

AN INCIDENT OF THE ALLIES' CAMPAIGN IN THE DARDANELLES



FRENCH SHIPS LADEN WITH RUSSIAN TROOPS FOR THE DARDANELLES LEAVING VLADIVOSTOK

WEIRD DEATH SONGS CHILL HEARTS OF MEN WHO PASS NIGHT IN TRENCHES

Nerves Are Highly Strung to Catch Faintest Echo of Hostile Movement, While Eerie Lights from Exploding Shells and Fuses Throw Dazzling Gleams to Illumine Every Nook and Crevice Where a Human May Lurk.

SPECIAL DISPATCH. PARIS, July 31. Summer campaigning in the trenches, the agony of the hour of twilight and falling darkness and then the long drawn-out strain of the night's watching, working and fighting, all now systematized and carried on according to practically used principles, are described from direct experience by one of the editors of the Paris Journal. With the strain so intense on the side of the French, it is clear the anguish of the night can be no less fearful in the German trenches.

"The sun slowly, like an enormous incandescent bomb, falls to the horizon behind the pine woods, which it lights up with a sinister glow as it gradually disappears. The night creeps on slowly, silently; step by step it invades the plain and hurries it under its shroud of shadow. It is the hour when the trench becomes animated and, although always mute, is filled with movement, with a confused crawling," says the editor.

The Hour of Relieving.

"It is the hour of the relieving of the guard, the hour of placing the listening outposts, the treacherous hour which requires a redoubting of surveillance, a greater attention of the brain, of the eye and of the ear in order to avoid the patrols, the raids, the incessant ambushes of an enemy always active, untrusting, in order to foil in time the crafty attacks which, with the wires cut and the accessory defenses demolished in the darkness, which acts as an accomplice, are suddenly launched in fiendish avalanches with horse and pentling clashing of the hand grenades, the short sharp flashes and dry and methodic crack of the machine guns. It is the hour also in which the artillery has become silent through prudence, as it fears to betray itself by unnecessary flashes, and the bomb thrower, the mortar, the howitzer, the whole pack of short, barking cannon break forth with full-throated joy, cough and growl, veiling with each other, without fearing the brutal reply, the imperative and irresistible roar of the long-horned cannon, whose all-powerful voice has become silent through necessity for the time being.

"In a long line through the narrow and sticky stretches of tortuous trenches, deformed shapes, large and bearded, bent under heavy sacks and loads of covering, the men who all day were resting on the second line are coming slowly, painfully, to reinforce their comrades in the trenches. Nothing is heard but the soft motion of the knapsack against the marching, the dull pounding of the marching, the short and embarrassed breathing, a few words in a low tone, sometimes an oath literally between the teeth, for the least noise, brings unfailingly the brutal and immediate punishment, a stinging salvo of the 7-centimetre.

Outpost Watches for Charge.

"Little by little the trenches fill; at each hole, with fully provided gun, the soldier is watching, a shapeless, hairy mass, fixed to the parapet, immovable and silent, out forward in the middle of the protecting wire enclosure, crouching down in the shaded holes which they have reached by creeping, with eye and ear alert and finger on the trigger, awaiting the hostile darkness with steady glance the watchers of the outposts attentively scan the black earth, the full black line which is the German trench.

"Nothing is seen, nothing is heard, not

agreeably by an explosion too close or by a spluttering from the parapet.

"Slowly the hours pass away—now in noisy monotones; little by little the stars pale, the night becomes less black. A yellow hand comes up on the horizon behind the German trenches announcing the sun. The day begins to break, promising repose to those whose turn has come to go back to the second line.

"One by one, as if ashamed by the light, tired of having made so much noise, the mortars and bomb throwers become silent. There is a space between detonations and they become more and more rare. With a common and tacit accord a certain calm settles down on the trenches, as if caused by a strain of a night of nervous watchfulness, and then, coming through the trenches behind, men's forms appear. Each has two pails in his hand. It is the coffee. The night is ended.

"And at his post of command, badly lighted by a smoking lamp, the officer in charge of this sector, his eyes big with sleep, draws up with a hasty flourish of the pen the new customary statement, 'A calm night, without incidents; nothing to report.'

ITALIAN COOK BACK IN VIENNA AS WAR PRISONER

SPECIAL DISPATCH. BERLIN, July 31. The Prager Tagblatt mentions an amusing incident which occurred in Vienna recently when the first batch of Italian prisoners arrived. They were given courteous treatment, and each was asked what he desired to do to keep him busy and whether he had any particular wish to express. Among the prisoners was Giacomo Lamperti, and when it came his turn to answer he said in fairly good German:

"Sir, I know the place and work for fair fireworks, of which the luminant fuses are the roman candles, and with shells and grenades added regardless of economy, the troops, pressed motionless against the parapet in order to avoid the missiles, gradually become blasé and sleepy. They dream of the joys of home, of the dear ones who were left behind so long ago and of the luxury of a bed. Some, relying on the vigilance of a neighbor to wake them up in case of alarm, standing up and with head leaning on the stock of the gun, indulge in a little nap, which is interrupted every now and then very dis-

Men Dream of Home.

