

THE AMPHIBIOUS BELGIAN SOLDIER

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS TOO
ARE MANY OF THE TROOPS.

Much of the Fighting on the Belgian
Front is Carried on in Boats
on No Man's Sea.

There are some thousands of soldiers in the gallant little Belgian army holding that corner of German foot who answer Kipling's description of the marine; they are soldiers and sailors too. How these Belgian infantrymen fight in boats at night is one of many strange stories of the war.

For two years most of the Belgian front has been under water, the barrier the Belgian flung across the German path in the first year of war by opening the dikes. On one side of the water are the Belgian trenches, on the other side the German. There are miles and miles of flooded, sodden country with here and there a village shelled to rubble, one of the most desolate regions of the whole desolate western front.

By day all is quiet on those lowlands except for the occasional crack of the sniper's rifle or the rumble of the usual bombardment. But when night falls there begins exciting, touch and go work in the dark between the trenches on No Man's Sea.

Strange Warfare, This.
For considerable stretches the water is nearly a mile wide. Just at its edge little boats lie hidden under the Belgian trenches. In the darkness the Belgian infantrymen steal down to them and now become marines, set forth on patrol.

It needs not only daring and coolness, but some special training to do this hazardous work. The men use padded or muffled oars, sometimes punt poles; sometimes they lie flat in the bottom of the boat and paddle with their hands. They are armed with bombs, sometimes with long knives.

Creeping silently close to the German shore, to see what the enemy is up to over there, is a risky undertaking. Any moment a star shell may flood the water with light and reveal the little boat and its crew to watching marksmen, and through the night machine guns sporadically spray the water near the German trenches on the chance of hitting something unseen. Sometimes they are mines.

The risk of all these things is nothing to the thrill of meeting a German patrol boat. Hearing the strokes of a punt pole, the Belgians crouch tensely, the safely pins removed from their bombs, until the German craft is almost upon them. Then the bombs are hurled, and in the racking roar that follows the Belgians slip away as silently as they came.

In No Man's Sea.

The strangest part of this strange warfare is that getting back to their own shore after such fights is comparatively without danger if there are no star shells. The Germans in their trenches are afraid of hitting their own boat if they fire, and so are the Belgians, for neither side knows which boat threw the bomb, which boat was hit.

There is only one way for Belgians and Germans to get at each other on land. Here and there raised roads run from one line to the other, isthmuses between the pools of water. These causeways, sole survivors of Belgium's peaceful days in all that war-blighted region, stand up like the backbones of half submerged sea monsters, spined with broken trees.

Out along the roads are Belgian and German advanced posts, most of them hidden, where night and day men lie in the mud and watch and listen for the other side to try an attack along the road. That seldom happens, and when it does the machine guns sweep the attacking force off the road into the cold, muddy water of No Man's Sea.

DO FISH FEEL PAIN?

It Is Generally Thought That They
Do Not Suffer to Any Extent.

General opinion appears to be that fish are almost insensible to pain. A keen angler, who has had considerable experience, states that, in his opinion, which has only been arrived at after most careful observation, fish are almost totally unable to feel pain as we understand it.

"When, as a boy," he says, "I was fishing on the Leith, it was a common occurrence to hook, cast after cast, a young salmon (known locally as 'parr'), which, according to the fishing regulations, we were required to throw back into the river.

"As we were fishing for trout, these young salmon became a great nuisance, and in consequence were not removed very carefully from the hook. Some of these, therefore, were rather badly wounded when thrown back into the water, and one would have thought that they would lie low until they had recovered.

"One day when I was fishing this river I actually hooked the same fish on no less than three different occasions.

"Since then I have gathered a considerable amount of similar experience, and am firmly convinced that fish are practically insensible to pain."

