

EXPERIENCES OF A WOMAN IN FIRST LINE OF TRENCHES

American Girl Writes Thrilling Description of Eventful Trip to the French Front; Life in the Dugouts.

It was hard to realize that we were in the war zone, says Winifred A. Mowrer, staff correspondent of the New York Globe, and Chicago Daily News, writing from Paris. Our automobile carried us up a winding road, through a forest, and down among the snow-covered vineyards, which soon gave way to fields showing signs of recent cultivation. Now and then we passed little groups of soldiers such as one seen in Paris. They were elderly men, evidently engaged in road work. We were looking in vain for some unfamiliar sign of war when we came upon a series of screens, hanging from the trees which lined the road. They resembled ordinary coarse burlap stained gray-green.

"They are put there," explained the lieutenant, "to conceal movements on the road at points where it would otherwise be visible to the Germans." We looked again at the dangling strips of cloth. They seemed absurd. Could we actually be within range of German cannon? And were those signs perhaps saving us from bombardment? Ridiculous! They looked like somebody's washing hung out on a line. I had to prod my imagination to grasp all the circumstances. I realized, of course, that at a distance such screens probably were really effective, but my feelings refused to be convinced so easily. Then I noticed four low mounds in a field. Whatever they might be I was sure they had nothing to do with the war. Nevertheless I called the lieutenant's attention to them.

"Oh, those," he said. "Those are Hun positions." Once more I understood him, but I felt that this was really a very odd, and, careless way of setting up artillery. I was worried about those guns.

Pass Into Ruined Towns.

We passed a woman with a shawl over her head, accompanied by a child. We passed a peasant plodding along. They were such people as might be met with on any French country road. Once more I felt doubtful of the war. A block of houses appeared ahead of us. Five minutes later we were entering the outskirts of a bombed town. Even this failed to make the war seem real until we turned abruptly into the main square, which was an utter ruin.

Here and there the wall of a house seemed standing, but for the rest there was nothing. Buildings that once had faced the square were demolished. Not a single sign remained to show that the houses had ever been inhabited.

This at last was war as I had imagined it. Here, obviously, something had happened—something horrible. For human beings had lived in those ruined buildings. They had been living there for centuries. Families had continued, generation after generation, on that provincial square, living provincial lives among hearthstones which were an ever-present reminder of the lives that had gone before, and which united descendants with ancestors in the old French tradition. Now all was gone. Only emptiness and death remained there under the sun.

A short distance beyond the town our motor car stopped and we got out. We were at a sort of cross-roads in the open fields. A sentry stood in a sentry box at what looked like the entrance to a small farm, and near by were a few men in horizon blue—the first young soldiers we had seen. At the same time there came toward us along a path a file of five burros, led by soldiers, and carrying various packs on their backs.

"They were brought over from Morocco," explained the lieutenant. "They are so small that they can be used to carry food right up through the trenches. They have to go under the sentry boxes, and he added with a smile, "but they don't mind. They are allowed to keep their noses out and they simply eat all the way."

A quarter of an hour distant across a field which would have been mowed if it had not been frozen a clump of dugouts appeared in a low hillside. Here we were presented to the major, who was to accompany us into the trenches. He was a strong, dark-eyed man, with the look and the terse speech of one used to being obeyed. He told us that before the war he had commanded a battalion of the Foreign Legion in Africa.

He led us down into our first trench, a boy winding away toward the advanced positions. It was neat and clean, with a floor of hard-packed earth. I was reminded of a rabbit warren. We twisted back and forth interminably, and at every turn I expected to emerge upon some sign of battle, but instead there was only the calm, blue, beautiful sky above us, and to right and left, when we had glimpses over the edge of the trench, an expanse of snow sprinkled fields stretching away peacefully until they were lost in a blue haze of distance. As we proceeded we caught glimpses of the entrance to dugouts in small side trenches and we heard voices.

Women Enter Dugouts.