"Under this rain of iron and fire, in the midst of this infernal music, before these fairy fireworks, of which the luminant fuses are the roman candles, and with shells and grenades added regardless of economy, the troops, pressed motionless against the parapet in order to avoid the missiles, gradually become blasé and sleepy. They dream of the joys of home, of the dear ones who were left behind so long ago and of the luxury of a bed. Some, relying on the vigilance of a neighbor to wake them up in case of alarm, standing up and with head leaning on the stock of the gun, indulge in a little nap, which is interrupted every now and then very dis-

Sir Edward Grey Survives Bitter Attack Made on Him by Germans

SPECIAL DISPATCH. LONDON, July 31. Sir Edward Grey has placed the directors of German public opinion in a most embarrassing position. The German diplomats and politicians were absolutely convinced a year ago that the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs would play the part assigned to him—that he would use his influence to persuade the German people to attend quietly to their ordinary business while the Germans were subjugating France and crushing Russia. When Sir Edward Grey surprised these gentlemen by playing the part of a British statesman they resolved to make his position untenable, and determined to secure his removal. In order that he should not interfere further with German projects, they therefore applied the full force of their policy of "rightfulness" to him. They hurled vituperation across the North Sea at him, every newspaper in Germany described him as a criminal of the most despicable order, he became known to the German public as a liar, a slanderer and a hypocrite, and English ladies returning to their homes were entrusted with the message that if Sir Edward Grey set foot in the Fatherland he would be cut up into little pieces. This policy was pursued until the news reached Germany that the English Foreign Secretary had been ordered to rest his eyes for a time, and that he had handed over his work at the Foreign Office temporarily to a colleague.

A show of jubilation then broke out in the Fatherland, and the newspapers proclaimed the news that a brilliant success had been achieved by the German policy. They stated that "bad eyes" or "weak sight" was merely a pretext, "the usual English lie," and that Sir Edward Grey had definitely left the Foreign Office because the English people had at last grasped the truth, and had realized that he was in every respect unfitted and unqualified for the post of Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The victory for the German policy was celebrated with expressions of unbounded delight by the politicians of the world. While German business has suffered thus far, it must be remembered that England's commerce has suffered considerably more than that of Germany.

"The war has thus far taught us a great lesson, namely, that the enemy needs our market more than we do theirs. In chemistry and in the manufacture of guns and ammunition we lead the world. Financially, Germany is in better shape than any of the enemy. In fact, business in the empire is brisk and the money is being used and circulated within our own borders.

"The war has thus far every indication of a revival of trade with the markets of the world far greater than has yet been seen. The world cannot get along without our manufactures, and despite all hate and animosity now directed against us this will all pass away after the struggle is over, and Germany will emerge greater and stronger than ever."

Hungarian Correspondent Pays Tribute to Canadian Prisoners

The Newspaper Vilag Publishes Account of Conversation with Canadians in German Field Hospital—Anxious Query if Calais Had Been Taken.

SPECIAL DISPATCH. LONDON, July 31. The war correspondent of the Hungarian paper Vilag recounts an interesting conversation which he had with some Canadian prisoners in a field hospital of the German army. The Hungarian correspondent was being taken over the hospital by a doctor, who, pointing to a group, said: "Those are the Canadians."

"The youthful faces," says the correspondent, "at once turned toward me inquiringly, as much as to say, 'Who is this? What does he want?'"

"I stopped by the bedside of one of them who was rather severely wounded, though this did not interfere with a constant flow of good spirits, and I asked: 'Where did you receive your wound?'"

"At Ypres. I had been fighting there for months."

"Why did you come all the way from Canada?"

"Why, to fight, of course. For what else do you imagine I should have left Canada?"

"Well, you see, it did not do much good. It has not helped England. It has helped you to get a bullet in the chest, that's all."

"You are mistaken," he replied with an ironical smile, "even with respect to the bullets. I received three. And as for England, I have done her good service, what- ever you may think. I killed at least a dozen of your men before I fell myself; and I am still alive."

"Aren't you sorry you killed them?"

"Who knows? At any rate, at the time I was not at all sorry, just as they would not have been sorry if they had killed me."

"A second Canadian looked at me. I paused before he spoke, and he said, 'As you are a journalist, you could perhaps tell us, is it true that the Germans have taken Calais?'"

"I looked at the doctor as though to ask his leave. I read no absolute prohibition on his face, so I replied quickly to the wounded man in English, 'You idiot! Don't believe such stuff.'"

"The doctor was looking elsewhere. His back was turned. The Canadian continued: 'You're not German? What are you?'"

"Have no fear: I am all right!"

"And as I moved on I heard the brave fellow pass the news to his comrades, whose faces lighted up with pleasure."

"I asked another Canadian why he had come over to fight. He replied, 'Why I came? To drive the Germans out of France.'"

"You have not succeeded."

"Don't you bother your head about that. Just come back in a few months and we'll talk about it."

