

Harry Lauder's Heart

LIES IN GRAVE IN FRANCE

Went to France to See Where Son Was Buried—Found Time to Sing to Men from Trenches

During a visit to France and in conversation with one in high command in the army, talk turned to the high place Lauder had in the affections of his countrymen, for we were both Scots. A strong desire was expressed that he should be going among the soldiers in the battle line just to give them the cheer he knows so well how to impart. I promised to endeavor to arrange it, with trepidation you may be sure, for you know what is so often said of Lauder and his money. However, with courage in both hands I asked him to give the week that meant many thousands of dollars to go out to the boys.

The request seemed to stagger him; and for a minute I felt sure I was to fail, but it was the good fortune to receive such a request that took his breath away. "Give me a week's notice and I go with you and glad to go," I replied. "I give you notice now." Whereon he called to his manager, "Tom, I quit in a week", and he did, and off to the war zone he went. My pen is unequal to the task of describing that wonderful tour and the amazing results of it. The men went wild with enthusiasm and joy wherever he went.

An Arresting Sight

One day during our visit I was taking Harry to see the grave of his only child, Captain John Lauder, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, as fine a lad as ever wore a kilt, and as good and brave a son as ever a father loved. As we were motoring swiftly along we turned into the town of Albert and the first sharp glance at the Cathedral showed the falling Madonna and child. It is a startling and arresting sight, and we got out to have a good look. The building is crowned by a statue of Mary holding out the child Jesus to the world; a German shell had struck its base and it fell over, not to the ground, however, but at an acute angle out over the street.

While we lingered a bunch of soldiers came marching through dust and mud, Lauder asked the officer to halt his men for a rest and he would sing to them. I could see that they were loath to believe it was the real Lauder until he began to sing.

When Lauder Sang

Then the doubt vanished and they abandoned themselves to the full enjoyment of this very unexpected pleasure. When the sing-song began the audience would number about 200; at the finish of it easily more than 2,000 soldiers cheered him on his way.

It was a strange send-off on the way that led to a grave—the grave of a father's fondest hopes—but so it was. A little way up the Bapaume road the car stopped and we clambered over the shell-torn field of God's letting. Here and there we passed a little cross which marked the grave of some unknown hero; all that was written was "A British Soldier."

He spoke in a low voice of the hope-hungry hearts behind all those at home. Now we climbed a little ridge, and here a cemetery, and in the first row facing the battlefield the cross on Lauder's boy's resting-place.

The father leaned over the grave to read what was written there. He knelt down, indeed he lay upon the grave and clasped it while his body shook with the grief he felt.

Not A Complaint

When the storm had spent itself he rose and prayed: "O God, that I could have but one request. It would be that I might embrace my laddie just this once and thank him for what he has done for his country and humanity."

That was all, not a word of bitterness or complaint. On the way down the hill I suggested gently that the stress of such an hour made further song that day impossible.

But Lauder's heart is big and British. Turning to me with a flush in his eye, he said, "George, I must be brave; my boy is watching, and all the other boys are watching. I will sing to them." This afternoon, though my heart break! On we went again to another division of Scottish troops.

His Influence Remains

There within the hour he sang again the sweet old songs of love and home and helping the mags, to realize the deeper, what victory for the enemy would mean. Grim and determined men they were, that went back to their dugouts and trenches,

heartened for the task of war for human freedom by Harry Lauder, Harry's little kilted figure came and went from the war zone, but his influence remains, the influence of a heroic heart.—Dr. George Adams, in "Association Men."

Sugar Was Little Known

ONLY VAGUELY KNOWN TO ROMANS — BECAME POPULAR IN 18TH CENTURY

This war is bringing to our attention the value and importance of many daily necessities heretofore regarded as a matter of course and some of them have been thrown almost overnight into the category of luxuries. Such, for instance, is sugar. Who would have dreamed that this article of food, virtually inextinguishable, really would play such an important part. We feel we cannot do without it; it is a part of our lives, and yet the world did not know ways have sugar and got along well without it just as it did without potatoes prior to the discovery of America.