"We were allowed to crawl down into one of these dugouts. It was high enough to stand in and about twelve feet long. By the light of a candle I could see a double row of berths, with fence wire in place of springs and mattresses. On the whole, the place was more comfortable than I had expected, though it must be cold for

the men lying there under ground through the long winter nights. Perhaps it is only at night that the famous trench rats come out of their holes, for we certainly saw no sign of them. Another shelter was larger, and contained a table and a charcoal brazier. Here we were told the men ate. A third dugout, designated by a red cross, housed a field dressing station.

Other trenches cut across ours and wound away mysteriously. It was like a labyrinth. The lieutenant said that the officers newly arriving in the sector had great difficulty finding their way about, although there were guide posts at most crossings. The only difference I noticed between the various dugouts was that telephone wires ran along the sides of some and not of others. Occasionally lying above the edge of a trench there would be a great ball of barbed wire, which in case of need could be pulled down into the trench and would fill it with deep. At other places the boy widened a little, and was half blocked by a wooden barricade with loopholes, while a short distance ahead of it a gate of barbed wire hung suspended over the trench ready to be dropped at a second's notice—a symbol of stern vigilance.

In the mean time we had become conscious of an occasional sound, a rifle shot, which I recognized as only a far-off report or two, while from a distance that seemed even greater there drifted toward us a dull boom of varied intensity, now faint, like a brass drum barely touched, now louder, like the glancing of a heavy door. It was the sound of a German gun—three loud explosions. The Germans had hurled three shells into the bombed town through which we recently passed.

The idea was exciting. Soon we should be going back, through that town. Then came the dire report of a French "seventy-five" replying—a noise less thunderous, but how welcome! I was wondering whether the cannonade might increase, whether it might not even be turned on our part of the lines and drive us to shelter in one of those dark dugouts, when the firing on both sides ceased. A moment later we came out all at once to a first line trench. Between us and the enemy was now nothing save barbed wire and desolation. A first line trench? Where were the rows of soldiers, guns in loopholes, ready to fire at the least sign of life? There were none to be seen. The men were told, were keeping warm in their dugouts, whence, if necessary, they could leap to their places at a minute's notice.

And there, to give the warning, stood a lookout in a niche of earth. This soldier, like the others, whom we met later carrying buckets of food into the trenches, or coming out to see who we were, looked, to our surprise, a picture of health and neatness. His eyes were clear, his cheeks were bright and his clothes were not muddy. When we remarked to the major on the appearance of his men, who, indeed, seemed more contented and happy here in the trenches than many of the soldiers one sees in Paris, he said:

"Yes, they really are happy. They are always happy. If the 'boches' could see my men they would be even more discouraged than they are. They would realize what they are up against."

The major was standing on an earthen bank against the front of the trench.

"Do you want to see the German lines?" he asked. "Come up here beside me and look as quickly as you can. One must not stay too long."

I stepped up and looked. Before me was a sea of barbed wire. It was interminable. Above it, against a distant slope, ran two thin yellow threads of German trenches. That was all. But the barbed wire I could barely see over it—a thick tangle of criss-crossing up and down and every way, rooted solidly to earth in countless places by iron stakes, so dense that not even a rabbit could get through it. It ran not only parallel to the trench, but as far as the eye could reach in the direction of those thin yellow lines, which in turn, no doubt, rolled out to a corresponding sea toward us. Barbed wire! Invented to keep the enemy out, it has become the most characteristic if not the most important defense in this war. I understood now why it was not necessary for more than one man to remain on watch in the first line trench.

RHEUMATISM usually yields to the pure blood and greater strength which **SCOTT'S EMULSION**

creates. Its rich oil-flood enlivens the whole system and strengthens the organs to throw off the injurious acids. Many doctors themselves take Scott's Emulsion and you must stand firm against substitutes.

FIVE CAST AWAY ON A BLEAK ISLE

Former Resident of Woodstock and Four Others Six Days on Uninhabited Island.

Woodstock, Jan. 31.—News has been received here to the effect that Harold T. Garden, son of the late Julius T. Garden, formerly of Woodstock, and four other men were cast away on a bleak and uninhabited island off the coast of British Columbia recently.

The party had been surveying timber limits about six miles south of Nanaimo and were attempting to get back to civilization. While in a power launch they were overtaken by a heavy storm. The trail craft dashed ashore on the island and became a total wreck.

