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**Procession of Mangled Men Through German Hospital on Verdun Front**

Scenes in Way Station For Wounded Who are on Their Way to Fatherland—Roar of the Guns Punctures Groans of Wounded

LONDON, Aug. 18.—A German correspondent with the army of the Crown Prince near Verdun, sends a graphic description to his newspaper of scenes in a little French village, where the wounded are brought in and taken care of.

"The songs of the German soldiers who are on leave in this village," he writes, "become softer as the grey hospital wagon appear in the dusty street. Two men are severely wounded and are unable to sit up. They are lying on their narrow stretchers. Some are ill and others are only slightly wounded. The wounded now and then look sadly at the bindings of their wounds. They tell of their sufferings. One of them was wounded by a shrapnel during an attack by the enemy. He was able to crawl to the rear, and while his wounds were being dressed a shell exploded nearby and he was wounded a second time. But now we are all moving to the rear—to Germany."

"It is getting quite dark. The croaking of frogs comes from a pond not far away. The roar of guns is no longer deafening. The hospital wagon slowly moves up the street and stops before the barracks. Those who are able to once alight. One, who received a rifle ball in his leg, jumps to the ground with his good leg and hobbles off. Another takes an ill soldier on his back and carries him to the barracks. The physician meets us glances at our papers and asks us to sit on the nearest bench while the severely wounded ones are at once taken care of by other physicians. All around the room are beds occupied by wounded soldiers who are in no condition to be sent back to Germany for the present."

In one bed lies a man whose head is all tied up; another has had his arm amputated, another his leg. All are asleep, and some are smiling, laughing and talking in their dreams—what sweet dreams they must be!—golden dreams. The man with his head all bound up is talking softly. The physician says that he had the worst wounds that he has yet seen during the war. It was a question whether he could live, but the physicians brought him around all right and to-day, when the wounded man asked for something to eat, they were so delighted they treated everyone with cigars.

We are waiting for the automobile which is to take us to the nearest field hospital. No one says a word. The guns are again roaring. Looking out of the window we can see the clear starlight blue sky now and then vividly illuminated by the fierce glare from exploding shells. Here and there is seen the searchlight on the watch for hostile aviators. One of the wounded remarks:

"It would just be my luck to have some aviator drop a bomb on me now after all I have gone through."

"The door is opened suddenly, and a soldier stumbles in. He is holding his head with both hands and the blood is streaming down his face. He quietly tells the physician that he would like to have his wounds dressed. He adds that he was driving an ammunition wagon when he was wounded. As the attendant examines his wounds the soldier remarks that he has not much time to spare, as the military wagon is waiting outside and it is his duty to deliver the ammunition promptly. He tells the physician simply to wash his wounds and let him be off. The physician tells him quietly but firmly that that is impossible. He must remain; his wounds are more serious than he imagines."

"Everything is quiet again and nothing is heard except this deep breathing of the sleeping wounded. Near me one man awakens and sits up in his bed. He looks at me with two staring, feverish eyes:

"How it is with the French?" he asks me. I notice that his wounds are in the chest.

"What a question to ask, I said to myself. Here is a man—seriously wounded, and from a deep sleep he suddenly awakes and all he asks is about the enemy. Not a word about his mother or his home, not a word of complaint about his sufferings."

"The French are worse off than we are," I answered him.

"That seemed to satisfy him, and then he asked for a drink of water. "Just then the automobile stopped in front of the door and those of us not severely wounded were escorted outside and placed in the machine. Adieu! Not wounded. You have our best wishes. And the automobile starts on its journey to that beloved

place where clean beds and loving hands await to nurse us."

**THE OLD GRINDSTONE**

THE hardest work I ever did, If you just want the facts, Was when a boy I had to grind The nicks out of an axe.

At early morn, I'd hear Dad's voice—

"Come, Billie! jump up quick, The day will soon be started, And we've got to grind the nick."

I've wondered since if boys to-day Were ever in such fix; And if there's any grindstones— If axes still have nicks.

And yet I know that life itself, With Fate to play us tricks, Is just a great big grindstone— And we're all a-grinding nicks. BENNETT CHAPPLE.

Why is it best to marry a widow? So you don't marry a miss.



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For further information, application should be made as early as possible to one of the Superintendents of Education. jne29,tif

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**GRUESOME WORK OF TRAPPING THE GERMAN SUBMARINES**

Sights as Submarines Are Lifted From the Bottom and the Dead Bodies Removed are Such as Make Strong Men Weak and Drive Sensitive Men Delirious With Horror—Waiting for the "Dead Bodies" to Rise is a Task Requiring Strong Nerve and Stout Heart

Men of the British navy have taken down in the green depths. They know many submarines of the enemies out that in time bubbles will come to the surface and oil will spread over the sea. The destroyer waits for the bubbles, "death bubbles" they call them, for they tell of death struggles going on in the submarine. That may seem simple to people who never tried it, and of course an Englishman should know both about how much an enemy in the traps which have captured the German and Austrian submarines, and there may be some satisfaction in that part of the work. Englishmen whose duty it is to take in the trapped diving boats do not like the work. It is the most gruesome of all the ghoulish business of the great war in Europe, they claim.

