

SMASHING BLOW IS DELIVERED TO LAST OF HINDENBURG LINE

British, French and American Troops Are On the Job--Maximum Advance of Three Miles on Depth of Twenty-One.

London, Oct. 8.—The British launched a terrific attack on a front of about 20 miles today from Cambrai southward. American forces also operated, and the French at the south also attacked in conformity with the general plan.

The British, American and French advanced everywhere smashing through the last line of the Hindenburg system and driving the disorganized Germans before them.

In some places and especially at Peronne which fell to Americans the fighting allied troops penetrated the German lines for a distance of more than three miles, and still are advancing. Many villages were captured and the British alone took over 1,900 prisoners.

To-night the position between Cambrai and St. Quentin was that

the French starting from Rouvry had captured the hills to the eastward and the villages of Esigny and Fontaine.

The Axel-American line was Beauregard, Fremont, through Fremont, Serain and Malincourt, and west of Malincourt up the Bames and La Targuie and Nierles to the old line south of Cambrai.

Weaker resistance than usual was met at the centre but the enemy south of Cambrai bought up two fresh divisions and counter-attacked heavily. These attacks were repelled and all lost ground was regained.

A serious defeat.

With the British Army in France, Oct. 8.—A great victory, the results of which undoubtedly will prove of the widest importance, especially at this time, has been won to-day by

two British armies in the field on a front extending 20 miles from Cambrai southward.

Americans participated in the centre and they plunged even more deeply into the enemy's positions than at first had been intended. The Hindenburg system south of Cambrai now has thoroughly been broken upon a front of considerable width.

Elsewhere the main lines of the Hindenburg system have been penetrated while to the north of Cambrai it appears to have been turned by the operations to the south.

Fast whippet tanks and armoured cars are reported now to be in action, and, if this is true, as it is believed to be, the offensive certainly has been exploited.

At the moment it appears that the new line runs generally from the north, south of Etriville well to the east of Serainvillers. The allied troops are reported in Wambrix and to have been seen east of Chateau Anole, in Villier, Otreaux and Serain, east of the Fremont, east of Brancourt, east of Fresnoy-le-Grand, and east of Sequehart. All the ground to the west of these places is reported now to be in British hands.

It was the Americans who stormed and captured Brancourt and Fremont after hard fighting. They reached their objectives well ahead of time. In fact this was the case almost everywhere along the line.

East of the line the British and Americans now are in the open country, and there seems to be reliable

indications that there are no lines of importance there, at least for many miles.

Once more terrific punishment has been inflicted on the shattered and disorganized army.

Answer to Peace Bid

This was the answer of the fighting British armies to the German bid for peace. Early in the day smashing blows had carried the British and Americans deep into the positions of the staggering enemy.

The battle is one of the most furious, as well as one of the most important of the war. The British cannon, wheel to wheel, sent tons of explosives crashing on top of the enemy in a whirlwind barrage during the better part of the night and early morning.

The very air trembled and the earth rocked with the continuous roar of explosions. The exploding shells throbbed wildly against clouds from which rain poured, the flashes being visible for many miles.

Two British armies attacked in a converging operation in a north-easterly direction. The 4th army, with which the Americans were cooperating, attacked at a gap in the last Hindenburg system and for miles on both sides, while the 3rd army was in action up to Cambrai attacking along the continuation of the Beaurevoir-Masnières line both on the front and in a turning movement. So it would appear that the general idea is to smash down the Hindenburg system completely on a broad front, enabling operations to be carried out to the east of it.

The first phase of the attack began

about 2 o'clock in the morning when the infantry with the assistance of an immense barrage stormed the high ground immediately south of Cambrai, where the Cambrai-Peronne railway runs along. Special attention was given to other high ground in the southern outskirts of Cambrai, as the town is known to be strongly occupied by the enemy.

Already British forces north of the town strike some well to the eastward, so that success at the south should undoubtedly result in squeezing it into British hands.

While the battle raged the British in the northern areas carried out demonstrations which gave the Germans there something to worry about.

Bitter fighting was in progress just south of Cambrai when the British, Americans and French for 20 miles to the south went over the top. A cold rain had started during the night and continued, whipping in the faces. Mist and fog assisted the attack in some places, but where this was not thick enough smoke was mixed with the barrage, screening the advance.

The enemy counters at many places but the attack has been weak and thin, for the Germans, realizing the desperateness of their position, had moved their guns well back. The British barrage did terrible damage among the ranks of the retreating Huns. The principal resistance came from the machine gunners, fighting from pockets and nests as heretofore.

Evacuating Coast Region

Amsterdam, Oct. 9.—The evacuation by the Germans of the Belgian region is continuing, the frontier correspondent of the Telegraph reports. The telephone lines between the frontier and the coast have been taken down yesterday and to-day.

The stores of material at Knokke, near the coast, five miles from the Dutch border, have been set on fire.



Advertisement to Take Pills

TO every home there comes a time when every thought, every hope, every prayer for the future centres on the recovery of one loved one. In that hour of anguish, every means to recovery is sought—the highest medical skill, trained nurses, costly treatment. Does the price matter?

It may be so great as to stagger the imagination—a sum beyond the possible.

But does anyone ask, "Can we do it?" Money or no money, they do it. And somehow they pay.

It may mean doing without things they think they need. It may mean privations, sacrifices, hardships. They make unbelievable savings, they achieve the impossible, but they get the money to pay.

