

BULLETS OF THE FOE HAD NO EFFECT ON BRITISH TANKS

Gunner's Vivid Description of the Debut of the Great Armored Cars— Crew Infiltrated German Trenches and Spread Disorder in Their Lines

The following vivid article by a gunner was printed in the French magazine, "Lecture Pour Tous." Our "tanks" have made their debut, and a startling debut it was. Heavens, what a warm day's work! I can speak of it, for I was there. There were only a few privileged people "in the know"—the mechanics, first of all, and the machine gunners like myself—because it was very necessary to experiment with the "tanks" before sending them into battle, and to teach each one of us the part he would be called upon to play. It would be a great mistake to suppose that this apprenticeship was a soft job. It is exceedingly uncomfortable in a "tank"; and as my friend Charlie said to me (he is a blue jacket, a regular sea-dog, and has been transferred from the navy for this special work), "it is as bad there as in a battleship turret."

But these were only minor troubles which were exaggerated during our training, and for which we were amply repaid in the hour of battle, and particularly in the hour of triumph.

A Cosmopolitan Crowd

We were in the front line with our "tanks" in little groups of "crews," each under the command of a battleship. The resemblance to a battleship had seemed to us so striking that we had named our "tanks" of our own accord. There was the crew of the "Cremer de Menthe," of the "Diplococus," and one of ironically styled "The Boches' Victory." Indeed the name of some pre-historic animal was very appropriate to this kind of machine. The enormous silhouette of ours amid the ruins of Pozieres—where it had been quartered waiting to be brought up to the line of fire—called up in the moonlight the idea of some fantastic monster of pre-historic times. There were Tommies from London, and Northumberland, Scotsmen, Canadians and New Zealanders—who were presently to march into the fire line with us—staring at my machine with curiosity and respect.

But the hour is approaching. Dawn will soon be here. I smoke my last, because once inside the tank farewell to any other chance of smoking. My good old pipe, though it may be really a truly my last one! I gaze at the enormous machine, whose engines are already beginning to groan terribly; it seems like a gigantic tomb. How will it behave if a large shell should fall on top of it? I fear that it would be the end of everything—both of us and of the steel beast itself. After all it is war; we must wait to see what happens. Here comes our officer. There is a quick rally and a short address. He reminds us of our respective roles, and of what Sir Douglas Haig expects, both of us and of the "tanks," and compliments us on our courage, our coolheadedness. A manhole is opened in the side of the "tank" and one by one we enter the interior like cats going through a hole in the door.

All Aboard the "Tank"

The whole crew climbs on board this fortress on wheels. I install myself in the narrow space, by the side of my machine gun, whose muzzle is pointing outside the steel plates of the tank, and fix my eyes to the loop-hole. "How hot it is!" said my neighbor. "It will be worse in an hour!" Through my loop-hole I can just see a strip of sky, which looks light to me, although the day has not yet fully dawned. In front of me I see undulating fields which have been ploughed up by guns of every calibre. Further on is the Fourreaux Wood, where we are to operate.

There is a lot of noise in the wood which according to the reports of our airmen, the Germans have converted into a fortress. This is the objective of the "tank" on our left. At the right of the wood there is a redoubt described to us as extraordinarily powerful; walls, interminable barbed-wire chevaux de frise, a formidable entanglement of all sorts of vile contrivances.

A real "heat" of vile beasts! This is to be our job. By love, how stifling it is! Suddenly the glare of a rocket lights up the sky, followed by ten, twenty, thirty others, and sharp whistles sound strangely on our prison. The hour has really come. We are to start. My heart is beating violently—I do not know why. One needs to have sea-sickness to avoid knocking oneself against the sides of this carcase of steel, which is waddling along ungracefully over ruts and uneven places. I take hold of the metallic gun ammunition. The motor system of our "tank" is gripping the soil, sticking to it, gliding and gripping itself along like a centipede. We move on while the enthusiastic cheers of our infantry reach our ears in spite of the fearful din. As we advance the earth everywhere around our track is ploughed up and thrown aside. But Heavens, how stifling it is, and how infernally far away the Fourreaux Wood seems to be!