Sugar, in chemistry, is the generic name for a certain series of carbohydrates, a compound giving a sweet taste, but free from glucosides. Sugar came has been known for centuries. Milk sugar was obtained by Fabrizio Bartoletti in 1615, and in the middle of the eighteenth century Margraf found that the sugars yielded by the beet, carrot and other roots were identical with the sugar cane. The sugar obtained from honey was investigated by Lowitz and Praust, and the latter decided on three species—cane sugar, grape sugar and fruit sugar.

Sugar was only vaguely known to the Greeks and Romans. It was introduced into Europe during the time of the crusades. Its use gradually developed, so much so that it has become a necessary part of the daily existence. Not until this war have the people awakened to the fact what it means to be deprived of it.

"Don't Worry" Cry French Reserves

"IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT! THEY SHOOT TO REFUGEES AS THEY RUSH ON TO BATTLE"

SCENES OF 1914 REPEATED

And Soldiers Now Wearing Veteran Service Bars, Are Even More Confident Than Four Years Ago

Paris, June 7.—I have just come back from the little village on the Marne where I spent the first week of September, in 1914. It is as if four years had been wiped off the slate. The same refugees; the same camions full of soldiers; the same great heaps of baggage and household goods in the stations; the same troop trains going East; the same pitiful procession going West. Did you ever have the same nightmare twice? Did you ever go to sleep and dream the same terrible episode all over again and each second anticipate what is going to happen next?

That is the way I felt. Once more I was rolling up lovely sixteenth century tapestries. One more I was helping dig ditches in the garden in so, which we hurried to put old Sevres porcelain and Chinese vases. Once more the road outside the house was filled with staggering figures of bent peasants carrying their all on their backs, dragging after them the goat or the cow, or the dog. Again and again you would see them sink down on the green bank for a moment's rest in the shade. And once more it was the thunder of the cannon which disturbed us.

"Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday we heard nothing else but the cannon, madame," the gardener's wife said to me, "but now all is still. Oh, if it would only begin again! It would mean that they are being held and that this wind has stopped being or the Germans with their continuous waves of gas."

Airplanes Pass in Flocks

Over our heads great flocks of airplanes go winging toward the front. This is the only difference from 1914. And a night, low over the river, comes the whirl of the German planes and the answering rush of French planes and French guns, and the air battle begins. The refugees tell me that during the last week the enemy aerial bombardment has been unbelievable. A little girl of 10, who was standing near to her mother in the station as I waited many weary hours for a late train, listened to me with intelligent eyes as I spoke to her, but

couldn't answer me. Her mother told me it was right from the bombardment which had done it for she had not spoken since Wednesday.

It is weird to see the traffic stack up during one of the night bombardments. All day and all night long the camions pour over the roads, hardly visible in the never-fading dust of the roads. When the German planes are heard overhead you can hear the whistle go forth for the trucks to stop, and then comes the loud order to extinguish the searchlights, and all that crawling, many-vertebraed serpent lies motionless and quiet until the danger has passed. All the little stations along the route are lined with civilians, waiting on the platforms to ask the soldiers how long it will be before they must evacuate.

In one station I had seated myself stocally on a wheelbarrow when a woman with an unmistakable English accent asked me if I would make room for her. I answered her in English and when we had talked a few minutes I found that she was Mildred Aldrich, the author of "The Hilltop on the Marne."

"I'm coming back Sunday if I still can get back," she said, "but I need a little rest. Wednesday night they bombarded all night just above me until dawn. Then I went out on the lawn and watched the signals for our men to come down. It is nerve-racking when you have been through it once, isn't it? And to think I chose this place once because it was so tranquil and removed from the world." A peaceful old age in The four unhappy, and most disturbed years of my life have just passed. It doesn't seem to me, with all the suffering and want, the killing, hatred and pain I have witnessed that I can ever enjoy my hilltop again. I thought I should live here in the sun and warmth, digging in my garden and caring for my animals.

