POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2035

Germany Repeats Promises But Denies Atrocity Charges

The text of the German note, as received by wireless, is as follows:

"In accepting the proposal for an evacuation of occupied territories the German government has started from the assumption that the procedure of this evacuation and of the conditions of an armistice should be left to the military advisers and that the actual standard of power on both sides in the field has to form the basis for arrangements safeguarding and guaranteeing this standard.

"The German government suggests to the president that an opportunity should be brought about for fixing the details. It trusts that the president of the United States will approve of no demand which would be irreconcilable with the honor of the German people and with opening a way to a peace of justice.

"The German government protests against the reproach of illegal and inhuman actions made against the German land and sea forces and thereby against the German people. For the covering of a retreat destructions will always be necessary and they are carried out in so far as is permitted by international law. The German troops are under the most strict instruction to spare private property and to exercise care for the population to the best of their ability. Where transgressions occur in spite of these instructions the guilty are being punished.

"The German government further denies that the German navy, in sinking ships, has ever purposely destroyed lifeboats with their passengers. The German government proposed with regard to all these charges that the facts be cleared up by neutral commissions."

"In order to avoid anything that might hamper the work of peace, the German government has caused orders to be despatched to all submarine commanders precluding the torpedoing of passenger ships, without however, for technical reasons, being able to guarantee that these orders will reach every single submarine at sea before its return.

"In his fundamental condition for peace the president proscribes the structure of every arbitrary power that can separately, secretly, and of its own single choice disturb the peace of the world. To this the German government replies: 'Hitherto the representations of the people in the German empire have not been endowed with an influence on the formation of the government.'

"The constitution did not provide for a concurrence of representation of the people in decisions of peace and war. These conditions have just now undergone a fundamental change. A new government has been formed in complete accordance with the wishes (principle?) of the representation of the people, based on equal, universal secret, direct franchise.

"The leaders of the great parties of the Reichstag are members of this government. In the future no government can take or continue in office without possessing the confidence of a majority of the Reichstag.

"The responsibility of the chancellor of the empire to the representation of the people is being legally developed and safeguarded. The first act of the new government has been to lay before the Reichstag a bill to alter the constitution of the empire so that the consent of the representation of the people is required for decisions on war and peace.

"The permanence of the new system is, however, guaranteed not only by constitutional safeguards, but also by the unshakeable determination of the German people whose vast majority stand behind these reforms and demand their energetic continuance.

"The question of the president—with whom he and the governments associated against Germany are dealing—is therefore answered in a clear, unequivocal manner by the statement that the offer of peace and an armistice has come from a government which is free from any arbitrary and irresponsible influence, is supported by the approval of an overwhelming majority of the German people.

(Signed) "SOLF."

Morning War Summary

In the war theatre the Allied armies have taken no heed of the efforts under way for the re-establishment of peace, but are continuing to force back the Germans at vital points along the lines in Belgium and France. In these endeavors the British and Americans are for the moment taking the principal parts. The British have approached to within two miles of Valenciennes, and the Americans, to the northwest of Verdun, have succeeded in occupying two highly important positions in their operations aimed at an advance northward.

American and British troops have crossed the Oise Canal on a wide front in the face of desperate resistance, and further successes in this sector will menace the Germans both to the north and the south.

The Valenciennes-Hirson railway, formerly one of the Germans main lateral arteries of communication, has been cut.

The west bank of the Scheidt Canal has been occupied by the British along an extent of ten miles, to the north of Tournai, which city is being defended by masses of Germans armed with machine guns.

Belgium is gradually being redeemed, although now that the Germans have drawn in their lines, the British, Belgians and French are encountering much stiffer opposition than during the early days of the great drive for the reoccupation by the Allies of the Belgian coast. The city of Ghent, an objective which the Allies have always had in mind, is yet seven miles away. Probably it will be outflanked from the north before it is taken. Allied troops already have made considerable progress with this end in view.

Having cleared the Germans out of western Belgium, the Allied forces are standing on a line from the Dutch frontier to the Oise Canal that is virtually straight. A new movement has begun to the east of Courtrai, the object of which is to free the northern section of Belgium from the enemy.

French troops have reached the Danube River in the region of Vidin after offensive operations in the eastern theatre of the war lasting for more than a month. The economic independence of Hungary is to be proclaimed at an early date in a manifesto which it is reported, will be issued by Emperor Charles. Hungary will be permitted to maintain her own army and her own diplomatic corps.

