, burn churches and desecrate sepulchres."

The Kaiser had not the time to answer this charge. It is doubtful whether he even heard it. At that moment the poltie Von Plessen half-opened the door of the audience chamber.

"Good," said the monarch hastily. "It appears to us that you have been wrongly accused, and you shall be set at liberty, but do not fail to repeat all that we have said to you."

OUR POETS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

WE'LL GO A-MAYING.

Sweet, 'tis the time of year when hopes new-born
Spring up, unfettered, fling old griefs aside,
And human hearts again build without limit
Castles in Spain, in cloud chariots ride.

Glad, joyous Spring of Life, welcome again;
Straight, we've forgotten dear old winter's reign
Out of sheer nothingness fashion we fondly,
Dreams, we unheeding know'll end but in pain.

"Eternal recurrence", old Nature's Law is—
Sad sage of Weimar held bound humans, too;
No matter, sweetheart, we'll go a-Maying;
Leave to December her harvest of rue.

London Ont. VERNE DeWITT ROWELL.

Lloyd George's Great Speech Warning the English Peop'e

BANGOR, Wales. — It is just ten years since Mr. Lloyd George last spoke at the place where he spoke this afternoon. It was then a Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel. It is now a theatre. On the former occasion the Chancellor delivered a magnificent free trade speech. The audience today was larger by some hundreds, the accommodation having been increased, and it was less homogeneous. Also the circumstances were graver. Yet there was as much heartiness in the greeting accorded to the Chancellor as at the first meeting. The outbursts were less frequent, but on the whole meant much more, for today's cheers were not acclamations of happy epigrammatic phrases, but the emphatic approval of vital points seriously and solemnly made.

The Chancellor's demeanour when he rose to speak was grave, and his speech was grave. He opened with a lofty and noble justification of the new departure he was making in delivering a political speech in a theatre on a Sunday. After a vivid word-picture of the horrors arising from the German attack on Belgium and France, he exclaimed with passion, "When I considered these things I said to myself, 'I will not save my soul by refusing to speak on the Sabbath day.'" The loud approving cheers of the mixed English and Welsh Tory and Radical audience indorsed this magnificent reply to the condemnation by some local purist of this "desecration" of the Sabbath.

A Humorous Complaint.

Seriousness and solemnity characterized the whole speech, though at times the gravity was lightened by flashes of witty epigram. He had a complaint against the British navy because its vigilant watch and ward made England inviolate, and so prevented a full and clear realization of the seriousness of the circumstances. But there was no pessimism in the Chancellor's grave view of things. "I have never been doubtful as to the result of the war," he said, amid cheers. "Neither have I ever been doubtful as to its length and its seriousness," he added. Then he cheered his hearers by a bright picture of the Empire's enormous resources for carrying on a righteous war, and again came the flashing, bright epigrammatic epitome, "No nation can endure to the end that has on its soul the crime of Belgium." Germany's conduct in this connection he described as the "purest piece of brigandage in history."

After a characteristic synopsis of the motives leading to our action in the war, the Chancellor remarked that it need not be feared he was going to tell the enemy something that they did not know, but he held that our people ought to have facts put plainly before them in order to secure their cooperation. The plain gist of the Chancellor's message was that they must have the co-operation of employers, workers, and the general public, failing which victory might be delayed or even imperilled. But the Government was not receiving the assistance they had a right to expect from the workers. Industrial disputes were inevitable, but the leisurely methods of settlement adopted in peace time could not be adopted now. "Time is victory," came the epigram, cheered to the echo. The life of the people should not be imperiled "for the sake of a farthing an hour," and during the war the Government ought to have power to settle all these disputes.

One of the loudest cheers of the afternoon greeted and emphasized this declaration.

He referred to the restriction of output, and, without scorn, but with sorrow, he proceeded to say that though most of our workmen put forth every ounce of their strength in aid of their country, that was not true at all. It was mostly the lure of drink that was responsible for these disputes and these shirkers. Drink, he said, was doing us more damage in this war than all the German submarines put together. Then he suddenly exclaimed: "What has Russia done?" Everybody knew, and apparently everybody approved, for the question was followed by great cheering.