Shot Like Hailstones

Our "tank" rolls down the slope of an exploded mine, breaking through a house en route. All goes well.

Now we arrive at the bottom. Without apparent trouble we climb the strip of sky shows itself and the jagged trunk of the trees of the Fourreaux Wood greets us appreciably nearer. Bang! A shell has hit us "head on," and the noise of the impact and the bursting of the shell makes the whole carcase vibrate, but otherwise no damage is done, and we go calmly on our way.

A heavy thud, then a flash over my head. Our "tank" is trembling from top to bottom. We have just fired. This perpetual rumbling over my head has a disturbing effect; the machine resounds, the air vibrates. They are getting it, these Boches. Tock, tock, tock! I thought of "tock-tock" re-echoing on the steel sides of the "tank." It sounds like a myriad of hailstones beating against the window-panes of a moving train. The German guns have opened fire on us. But in faith they are wasted shots. They have as much effect on our machine as pellets of bread against a wall.

At last we are near the "nest" we are to destroy. I can distinguish the sandbags heaped up and the walls pierced with holes. Little white flakes are coming from those holes, as though they were safely behind them, the escape of the steam. These were the guns of the enemy.

Went Through a Wall

Our "tank" advanced steadily and inexorably. A ditch—we clear it; an obstacle—we scale it; a heap of rubbish from a demolished house—we pass over it. And then we come to the first barbed wire entanglements. Our "tank" does not even make an effort; everything breaks, everything is crushed, everything is torn up. Splinters of wood jump up from all sides of us, the chevaux de frise are beaten down. I have the sensation of being in the interior of a gigantic iron wedge which is cutting through something like butter.

As for us we fire without ceasing, hand on gun and eye glued to the loop-hole pierced in the steel, with sweat pouring down our foreheads.

A thud, a powerful panting, a last and almost imperceptible stop! The noise of our tank scatters sand and cement bags as if it were ploughing up a field. Another violent shock, a heavy blow and a crushing weight are going straight through a wall. We are pulverizing machine guns. Grenades burst up on our armour. We are in the midst of our "nest." All at once ugly German heads with terror on their faces appear on both sides of us! To work. Now it is my turn and that of my comrades! Our machine guns crackle. Our bullets whistle in the German trenches, taken up by fusillade, and in the underground passages leading from the "nest" to the rear.

The Germans are now in the greatest disorder. They throw

STRICKEN IN THE STREET

Completely Restored to Health By "Fruit-a-lives"

382 St. Valier St., Montreal.
"In 1912, I was taken suddenly ill with Acute Stomach Trouble and dropped in the street. I was treated by several physicians for nearly two years, and my weight dropped from 225 pounds to 160 pounds. Then several of my friends advised me to try "Fruit-a-lives". I began to improve almost with the first dose, and by using them, I recovered from the distressing Stomach Trouble—and all pain and Constipation were cured. Now I weigh 208 pounds. I cannot praise "Fruit-a-lives" enough. T. WHITMAN, 40c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

themselves flat on their stomachs, they raised their arms to heaven, some of them try to run away. A whistle sounds in the "tank" and its contents. Then wild cheers commingle with our own. Our boys who are taking part in our "nest" and gathering up everything living which remains.

To The Editor

AN APPEAL

Editor Courier
Dear Sir,—We wish to make one more appeal to the married men of the city of Brantford to enlist in the ranks of the 215th before the end of the month. The recruiting meetings lately held here for the purpose of getting the single men to enlist, proved to be a total failure, as was also the case of a former meeting, and now we have but one government to enforce the Militia Act as the only sure way of bringing these slackers to a full knowledge of their duty.

