

## HOW GRIP OF BRITISH FORCES AMOUNTS TO FATAL STRANGLE HOLD

British Widening Breaches in Chain of Medæval Fortresses from Gommecourt to Fricourt—Philip Gibbs Paints Glowing Picture of Battle Conditions.

BY PHILIP GIBBS.

With the British Armies in the field, July 10—Slowly but quite steadily we are drawing our lines closer about the enemy's strong places along the whole extent of our attacking front, in order that one by one he must abandon them. Last night our troops captured new trenches about Ovillers and La Boisselle, so that the pressure upon that place is tighter, and during the past eighteen hours we have established ourselves in the Bois de Trones, and its neighborhood to the east of Montauban.

The meaning of our attacking methods and of the hard fighting at the different points may not be clear to people who do not realize the position which our men have to storm. It often has been said that the enemy's lines, which stretch from the sea to the Vosges, are one great fortress, and this is true, but it is more essentially and even technically true of the line through which we broke on July 1. The great German salient which curves round from Gommecourt to Fricourt is like a chain of medieval fortresses connected by earthworks and tunnels. The fortresses or strong places as we now call them, are ruined villages stronger in defense than any old tower because they are filled with machine guns, trench mortars, and other deadly engines of destruction—Gommecourt, Beaumont, Hammet, Thiepval, Ovillers, La Boisselle and Fricourt.

### Desperate Attacks.

In spite of the superb courage of those British battalions, which swung themselves against these strongholds on the left side of the German salient they did not fall, but breaches were made in their defenses, which are now being widened and deepened. On the southern side where the attack succeeded, La Boisselle and Fricourt and further eastward Hammet and Montauban are ours, and the attack is pushing further in to turn the strong places on the left from within the fortresses walls as it were, while they are being weakened by assaults from without.

### A Strangle Grip.

We are gradually putting a strangle grip on them, and if we have luck and keep striking deeper into the salient, as we have done during the past twenty-four hours at Gommecourt and Ovillers, it would seem as if the strong places on the left must either be evacuated by the enemy or surrounded and taken with their impregnated troops by us.

I saw a scene of this struggle for the enemy's strongholds today almost as if it were looking into the mirror of the Lady of Shalott. It seemed that strangely unreal, as though in images, and yet terribly real and vivid, because I came upon it suddenly and by accident, after a day of war by a gap in the hedge, by two trees on each side of the path like the frame of a picture. I had been up to the lines and it was on my way back that I came upon the gap in the hedge. Through it I saw quite unexpectedly a scene of war across the fields in front of me all was gold, with that weed which is rubbing so many harvest fields of France. Mammie Wood I knew at once by the queer shape of it, with a great pile of the weeds and a fine figure in spite of all our shells. It is still thick with foliage, upon which the sunlight lay, casting a great black shadow underneath. Just below it was the peak of the wood, a row of broken trees by a sudden sound and a triangle trench for which our men fought desperately, so that it changed hands three times before they won it finally on Friday afternoon. To the left of Mammie Wood and on a line with it was Contalmaison, and on the left of that was the little wood which was captured and lost again the day before yesterday, and then, further to the left, Ovillers and La Boisselle, and completing the crescent, La Boisselle itself.

A Pre-Raphaelite Picture. Between the gap in the hedge I saw again one of the world's great battlefields, and every detail of it was so clearly, sharply defined in the sunlight that it was like a pre-Raphaelite picture painted in vivid colors. I could count the shell holes in the roofs of Contalmaison village, and the chateau there standing to the right of the little wood.

Apparently Germany has little hope of relief as a result of daring submarine trips across the Atlantic. The Deutsche Tageszeitung discussing the voyage of the Deutschland says:

"We Germans should not hope for too much from the voyage of the Deutschland to America. That the vessel would be able to force the blockade, would be expected. Furthermore, Great Britain will not be able to do much against such transport service in future. But it is too much to expect that the British blockade of Germany will be ended by this means."

There has been no material change in the positions of the armies on either front since the British drive of Friday. There is still heavy fighting in the region of the Somme and the British on Saturday penetrated a portion of the German third line of trenches. The French several days ago forced their way into the enemy's third line, and it would seem that the British are fighting desperately to bring their front up to correspond with that of their comrades farther south. The big push is being continued with considerable success.

From The Butterfly's Day. From ecocoon forth a butterfly As lady from her door Emerges—a summer afternoon—Repairing everywhere.

Without design, that I could trace, Except to stay abroad On miscellaneous enterprise The clovers understood.