A Significant Passage.

And then the Chancellor went on to say perhaps the most important and significant words in his speech. "The Government have great powers to deal with drink, and we mean to use them with moderation, discreetly and wisely, but quite fearlessly. The Government will not allow indulgence of that kind to interfere with the objects it has in view." The Chancellor added, "That is mainly what I wanted to say this afternoon, and I think it is a very good Sabbath afternoon's text." And so apparently did the audience.

THE SPEECH.

Mr. Lloyd George, whose rising evoked a great demonstration of cheering, said—I have promised for some time to address a meeting at Bangor. I have been unable to do so because ministers of the crown have been working time and overtime, and I am sorry to say that we are not even able to make the best of the day of rest—the urgency is so great, the pressure is so severe. I have something to say today, otherwise I should not have been here, and I have something to say that requires stating at once. This is the only day I have to spare. It is no fault of mine, because we are entirely absorbed in the terrible task which has been cast upon our shoulders. I just happen to have met on Friday morning, before I decided to come down here, one of the most eminent Scottish divines, a great and old friend of mine —Dr. Whyte, of Edinburgh. We were discussing what I had got to say today. I remarked to him, "I have only one day on which to say it, and as that is Sunday afternoon, I am very much afraid my constituents won't listen to me." He replied "If they won't have you, come to Scotland, and we will give you the best Sunday afternoon meeting you ever had." But I thought I would try Wales first. (Cheers.) He told me that in the shorter catechism you are allowed to do works of charity and necessity, and those who tell me that this is not a work of necessity do not know the dire need of their country at this hour. At this moment there are Welshmen in the trenches of France facing cannon and death; the hammering of forges today is ringing down the church bells from one end of Europe to the other. When I know these things are going on now, on Sunday, as well as weekday, I am not the hypocrite to say I will save my soul by not talking about them on Sunday. (Cheers.) Do we understand the necessity? Do we realize it?

A Complaint Against the Navy.

I am here to raise a complaint against the British navy. What is it? Belgium, once comfortably well-to-do, rich, is now in waste, and is weeping, and her children are living on the bread of charity sent them by neighbors far and near. And France—the German army, like a wild beast, has fastened its claws deep into her soil, and every effort to drag them out rends and tears the living flesh of that beautiful land. Here, the beast of prey has not leapt to our shore; not a hair of Britain's head has been touched by him. Why? Because of the vigilant watchdog that patrols the deep for us. And that is my complaint against the British navy. It does not enable us to realize that Britain is at the present moment waging the most serious war it has ever been engaged in. We do not understand it. A few weeks ago I visited France. We had a conference in Paris of the ministers of finance of Russia, France, Great Britain and Belgium. Paris is a changed city. Her gaiety, her vivacity, is gone. Subdued, grave, not depressed, not dejected, determined, but a serious city. You can see in the face of every man there and of every woman that they know their country is in the grip of a grim tragedy. They are resolved to overcome it, confident that they will overcome it, but only through a long agony. No visitor to our shores would realize that we are engaged in exactly the same conflict, and that on the stricken fields of the continent and along the broads and the narrows of the seas that encircle our islands is now being determined, not merely the fate of the British Empire, but the destiny of the human race for generations to come. (Cheers.) We are conducting a war as if there were no war. I have never been doubtful about the result of the war—(cheers)—and I will give you my reasons by and by; nor have I been doubtful, I am sorry to say, about the length of the war and its seriousness. In all wars, nations are apt to minimise their dangers and their duration. Men, after all, see the power of their own country; they cannot visualize the power of the enemy.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

Tales From Fighting Lines

[From Manchester Guardian.]
February 23, 1915.

The severe fighting southeast of Ypres, which had been in progress almost continuously for four days, ended on the night of the 17th-18th. In the course of that night we exploded a mine under the German trenches on the high ground north of the Ypres-Comines Railway, and this improved our position in that locality.