Tears came into the voice if not the eyes of this courageous woman whose only dream is peace and country calm.

Army Uniting She hasn't the resistance she had in 1914. None of us have—our civilians. Only the army seems to be uniting. It would seem that those who must suffer most are given a special strength to bear it. Thousands and thousands of soldiers passed us in trains: the roads were littered with artillery at rest. During the feeding-hour, for the horses great rubber guns went by, painted like Easter eggs, carefree soldiers looling on top of them with a baby lamb as a mascot, or a parrot, or a tiny calf brought from an evacuated farm. Everywhere was laughter, songs and slangy phrases to the faces framed in the windows of the passenger trains. It might have been 1914, only this time each man knew. It wasn't the ignorant, high spirits of 1914. These men wore service stripes for nearly four years on their left arms, and on their right many of them had two and three bars for wounds.

They knew, and with confidence in their chief and in their own last minute power the phrase they threw to us was: "Don't worry; it's going to be all right." And to those poor, homeless people, their little belongings clutched in their arms, leaned out of the trains with smiles, and that devoted look in their eyes of a mother proud of her sons and cried: "Hold them and we will soon be back. Good Luck! Good courage!"

And the trains pulled slow, apart over that east and west line, which is the life line on the palm of France.

Committed Theft to Secure Opium

TWO STRANGERS APPREHENDED SHORTLY AFTER LEAVING MONTREAL DRUG STORE.

Yesterday afternoon shortly after two o'clock two well dressed, smooth looking strangers entered V. K. Kincaid's drug store and one, Nelson Beardsley, 342 A. Lagacheville St., Montreal, informed the clerk, Zeno Fitzpatrick that he had met with an accident and wanted to purchase a bandage. His request was complied with and he wished leave to enter the rear portion of the store for the purpose of applying the bandage to his leg. He was allowed to do so, but the clerk accompanied him, and while in the back of the store, the latter was called out by the other stranger, Wallace Toutant, 192 Barre street, Montreal, who asked to be shown some fountain pens. Mr. Kincaid entered the building at the time and on going to the rear of the store noticed the stranger there, who in a few moments departed. A friend going with him, Mr. Fitzpatrick went across the street on a business and on returning to the drug store immediately missed a package of opium from the dispensary

table. His suspicions becoming aroused he went out on King street, and noticed the strangers proceeding eastward. He followed them, and when they returned westward he followed in pursuit. On coming opposite Victoria Hall, Mr. Fitzpatrick notified the police and with Constable Ferguson apprehended the strangers at the corner of King St. and Court House avenue. They invited them over to the drug store and on crossing the street Beardsley dropped a small box from his pocket which was recovered by Thurlow Pelton, who noticed Beardsley getting rid of the box. Mr. Pelton returned the box which contained the missing opium to Constable Ferguson and identified Beardsley as the man whom he had seen dropping it. The two were taken into custody despite a plea to make good the loss and on appearing before Magistrate Beeson were remanded for a week. Shortly after a phone inquiry from Smith's Falls revealed that Toutant was wanted there. It is supposed on a charge similar to the one facing his companion here. Beardsley is a dope fiend and seemingly would take any step to secure the valuable drug which he injects into his arm with a hypodermic syringe found on him.

L.V. O'Connor is State Treasurer

Windsor, June 7.—At Wednesday's session of the State Council of the Knights of Columbus of Ontario the part the order was to take in war activity during the coming year was the theme for most of the discussion. Rev. John E. Burke, C. S. S. R., of Newman Hall, Toronto, delivered an eloquent address. A resolution was subsequently adopted pledging the delegates to give every assistance to the movement in their various communities.

