

UNDER FIRE

This narrative of a typical day in the siege warfare that has been going on so long in France and Belgium comes from the letter of an English infantryman on the firing line, that is printed in the London Times. The fighting is laborious and monotonous work; there is little of the pomp or the glory of war about it. Even in a successful action, the infantryman is principally concerned with keeping under cover and getting his rifle to work.

"We had been digging trenches all day in heavy soil after a hard fight the day before, and had been persistently shelled. Only one man was killed, but we had lost three of our horses, including two from our 'cooker'.

"We had hoped to be able to get some sleep, but at midnight were roused up and had to march off a mile or so and start digging again. It was a case of a race against time, for at daybreak we were certain to be shelled. We dug hard all through the night, and when the dawn came we had got down about four feet, through the stickiest clay I have ever had the misfortune to have to shift. We planted turnips all along the parapets (it was in the middle of a root field), and then sat down to try to get some sleep. The trenches were not big enough to lie down in.

"The shelling soon began, and lumps of earth began to come over from where the shrapnel was hitting the ground in front. One of them burst just on the parapet of our small trench, and half buried the men who were in it, but they were pulled out unhurt. That was the only damage we suffered, although nearly or quite sixty shells must have dropped very near us.

"We were not allowed to have much rest, though, for in another hour we got the order to advance. The German artillery now began to leave us and search for our guns on the crest behind, so we got out of our trenches in comparative peace and advanced in open order across the fields.

In another half hour we had got to another ruined farm, behind which we waited for the rest of the line. Soon we saw them advancing to our right, and got the signal to carry on. In little parties we left the farm and crawled along the ditches until we lined up along a hedge another quarter of a mile on and here we came under very heavy shrapnel fire. Every few seconds the shrapnel came whistling and tearing through the tall poplars of the hedge, behind whose trunks we crouched. A bit of shell as big as a brick went over my right shoulder within an inch of my ear. It was only a matter of time before we should lose men, of course, so when we had got breath we moved off in file to the left up a ditch that led to some out-houses, and lined out at five paces' interval just beyond it.

"The rifle fire now began to make itself felt, and as we continued our advance I noticed, in a kind of casual way, little heaps of khaki, and saw wounded men being tied up or making their way to the rear.

"Soon the prisoners began to come in, and before long we had more than we could do with. We sent them back in little parties under a few men, using the slightly wounded for preference. Some of our men had taken a trench or two with the bayonet.

"With about a hundred men we got along to a burning farm a little to our left front, and from there had a splendid field of fire at the enemy's position. The farmyard was full of burning straw, but round it were playing a litter of little white pigs. Soon a shrapnel came and knocked over a couple of them. I felt so sorry for them as they lay there; they had been so full of fun chasing each other all over the place—such a contrast to what was going on about them."

Mortified.

"I haven't seen Hemmingshaw for a week."

"No; he hasn't been out of this house since his accident."

"Was he seriously injured?"

"No; but he feels the disgrace deeply."

"Disgrace?"

"Yes. After living in the heart of the city all his life, he went to the country one day last week and was run over by a milk wagon."

Willie was doing penance in the corner. Presently he thought aloud pensively. "I can't help it if I'm not perfect," he sighed. "I never heard of but one perfect boy, anyway." "Who was that?" asked his mother, thinking to point a moral. "Papa," came the silencing reply, "when he was little."

A young wife, wishing to announce the birth of her first child to a friend in a distant city sent the telegram: "Isaiah 9:6," beginning: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." Her friend, more literal and less familiar with the Scriptures, read the message and said to her husband: "Margaret evidently has a boy, but why on earth did they ever name him Isaiah? He must be healthy, though, for he weighs nine pounds and six ounces."

FIRST AID FOR WEAK DIGESTION

Like Nearly Every Trouble Afflicting Mankind Indigestion is Due to Poor Blood

Almost everybody experiences times when the organs of digestion show painful signs of weakness. Some slight disturbance of the health starts the trouble; then the patient takes a dislike to food, and dull heavy pains in the abdomen give warning that the stomach is unable to do its proper work. Sometimes a false craving for food arises; if this is satisfied the result is additional torture—flatulence, a drowsy depression, sick headache and nausea are common signs of indigestion. The foolish practice of taking drastic laxatives or purgatives at such times should be avoided. Indigestion arises from stomach weakness, and the only effectual method of curing the trouble is to strengthen the feeble organs of digestion by supplying them with richer, purer blood. This is the true tonic treatment, by which natural method Dr. Williams' Pink Pills achieve great results. These pills make the red blood needed to strengthen the stomach, thus imparting a healthy appetite and curing indigestion and other stomach disorders. Mr. Thos. Johnson, Hemford, N.S., says: "For five years I was a great sufferer from indigestion, which wrecked me physically. I suffered so much that for days at a time I could not attend to my business. I had smothering spells so bad at times that I was afraid to lie down. I doctored and tried many medicines but with no benefit. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised to cure the trouble and decided to try them. I had not been taking them long before I found that I had at last hit upon the right medicine. The improvement in my health was constant, and after I had used ten or twelve boxes I could eat and digest all kinds of food, and I felt physically better than I had done for years. I shall never cease to praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for they proved a real blessing to me."