On the 17th the French north of Arras scored a brilliant success, capturing two lines of German trenches and causing great losses to the enemy.

The extensive captures of German bombs and hand grenades which have lately been made in the course of the fighting near Culnchy have proved most useful, and the enemy's miselles were during the night of the 18th turned against himself with great effect.

On the 19th, about 7 a.m., the French lines east of Ypres were attacked in some strength. Our men, listening to the sound of battle to the north, could almost tell from this the course of the engagement. Early in the morning the German batteries opened, and shortly afterwards their infantry were launched to the assault. Then, clear and loud above the din, came the short, sharp bark of the "soixante-quinzes" pouring a terrific hail of shells on to the area between the lines. The Germans' supports would not face it, and left the attacking line to be mowed down by the rifles of the French infantry. A few gallant men reached the defenders' trenches, but were at once driven out, leaving the ground littered with their dead.

Losses in German Trenches.

In the evening a successful little affair took place at Givenchy. A heavy artillery fire was directed on the German trenches northeast of the place, after which our men rushed them, filled them in, and then returned to our lines, having suffered very few casualties in the course of the operation.

In the course of the night of the 20th-21st, striking evidence of the effect of our fire was obtained in the neighborhood of Neuve Chapelle. One of our patrols discovered a trench which had been abandoned by the enemy. They had left some rifles and many dead behind them.

Early in the morning of the 21st, about 6 a.m., a series of mines were exploded in one of our trenches (near Ypres), and the Germans occupied a few yards of it, but the attack which they attempted simultaneously on the neighboring trenches was repulsed. Our line now runs round the portion that has been blown in, and measures have been taken to render it untenable to the Germans, who have suffered heavily from our bombs, many of them having been blown bodily out of the trench.

How Three Men and Seven Held a Trench.

The counter-attack on the 7th (southeast of Ypres) was a most dashing piece of work. The trenches occupied by the enemy had been subjected to so heavy a fire that they would not await our onset. As our men charged forward cheering, the Germans were observed leaving the trenches and hurrying to the rear.

In one trench, which had become in the course of the fighting more or less isolated, 40 of our men continued to hold firm until every one of them was either killed or wounded. Eventually there were only three left who were capable of firing, and these three continued to hold the enemy at bay.

In the meantime word had been brought to those in the rear that their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and seven men, the strongest available, were selected to bring up as much ammunition as they could carry. These latter found the three wounded survivors still standing amid the bodies of their dead and disabled comrades and still firing steadily. The support, slender as it was, came in the nick of time, for at that moment the Germans launched another assault, which like the previous one was beaten off, and the position was saved.

Our howitzers did especially good work on the trenches captured by the Germans. At one point our observers could see one lyddite shell after another bursting in the trenches and hurling the defenders into the air.

A Band of Brave Germans.

At one part of the brickfields (near Givenchy) recently some thirty men tried to rush our line. At their head was a young German officer, who came on gallantly waving his sword. He almost reached the barbed wire and then fell dead, and he lies there still with his sword in his hand and all his thirty men round him.

It is the same all along the front in this quarter. Everywhere the still grey figures can be seen, lying sometimes several close together, sometimes singly or in twos and threes. Along our front, where fighting has centred round some wood or village or line of trenches, it is as if each had been swept by a withering blast before which every object, whether the work of nature or man, has crumbled into ruins or become twisted and deformed, and even the very ground itself looks as if it had been shaken by a violent convulsion of nature.

"Happy If the End Came Soon."

There can be no doubt, judging from private correspondence, that the feeling in Germany towards the war is changing. They are probably as determined as ever to fight to the last. It is reported that even Ersatz reservists who are suffering from ailments which should render them unfit for military service are being called up, and the supply of sound Ersatz reservists is exhausted in some districts. Some letters speak of the calling up of untrained Landsturm, which represents a large reserve still available to make good the wastage of war. Many prisoners' letters are eloquent of depression. Witness the tone of the following extract:

Bieber, 15th January, 1915.