Baseball War Is Ended.

The long-standing break between the National and American League over the case of Pitcher Scott Perry has been mended, and peace once more reigns in major league baseball. In the Common Pleas Court in Cleveland Judge Stevens dismissed the injunction by which Manager Connie Mack, of the Philadelphia Athletics, barred the Boston National League Club from getting the services of Perry after he had been awarded to that club by the National Commission.

This was the first case of its kind since the National Commission became the ruling body of the game, and when the American League jumped over the traces and refused to abide by the decision, the controversy resulted in the resignation of former Governor John K. Tener, of Pennsylvania, as president of the National League. At the hearing of the case in Cleveland attorneys said that the controversy had been settled out of court.

August Herrmann, of Cincinnati, was the chairman of the board of arbitration appointed to settle the matter, and the details of the settlement have not yet been announced. The outcome, however, will probably be that Perry will either go back to the Boston Braves or the Athletics will have to pay the Boston Club a price for his services.

Perry, formerly with the Southern Association, was taken by Boston on a thirty-day option, but, it is said, was released before the option expired, Philadelphia signing him. Later Boston tried to get him back through the National Commission, on the ground that the option agreement had not been fulfilled. Manager Connie Mack refused to give him up, and got out the injunction restraining Boston from obtaining the player.

INEFFICIENT EFFICIENCY.

(The Wall Street Journal.)

In showing that inefficiency is often mistaken for efficiency, the vice-president of one of the largest express companies pointed out that claim departments of express companies and railroads are supposed to be operated with maximum efficiency. The smallest claim, he contended, received the same efficient investigation as the largest. Whether this pays may be gathered from his narration:

"I met an old friend who jokingly told me his wife had been trying to collect a claim against my company for several months. My interrogation revealed a prima facie justification for the claim, which amounted to 75 cents, but apparently it was the principle involved that led her to push it. I reached into my pocket and paid him the money, feeling it was worth 75 cents to square the company. Upon returning to the office I got the files and found six letters had been sent the claimant, who had sent five to the company. The stationery and stamps had cost the company approximately 25 cents, while time consumed by investigators, stenographers, etc., probably amounted to several dollars. There were, no doubt, numerous instances of this kind which never came to my attention. There has, however, been none since. That 75 cents is the best investment I ever made for the company."

It's a pretty strong claim to say a cigar is the best on the Continent.

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7c will entitle you to one — a quarter will secure you 4.

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Stop "dosing" rheumatism.

It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Liniment" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain and distress. "St. Jacobs Liniment" conquers pain! It is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia and reduces swelling.

Limber up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Liniment" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

MOTION PICTURE MASTER WAS $1.25 A DAY LABORER

When D. W. Griffith took to the trenches on the French battlefront to "shoot" scenes for his latest creations "Hearts of the World" in all likelihood there came to him the recollection of another period in his career when a ditch was the scene of his endeavors, a time when instead of being a guest of the war offices of two great nations anxious to give him every possible help, he worked under the unsympathetic eye of a gang boss, and his tool was not a motion picture camera, but a pick. D. W. helped to build the New York subway—not to get an accurate slant on the habits of the laboring man and to put the knowledge to profitable use in the production of a screen masterpiece—but because a pick wielder commanded a wage of $1.25 a day and Griffith needed the money.

It was in the lean days that as one "on the inside looking out" he learned the things about people—just plain people—that are expressed in his productions and which set them apart from the average screen show, as the work of one who really knows which he is attempting to impart. Griffith had been an actor and had written a scenario or so for the then brand new motion pictures, but neither profession was producing sufficient returns to physically satisfy a healthy man, and Griffith, running untrue to theatrical form, took the first job that offered; it was that of a laborer. He did not remain in the subway ditch very long, but it was from there that he made his way to the Biograph studio and laid the foundation of the career as a director which is now at its height.

AN AVIATOR'S REASON FOR FEARLESSNESS.

(Milwaukee, Wis., Free Press.)