Over 75 per cent of the enlisted men from Ontario are married men. We are asking for more married men to fill up the ranks of the 215th so they can go overseas as a unit. We are offering you an extra inducement by providing rent free homes for the families of the married men of the city of Brantford who enlist in the 215th during the present month. The houses are to be rent free, and the cash contributions are to be paid monthly until such time as peace is declared or the husband returns.

We want you now. Come and enlist before the Act comes in force. Go overseas with a bunch of men that are not conscripts but Canadian volunteers, who are offering their lives, if necessary, for the protection of their homes and country.

These single men will follow you like a flock, but you are not to mingle with them; they are of a different class altogether. Physically, they look all right, strong, hardy and able to take their place as soldiers, but there is something radically wrong with their hearts and mental powers. One would think that by everything is crushed, everything is torn up. Splinters of wood jump up from all sides of us, the chevaux de frise are beaten down. I have the sensation of being in the interior of a gigantic iron wedge which is cutting through something like butter.

ONE OF THE 215TH.

DR. W. M. MCKAY
By Courier Lensed Wire.
Edmonton, Alb. Feb. 26.—The death took place here yesterday of one of the most noted old timers of the province, Dr. W. M. McKay. Dr. McKay, 59 years a physician and in recent years a resident of Edmonton. Dr. McKay has spent over half a century in the Northwest coming to Canada from Scotland in 1864 to practice medicine. When the great epidemic of smallpox spread throughout western Canada, Dr. McKay voluntarily went into the wilds alone to do what he could to aid the Indians who were dying in hundreds.

COME!

You are cordially invited to come and sing with the Brantford Choral Society in Willard Hall, Thursday evening.

A film producer testifying before the Legislative Investigating Committee contended that motion pictures have been the means of keeping farmers' wives and others in isolated sections from insane asylums.

Friend at Court.

Mr. Richard Dalton, of Delhi, stepped out and produced the long green to pay Mr. Sovereign's fine. David Waddle of Port Dover is reported very ill in the hospital at Hamilton.

Jesse Oden Silverthorne, of Lynnvillie, died on Sunday, aged 57 years, and on the same day Levi Walker,

NEWS OF NORFOLK

Hearing of Wilbur Sovereign Case Before Judge Boles at Simcoe

OTHER NEWS ITEMS

American Veteran Answers the Last Post

Change of address, News items or requests for insertion of names on subscription list, should be sent to Courier Agency, Box 311, Simcoe, or phone 356-3. The Courier is delivered for 25 cents a month, strictly in advance, or may be obtained at Jackson's Drug Store at 2 cents a copy.

Simcoe, Feb. 27.—(From our own correspondent)—The Wilbur Sovereign case occupied the attention of Judge Boles court for fore and afternoon sessions yesterday and today. The conclusion, the accused was fined \$200. Of this amount \$20 went to reimburse Mr. Stanley Denton for his inconvencience and outlay in the matter. It was a big price for turkeys for a possession of the birds for less than twelve hours.

The Chase.

Evidence went to show that Henry Beaman of Bayham township had sold his turkeys to Denton for \$242, but they were not yet delivered; that Sovereign had borrowed a low democrat from a next neighbor, Geo. Haviland, on the evening of Dec. 7th, and that next morning Mr. Beaman, away across Middlesex township early missed his birds, saw tracks, followed them a short distance—easily on account of a midnight shower—and with his son and a neighbor, Orin Oatman, persons, went on the trail, which led, first to an uncultivated farm barn of Sovereign's, southeast of Delhi, and then north to the residence of the accused.

Turkeys Recovered

The birds were found at the south farm. The party had picked up Country Constable Wilbur at Delhi, and dropped off John L. Beaman to guard the turkeys. They found the tracks leading to the democrat in Sovereign's shed and in the stable yard. The democrat was still warm and wet. Silverthorne was taken to get to Delhi. He returned with the man and was taken in charge for the day. The party went to Delhi and then to Simcoe, calling at the south farm again when the man on guard told them he had seen two men come from the rear of the supposed unoccupied house and hike for the woods. Sovereign appeared before a justice of the peace, on a charge of theft and was liberated on bail.

