



A four-mile concrete road running south from Winnipeg towards Fort Garry. This should test the suitability of such roads to the Western climate.



Another sample concrete road at Napierville, P.Q. There are several others in Quebec, notably an 18-mile road from Montreal to Ste. Rose.

two ago, when steam roads were unknown away from the trunk lines, and when for mile upon mile of a market day the townships turned out their caravans of waggon-loads to the one good gravel road in ten miles any direction. Residents of Toronto have only to remember how the farmers took to the first paved street in that city; how they jogged five blocks out of their way if need be to get to Jarvis St., where the waggon almost ran itself. Traffic is like water; it seeks the line of least resistance. Therefore, traffic of all kinds will seek out this new highway built as scientifically as a railway. And the traffic must bear part of the cost, just as the value of the property along the road which is conditioned upon traffic.

So the Commission went at this scheme backed up by sound economics. They blazed a trail for all future highway-building in Ontario, and for many other parts of Canada. They organized a movement which would have made "Good Roads" Campbell, who used to be retained by the Ontario Government to help counties and townships make good roads, jump out of his boots.

**B**UT after the movement was organized and the work begun, the problems really commenced.

Where the organizer stopped the engineer stepped in. A new road has a real war appetite for money. The cost must be kept down and the quality of the road kept up. Labour, haulage and material are the three factors which it is the engineer's business to minimize on as to cost.

Grades are the first. To turn an 8 per cent. hill into a nice, easy grade of one or two per cent. is a railway item. To convert a low trail through a valley edged with cat-tail flags and swamp cedars into a nice, high-level embankment road is another railway chore. Grades, grades and again grades. The hills are chewed down and the valleys are bulged up. Mile after mile the new road goes as far as possible on the level. Here and there a farmer has his front fence and his house and barns left high and dry on top of a huge cut. If he kicks he must be conciliated; if not he is set down as a good sport. Somewhere else a farmer's grandfather struck a front fence line on the road allowance, planted a fine row of trees or set up a hedge. Ten to one every little while the fence and the trees and the hedge have to be moved. The 66-ft. road allowance must be respected; 26 feet between ditch and ditch, 18 feet for the driveway, and 4 feet each side for a shoulder. The modern engineer abolishes zig-zags along with heavy grades.

**N**OW and then a jog must be taken out. The old-timers jogged to keep out of trouble. Half a mile made no difference to them. The Commission believe in the short cut; because it's both cheaper and better. Less romantic and picturesque, of course. But there's plenty of that left when you have the road widened and straightened and levelled. So the engineer runs a line across the farms; out goes the old-time jog with the hawthorn trees and the rose-briers hedges; the old road is deeded over to by the township to the Commission and by the Commission over to the farmer as a part payment on the new road through his lands at a thousand an acre. The new cut puts the farm part one side of the road and part on the other. It takes the road from the front of the house and puts the front gate over beyond the woodpile or the barn. The farmer's wife suddenly finds her parlour in the rear and her woodshed or the milkhouse on the front lawn. Little things like these can always be adjusted. Where a jog can't conveniently be straightened because it's a legitimate turn in the road, the corners are rounded off and the Commission pays the farmer at \$1,000 an acre for the triangle that it cuts off.

And so from Hamilton to Toronto the business of making an old road into a new one is a problem of uprooting the old way and turning things sometimes upside down. But the modern farmer is a practical philosopher. He sees the donkey engines that will soon be chugging along the side of the road hauling little dump-cars of stone, gravel and cement from the railroad on a two-foot gauge portable track—

twenty miles of this track are now ready to go down—and he knows that he is seeing modern road-making such as his father never dreamed about. Even with this huge cost for equipment, the Commission figure that they save \$60,000 over team-haulage, even though the donkey engines and cars and portable track should be scrapped when the job is done.