Like Robinson Crusoe.

The five were prisoners on the island for six days. They were without shelter and had but a limited supply of provisions. They thought they were to be real Robinson Crusoes but the seventh day signals which they had set were seen by a passing steamer, which stopped and took them to Victoria.

IMMENSE INCREASE IN CANADIAN CUSTOMS RECEIPTS SHOWN

Special to The Standard.

Ottawa, Jan. 31.—There is another immense increase in the customs receipts of the Dominion. In January they amounted to \$12,936,000, as compared with \$10,097,000 in January a year ago, an increase of nearly \$3,000,000.

For the ten months ended January 31, 1917, the total was \$119,549,000, as compared with \$81,818,000, an increase of \$37,730,000.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF SPORT

Even in war there remains a certain fellowship in sport that all the hatred of international strife can't destroy.

When Norman Hunter, the famous English golfer, was reported missing after a certain battle, no man worded harder to discover his fate than one of Germany's leading officers who had played golf with Hunter in England before the war. This officer spent nearly two weeks working upon every clue before reporting that Hunter undoubtedly had fallen and had been buried in some unknown grave.

Had Awful Attacks of Heart Trouble FOR 5 OR 6 YEARS.

Diseases and disorders of the heart and nervous system have become frightfully prevalent of late years. One can scarcely pick up a paper but he will find recorded instances of sudden deaths through heart failure, or of prominent men and women unable to prosecute their ordinary business or profession on account of a breaking down of the nervous system. We do not desire to unnecessarily alarm anyone, but to sound a word of warning.

The heart begins to beat irregularly, palpitates and throbs, has shooting pains through it, is in time to stop and think.

To all sufferers from heart and nerve troubles Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can give prompt and permanent relief.

Mrs. Frank Arneson, Newcastle, N. B., writes: "I had awful attacks of heart trouble for the past five or six years, and as I had tried many kinds of medicine without getting any better I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and to my surprise I found ease from the second dose. I continued taking them until I had used six boxes, and now I feel as well as can be."

"At the present time my sister is using them for nervousness and finds great comfort by their use."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c., or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

TUBES FOR STEAM BOILERS

Makers are without stocks and those in demand are very few, but we are still able to fill orders quickly from our stocks in New Glasgow. It is more satisfactory to submit your exact specifications of requirements and have us quote.

L. MATHESON & CO. Ltd.,
Boiler Makers
New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

GOVERNMENT NOT NOTIFIED OF SUGGESTED PEACE TERMS

Ottawa, Jan. 31.—(By leased wire)—A score or so of questions by private members were answered in the commons this afternoon. Replying to Hon. Dr. Pugsley the prime minister said that the government had received no official communication regarding the peace mentioned in the note of the Entente Allies in reply to President Wilson's request for a general statement. Dr. Pugsley specifically inquired whether the Canadian government had approved of the Allies' declaration that Russia should be given Constantinople and the Dardanelles. In regard to the general question of the British government's attitude towards consulting the overseas dominions as to peace terms the prime minister said that a despatch had been received from the colonial secretary on January 21, 1915, stating that it was the intention of His Majesty's government to consult the Canadian prime minister "most fully and if possible, personally, when the time to discuss possible terms of peace arrives."

Press Confirms It.

Sir Robert noted that this attitude had been confirmed in frequent press despatches received from Great Britain and in the action taken in connection with the coming imperial war conference at London.

In reply to Mr. Sinclair of Guysboro, Hon. J. D. Hazen said that an order-in-council had been passed on December 28, 1916, permitting steam trawlers to operate outside a three-mile limit and inside a twelve-mile limit in Canadian waters during the portion of the year from January 18 to April 13. Two steam trawlers were now operating in Canadian waters, none being entered on the Canadian register. Mr. Hazen added that during these portions of the year trawling up to the three-mile limit will not interfere with inshore fishermen and will enable the landing of larger quantities of fish at the time when producers find it difficult to fill demands.

The prime minister told Mr. Kay that Mr. A. Dewitt Foster, late member for Kings, N. S., was not employed in any way by the government or any department thereof.