Her pretty parasol was seen Contracting in a field. Where men made hay, then struggling With an opposing cloud.

Where parties, phantom as herself, To nowhere seemed to go In purposeless circumference. As 'twere a tropic show.

—Emily Dickinson.

Left to right: Miss Gamble, Miss Spanner and Colonel R. A. Roberts, O. C. the unit from the Toronto University, at the 5th Canadian Hospital, where they look after the injured and sick. While the enemy airmen are raiding their part of the country "somewhere" in the Balkans, the sisters and doctors seek shelter in the "funk holes," as the bomb-proof dugouts are called.

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## ROSS RIFLE WILL BE DISCARDED BY CANADIANS

New British Lee-Enfield Rifle Will be Supplied to Canadian Troops at the Front; Present Machinery to be Altered to Suit New Gun.

Ottawa, July 10—Canadian troops at the front are being re-armed with the new British Lee-Enfield rifle, the rifle which is now being manufactured both in Great Britain and in the United States by the hundreds of thousands has been adopted as the uniform service rifle of all the British troops.

The Ross rifle, about which there has been so much criticism, will be gradually discarded for the Lee-Enfield as a service rifle and the new rifle substituted as it becomes available. The new weapon has a shorter barrel than the Ross rifle, making it more serviceable for trench work. It is of smaller bore than either the Ross or the present Lee-Enfield but the bore of the new rifle can be easily enlarged to take the present size ammunition until new stocks of ammunition are ready.

Sir Sam Hughes, in commenting tonight on the change, said that the new rifle embodied some of the points of the Ross rifle and had been adopted after long and careful experiments. The Ross rifle factory at Quebec is being furnished with the new gauges and the present machinery can be easily adapted to manufacturing the improved Enfield. Just what will be done with the hundreds of thousands of Ross rifles now on hand it is not stated. They can be used by the troops in training but all troops at the front are now being served with the new rifle and all troops going to the front will replace the Ross rifle with the Enfield.

No information is yet available as to the result of the test of the Ross rifle which the Canadian government asked Sir Douglas Haig to make last spring.

### Sir George Perley Returns.

Sir George Perley, acting Canadian high commissioner in London for the past two years, returned to the capital tonight, accompanied by Lady Perley. Sir George arrived at Quebec on the Mississauga yesterday, spent a few hours at Valcartier Camp and then came on to Ottawa in the prime minister's private car, which was sent to Quebec for his convenience. Sir George in a brief interview on his arrival last night said that he would spend a few hours before returning to London, where he is bound to attend to his duties as high commissioner until the war is over. He declared that there was absolute confidence in England that ultimate victory must rest with the Allies. No one yet knew, he said, just when the war would end, but he was sure that it would come sooner than most people thought.

### British Shell Fire.

It was no dream. Three of our shells followed each other in a group and burst with one explosion against the left-hand tower of Contalmaison chateau, smashing off the turret as though it were a card castle. Our shells were flinging up clouds of smoke and smoke in the German lines and in the fields about them. German shells were bursting with dull crashes and with clouds of black and greenish smoke. All the power of destruction was at work, but because of the utter calm and beauty of the sky and the golden light over all the scene it seemed to me, standing on the edge of it, less deadly, like a dream of war.

An extraordinary thing happened as I looked across to Chateau Contalmaison. The shellholes seemed suddenly to open in the enemy's lines and let forth the smoke of its inner fires. It gushed out in great roils, dense masses and rose to great heights, spreading like the foliage of some gigantic tree. The shellholes seemed suddenly to open in the enemy's lines and let forth the smoke of its inner fires. It gushed out in great roils, dense masses and rose to great heights, spreading like the foliage of some gigantic tree.

Where I passed the enemy's shells were coming rather near. A heavy one burst on a knoll close by, and the officers and men were watching with that curious smile men have at times when they know their lives depend upon a freak of chance. It is an ironical smile, and rather grim.

"I've been trying to convince Jones that advertising pays, but he will not listen to me." "You can't blame him, poor fellow. That's the way he got his wife."

Halifax, July 10—With business and pleasure, today was well filled at the National Division of the Sons of Temperance, which opened in this city yesterday. During this morning's session the biennial election of officers took place and reports of various committees were read. The weather has been delightful and during intermissions the visitors have enjoyed a number of trips to the beauty spots of the city, including the Citadel, the Gardens, etc.

The Halifax members of the order spared no pains to give a grand time to the visiting members, their kindness being much appreciated by the visitors. This afternoon a most enjoyable outing was held at the beautiful North West Arm with a trip on the water and a picnic on the shore.