**Raise Crews When Dead**

An English doctor who has been with the "rescue" crews tells the story, but he admits there is no sense of rescue about it, for nothing is done to raise the submarine from the trap until all on board are dead, and it is the most horrible of all the deaths of war, the doctor claims. When a submarine strikes one of the thousands of wire nets set all around the British Isles, there is no known means of escape. Every move of the boat means more mixing up with the enmeshed wires. And the wires also telegraph the capture to a naval station automatically. Then a destroyer boat hurries to the trap like a hunter who discovers that game has been caught in his deadfall. The destroyer takes a position above the submerged.

**Wait for Bubbles**

And the doctor is still more graphic in further description. "Then there is nothing to do but wait, sometimes for hours, sometimes for days. Officers and men of the waiting vessel know what's going on

down in the green depths. They know that in time bubbles will come to the surface and oil will spread over the sea. The destroyer waits for the bubbles, "death bubbles" they call them, for they tell of death struggles going on in the submarine. That may seem simple to people who never tried it, and of course an Englishman should know both about how much an enemy in the traps which have captured the German and Austrian submarines, and there may be some satisfaction in that part of the work. Englishmen whose duty it is to take in the trapped diving boats do not like the work. It is the most gruesome of all the ghoulish business of the great war in Europe, they claim.

**Made Strong Men Weak.**

And you may expect to read what the English naval men find in the German submarine. On that point the doctor says: "Seamen who fought through the maelstrom of Skagerrak will tell you their story, but no sailor speaks of the sights seen in a recovered submarine. Those sights make strong men weak and drive sensitive men delirious with horror." Then there is something about the war which is not allowed even to get as far as the censors. It is too horrible for the observers to talk about. And sailors are not as a rule squeamish. For that reason and some others, it is probably not true that for months, as the cable reports have it, the German people have been urging the Imperial government to turn the submarines loose to do their worst with the peaceful shipping of all nations.

**Say Bremen Was Towed Into Port**

Passengers of Cunard Liner Saw Submarine Captured by British—Undersea Craft, They Say, Was Towed by Two British Warships

NEW YORK, N.Y., Aug. 21.—The passengers who arrived to-day from London on the Cunarder *Alaunia*, were confident that they had seen the new German commercial submarine *Bremen* in tow of two British warships, off Deal on Sunday night, August 6, when their vessel was at anchor in the Downs. The officers and crew of the *Alaunia* admitted they had seen what they believed to be a captured submarine passing through the Downs, but could not say that it was the *Bremen*.

The *Alaunia* was due to leave Tilbury docks, London, on August 3, but on account of a shortage in her crew, she had to wait two days in the river Thames, and arrived in the Downs on Sunday about noon, where she was ordered to anchor. The Cunarder had no guns to protect her from German submarines, and she had to wait there forty-eight hours while several armed merchantmen went to sea.

Just after dark on Sunday night, two cruisers approached the *Alaunia*, coming from the Channel and towing a long covered boat resembling a submarine, that was slung on chains made fast on board the two warships. There were three destroyers astern and two ahead, and all seven vessels were steaming about ten knots, through the Downs toward Sheerness, where there is a naval dockyard.

**And so Many People Hungry**

NEWPORT, R.I., Aug. 21.—Mrs. William F. Draper, widow of the ex-Ambassador to Italy, and her daughter, Miss Margaret Draper of Washington, gave a dinner for 25 guests to-night in honor of Miss Eudora M. Clover, of Washington. Charles Gibson and William K. Richardson of Boston were among the guests.

**BIG HARVEST LOOKED FOR**

Even in Face of Frost, Hail and Rust

SASKATOON, Sask., Aug. 20.—Even in the face of damage sustained from frost, rust and hail, the crops in the territory tributary to Saskatoon promise to return a very profitable harvest.

Had it not been for one or other of these destructive agencies the Saskatchewan district would have reaped a harvest equally abundant in many parts, to that of last year. All that is needed now is another fortnight of fine, dry, warm weather such as the farmers of the province have enjoyed to-day, and the Goose Lake country, in spite of the recent frost, will produce an average wheat yield of twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre.

This applies also to the new Delisle-Elose branch of the C.N.R., which runs a few miles south of the Goose Lake line. In this southwestern district, however, there is still some five million bushels of grain to be shipped out of the country. This afternoon, in company with Professor Bracken of the Provincial Agricultural college, a motor trip was taken through the country east of here, and some of the fields of wheat will be ready to cut by the end of the week. But harvesting operations can hardly be general before August 21 or 22. Some cutting had already been started, however, in an odd field or two on Saturday.

**Expect Small Crop in Manitoba.**

WINNIPEG, Aug. 20.—Hon. Valentine Winkler, minister of agriculture in the provincial cabinet, told the Winnipeg Tribune to-day that Manitoba's wheat crop will be smaller than the lowest estimates made early in the season.

"It has been the worst season in years," said the minister, "and in several districts the wheat will not be worth cutting, owing to the black rust and insects. It is not worth while cutting the wheat in the Morden and Clearwater localities, and it probably will be burned."

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