R. A. Jeffrey, of Amprior presented a comprehensive report from the Catholic Army Huts Incorporated, showing the wonderful work accomplished during the first year's efforts in raising funds for the assistance of overseas chaplains, the provision of army huts in England and the war area, and the supplying of comforts to troops of all creeds in training in France. The report showed that more than \$50,000 had been raised during the war for these purposes and practically all the money that had been raised was expended. The estimate of the financial requirements for the coming year is over \$250,000 and a campaign to secure this amount will be inaugurated; also a special war committee of the Knights of Columbus to embrace the whole of Canada will be appointed. The election of officers resulted as follows: J. L. Murray, Retiree, State Deputy; J. R. Boyd, Windsor, State Secretary; L. V. O'Connor, Lindsay, State Treasurer; T. F. Battle, Niagara Falls, State Advocate; L. Gignac, Penetanguishene, State Warden.

Selden Admits all Charges

IS FOUND GUILTY OF BREAKING OUT OF JAIL AND COMMITTING THEFT AND ROBBERY OF STATION

James George Selden, the Point Anne boy who made a name for himself in stealing clothes and bicycles, was this morning on his own pleas of guilty convicted of breaking out of the county jail at Belleville while undergoing a term for theft, stealing a bicycle on May 26th at Point Anne belonging to Leon Maldoran and breaking into the C.N.O.R. station at Thurlow, stealing a set of blue serge cloths worth \$35 and a few cents of a certain drawer in the depot. Magistrate Masson asked him why he did these things. "I wanted to get into the army," he said. He had no complaints of jail treatment. He was remanded for a week for sentence.

Plans For Calling 19 Year Olds

Nineteen year old men will not be called up for service until three months previous to the time when they will attain their twentieth birthday, was the authentic information received by the Globe last night. It is understood that the twenty-year-old men, those who have attained twenty since October 18, will be called up before the nineteen year old men. The young men who have been anticipating the call to the colors for some time back will welcome the respite from service. These men since they have answered the call to register are technically regarded as soldiers on leave without pay.

MR. S. A. GARDNER WRITES FROM DISTANT ARIZONA

Dealing Drastically with the I.W.W. Plotters—Red Cross and Liberty Loan Greatly Over-Subscribed—Prices at Bisbee—A Fatal Mining Blast

Bisbee, Ariz., May 30, 1918. Editor Ontario.

I find myself somewhat puzzled just at this time to decide on what to write you. Of course there is this theme of conversation and discussion, but so much has been said from pulpit and platform and so much written and published by the most brilliant writers and the deepest thinkers that it is impossible to find anything of interest in connection with the war that has not already been discussed from every point of view. What I shall have to say shall necessarily be confined to this country in general and to the Bisbee district in particular. Some months ago I ventured the assertion that the time would come when the people of the southwest would awaken to the fact that they have an important part to play in this great world drama, and so soon as they became fully obsessed with this idea and realized their duty toward upholding and maintaining the principles of self-government as against dominant autocracy that recognizes no right but the right of might, no sacrifice would be too great for them and recent events have gone far to verify that prediction.

Last Friday and Saturday were set apart as Red Cross days to raise funds for their work overseas. The district was asked to contribute \$25,000 monthly but when the returns came in they found that instead of \$25,000 they had over \$70,000 from a constituency of about 25,000. If we add to this the fact that at the third Liberty Bond asked for and when the second Loan Bond was launched last autumn, they subscribed 219 per cent. of what was then asked for. When the call came for volunteers, three of Bisbee's most influential citizens donned the khaki and are on duty at the front in France. When last July the organization, known as the I.W.W., undertook to force a strike in these big mines here for the express purpose, as it has since been proved, of crippling the government and preventing the carrying on of its war policy by closing down the copper mines, as copper is absolutely necessary for the manufacture of war munitions, the patriotic citizens of the district saw through the scheme and adopted heroic treatment in the removal of this excess on the body politic and forcibly deported 1,200 of them. This was the beginning of the attempt to crush out this organization, 112 of whose leaders are now on trial for treason and conspiracy. The arrest of these leaders was carried out very quietly for not only were they arrested but all their correspondence was taken at the same time.