The Real "War Bread" must contain the entire wheat grain—not the white flour center—but every particle of gluten and mineral salts—also the outer bran coat that is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active. **Shredded Wheat Biscuit** is the real "war bread" because it is 100 per cent. whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. Contains no yeast, baking powder, seasoning, or chemicals of any kind. Food conservation begins with Shredded Wheat Biscuit for breakfast and ends with Shredded Wheat Biscuit for supper. Delicious with sliced bananas, berries, or other fruits. Made in Canada.

A HEROINE OF THE FACTORY WORKER IN A GREAT ENGLISH MUNITION PLANT.

Pathetic Little Tale of a Girl's Devotion to the Cause
of Duty.

All her mates in the great munition factory wondered why she worked with such feverish energy. She was not robust. They knew that she was married, that her man was "out yonder," that she had no one dependent upon her, and that she kept herself to herself, sharing none of their joys and pleasures, but ever ready to help bear another's burden; ever ready with that practical help which is worth a pound of pity, says an English writer.

But all appeals to her for assistance and advice had to be made out of working hours. From the instant she "clocked on" for her particular shift until, weary and worn, she "clocked off," she did not and would not waste a moment.

And somehow the quiet resolution, the grim tenacity, the almost white-hot concentration of this woman on her work exercised a beneficent influence in her shed, which percolated even to the most flippant among that band of workers.

Her form was frail and thin. Her outdoor clothing was of the plainest description. She mystified them.

A Wasted Day.

Why, they asked themselves again and again, did she work with such feverish energy? Why did her plain, uninteresting face become suffused with radiant enthusiasm as she bent lovingly over her shells? That she was not a miser, they knew, for she was generous to a fault, so that she was not working like a slave, harder than all the others, to earn the extra pay.

The excellence of her work began to be talked about. In none of the shells she handled was there ever the slightest suspicion of a flaw. Inspectors, out of mere curiosity, had subjected her work to the most searching tests, and had found it blameless. And how utterly impervious she seemed to the influence of the injurious ingredients she had to use. Cordite, lyddite, chloroform, nitro-glycerine, poisonous, noxious fumes, which rendered the other workers sick and dizzy, and caused them to re-

The Danger Zone for Many Is Tea and Coffee Drinking

Some people find it
wise to quit tea and
coffee when their
nerves begin to "act
up."

The easy way nowa-
days is to switch to

Instant Postum

Nothing in pleasure
is missed by the
change, and greater
comfort follows as
the nerves rebuild.

Postum is economical to
both health and purse.

"There's a Reason"

tire to the rest-room compulsorily provided by Governmental orders, left her untouched. Although her complexion yellowed, and big, black circles formed under her eyes, she was always at her bench, always bending grimly over her shells, handling them almost lovingly.

Vainly they had tried to penetrate the armor of reserve in which she had encased herself. She was always courteous, never lost her temper. But when they asked her point-blank why she was slaving herself to death in this manner, she deftly switched the conversation into other channels.

Nature Rebelled.

Once the factory had a day's holiday. It was a compulsory holiday. Had she been permitted, she would have gone to the shed, and bent her back grimly over the shells which seemed the Alpha and Omega of her existence.

But as she was not allowed to work she joined a party of women and girls and went for a day to the seaside. She spent her money lavishly; she did everything that the others did, and as she had donned her best clothes she came in for a certain amount of admiration.

Yet, to the keenest observer it was plain that she was not really enjoying herself. Something was lacking. And only the woman knew what it was. She wanted to be back at her bench. Every hour spent away from the shells she loved meant torture. To her simple mind, always with the great idea, as yet uncommunicated, at the back of it, it seemed sinful to bask in the sunshine on the silvery sands when the lathes which turned the shells were silent.

Came one morning when she did not appear at the factory. There was quite a commotion. Everybody was speculating what had happened to her. She had never lost a minute since she started, and she had worked every hour of overtime the authorities had permitted.

When night came one of the women to whom she had been exceptionally good went to her lodgings to see what was the matter. She found her ill—desperately ill. Nature had at length rebelled.

The Reason Why.