Last evening St. Paul's hall was filled when a reception was given the National Division. B. O. Davidson, grand worthy president, presided and addresses were delivered by Lieut. Governor McKean, United States Consul Young and others. An excellent programme of readings and music was given, refreshments being served at the closing.

The election of officers this morning resulted as follows: Most Worthy Patriarch—E. L. G. Hohenthal, South Manchester (Con.). Most Worthy Associate—E. S. Hemmings, St. John (N. B.). Most Worthy Scribe—Ross Black, Philadelphia (re-elected).

Most Worthy Treasurer—Marvin M. Evanson, Philadelphia (re-elected). Most Worthy Chaplain—Rev. D. Stiles French, St. John (N. B.). Most Worthy Conductor—L. P. Tanton, Charlottetown (P. E. I.). Most Worthy Sentinel—W. C. Acken, Metuchen (N. J.). Most Worthy Patron—Miss Cora Lavender, Halifax (N. B.).

It was decided that the 1917 session, which will be the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the order, will be held at Boston on September 27 of that year, the vote being: Philadelphia, 4; Camden (N. J.), 1; and Boston, 20.

German Power Over Austria. (From Mott's "History of the Franco-German War.")

The war of 1866 was entered on, not because the existence of Prussia was threatened, or in obedience to public opinion and the votes of the people—it was a struggle, long foreseen and calmly prepared for, recognized as a necessity by the cabinet, not for territorial aggrandizement, or material advantage, but for an ideal and the establishment of power. Not a foot of land was exacted from conquered Austria, but she had to renounce all part in the hegemony of Germany.

## AMERICAN LEGION, GOING AS UNIT, DRAWS MANY AT WOODSTOCK

The American Legion (28th Battalion), having splendid success in and around Woodstock at the present time, and many recruits are being secured. The idea of an American Legion brigade is now being put forward and as the 28th is the fourth American Legion unit raised no doubt the idea will be carried out.

The latest recruits for the 28th American Legion reported from Woodstock are as follows: Owen W. O'Leary, Marlboro; Eldon Manser Peck, Forc City (N. B.); Oscar E. Hanson, Stone Ridge (N. B.); Roy Basil Eatey, Zealand.

"These are dark days for many individual hearts," writes a chaplain now on the firing line, "but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. Out of the darkness are beams of light."

Of a young New Brunswick boy who fell in battle he says: "He was killed in action with his face to the foe" and it is doubtful if any larger tribute could be paid to any British soldier of his majesty the king.

Many of our boys have died. Of all it may be said they died with their faces to the foe.

The following letter by Chaplain Geo. O. Falls, now in France, is very interesting:

My Dear Friends—You will have heard before this reaches you of the death of your dear one in the big battle that has just closed. A good many of our gallant heroes fell and yours was amongst them. He was killed in action and died with his face to the foe. These are dark days for many individual hearts but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. Out of the darkness are beams of light.

First of all he died in a great cause. The cause of righteousness, truth and final triumph was his side and for that cause he gave up his life. And again he did not die as a coward letting the issue go by default, but he died as a hero fighting fearful odds of shot and shell. He laid down his life for his friends.

Jesus said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." You loved one who has actually done this very thing. He laid down his life for others. I believe he has fulfilled the "law of love" and am sure that our Father will crown his valour and self-sacrifice in the immortal mansions of heaven. My Father's house has many mansions, and sure he has one. He was buried lovingly by the kind hands of his comrades and his spirit has gone to the home land. He did not alone but had with him hundreds of his fellows in the greatest fight the Canadians have ever known. May our Father bless and comfort and give you strength to sustain you in this hour.

### Lieut. M. B. Alexander, former St. John boy, of the 23rd Battalion (American Legion) which is now recruiting in New Brunswick, is in the vicinity of Woodstock.

Station (N. B.); George Haines, Charles Borth, Woodstock; Eldon Williams, Peaseport (N. B.); Kenneth Thornton, Hartland (N. B.); and William Shafelburg, Monticello (Me.).

The new uniforms have just been issued at Woodstock until the battalion is recruited to full strength.

The non-commissioned officer is Sergeant V. A. Pearson, of Toronto.

In charge of recruiting for the western part of the province is Lieut. M. B. Alexander, who was born in Woodstock, and was until lately in the employ of Bowers & Brewster of this city. He is a son of William E. Alexander, formerly of the C. P. R., and now superintendent of bridges and construction on the N. B. A. He is stopping with Mrs. Alexander, and little daughter, at Carleton Hall, Woodstock. He is a fine type of the class of men who are giving up much to serve the empire and humanity.