"We are glad the holidays are over. As we expected, they were dull and sad. In our everyday work we can forget the troubles which the war has brought, and will still bring us. It is time to think of the end. Enough sacrifices have already been made. But there seems no prospect of peace.

"We also feel the war at home. Foodstuffs have disappeared. Flour is rare, and one may not bake at night. Cakes, my own delight, may not be made. We should all be happy if the end came soon. Misery increases day by day."

WELL FED.

A member of the London Rifle Brigade writes:

We have just finished three days in the reserve, when we had a very nice time. Nine of us were put into an old farmhouse, rather the worse for a few shells, as a garrison. We had three rooms on the "ground floor," one as a living-room and the other two as bed and armory, etc. In the living-room we had a huge log fire going in an open fireplace for the whole time, and of course we cooked all our own grub. Round the fire we built up a huge settee of sandbags.

We fed very well the whole time. Fried eggs and bacon, toast, etc., for brekker; soup, sausage or other meat, mashed potatoes, rice and stewed tins and fruit, for dinner; and for supper we usually have Welsh rarebit and hot rum punch or cocoa. It seems scarcely credible, but we were only 300 yards behind the trenches.

On day we noticed some pigeons feeding in a maize field, and knowing that no one was allowed to keep them, but thinking more of the flavor of pigeon pie, we decided to try and catch some. We could not rig up a decent snare and we are not allowed to shoot any game so we hit upon the brilliant idea of soaking some bread and corn in rum and putting it out where the pigeons came to feed.

We carefully watched them feeding round this stuff, and when we thought that they had had enough of the bait to prevent them escaping, we rushed up, but lo and behold, they simply flew away as calmly as you like, and I swear they must have had enough rum to make two good old topers drunk.

EXCURSIONS TO WESTERN CANADA.

The Grand Trunk Railway System issue round trip homeseekers' tickets at very low fares from stations in Canada to points in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, and are in effect each Tuesday until Oct. 26, 1915, inclusive, via Chicago, St. Paul or Duluth, and will also be on sale on certain dates via Sarnia and Northern Navigation Company. Homeseekers' tickets are valid returning two months from date of issue.

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March 31.

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is every woman's right; but many are troubled with sallow complexions, headaches, backaches, low spirits—until they learn that sure relief may be found in

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Directions of Special Value to Women with Every Box. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents

OXO CUBES have proved of remarkable value in the Great War

They are equally valuable in the home. They yield warmth and sustenance in a moment.

An OXO CUBE to a cup

IN 10c. AND 25c. TINS

QUALITY QUANTITY SERVICE

is the MOTTO at the home of

Screened Scranton Coal

Webster-Harvey Limited

PHONE 1383.

Mar27-30

MRS. WISENEIGHBOR

Says: "I should have told you the other day when we were speaking of

EDDY'S WASHBOARDS

that it is quite as necessary to have an indurated Fibreware Tub in which to wash the clothes if you want to make a success of washday."

MRS. NEWLYWED

Says: "I've often heard of EDDY'S FIBREWARE PAILS and TUBS. What's the difference between Fibre and Woodenware?

EDDY'S PAILS AND TUBS

Are made from Compressed Fibre, baked at extreme heat, all in one solid piece. Cannot warp or fall apart. No chance of splinters. Wears longer. Looks better, and are very light to handle. The latter point should always be a matter of consideration when buying kitchen utensils," concludes Mrs. Wiseneighbor.

ywt

CANADIAN PACIFIC

EASTER EXCURSIONS

SINGLE FARE, good going Friday, April 2, 1915. Return limit, Friday, April 2.

FARE AN ONE-THIRD, good going April 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1915, return limit, April 6. (Minimum charge 25 cents.)

Particulars from C. P. R. ticket agents, or write M. G. Murphy, D.P.A., Toronto. W. Fulton, City Passenger Agent, corner Dundas and Richmond.