The woman's yellow-hued cheeks were sunken and hollow. She was so weak that she could scarcely put out a hand to greet her visitor. There was no lack of comforts in the room, and a doctor had been; but the pain in the woman's face was pitiable to behold. And it was not physical pain, but mental agony, caused by her enforced inaction.

The women talked, as women will. At first the invalid was reticent and evasive. Gradually the visitor worked the conversation round into intimate channels. She spoke of home, life before the war, and of dear ones at the front, and at last learned what she wished to know.

Why did this woman work so terribly hard? Why did she turn out a larger number of shells than any other woman in the shed? Why did she take such a pride in her work? Why was she so particular that every shell which passed through her hands should be so perfect?

The woman on the bed turned a radiant face to her visitor. The old enthusiastic look leapt back into her eyes.

"I'll tell you, Sarah!" she answered happily. "My man's a gunner! He may use some of the shells I fill!"

Just that; nothing more. But it was understood by the woman at the bedside, just as you and I will understand.

Motoring at Night in the Country.
Over the city's doorstep.

Where the paving comes to an end,
We slip with a jar of the throbbing car;

And then with a cough of the horn we are off
On the road where the willows bend.

The city was hot and brilliant,
It is cool out here and dark,
There's only the light of the star sown night,

And away at the back of a farmhouse black
A solitary spark.

Damp and fragrant the meadows,
And wide and dim as Time;
There are wraiths in the air! Their fingers, their hair,
Are breathing my face, as madly we race

To the foot of the long, slow climb.

Up we wind through the forest!
Up till the top we gain!

Then a pale surprise in the eastern skies,
As down we dip like a plunging ship
To the luminous waves of the plain.

For across the silent reaches
Of that radiant world, it seems,
From the old, old moon, by the stars a-swoon,

Sets sail, through the bright soft sea of the night,
A silver fleet of dreams.

Oh, world of sweet white magic,
All drenched in a dew of light!
This monster of brass and of iron and of gas

Is carrying me into Arcady,
By a country road at night.

—Mary B. Mullett.

Even if the farm tractors do come,
Good horses will still be needed. And Europe is already short of horses, and the United States will be equally short if the war goes on.

STRENUOUS WORK SOON TELLS ON YOU

Business Men and Breadwinners
The Victims of Nervous
Exhaustion.

When worry is added to overwork men soon become the victims of nervous exhaustion—neurasthenia—the doctor calls it. Some have no reserve strength in their systems to bear the strain; others overtax what strength they have. If you find that you are nervous and not sure of yourself, that you sleep badly, and wake up tired and aching, your nerves are out of order. Other signs are inability to take proper interest in your work; your appetite is fickle; your back feels weak, and you are greatly depressed in spirits. One or more of these signs mean that you should take prompt steps to stop mischief by nourishing the nerves with the food they thrive on, namely the rich, red blood made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have cured thousands of cases of nervous disorders, including nervous prostration, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and partial paralysis. Here is an example. Mr. P. H. Callan, a well known business man in Coleman, P.E.I., says: "I owe my present health, if not life itself, to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had always been an active man, and when I began to run down in health paid little attention to it as I thought it only a temporary weakness. As time passed, however, I found myself growing worse, and consulted a doctor, who said that I was not only badly run down, but that my nervous system was badly shattered. I lost flesh, my appetite was poor, I slept badly and notwithstanding the doctor's treatment grew so weak that I had to leave my business and was confined to the house. Time went on and I was steadily growing weaker, and my friends were all greatly alarmed for my condition. In this condition I was strongly recommended to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as the doctor's medicine was not helping me I decided to do so. By the time I had used three boxes I could tell that they were helping me. When I had taken eight boxes of the pills I felt able to attend to my business again, and people were surprised to see me out. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, by which time I was feeling as well as ever I did, and was being congratulated by all my friends on my full restoration to health. I feel now that if I had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset I would not only have saved much money spent in doctor's bills, but would have had renewed health sooner. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine, and would recommend it to every man who feels weak, nervous or run down."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE REGIMENTAL MOTTO.
Tells How it Came Into Existence
and Relates Some Anecdotes.