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

"HATE FOR THE ENGLISH."

How Young Frenchmen Shot Down the German Placard.

In a letter to his sister in England a young French officer on service in the neighborhood of St. Mihiel, recently promoted for gallantry on the field of battle, tells this story:

"The Germans could think of nothing better to do a few days ago than to put on the walls of their barracks at — a large placard of white calico, on which was written: 'Merci a la brave France—paixne a l'Angleterre.' Our trenches are from 60 to 90 metres from those of the 'Boches,' and with glasses it was easy to read the placard. In the evening I was on patrol with three good fellows of my half section, and we crawled towards the German lines till we were within twenty-five metres or so, and we hid ourselves in a big hole made by a shell.

I said to my men: 'I have given you socks, gloves, cigarettes and other things. You know where they came from—they were sent from England. I want to see no more of that placard. Let us go and destroy it.' We have our arms; let us put some shots through and destroy it."

The thing was done. I gave the order to fire, and in three minutes only some shreds of the stuff remained. The worst of it was that our fire provoked a terrible fusillade along the whole length of the line. We dropped into the shell hole and waited till the firing had finished—about half an hour—and then we regained our own trenches. My lieutenant greeted me with 'So it was you who started the fusillade?' And when I said 'Yes,' he asked what for. I explained that I was half English, having married an English woman, and added that I wanted to see no more of a placard which referred to that nation in such terms. He 'chipped' me for a bit, but when we were relieved the story was told to the captain, who passed it on to the colonel. The end of it all was a promise of my stripes as under lieutenant."

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BACKWARD CHILDREN.

May Be Due to Defects of Sight or Hearing.

Helen MacMurchy, M.D., Inspector of Auxiliary Classes for Ontario, in her pamphlet on "Organization and Management of Auxiliary Classes," says in regard to backward children:

In the case of children who may be backward it is a matter of great urgency that every effort should be made by the teacher and the School Medical Inspector to discover, and if possible, remove or lessen the cause of such backwardness. If any physical defect or any disease is reported, the School Medical Inspector, the School Nurse, teacher, and family should co-operate to secure treatment by the family physician or other proper person. The backwardness may be due to defects of sight or hearing which can be partly or wholly cured. Adenoid growths in the nose and throat, weak-blindness or letter-blindness and lack of proper sleep and nutrition are also causes of backwardness. Flat foot, curvature of the spine, and slight chorea often escape notice in children who are otherwise defective. They need every improvement we can secure for them.

The help of the School Nurse is invaluable in Auxiliary Classes. The attention of the School Nurse and School Doctor should always be drawn to any child who seems to be in need of special care and attention. Parents and teachers have often omitted to do this because they "thought the doctor could not do anything." Nearly always this is a mistake. Many physical defects can be greatly improved or even removed. One rare condition (retinitis) which prevents proper development of mind and body can be wonderfully improved by treatment.

The teacher should pay special attention to any child whose age is two or three years above the average of the rest of the pupils, and should privately consult the School Medical Inspector before nominating the child to the Principal for admission to an Auxiliary Class. Opportunity should also be taken by the School Medical Inspector to see the parents. They may be invited by the School Nurse to meet him at the school at a convenient time. The parents should be consulted in every possible way and treated with the greatest consideration, but they should be frankly told that the child is not getting on well at school, and that without special help and teaching in an Auxiliary Class he will get farther and farther behind. If there is any reasonable ground for doubt as to the needs and mental condition of the child, then a physician who is a specialist in such matters should be called in. But at the first meeting with the parents it is not well to make any dogmatic statement as to the child's mental capacity, unless the case is a marked one. The child should have the advantage of Auxiliary Class teaching for a reasonable time, say three or six months, and should then be re-examined. Moreover, any statement as to the child's mental condition should be made by a physician, not by the teacher.

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He Says He Told His Neighbors

AND THEY TOLD HIM TO TRY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mike Rudy, Young Manitoba Farmer, Sick for Two Years, Tells How He Got a New Lease of Life.

Camperville, Man., Feb. 22nd.—(Special).—Cured of Kidney and Heart Disease of two years standing. Mr. Mike Rudy, a well-known young farmer living near here, is telling his neighbors that he owes his new lease of life to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For two years," Mr. Rudy states, "I suffered with a terrible pain in the small of my back and shoulders. I took many different medicines, and was under the doctor's care, but nothing seemed to do me any lasting good. Finally heart disease was added to my troubles."

"Hearing Dodd's Kidney Pills well spoken of by my neighbors, I decided to try them. To my surprise and relief one box cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mr. Rudy because his troubles all came from sick kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a kidney remedy, pure and simple. They have pain in the back, rheumatism, lumbago, gravel or diabetes, your kidneys are wrong. You need Dodd's Kidney Pills.