We at home are learning in our fashion the same lessons our men are learning in the trenches, lessons of reverence, of humility, of childlike dependence on the unseen. It is a philosophy forced on us whether we will or no, and fortunate are the natures sensitive and responsive to its teachings. For it is imposed on us from without by a power greater than we are; and as we frail atoms of mortality find ourselves caught in the mighty crash of elemental forces, it offers us at once a shelter and a rock to set our feet on. "I could not be fearless in the air, as I must be," wrote a young aviator, "were it not for the consciousness of God's protection." The feeling so simply expressed rises from the profoundest depths of the human spirit, and is common to those called to perilous service, and to those who wait for them at home, racked with suspense, their hearts steeled for the worst.

Damage to the extent of thousands of dollars was caused to the weirs, nets and other equipment of the sardine fishermen by the gale and high tide yesterday morning. The fishermen who lost their weirs are also deprived of the opportunity to share in the fall run of fish which is under way.

FINE FEATURE OF LONDON

Policemen of the British Metropolis Win Universal Approbation

"London," said a well-known English bishop on a memorable occasion, "is big enough to be generous," and somehow or other in no one feature in the vastness of London life is this more true than in the case of the London policeman. For he is generally big, and he is always generous. The better one knows him the more certain it becomes that he is a product sui generis; that he is, indeed, quite unlike the policeman in any other town in the country. It is not that his duties are different from the duties of thousands of policemen in the large towns of the three kingdoms. In London, as elsewhere, he regulates traffic, hovers round every form of public amusement, from a football match to a Royal Academy exhibition, and every form of public ceremony, from a borough mayor's inauguration to a royal progress. He answers questions, "does" his beat, tries the doors of closed shops, and performs innumerable other tasks which fall to the lot of policemen almost the world over.

It is not, however, what he does, but his way of doing it, that marks the London policeman as different from all others. Is he on duty on the occasion of some great holiday pageant, a lord mayor's show, for instance? Then observe his deportment. He is a citizen, of course, like all the other citizens, in the full enjoyment of all their traditions, and capable, in private life, of all their enthusiasm and all their holiday banter; but, as a member of "the force," note the indulgent supervision which characterizes his every act. He is glad to see the "public"—he is inordinately attached to the word—enjoying itself. With firm and fatherly hand he restrains any one member of the public from interfering with the comfort or privileges of all the public; and, while the very last term that could be applied to him would be that of wet blanket, he is quite clearly a spectator entirely apart. Here is the man who has seen it all before. In a measure he owns it and is represented in it, and he is glad to find that the public appreciates it, but his own interest in it extends no further than that.

It is, however, as a guide, to those in need of direction that the London policeman will be held surely in most grateful recollection. Here does he rise to heights undreamed of. It is a point of honor with him that, in the matter of telling a questioner the shortest way to any place, he shall never be found at fault. And who that has experienced it at all but has grateful memories of a load of doubt being rolled away, as, with that wonderful admixture of certainty and of conveying some exclusive information, the London policeman has reeled off the necessary direction. To be sure, it is not always possible to remember it all—the first to the right and second to the left and first to the right again, combined, very often, with certain nice particulars to make it sure that "you cawn't gow wrong, Seh," are not so clear when one begins to work them out. But then, just as one is becoming once again overwhelmed in doubt, there is sure to be in sight another policeman who will make light of your trouble with equal compassionateness.

It is the same whether one is in the city or beyond its borders, for the city, of course, has its own police force, but the traditions are much the same on either side of Temple Bar. And yet there is a subtle difference in their task, especially at night. When the west end is full of light and movement—one speaks, of course, of the days before the war—when the "Metropolitan" is disentangling with calm dignity a block in Piccadilly Circus, his brother of the city is patrolling echoing streets and turning round whispering corners, where the great arc lights look down on that strange vacancy—the city at night. He is indeed, a necessary part of the scene. Inevitably, midst all the emptiness, he suddenly emerges out of a side street, flashes his bull's-eye this way and that, hesitates a moment or so, it seems, and then very deliberately takes his course "state fixed and settled," and disappears round another corner on his beat.—Christian Science Monitor.

BASEBALL!

(Ottawa Citizen.)

Americans took a village eight times from the Germans and then captured and held on to it, thus winning in the ninth, as it were.

HONEST OPINION

The Rev. "My personal opinion of Zam-Buk is that I know of nothing like it! Moving amongst sick people of my charge, I have proved it an absolute fact that for old wounds, cuts, eczema, and skin diseases, Zam-Buk is really marvellous."—Rev. A. D. MacLEOD, Harcourt, N.B.