The Prohibition Bill.

A reply given to Mr. Lapointe of St. James, Montreal, by the minister of inland revenue, is interesting as bearing on the loss in revenue which would result from a Dominion prohibition bill. Hon. Mr. Patenaude said that the gross revenue from the manufacture or importation of liquors of all kinds during the 1916 fiscal year had been \$8,701,074 and for the fiscal year, 1915, \$8,706,481.

At most of the camps in France large models of the regimental crests are artistically laid out in stones and colored glass.

BRITISH LOSSES SINCE BEGINNING OF SOMME OFFENSIVE 552,371

London, Jan. 31.—The total of British casualties as reported in the published lists during January are 960 officers and 31,394 men.

A considerable decrease from those of the preceding month. No lists were published during the Christmas holidays, but the total for the first twenty-three days of December was 815 officers and 36,360 men.

The January total brings the sum of British casualties since the beginning of the Somme offensive to 552,371.

THINGS THAT HAPPEN IN WAR TIME.

It is officially announced in Colombo that owing to the exchange question being unsettled no rubber auction will be held in Ceylon until further notice.

The organization of a land labor ex-

Was Completely Laid Up With Severe Case of Piles

Sworn Statement from a Man Who Has Unbounded Confidence in Dr. Chase's Ointment.

There is no longer any debate as to the best treatment for itching, bleeding or protruding piles. But since about one person in every four suffers more or less from this annoying ailment it is necessary to keep on telling people about Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Wm. Shaw, Island Brook, Quebec, writes: "I am writing this to let you know the benefit I have derived from your Ointment. I have suffered more or less for years with protruding piles, and last winter I got so bad, I was completely laid up with them. I went to our local storekeeper and asked him if he had anything that was good for piles and he recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment. I purchased a box and took it home and used it according to directions and for over one year I have not been troubled with piles. I had tried other remedies before but they only gave me temporary relief and that one box of your Ointment did more for me than all the

change to facilitate the cultivation of unproductive open spaces, is being discussed in several provincial centres.

A British unit in the heart of East Africa is the proud possessor of a real brass band.

"Potatoes before self" being the slogan of the Leeds Parks Committee, the plough was driven yesterday through the municipal golf course at Roundhay.

A chestnut knocked off a tree at Verdun by a German shell and picked up by Sir Thomas Smart, was sold at Capetown recently on behalf of the Governor-General's fund.

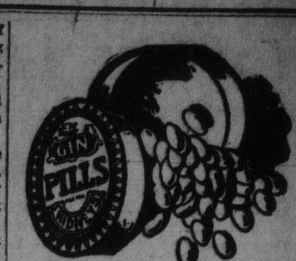
It was stated at a northern tribunal that a local builder who applied for exemption for his foreman had "eight sons of military age and not one was in either the army or the navy."

Three soldiers walking through Southborough on New Year's day were respectively a great grandfather, his son-in-law, and his son-in-law's son. All are on active service and are home on leave.

Owners of flash-lamps are advised by an electrical expert in the "Motor" to give their dry batteries as much rest as they can by separating them from their metallic cases. This "rest" materially increases the life of the batteries.

Many naturalized Americans of German birth are affected by a recent decision of the French courts which turns the famous Delbruck law directly against the Fatherland by repeating that Germany never permits any person born in that country to renounce his citizenship entirely.

The commission for relief in Belgium has received news of the death in Brussels of Senor G. Bulle, one of its chief secretaries, who at the outbreak of the war was Charge d'Affaires.



"I suffered dreadfully with my back for twenty years. I have taken six boxes of GUN PILL and now I have not the sign of an ache or pain in my back. There is nothing that can hold a place with GUN PILL for curing PAIN in the back to which women are subject."

Mrs. William F. Ripley.

50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50 as all druggists, or a free sample will be sent on request to

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
Toronto, Ont.

of the Mexican Legation. Senor Bulle's father is Norwegian by birth, but went to Mexico many years ago, and married a Mexican lady. He now resides in London.

TRANSPORTATION ADV.