The correspondence seized is most condemnatory, showing treason and conspiracy against the government. Proof is found that they blew up mines, destroyed mining machinery, fomented strikes, particularly among the men who were engaged in the industries producing material for the war, fired grainfields and grain elevators, wantonly destroyed the food that should have gone to the starving women and children of Belgium, Poland and Armenia, fired the spruce forests of the northwest from whence came the lumber to build the airplanes, drove steel spikes in sawlogs to break band saws and endanger the lives of men. They also took possession of railroad trains, assaulted and murdered the crews to prevent delivery of war material. These are a few of the many illegal acts charged against them. A week ago last Saturday, Private Collage of the Canadian Expeditionary Force a returned soldier, who had lost his right arm, his left eye and had the skull of his forehead fractured by shrapnel, addressed a large audience in the Orpheum Theatre in this city and on Sunday afternoon again and on Sunday afternoon again and in the evening after church he gave an address to men only. His addresses were on his own personal experiences and what he had seen and heard. Incidentally he spoke of a greater menace to this country than the German army itself. He recommended that they be given a dose of their own medicine that is "direct action." He said in Canada when one of these genies or a German spy is caught red-handed, he is planted and two objects are accomplished. We get rid of the spy and give an object lesson to others of the same kind.

Some weeks ago a meeting of the citizens of Bisbee was called at which it was decided to form a non-partisan seat for city officials choosing those who were best fitted for the office. At the election last Monday, the non-partisan ticket carried by a large majority. I see by the papers that other municipalities are talking of following their example. On Saturday, June 8th, we are to be favored with an eclipse of the sun. The line of totality will strike the United States near the mouth of the Columbia River and travel in a south easterly direction across the country and leave on the east coast of Florida. The rate of speed of the shadow will be about 2,000 miles per hour or about 33 miles per minute and the width of totality 60 miles. Here the sun will be about three-fourths obscured. As it will be 99 years before a total eclipse of the sun will occur in the United States those interested should be prepared to see the last total eclipse that will visit this country in their lives.

The weather so far this spring, has been exceptionally cool for the time of year. Not unpleasantly so, however, and no rain since the middle of January which makes it hard for those who are ranching on the Sulphur Spring and San Pedro valleys. In parts of Texas they have had no rain for two years until a few weeks ago. Many have left their ranches after disposing of their live stock and have gone into the mines. We are getting strawberries, raspberries, logan berries, black berries, grapes, apricots, ripe figs, cherries, new potatoes, cabbage, carrots, turnips, etc. Eggs, 50c to 55c per doz., butter from 50c to 55c per lb. Old potatoes 9 lbs for 25c, new potatoes 4 lbs for 25c, dressed chickens 35c per lb., undressed 25c. Bacon 50c to 55c per lb., also out in the Huachuca valleys are many fruit ranches on which peaches, plums, apples, pears apricots and other fruits are grown. The ranchers say that they have never seen such a crop as promises this year, but they have been greatly troubled with the depredations of wild deer, that driven out of food and water, come down in the night and strip the trees of fruit and leaves, so much so that they have asked the government to allow them to be killed out of season. Mining for copper is being rushed with all haste. The Sacramento Hill is being leveled, about 100 feet of the top has already been removed and it is expected that it will take about 15 years to level it. So far little copper has been taken out, but from explorations made previous to beginning work this was known. As all the blasting is on top of the ground there are day and night discharges that shake the ground and building around. We are within half a mile of the mountain and one day a number of shots were fired. Later on it was found that gas hole had not been exploded. They then gave warning and one man went off and hid behind a rock so he could see the explosion. A piece of flying rock struck and instantly killed him. One piece flew in the direction of our home and in the street next us, went through the roof of a house, down through the ceiling, into the barber shop, where two men were waiting for their turn. The rock struck one man a glancing blow. He was rushed to the hospital at once and I am glad to say has fully recovered. And such is life in these mines. Every precaution is taken and yet accidents occur. I have spun this yarn out so long and must ask your pardon for trespassing so much on your time. S. A. Gardner.