Seen Passing Through Delhi

Mrs. Geo. Immel and Vean Anderson of Delhi, both testified that they had seen Silverthorne driving through Delhi early in the morning of the 8th, with two men on the seat, and odd looking sacks in behind.

Silverthorne when first accosted, denied knowledge of the fact that there were turkeys at his lowkey farm and said that any such were not his. He had been over on the previous evening and saw two men there, one a Mr. Wilson, or Smith, was working in the field and the other was a stranger, neither had been seen since. Accused did not think that his horses had been out on the night in question, and denied that they were warm when the search party were there.

Mr. V. A. Sinclair, of Tilsonburg, made an able attempt to prove an alibi for Sovereign, who himself, swore that he was home all evening and retiring about 10 o'clock, never left the place till morning. His wife also testified at the preliminary hearing as to the hour of his retirement, but as he slept in a separate room, did not know whether the man who had been seen at the farm and wagon too, proved the undoing of the job and with the result recorded at the outset. T. R. Lewis has a wide family connection in his native township.

Marbles, skipping ropes and saddle horses in evidence proclaim the advent of spring. Today's thaw kept the street force busy.

Mr. Martin, Science Master at the High School, was absent from work today on account of illness.

Principal Christie will ask for a month's leave of absence at the regular meeting of the board of education on Friday evening.

Howard Stymeyer has taken a job at Brantford and will move over shortly.

Morley Mason is resuming work on his Colborne Street house. There will be an effort made this year to compel auto-drivers to eliminate the cut-out while running on the town streets. Up to the present this clause in the statute has been ignored.

Owners of dogs are this year required to pay the license fee before May 1st, under a rather salutary penalty for refusal.

Dogs Still at Work.
Windham council has paid \$40 for sheep killed in 1917. At the last meeting of the council the question of using bells as a preventative was suggested and the council may endeavor to have the scheme adopted. Bells are commonly worn on sheep in Muskoka and Parry Sound for evident reasons and attention has been called to this.

(Error)—In yesterday's despatch "Oliver Deacon" should have been "Oliver DeCou."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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"QUALITY FIRST"
Dress Making and Ladies Tailoring

Specials From The White Ware Sale

Sale of Habutai Silks

Sale of White Habutai Silk Waists—\$1.59

Ladies' Tailor Made Waists of white habutai silk, smart styles, good quality of silk, sizes 34 to 44, worth \$2.00, Sale price..... **\$1.59**

Sale of White Habutai Silks

36 in. wide Habutai Silk, extra heavy quality, for waists or Norfolk sport suits, etc., regular price \$1.50, Sale price..... **\$1.25**

Habutai Silk—\$1.00

White Habutai Silk, 36 inches wide, elegant quality, regular \$1.25, Sale price..... **\$1.00**

Night Gowns—69c

Ladies' White Cotton Night Gowns, lace trimmed, slip over style, regular price 85c., Sale price..... **69c**

Night Gowns—\$1.39

Ladies' Night Gowns, made of good quality Nainsook, slip over and V neck styles, nicely trimmed, regular \$1.50, Sale price..... **\$1.39**

Sale of Ladies' Combinations

Ladies' Combinations Envelope styles, embroidery and lace trimmed, all sizes, regular \$1.50, Sale price..... **\$1.19**

Ladies' Cotton Combination Corset Cover and Drawers, also envelope style, lace and embroidery trimmed, Sale price..... **\$1.50**

Hyde Grade Taffatine Underskirts

Ladies' Underskirts, made of high grade underskirting, with dust frill, colors are black, grey, navy and royal all lengths, sale price..... **\$1.29**

Corset Covers at Sale Price

Ladies' Corset Covers, lace trimmed, full style, finished with peplum, Sale price 75c., 50c., and..... **29c**