"40 Hours from Frost to Flowers"

BERMUDA

"ISLES OF SUMMER LOVELINESS."

S.S. Bermudian, fast, luxurious steamer, landing passengers without transfer.

Sails from New York every Wednesday, 11 a.m.

WEST INDIES.

Delightful 28-day cruises to the Antilles. For tickets, apply to

Canada Steamship Lines, Limited, Montreal, or any ticket agent.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

SINGLE FARE

Good going and returning April 2 only.

FARE AND ONE-THIRD

Good going April 1, 2, 3 and 4, Return limit April 6, 1915.

Return tickets will be issued between all stations in Canada, east of Port Arthur, and to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

Tickets and further particulars at Grand Trunk ticket offices.

R. E. RUSE, corner Dundas and Richmond streets. Phone 80.

REDUCED FARES NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Easter Holiday Fares

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD

NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE

Will sell excursion tickets between all Michigan Central Stations in Canada and to Detroit, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls, N. Y., and to authorized points on connecting lines in Canada

at

ONE FIRST-CLASS LIMITED ONE-WAY FARE

for the round trip, good going and returning Friday, April 2nd only.

ONE FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD

for the round trip good going April 1, 2, 3, 4, good for return up to and including April 6th, 1915. For further information apply to any

Michigan Central Agent.

3k

TRACTION COMPANY

Week-day service: 4:50, 6:30, *7:45, 9.00, *10:30, 12:00 a.m., *1:30, *3:00, 4:15, *5:15, 6:15, *7:15, *8:15, *9:45, 11:15 p.m. Cars marked * run through to Port Stanley.

Sunday service through to Port Stanley, 9:00 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 1:00 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 7:00 p.m., St. Thomas, 9:00 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

ATLANTIC SERVICE.

From Liverpool.		From St. John.	From Halifax.
Mar. 26	Metagama	Apr. 9	Apr. 10
Apr. 2	Grampian	Apr. 16	Apr. 17
Apr. 9	Missanabie	Apr. 23	Apr. 24

From Liverpool.		From Montreal.
Apr. 23	Metagama	May 7
May 7	Missanabie	May 21
May 21	Metagama	June 4

Particulars from steamship agents or W. Fulton, C. P. A., C. P. R., London.

CUNARD LINE

Canadian Service.

FROM HALIFAX TO LIVERPOOL.

ORDUNA (15,500 tons) .....April 19th

For particulars apply to W. Fulton, 161 Dundas street; F. B. Clarke, 416 Richmond street; R. E. Ruse, Clock Corner; E. de la Hooke, 422 Park avenue, or the Robert Reford Company, Limited, general agents, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, St. John, N. B., and Portland, Me.

ALLAN LINE

From.	Next Sailings.		To.
St. John	Corinthian	April 1	London
Boston	Pretorian	April 1	Glasgow
St. John	*Scandinavian	April 2	Liverpool
St. John	Sicilian	April 15	London
St. John	*Corsican	April 21	Liverpool
Boston	Carthaginian	April 22	Glasgow.
St. John	*Hesperian	April 30	Liverpool.

*—Mail steamer sailing from Halifax one day later.

For full information apply local agent or THE ALLAN LINE, 95 King St. W., Toronto.

HOTEL MARLBOROUGH

BROADWAY, BETWEEN 36th AND 37th STREETS

In the Very Centre of New York.

This famous hotel is known the world over, has all modern appointments, and is complete and up-to-date in all details.

The most convenient location in New York, being but a few minutes to the leading theatres and department stores, a few minutes from the Pennsylvania and Grand Central stations.

Whether your visit is one of business or pleasure, you will find the Marlborough the ideal place to stop at. The Rathskeller is one of the show-places of New York.

Special Easter rates for people coming from this vicinity.

Rooms, $1.00 Per Day Upwards.
Rooms with Bath, $1.50 Per Day Upwards.
$1.00 Extra Each Additional Person.

JOHN F. DOWNEY, Manager. D,May 20