Early the coming week branch recruiting offices will be established in probably all the important towns upriver. The 28th is the last of a total of five battalions organized by Lieut. Colonel Charles B. Bullock, who is officer commanding the 28th, headquarters Halifax. The others are the 21st, 21st, 21st and the 27th, which last is now at full strength, ready for overseas.

These are known as the American Legion and will form one brigade. There will be no drafts or transfers from the legion, which goes as a brigade with possibly a high American officer in command. Qualifications of recruits are: Men American born or whose parents are American born, and whether now citizens of the United States or Canada, Canadians now residing in the United States, or who have lately been residents there. Dependents of U. S. Loyalty, with American blood in them, where in Canada, who have heard the call of the motherland.

Has Fraser or Vincent left St. John yet? I expect they will be on the ocean soon. They are pretty busy men, as allies in the Canadians and will need quite a number of reinforcements.

The farmers over here have started to do their haying; it won't be long till they are at it over there. The time soon flies. I was on the ocean this time last year, drawing near the Straits of Dover; one of the prettiest scenes I ever saw—the white cliffs and blue water.

It is too hot to write here, and am feeling very lazy, but will do this time, hoping it will find you all in good health.

Your loving son, CHARLES.

### OPPOSITION CONVENTIONS

Sussex, N. B., July 14—The opposition party in Kings county will meet in convention Tuesday afternoon, July 14, at Hampton court house, 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the selection of three candidates.

This decision was made by party leaders and organizers E. S. Carter, in endeavoring to carry out the resolution passed at the Fredericton conference to arrange for opposition conventions in every county within six weeks.

A county convention will be held July 15 at Burton and Kings will follow the next week.

Arrangements for other counties are being made by the organizer with the county convenors and leaders.

Newcastle, July 12—A tablet to the memory of the late Rev. William Aitken, pastor for twenty-three years up to 1904, was unveiled in St. James' church Sunday morning.

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## CHAPLIN WRITES REGARDING THE WARRING HEROES

Dark Days, But in Night of Death Hope Sees a Star and Listening Love Can Hear Rustle of a Wing.

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### sympathetically yours, GSO. O. FALLS, Chaplain.

How Pte. Parkinson Died.

Mrs. West Parkinson, of Fredericton, has just received the following letter from Colonel J. P. Poiry, who commands the Trench Mortar Battery, descriptive of the manner in which her son, Pte. Charles Parkinson, met his death: "We had gone into the trenches just before the Canadians launched an attack. We had done good work, having fired 100 rounds of ammunition, and a big shell burst right alongside our position, wounding two men badly and killing your son instantly, which, I trust, is a slight comfort to you when it is considered that he was a brave soldier. He had to stay for hours out in the front, mortally wounded, without getting the least possible assistance, as every able man had to drive on in the attack."

"I brought in one poor fellow who had been out in the trenches for hours, had no food or drink for thirty-six hours, having come across him by the merest chance. Such is the price of victory, and it was indeed a splendid achievement; and your son's life has not been in vain."

"My boy, his courage and his loyalty, convey to you his deepest sympathy."

"Your son was not under my command long, but he always did his duty cheerfully and died like a true soldier."

Last Letter of Hero.

The last letter which Pte. Charles M. Quigley, of St. Andrews (N. B.), wrote to his mother prior to his death on the day of battle was as follows:

Dear Mother—Just a few lines to let you know I am feeling fine. We came out of the trenches a few days ago. This is an awful warm day—am sweating to beat the band.

I suppose the people are beginning to come there now. We have had a picnic the last two or three times in, very uncomfortable at times. I have a German rifle, going to try and get it home some way or other. We had quite a collection of letters, the funny, funny, and said quite a lot of it to staff officers out here and got good prices for them.

Has Fraser or Vincent left St. John yet? I expect they will be on the ocean soon. They are pretty busy men, as allies in the Canadians and will need quite a number of reinforcements.

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## GRIEVOUSLY WOUNDED, W. J. COHOLAN'S GLAD HE HAS DONE HIS BIT

North End Man, With Jaw Shattered, Given Enthusiastic Welcome at Depot—In Fight Since Early Days of War—Met Several St. John Boys on Firing Line—Enlisted in Calgary and Was Transferred to 32nd Battalion.

Monday, July 17, Battle scarred but jubilant, Private William J. Coholan, the hero of many heavy engagements on the western front, arrived in the city last night on the 6.10.