"What is your opinion of the German soldiers?"

"Good soldiers."

"The doctor approached. The wounded man shook hands with me when I left him. I would not wish the wounded soldiers of my own country who are in the enemy's hands to show finer spirit and behavior than these Canadians."

WAR PRISONERS HOLD EXHIBITION

SPECIAL DISPATCH. BERLIN, July 31. In an article describing how the prisoners of war in Germany amuse themselves and pass the lonely hours the Berliner Tagblatt states that every inducement is given to the prisoners to do useful work, and through this work many are induced to forget about their imprisonment and look with hope toward the future. Those prisoners who in civil life have not learned a trade or profession are given an opportunity to do so now and can engage in any work for which they have any particular aptitude and liking. Those of a mechanical turn of mind crave a chance to learn carpentry or are put to work in machine shops. An exhibition of the work of the prisoners is now being held in the Architekturausstellung, in the vicinity of Berlin. On the many long tables in the large hall of this building are exhibited handicrafts of the prisoners in wood, metal, leather, and other materials. The exhibition can be seen only in Germany at present, as it is inspiring and educational in its scope.

Much skill is shown in the work displayed and quite an artistic touch. There are specimens of burnt wood articles, artistic wood carvings, water colors by French prisoners and clever drawings by Belgians and Russians. There also are models of trenches and forts as well as toys, cannon, vases and knives and other articles of ordinary make. One exhibit that attracts considerable attention is a violin which was made by a musician.

FAMINE IN UNDERWEAR, SAYS THE OUTFITTER

SPECIAL DISPATCH. LONDON, July 31. A shortage of clothes is the next unwelcome contingency to be faced as a result of the war. In the words of one leading tailor, clothes may soon become a luxury. On the authority of the Outfitter the outlook is serious. In the current issue it is stated:

"What there is over and above that required by the government is legitimately at the disposal of the civilian population. The latter have not the slightest realization, we are sure, of the difficulties of retailers and manufacturers and of the positive danger of supplies falling short of requirements. We do not say that people will have to go about naked; we do not say a man will be unable to buy a suit of clothes, a shirt or underwear, but it is highly probable that the shortage will be sufficiently pronounced to raise prices to the consumer to an alarming extent, although some lines are high enough now in all conscience."

The article alludes to the difficulties of the retailers, who, though ordering well ahead, are finding difficulty in obtaining guarantees of delivery.

"Supplies of all garments into which wool enters depend to a tremendous extent upon woolcombing and spinning difficulties. There is a distinct shortage of labor, and this is true to a considerable extent all down the line. The fact has to be faced. It is not alarming, but it is disquieting, and ideas must be adjusted accordingly. There are difficulties with cotton goods also. Shortage of labor, again, and, of course, the explanation of the low woolen stocks, it is suggested that there may be a 'hold-up' of rags somewhere."

"It is thought that some rag merchants are holding stock for still further rises. If this be the case it might well form the subject of a government inquiry, for the supply of woolens and clothing for the population may justly claim the attention of the authorities."

GERMANY NOT WORRIED BY BUSINESS OUTLOOK

SPECIAL DISPATCH. BERLIN, July 31. The German Arbeiter Zeitung devotes considerable space to an article in which it asserts that it sees no reason for the gloomy outlook now prevailing in Germany regarding trade and business after the war.

"There is nothing to fear," says this newspaper, "and it is not even to be thought of that Germany's trade will in any way be affected by the war in the markets of the world. While German business has suffered thus far, it must be remembered that England's commerce has suffered considerably more than that of Germany."

"The war has thus far taught us a great lesson, namely, that the enemy needs our market more than we do theirs. In chemistry and in the manufacture of guns and ammunition we lead the world. Financially, Germany is in better shape than any of the enemy. In fact, business in the empire is brisk and the money is being used and circulated within our own borders."

"The war has thus far every indication of a revival of trade with the markets of the world far greater than has yet been seen. The world cannot get along without our manufactures, and despite all hate and animosity now directed against us this will all pass away after the struggle is over, and Germany will emerge greater and stronger than ever."

ARCHDUKE'S MEMENTOS SENT ON ANNIVERSARY

SPECIAL DISPATCH. BUDAPEST, July 31. On the anniversary recently of the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria a neat little package was handed to Count Johann Zichy in Budapest. It contained a beautifully engraved match box in silver. It had the appearance of having been many years in use. On the cover was a four leaf clover, surrounded by rubies. There was no indication where the match box came from, and Count Zichy was of the opinion that it had been sent to him by mistake, but the next mail brought a letter from Count Jaroslav Thun, executor of the estate of the dead Archduke. In it the Count stated that the Archduke had left a will in which he made the stipulation that after his death all those persons who had been near and dear to him should receive some little memento. Consequently, the little silver match box was sent to Count Zichy. This match box, wrote Count Thun, was had from the Archduke's pocket when he was assassinated, as were also the matches still remaining therein. Count Zichy was requested to accept the little memento as a remembrance of his faithful friend.

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