Sale of Habutai Silks

Habutai Silk—75c

36 in. wide White Habutai Silk for Mid-dies and Underwear, regular \$1.00, Sale price..... **75c**

Raw Silk—42c

1000 yards Natural Color Shantung Silk, even weave, for one piece dresses, or children's wear, worth to-day 75c., Sale price..... **42c**

Special Values in Cotton, Nainsooks, Madapollams, Longcloths

Fine Egyptian Longcloth, 36 inches wide, special value at 18c per yard..... **18c**

5 Pieces of 40 in. Bridal Cloth, for Underwear, nightrobes, etc., Special at, yard..... **22c**

40 inch Fine Nainsook, soft, mercerized thread, special at..... **25c**

Fine Underwear Cloth, 40 inches wide, special at, yard..... **25c**

Horrockses' extra Sheer Nainsooks, 40 inches wide, special at..... **37 1/2c**

per yard, 33c and..... **37 1/2c**

Extra Special Values in White Cottons

10 Pieces only of 36 in. White Cotton, special at..... **12 1/2c** per yard..... **12 1/2c**

Extra Fine Longcloth, 36 inches wide, special at..... **15c** per yard..... **15c**

Horrockses' Fine Madapollams, 40 in. wide, special at..... **37 1/2c** per yard, 27c, 35c., and..... **37 1/2c**

Horrockses' Heavy English Longcloth, 36 inches wide, special at..... **22c** per yard..... **22c**

Special Reductions on Madeira Linens

Until the end of February we are offering special reductions on all odd pieces of our Madeira work, including Doyleys, Centre Pieces, Sideboard and Dresser Scarves, Serviettes, etc.

J. M. YOUNG & CO.

Dress Making and Ladies Tailoring
Phone 351-805

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you may ask. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible left over in the body which if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria, which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply cannot get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store. This will cost very little but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while bowel

Water Works No

Water rates will be due payable at the City Treasurer's Office March 1st. The usual discount per cent. will be allowed up including March 15th. Consumers not receiving their bill above date, may have copies of application at the Secretary's Office.

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REDUCED PRICES

On Coats and Fur Sets, a splendid opportunity to buy good reliable furs at extraordinary low prices.

We Guarantee Everything!

Dempster & Co.

Leaving the City

Auction Sale

Furniture, Etc.
Welby Almas has received instructions from Mrs. McElin at her residence situated at Terrace Hill, on Friday, March commencing at one-thirty sharp, consisting as follows:
Front Parlor—3-piece parlor two centre tables, sofa, settee, chairs, ornaments, lace curtains, blinds, beautiful large mirror, cushions and covered table, five leaves, half doz chairs, rockers, sideboard, good dishes and china dishes of kinds, glassware, silverware, knives, forks, spoons, etc., including kitchen outfit, and range, the ideal, nearly beauty; kettle, pans and a plate line of kitchen utensils, table chairs, etc.

Cellar and Ward—Lawn table, hood, case and jars, table, wringer, etc. The contents of well furnished bedrooms, of all kinds, which are good room suits, carpets, and other things, a quantity of goods enumerated.
The above goods are to be sold in lots or in full. Terms, cash B-4 moving day, away.
Mrs. McElin, Welby Almas, Proprietress, Auctioneer. Do not miss this sale.

Furniture Auction

On Thursday Next, March 1st, The Central Auction Room, 4th Ave. E., opposite the Milling Co., at 1:30 p.m., Rooms open Wednesday from 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Kitchen cupboard, drop leaf 4 piece parlor suite, hall table, stand, parlor lamp, 2 single iron bed complete, 1 stand, 2 large dressers, 2 cot 1 sideboard, 1 washstand, walnut sideboard, 6 piece parlor suite, 1 walnut table, 10 pieces of fancy china, sofa rug 9x11 ft. 6 in., 2 rugs, 9x12, extra good.

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