If anyone says "I cannot save" let him consider to what extent he would pinch himself to relieve the sufferings of a loved one at home; and surely he would not pinch less for our fighting brothers in France.

Without suffering actual privations, nearly every family in Canada can reduce its standard of living, can practice reasonable thrift, can make cheerful sacrifice to enrich the life-blood of the nation.

You who read this, get out pencil and paper NOW. Set down the items of your living expense. Surely you will find some items there you can do without.

Determine to do without them.

Start TO-DAY. Save your money so that you may be in a position to lend it to your country in its time of need.

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Rippling Rhymes

WHERE IS HE?
The Germans lose on every front; they make a botch of every stunt; their morale is to pieces shot—where is the good old German gott? The term is Kaiser Bill's, not mine; I do not think it good or fine; it is irrelevant, profane, the output of an addled brain; but if there is a German gott, who smiled on all the damage wrought, and would the German crimes allow, where is that good old gott right now? Perhaps he's tired of standing back of such a false and cruel pack, of Prussia's stained, dishonored flag, of Wilhelm's loud and endless brag, in which gott takes a second place if Hohenzollern shows his face. The Kaiser's hosts are on the run, they're looking all the ground they won, and "Kamorra" they meekly whine, as they go pelting for the Rhine. How does the plus Kaiser feel, as he beholds them drop their steel and strike the hardest kind of trot? Where is his "good old German gott"? When victories were coming thick, "was Me and gott" that did the trick; and now that every written sheet has Wilhelm's tidings of defeat, he'll doubtless think that phrase is rot, and charge up all the blame to gott. Can any man say he's a gott who quotes Jehovah with a grin?

EAT LESS AND TAKE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts if your Back Hurts or Bladder bothers.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the ultimate tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lungs a leaden over-back-hurts or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night, if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous upset, red stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belones to every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

JUNIOR CHAPTER OF I.O.G.E. PLANNED

Will be Formed at Once as Outcome of Entertainment Last Week.

The regular meeting of the Dufferin Rifles Chapter I.O.G.E. was held in the room of the Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Coghill Regent presiding.

Usual business was transacted. Miss Ball reported that 228 pairs of socks and 58 packages of Tobacco had been to the Brantford boys in France since March 14th.

A letter from Col. Harbottle expressing thanks for a parcel of socks also 16 post cards from the boys were read.

A grant was made from the chapter of \$10 to the Soldiers Tobacco Fund also \$10 to the Soldiers Children's Christmas Tree Fund.

The Chapter wished to express its thanks to Mr. Ne. Vile, the Caste and Beauty Chorus for their unstinting zeal in making "The Princes of Faversham" Musical. Comedy a great success and thus augmenting the funds which are so necessary for supplying Soldiers Comforts.

As an outcome of the concert a Junior Chapter will be formed immediately.

The Best Cough Syrup Is Home-made

Here's an easy way to save \$1, and you have the best cough remedy you ever tasted.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home, but have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth); then add concentrated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle, 6 1/2 ounces, use clarified molasses, honey or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for five times its cost.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.



The Lord of Castle Mountain

Castle Mountain in the Canadian Pacific Rockies.

THE early fall had come in the mountains, hunting parties girtled the valleys still green and untouched by frost. The lower slopes of the rising ground were dark with spruce, brightened here and there with the lighter green of poplar and willow. Higher still the spruce forests climbed in ever narrowing falls up the water fed gulches, white here and there large patches of poplar gleamed golden yellow, for the trees were slipping things at six thousand feet.

Above the timber line the grey crags towered, their ridges, peaks and plateaus shining with the virgin brightness of the first snow. In the midst of the mountains, standing alone, leaning against the sky, rose the snow-capped battlements of Castle Mountain, a rugged, barren, and almost desolate peak.

The hunter, Castle Mountain, is a freak of nature. For a hundred miles south there is the U. S. To the north the range runs to the Arctic with no similar outcroppings. Eastward to the prairie where the Dow River crosses down from the first steps of the foothills it is not depicted but westward, fifteen or twenty miles, there first appear signs of similar formation. Castle Mountain is a lone, jagged, and almost desolate peak of the earth by some have been named of forgotten ages, thrust up in the midst of the timber zone of sandstone and limestone formation of the first belt of the Canadian Rockies. On the edge of a sheer precipice a magnificent specimen of the Rocky Mountain sheep, or bighorn, nibbled daintily at some tender lichen. A shadow flitted across his eyes, but he paid no heed, for the lichen that were small in the spring were now well grown. He could take care of himself; he would not be taken by surprise. He would not be taken by surprise. He would not be taken by surprise.

The big buck had no worries whatever. The bears were down below fattening on berries, the weasels were in the timber getting good food from among the harts, rabbits and perhaps some wounded deer or moose. The mountain sheep, which the sheep stood drooping over for some six hundred feet to the snow-covered rubble of the upper slopes of the timber belt, seemed untroubled, trees barely edging their greenish tops above where the rock walls started to climb. A few deer were scattered about, some in the valley bottom a black dog crept unobeyed. It was a Canadian Pacific freight train, lumbering along from Banff to Lake Louise.

A man, life on back crawled like a dog up a steep chimney; sweat dripped from his brow, his breath was heavy, he crept slowly upwards, using hands and feet, and sometimes his chin. Field glasses had held him the splendid buck was above, and he wanted a shot at the king of the peaks. At last he reached the plateau and looked. There, five hundred yards away, on the further side of a canon, which it would take a half day to climb, stood the same splendid specimen. Waiting in

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