The Magistrate "Eczema was my trouble, and I suffered for years. Tried practically everything, in vain! Zam-Buk cured me; and from the day the last sore was healed there has been no trace of return of the disease."—J. E. ARSENAULT, J.P., Wellington, P.E.I.

The Nurse "Speaking professionally, I would apply Zam-Buk to all cases of eczema, ulcers, abscesses and allied diseases. I have proved Zam-Buk able to cure the worst cases."—NURSE KEITH, Olds, Alta.

THE MOTHER "Give me Zam-Buk! It is the finest all-round healer known. It cured me of a poisoned hand, my 3 children of bad scalp sores, and my husband of a badly crushed finger. No home should be without it."—MRS. VILLIERS, Stadacona St., Montreal.

Zam-Buk is purely herbal, and for piles, eczema, cuts, burns, baby's sores, ulcers, and all skin diseases and injuries is the best known and quickest cure. 50c. box, all druggists and stores. The opinion of the majority of the mothers in the Dominion is—

we all need ZAM-BUK

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GERMAN WAYS

Incidents On The Canadian Front

TWO LONELY GRAVES

One Time That Huns Showed a Touch of Sentiment—The Experience of a Tank Crew and the Comment of a Brigade Officer

(By Lacey Amy, Special Correspondence of The Times.)

With the Canadian Forces, France, Sept. 18—Yesterday, wandering far from the paths over these shell-torn slopes, I came on two lone graves. In the depths of a large shellhole the two mounds lay side by side, lonely records of the struggle that passed across this district a few months ago.

The grass was long and dark that edged the hole, bending over to hide the unmarked cemetery. Unbroken stretches of rusty barbed wire that had escaped the barrages attending our recovery of the slopes blocked approach. There was no path within hundreds of yards. A wrecked airplane lay rotting not far away. In the passage of our victorious troops this little corner of the battlefield had been for the moment neglected.

On either mound lay a British helmet, each with a jagged hole in it to show the course of the missile that had added a name to the list of the missing. And carefully arranged beneath were little piles of papers that had once belonged to the dead men—their pay books, a few letters, a worthless trinket or two.

But the rains had blotted out every trace of writing from the pay books save one payment of twenty pounds. And what remained of the letters gave no clue.

"Dear Peter," said one, "I am so glad you have a nice, safe job at the base. . . . ." And the signature was simply "Rose." But the letter had long outlasted Peter's "safe job." It must have been his last letter from her, written before his job was shifted to the front lines. And Peter's helmet and her letter and that shapeless mound were all that remained.

Two unknowns—two weeping families still uncertain of the fate of their loved ones—and "Rose."

I filled the holes in the helmets that they might not leak oblivion to the last faint marks that revealed the humanness of those two mounds. And I replaced the letters and pay books.

One day they had been British soldiers. Their story I could read. Caught in the retreat of the spring, they had stood against the German advance just a mile or so before their comrades had finally blocked the way to the enemy. Shrapnel or shell had struck them at their posts. And the enemy, bowing to their bravery, had buried them in the hole where they had perished. And with them they had left their little worthless possessions. Some day, but for the holes in the helmets, we would have found the record of their names, and "missing" would have been altered to "killed."

Experience of a Tank Crew.

The touch of sentiment in the foe recalled some of the stories I have heard of his early treatment of Canadian prisoners during the last month's fighting. And the record is not unpleasant.

In the Amiens fight a tank that had picked up a group of Lewis gunners to set down amongst the enemy ran against a pair of anti-tank guns. Before an important town in the advance these two guns stood in the open, backed by shallow redoubts for the retirement of the crews when our barrage drew near. And the tank, disabled by shells from them, fell into the hands of the enemy. Six or eight of the occupants were wounded and the rest dare not emerge into the machine gun fire.

The first act of the enemy was to take a picture of the crew beside their captured tank, the undisguised joy of the Germans proving their terror of the moving forts that have provided some solution of the barb-wire and machine-gun problems. The most severely wounded were dressed and dispatched to the rear, the others being held for interrogation. Only their rations were taken from them, the Germans expressing great surprise at the white bread. The only sign of ill-treatment was when an N. C. O., who seemed to be drunk, thrust a stick bomb into the hand of one of the prisoners and made motions for him to pull the string.

"They Beat Us Running.'