A large number of friends and neighbors gathered at the home of Mr. John Hutchinson on Wednesday evening to spend a social evening prior to Mr. Wilfred Hutchinson's donning the khaki. The company was called to order and the following address read by Mr. Grant Coulter, who has already joined the colors:

Dear Wilfred:— We, your friends, associates and neighbors, of Gilead, take this opportunity of honoring you, and thus we honor ourselves at the same time. We are living in strenuous times. Never before in the history of the world has there been such a testing and sifting of humanity as today. Our empire and country are threatened, civilization is trembling in the balance, and an enemy who knows no mercy and gives no quar-

ter is attacking, with unprecedented fury. To meet this onslaught and thus save all our institutions, which we most cherish and hold dear, a call has come to a portion of us of our nation. With clearness and insistence the call is sounded. While we deplore the necessity and regret that to you this call has come, yet we rejoice that you are not trying to shirk or evade your responsibility, but that you are placing yourself upon the altar of your nation's sacrifice.

We, as a mark of our esteem and appreciation, ask you to accept this writ watch, not for its intrinsic value, but rather also as a token of our respect and admiration. May it remind you of the place you occupy and will occupy in the thoughts of the people of this community. We pray that God may keep, protect and sustain you through danger or peril, and when the war drums thrab no longer you with others will probably march home, conscious that you have done your duty. Signed on behalf of your Gilead friends, R. Grant Coulter, Ralph Lawrenceon.

Military Honors to Late Pte. Prince

LARGEST MILITARY FUNERAL IN KINGSTON FOR FORMER BELLEVILLE SOLDIER

Wednesday afternoon the funeral of the late Pte. J. C. Prince, of the 2nd Battalion, C.E.F., who enlisted at Belleville and came to his death by accidental drowning at the shipyard on Monday last, took place from 92 Elm street, Kingston, Capt. Rev. Canon FitzGerald, officiating, the funeral director being Mr. S. S. Corbett. The funeral was under the direction of the Army and Navy Veterans, of which the deceased was an active and enthusiastic member.

The deceased was accorded full military honors, and for the first time in the history of the city a bugle band took the usual places of a regular band and furnished appropriate marching music for the solemn occasion. The band was furnished by Lieut-Col. Smart, of the Depot Battalion. The pallbearers were: Ptes. Ling, Smallridge, Barry and Corpi. McClelland of the original 2nd Battalion, and Comrades Robinson and Lettister, of the A. and N.V.

The gun carriage and horses were furnished by Lieut. Askwith, of the C.A.S.C. and the transport trucks for band and firing party by Maj. Lawson, A.D.S.T. The firing party and band were under control of Lieut. Bennett, of the 14th Battalion, now doing duty with the garrison regiment and the A. and N.V. and Auxiliary in command of Commandant Evans.

The funeral was the largest military funeral that has been conducted in the city since the war began, and for the perfect arrangements the Veterans on their return to the headquarters passed a resolution thanking Brig-Gen. Hemming and Lieut-Col. Genet. A.A.G. for their kindness, together with Maj. Kidd and Maj. Sharpe, for arranging details. Maj. Lawson, for transporting Lieut. Askwith for gun carriage and horses, Lieut-Col. Crawford for the firing party, and Lieut-Col. Smart for the bugle band.

Representatives from the Mowat Hospital, Queen's Hospital and other branches of the service were present. The floral contributions were large and permission was given by the G.O.C., M.D., No. 3 to bury the deceased in the military lot. The Ladies' Auxiliary, of which Mrs. Prince is a member took part in the funeral parade. At the grave in Cataract cemetery the usual military ceremony took place, and over the grave of the dead soldier who had been recommended for the D.C.M. and who had fought in the trenches on the western front was sounded the "Last Post" by Bugler Ganney, of Fort Henry.

All U. S. express companies will be merged on July 1st.