If you look at the badge of a regiment, you will generally find in it a word or short sentence expressing a guiding principle or idea. That is the motto.

I may be in English, French, German, Gaelic, or Welsh—examples in all these languages are, in fact, possessed by British regiments—but usually I am in Latin, and I often give a clue to territorial connections, military exploits, etc.

Originally I came from the motto of a particular family, who, sometimes more than the warrior, were remote ancestors. Such a motto is the "Esperance" (hope) of the Northumberland Percys, famous in Border fighting. It rang high above the din of battle in many a bloody conflict between English and Scots.

But in more recent times I became of territorial or other significance. Look at the regiments whose motto is that of their own city or county. The Devonshire Regiment, for instance, bears "Semper Fideles" (ever faithful), the motto of the city of Exeter.

In other cases the mottoes of particular regiments were given to them for military achievements. "Celer et audax" (swift and bold) the King's Royal Rifles owes to Wolfe, and the unique possession of the Worcestershire Regiment—"Firm"—appears to have a similar origin.

It was formally conferred, with new colors, after the Peninsular War, as "So, again, with "Primus in Indis" (first in the Indies), the motto of the Dorset Regiment. This famous corps, formerly the 39th Foot, was the first European regiment of the Regular Army in India, and it fell the task of avenging the horror of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

The most remarkable motto which commemorates military achievement is that of the only one in the British Army bearing the name of a person not of royal blood. In the first battalion, the old 33rd Foot, Wellington spent many years, and on his death—in 1852—Queen Victoria, wishing to mark her appreciation of this connection, ordered that the regiment should adopt his crest and motto for its badge. The motto is "Virtutis fortuna comes" (Virtue is the companion of valor).

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

In the Moment's Modes



Although the straight lines in frocks are very popular, every now and then one sees a stunning frock diverging far from this effect. The frock illustrated is an example of this; a short panel in the front and back hangs from the shoulders to well below the normal waistline, breaking the straight lines of the skirt while large square pockets do the same at the side. A long narrow girdle confines the panels at the waistline. McCall Pattern No. 7820, Misses' Dress; four-piece skirt, in two lengths, suitable for small women. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years. Price, 20 cents.



Chasing butterflies or rolling hoops is lots more fun when we have practical little short frocks to romp in. This smart model has such cunning pockets hanging over the simple straight gathered skirt, it will surely appeal to the little one. McCall Pattern No. 7796, Child's Dress; in 4 sizes; 4 to 10 years. Price, 15 cents.

These patterns may be obtained from your local McCall dealer, or from the McCall Co., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Dept. W.

UNTYING THE RED TAPE.

How the Commanding Officer Got
What He Wanted.

Since the chief requirement in a torpedo-boat destroyer is speed, speed, and yet more speed, it has always been the aim of naval constructors to keep the fittings of such vessels as light as is consistent with strength and to dispense with all fittings that are not absolutely necessary.

Sometime in the year 1904, says Lieut. F. H. Roberts in the Army and Navy Journal, a flotilla of destroyers sailed from the Atlantic to the Philippines by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. It so happened that the commanding officer of one of the destroyers weighed about two hundred and thirty pounds. His two assistants, both of them ensigns, each weighed more than two hundred pounds. Out of a half dozen petty officers three were heavyweights, and in the crew were two or three others of the same size.

When the flotilla arrived in the Philippines the weather was hot and sultry, and the sun kept the steel deck of the vessel like a stove. The vessel's original allowance list had included one electric fan, and so the commanding officer immediately submitted a requisition asking that a fan

be furnished for the wardroom and one in each compartment in which the crew were quartered, five fans in all.

The request in due time reached Washington, and some three months later was returned disapproved, since the bureau "did not wish to add any unnecessary weight to the vessel for fear of reducing its speed."