BOY IN FIGHTING ZONE.

Adventurous Trip to Belgium of 13-year-old London Lad.

Determined to fight the Germans, a 13-year-old London boy managed to reach Flushing and Antwerp. In Antwerp he was arrested by the Germans, but was released and made his way through Belgium and Flanders home to England.

When war was declared he was attending school in the day and working for a butcher at night. The School Medical Inspector saw the boy, but was too young and too small. At Christmas he received \$2.50 as a chorister and decided to go to the front. He took train to Folkestone, but as he had not much money left, the fighting line appeared as far off as ever.

Luck was with him, however. He was seen by a customer when on the promenade who gave him a money gift as a Christmas box. He bought a ticket for Flushing. Here he was sent to a home, but escaped, and joining some Belgians eventually got to Antwerp.

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Nerviline Ends Neuralgia Brings Relief Instantly

No Remedy Like Old "Nerviline" to Cure Pain or Soreness.

That terrible ache—how you fairly reel with it—that stabbing, burning neuralgia—what misery it causes. Never mind, you don't have to suffer—use Nerviline, it's a sure cure. Not an experiment, because nearly forty years of wonderful success has made a name for Nerviline among the people of many different nations. "There is nothing speedier to end Neuralgic headache than old-time 'Nerviline,'" writes Mr. G. C. Dalgleish, from Exeter. "It is so powerful and penetrating that it seems to eat up any pain in a minute. My family couldn't get along without Nerviline. We always keep the 50c family size bottle handy on the shelf, and use it to end chest colds, sore throat, coughs, earache, toothache and pain in the back. My wife swears by Nerviline. For cramps its effect is astonishing and believe it is better and speedier than any other household family remedy."

BULLETS STRANGE FREAKS. Remarkable Escapes of Soldiers in Present Conflict.

A sapper in the Royal Engineers tells the story of an extraordinary escape which one of his comrades experienced. A bullet took his cap off and cut a groove through his hair, without injuring the scalp, in such a manner that it looked as though he had carefully parted his hair down the centre, says London Tit-Bits.

This is but another illustration of the tricks that bullets play at times. It is doubtful, however, if any soldier in the present campaign has had such marvelous escapes as Lieut. A. C. Johnson, the Hants County cricketer, who relates how, shortly before he was slightly wounded, a shell hit the wall six inches above his head, while shortly afterwards a bullet hit the ground half a yard in front of him, bounded up and hit him on the body, bruising his ribs. Then a bullet hit him over the heart, but was spent before reaching him, and when in the hospital he picked it out of his left-hand breast pocket and sent it home to his wife.

A charming life, too, seems to be borne by a private of the Manchester regiment, who relates how while smoking a cigarette in the trenches, a bullet took the "fag" out of his mouth, while another cut the crown of his hat, leaving the peak still sticking on his head. And it is characteristic of the humor of "Tommy," even when the fire is hottest, that when a bullet took off the top of a tin of bully beef which another private had in his hand, he looked at it coolly turned round, made a bow in the direction of the enemy, and thanked them for saving him the trouble of finding a tin-opener.

A curious escape from what might have been a mortal wound was that of a Royal Scots Fusilier. During a severe fight he suddenly felt the shock of a bullet. "I am hit," he said to his chum. Looking down, however, he saw that the bullet had struck a clip of cartridges in his top left-hand pouch, but had done no other damage. The first cover, and as it twisted round when it was struck the bullet was turned off instead of going straight through the soldier's body, as it would have done had all the cartridges been fired.

Mr. Frank Seudamore relates an extraordinary incident which occurred during the Sudan campaign, when he saw an officer, a friend of his, go down, apparently shot through the head. To his surprise, he says, "I met him walking about after the battle apparently none the worse for what he said that his head was bandaged. Then he showed me how the bullet, striking and deflected by one of the hooks of his helmet chain, had run round his forehead, cutting a groove under the skin, and had then glanced off the helmet hook at the other side."

A Close Observer. Young Hibbard was exhibiting some photographs to a charming girl, with whom he was very much in love.

"This one," he said, handing her a picture, "is my photograph with two French poodles. Can you recognize me?"

"Why, yes, I think so," replied the young woman, looking intently at the picture. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"

INFORMATION FOR INVENTORS. Messrs. Pigeon, Pigeon & Davis, patent solicitors, Montreal, report that 217 Canadian patents were issued for the week ending February 9th, 1915, 162 of which were granted to Americans, 33 to Canadians, 15 to residents of Great Britain and colonies and 7 to residents of foreign countries.

Of the Canadians who received patents, 21 were residents of Ontario, 6 of Quebec, 2 of British Columbia, 2 of Alberta and 2 of Manitoba.

It is a good thing to love your enemies, but it's better not to have any.

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