By the time the train pulled into the station a large number of persons had arrived to greet him. The members of the Returned Soldiers' Welcome Committee were on hand but were actually greeted by his friends that the official welcome was beginning.

As Coholan alighted from the train a great shout went up and again and again he was cheered to the echo. He had scarcely left the hand rail of the car when he was welcomed to the shoulders of several men and carried out of the station to a waiting automobile, the crowd jostling and pushing to get a glimpse of one of St. John's brave lads who has made a great record for himself. He was wished away home to St. Somerset street, which was gaily bedecked with flags and there a great reception awaited him and friends crowded about to greet him.

Private Coholan enlisted in Calgary and after going to England was transferred to the 3rd Battalion where he did his fighting and was with that unit when he was wounded on June 15, 1915. It was almost the anniversary of his wounding that he was again returned to his people. It was in the great battle of Giverny that the German rifle bullets "got" him.

He was wounded in two places almost simultaneously, one bullet piercing his hip and the second striking him in the jaw. The bullet which hit him in the jaw was the explosive type and tore away a large part of his lower jaw. Though so grievously wounded his splendid constitution stood him in good stead and under skillful treatment he recovered although he has been confined to hospital ever since he was wounded.

Private Coholan said that he had met several St. John boys on the firing line and in England and they were without exception well, making a good showing and were gallant soldiers.

Private Coholan went to Calgary some six years ago and is a bookbinder by trade. He held a lucrative position in the west but the call to the colors was strong and he decided to don the khaki. He is the son of Patrick Coholan, a well known citizen of this city.

### PRIVATE W. J. COHOLAN.

train from Halifax, where he landed off a trans-Atlantic liner. Other local boys were expected last night but Coholan was the only one that arrived.

### ANNAPOLIS, N. S., LOCAL MOTORISTS

WOMAN HELD ON SUFFER FROM FIENDISH ACT

MURDER CHARGE

Alleged She Poisoned Woman

She Was Taking Care Of In Return for Property—Hearing to Be Held Tuesday

Suburban Road Sprinkled With Carpet Tacks—Dr. A. Logie One of the Victims—Searching for the Culprit.

Monday, July 17.

St. John motorists are justly incensed over the malicious and despicable practices of some person unknown who recently acquired of sprinkling the road beds near the city with carpet tacks. Dr. A. Edward Logie was one of the several victims, yesterday, when his car, along with three others were held up by the roadside for several hours near Pandemic. Seven punctures in the tires kept the doctor at Westfield for some time and three cars were held up for the same reason within an eighth of a mile of the spot where the bed of tacks ruined his tires. One of the other cars suffered fourteen punctures in two tires, another nine, and another six.

There is little question of doubt that the tacks were deliberately placed in the road. It must either be the work of children or some person with a fiendish turn of mind. The automobile association has been notified and is to offer a reward for the arrest and conviction of any one found guilty of making a public highway injurious to travel. Such malice has naturally aroused the motoring public, and an honest effort will be spared to bring the perpetrator to justice.

NAVIGATION AND RAILWAY TRAFFIC HELD UP AT STOKESBY BY SINKING OF BARGE

Sydney, N. S., July 14—This afternoon a barge being towed by the tug Springhill through the Grand Narrows bridge, collided with pier No. 6, and glancing off, crashed against the swinging span pier and immediately sank. As her bows were striking directly the line of the track and above it, it was impossible to close the draw with the result that railway traffic will be held up until the masts can be sawed. The steel company sent an acetylene plant to the sinking which will take some time. It is expected that navigation will be closed for at least two weeks or until the obstruction can be removed. The draw cannot be opened or closed as the pier is damaged.

LIQUOR CONTROL BOARD REPORTS PROHIBITION IN SCOTLAND AS "IMPRACTICAL"

Glasgow, July 15—Prohibition in Scotland is impractical in the opinion of the liquor control board. The board stated this in substance to a deputation representing many thousands of women who signed a petition urging the adoption of prohibition for the period of the war.

Lord D'Abernon, chairman of the board, said that it was not possible to consider prohibition except as applied to large, self-contained areas. Otherwise the difficulties of control in regard to transportation were insuperable. Lord D'Abernon said that the experience in the colonies and in the United States showed that no measure of prohibition could succeed unless applied with the cordial consent of a large majority of the people affected.

Didn't Have To. "Well, thank Heaven," he said, approaching a sad-looking man who sat back in a corner, "that's over with."

"