Nothing daunted, the commanding officer returned the requisition with a statement thereon of the weights of himself, his two commissioned assistants and other members of the crew, and requested that one or two of the heavyweights be transferred, and that a man weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds be assigned to his place, and further requested that the disapproval of his requisition be reconsidered. Needless to say, the fans were forthcoming and no one was transferred, not even the commanding officer!

Minard's Liniment Cures Gargol in Cows

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BABY'S OWN TABLETS OF GREAT VALUE

Mrs. J. A. Lagace, Ste. Perpetue, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have been of great value to me and I would strongly recommend them to other mothers." Thousands of other mothers say the same thing. They have become convinced through actual use of the Tablets that nothing can equal them in regulating the bowels and stomach; driving out constipation and indigestion; breaking up colds and simple fevers; expelling worms and curing colic. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Economy Suggestion.

During some excavations in a district of historical interest some workmen came upon a stone which was shaped very like a coffin. They thereupon began to discuss coffins, and an Irishman remarked: "Why don't they use stone coffins now? They'd save a lot of money!" "Why? How would they? They'd be most difficult to make," said another workman.

"Oh, but," said the Irishman, "you see, a stone coffin would last a dead man all his life!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Antiquity of the Bracelet.

Few wearers of bracelets know that they were once used to distinguish the insane. Before lunatics were confined to asylums they wore an armband for distinction. Bracelets for the arms and anklets for the legs—so frequently mentioned as ornaments in the Bible—are still commonly worn by Eastern married women of all ranks. They were looked upon as a capital means of investing money as they could not be taken for debts of the husband.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents.—I cured a valuable hunting dog of mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT after several veterinarians had treated him without doing him any permanent good.

Yours, &c.,
WILFRID GAGNE.

Prop. of Grand Central Hotel,

Drummondville, Aug. 3, '04.

Owing to sharp corners and unevenness of the molar, many horses fail to properly masticate and digest their food. Have a good veterinarian or other experienced horseman examine the mouth carefully and file or "float" the teeth into normal condition. By so doing, much feed and horse energy will be saved.

It is not curious that Germany, which began the war as the greatest of all military powers, and which expected its army to win for it a quick victory, finds itself forced to a warfare of defense and retreat on land, and that on the other hand England, long confident of its power on the sea, is threatened to-day with defeat because its navy cannot protect its merchant vessels from the enemy's submarines?

Sore Eyes

Granulated Eyelids,
Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Freckle Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

If the beds are wanted where hyacinths and tulips are planted, they can be taken up as soon as the plants have done flowering and heeled in an unused space where they can fully ripen their bulbs.

A baby's bottle ought never to be washed with soap, but the moment it is empty it should be washed in cold water, then filled with a weak solution of boracic acid.

Clothes sprinkled with hot water can be ironed in 15 minutes, and the results will be as satisfactory as though dampened in the usual way and allowed to stand for many hours.

Scientists have decided that bad temper is hereditary and can be traced to ancestors and transmitted to descendants.

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ROYAL YEAST MAKES PERFECT BREAD

A New Pine.
The teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America.

"And now, boys," she announced, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the largest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row. "The porcupine!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Double Meaning.
Tourist—You have a very large acreage of corn under cultivation. Don't the crows trouble you a good deal?

Farmer—Oh, not to any extent! Tourist—That's peculiar, considering you have no scarecrows.

Farmer—Oh, well, I'm out here a good part of the time myself.

MONEY ORDERS.
PAY YOU out of town accounts by Dominion Express Money Orders. Five dollars costs three cents.

Even if apples are low priced it will pay to spray this year. Neglect in one season means a debilitated orchard in the next.

Frugality is good if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE
PROFIT-MAKING NEWS AND JOB OFFICES for sale in good Ontario towns. The most useful and interesting of all businesses. Full information on application to Wilson Publishing Company, 73 Adelaide Street, Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS
CANCER, TUMORS, LUMPS, ETC. Internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before