CUNARD LINE

CANADIAN SERVICE.
LONDON TO HALIFAX
(Via Plymouth)
HALIFAX TO LONDON
(Calling Falmouth to land passengers)
For particulars of sailings and rates apply to Local Agents or to
THE ROBERT REFORM CO., LTD.
General Agents, 162 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

New Zealand Shipping Co. Limited.

Montreal and St. John to Australia and New Zealand.
EASTERN CANADIAN SERVICE.
Steamer from St. John, N. B., for Auckland, Wellington, Lyttelton, Dunedin, Melbourne and Sydney. Cargo transhipped for other ports.
For freight rates, sailings, and other particulars apply to
J. T. KNIGHT & CO., Market Square, Agents, St. John, N. B.

ELDER-DEMPSTER LINE

SOUTH AFRICAN SERVICE.
FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.
For information as to Dates of Sailings, Freight Rates and other particulars, apply to
J. T. Knight & Co., St. John, N. B.

The Maritime Steamship Co., Limited.

On March 2, 1916, and until further notice the S.S. Connors Bros. will run as follows: Leave St. John, N. B., for Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Company, Ltd., on Saturday, 7.30 a. m., daylight time, for St. Andrews, N. B., calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Black's Harbor, Back Bay or L'Etete, Deer Island, Red Store or St. George. Returning leave St. Andrews, N. B., Tuesday for St. John, N. B., calling at L'Etete or Back Bay, Black's Harbor, Beaver Harbor and Dipper Harbor. Weather and tide permitting.

Agent—Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co. Ltd., Phone, 2551. Mr. Lewis Connors.
This company will not be responsible for any debts contracted after this date without a written order from the company or captain of the steamer.

GRAND MANAN S. S. CO.

After Oct. 1st and until further notice S. S. Grand Manan leaves Grand Manan, Mondays 7.30 a. m., for St. John, returning leaves St. John Wednesdays 7.30 a. m., both ways via Campbell, Eastport and Wilson's Beach.

Leave Grand Manan Thursdays 7.30 a. m., for St. Stephen, returning Friday 7 a. m., via Campbell, Eastport and St. Andrews, both ways.
Leave Grand Manan Saturdays 7.30 a. m., round trip St. Andrews, returning 1 p. m., both ways via Campbell, Eastport and Eastport.

Atlantic Standard Time.
SCOTT & GUTHRIE, Mer.

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INTERNATIONAL LINE
Steamship "North Star."
Leaves St. John Thursdays at 9.00 a. m. (Atlantic time), for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston.
Return, leave Central Wharf, Boston, Mondays at 9.00 a. m. for Portland, Eastport, Lubec and St. John.

MAINE STEAMSHIP LINE.

Between Portland and New York. Passenger service discontinued for the season. Freight service throughout the year.
METROPOLITAN STEAMSHIP LINE
Direct between Boston and New York. Passenger and Freight Service throughout the year. (Passenger Service temporarily discontinued.)
City Ticket Office, 47 King Street.
A. C. CURRIE, Agent, St. John, N. B.
A. E. FLEMING, T. F. & P. A., St. John, N. B.

TRAVELLING?

Passage Tickets By All Ocean Steamship Lines.

WM. THOMSON & CO.
Limited.
Royal Bank Bldg., St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS

IMPORTANT CHANGE OF TIME

Sunday, January 28, 1917

DEPART ST. JOHN

- No. 18. 7.00 a. m. for Moncton and Halifax.
Connection for Ocean Limited for Montreal.
- No. 14. 2.00 p. m. for Moncton, Halifax, The Sydneys.
Connection for Maritime Express for Montreal.
- No. 24. 5.15 p. m. Sussex Express.
- No. 10. 11.30 p. m. Moncton, Halifax, The Sydneys.

ARRIVE ST. JOHN

- No. 9. 6.15 a. m. Halifax, Moncton, The Sydneys.
- No. 23. 9.00 a. m. Sussex Express.
- No. 13. 5.35 p. m. Montreal, Halifax, The Sydneys, Moncton.
- No. 17. 11.45 p. m. Montreal, Halifax, Moncton.

NO CHANGE IN THE SUBURBAN SERVICE