Captors and captured were entering the chateau of the town when our guns turned loose. One of the first shells struck the chateau as they were entering. Immediately the Germans forgot their prisoners and scurried away. "Londed as they were with full equipment," laughed one of the captured, in telling me the story, "they beat us running."

Four of the captives managed to scale the barbwire fence surrounding the chateau and dropped into a trench. One of the party was wounded, but they crept along until they reached a sort of funk-hole with a narrow entrance, and through a severe bombardment from our guns they lay low all night.

In the morning the battle was still raging, but during the early hours a Canadian stretcher-bearer, searching for a safe spot to lay a wounded sergeant, came on them. Two of them have since been through the two attacks before Arras and are ready for more.

Still another Canadian captured during the Amiens battle is free to tell of it. A sergeant and a corporal crept forward to reconnoitre a wood. A shell wounded the corporal, and the sergeant, refusing to leave him, was captured with him. The unwounded one was hustled to the rear, but the corporal was taken back only a thousand yards, where he was well fed and his wounds dressed. During the night he fainted, and awoke in a dugout to find his captors with their hands up crying "kamerad."

The experiences of another pair of temporary prisoners I have only indirectly. Captured before Monchy, they were well treated and fed in a wood that blocked the Canadian advance for a day before a determined rush carried it. One had 2,000 francs on him, but it was not touched.

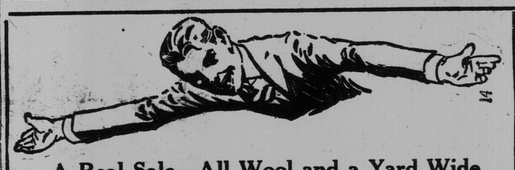
Different With Others.

The stories puzzled me. I referred them to an officer of the brigade of which the prisoners of the first two stories were members.

"Yes," he said, "they were treated well. The Germans usually do—until they have pumped all the information they can from them. Remember, these were prisoners of a few hours only. We know the stories of too many who have reached the rear in Germany to place much hope in these isolated instances. Let me give you two other stories, and see how they gibe with yours. One of our officers of the —th Battalion in the last fight approached a group of Germans who had thrown up their hands, and motioned them to the rear. And an N. C. O. suddenly levelled his revolver and shot him dead. I myself saw a tank disabled and fall into the hands of the enemy. And as the crew filed through the doors, a group of machine guns shot them down. Perhaps there are Germans with hearts—perhaps. The only sure way to touch them is to fight to the end. Then they'll probably bury you decently."

I have seen the two mounds in the shell holes. I have heard from their own lips the stories of prisoners taken to Germany. And I know one reason why our boys take no chances.

Millions of yards of silk are now used in making bags to hold the powder for heavy artillery charges, says the November Popular Mechanics Magazine. Because of the growing scarcity of this material, special interest centres in tests now being made of a cotton-cloth substitute which is treated by a chemical process. If it proves satisfactory it is said that a saving of many millions of dollars will be made.



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Children's Sweaters—Large and varied assortment. Original price, $2.50 . . . . . Sale Price, $1.00
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Men's Work Shirts—Various colors, all qualities, 69c. to $2.75 at This Sale
Men's Ties—Big assortment of the latest effects and shades at Sale Price, 29c.
Men's Grey Sweaters—Coat style . . . . Sale Price, Special, $1.39
Boys' Grey Sweaters . . . . . Sale Price, Special, 98c.
Men's Socks—Best lines, medium to heavy weight, Sale Prices, Special, from 29c. up
Braces for Men and Boys . . . . . Special, This Sale, 19c. up
Ladies' Gloves—Assorted colors, in wool . . . . . 47c., 49c., 69c.
Men's Caps—All sizes, best styles now prevailing. Original price, $1.00 . . . . . Special Sale Price, 59c.
Men's Mitts . . . . . Special Sale Prices, 39c. to $1.50
Men's Working Gloves of solid leather, Special Sale Prices, 69c. to $1.25
Mechanics' Shirts in khaki or blue. Only a few left, and we will sell these at . . . . . Sale for $1.19
Men's Pyjamas—Good colors . . . . . Sale Price, $1.78
Men's Stylish Felt Hats—All sizes, in grey, green and brown felt . . . . . Special Price, to Clear, $3.50

The Balance of Our Ladies' Hats to be Sold for 50c.

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