But they don't expect to scrap the equipment. The good roads movement is only beginning. Fifty years from now older Canada and much of newer Canada will be grid-ironed with just such roads as scientifically as now it is cobwebbed by railways. For the good road means easy and therefore cheap transport; it means improved trade facilities; greater traffic and therefore greater land values; easier methods of getting truck to market and people out to the land at so much a foot. On the city end it means all this and more. What helps the land also helps the town. And the good roads movement is the one thing they have in common that means most in development.

The common horse sense of the whole thing is tersely expressed by an editorial in *Successful Farm-*

ing, June, 1915, which reads as though the T. H. Highway Commission had themselves written it:

"You can't get something for nothing. Good roads cost more money at first than bad roads—cost more in money direct. Bad roads are taxing the people in an indirect way that may not be noticed, but taxing the people heavily just the same.

"Bad roads are costing in damage to auto and other conveyances enough to pay for good, permanent roads. Bad roads are also costing enough in farm transportation—waggon freight rates if you please—to build permanent roads.

"Let there be co-operation between tax-payers and road engineers and road superintendents. Do away with unscientific puttering with the roads which benefits only the petty office holders, and spend the tax money on permanent work, supervised by competent engineers.

"Let there be co-operation between local road builders and the state highway commissions that this country may speedily become a network of splendid highways. When once this road system is established no farmer would move off an improved road to enjoy the supposed blessings of low taxes and bad roads. It is time to quit knocking road improvement and boost. Almost everybody is doing that now. Make it unanimous."

## Through the Eyes of a Frenchman

### Description of a Fight in a Cellar and a Story of German Treachery

By A BRITISH CORRESPONDENT

BOULOGNE, May 20th.

**A**T an early hour this morning, at a little village schoolhouse near here, now flying a Red Cross flag, there arrived a convoy of wounded French soldiers—men representing some of France's finest regiments. These men had come direct from the firing line, though, except for the bandages they were wearing, no one would have imagined so. The smiles upon the men's faces indicated a "beanfeast" rather than a battle!

I spoke with several of these Frenchmen as they were being placed on stretchers, and was greatly struck by their enthusiasm to recover quickly and return. One young officer had been riddled from head to foot by shrapnel, but still he smiled. After he had sampled my cigarettes—how a Frenchman appreciates a Virginia cigarette!—he asked me to read him the official communique I had in my hand. I did as he requested, and with a curious nod of his bandaged head he repeated half to himself and half to me: "Our attack at the close of the afternoon has resulted in the capture of the whole locality. The affair has been an exceedingly long and trying one. Our troops were forced to take house by house." The phrases related to the capture of Carency. This Lieutenant of the — infantry had taken part in it. "House by house," he said; "it was brick by brick."

#### Some Impressions.

"What are your impressions of the battle?" I asked him.

"I can only call to mind one thing. I will tell you it; at the time it struck me very much: We had actually entered the village, and were advancing on the four groups of houses containing in the cellars a number of Germans. After a short fusillade we formed a party of soldiers to go and enter the place. I took command. Very carefully we approached. Our reception was none too cordial, but we managed to descend into the cellars, where the Germans were waiting, undoubtedly prepared for our coming.

"When we did pass into the cellars we got a disagreeable surprise, for some twenty Prussians were standing with fixed bayonets at one end of the room. Between these men and ourselves, however, were stacked up piles of German dead. The atmosphere was stifling; one felt faint to be there.

"No time to think or to wonder, for the Germans charged over their own comrades' bodies right into us. You cannot imagine what then happened. In the small cellar these twenty Prussians and ourselves—we were thirty-two—rolled together in a fight for life over the dead bodies of the other men already there before we came.

"The men fought like fiends. The Prussians were

up to every trick. A man would pretend to fall dead and then suddenly spring up and, drawing a little knife that they all seem to carry, stab you.

"One officer who was with the enemy in that cellar seemed to turn mad, for suddenly he threw his revolver down and, tearing off his tunic, commenced to use it as a whip, lashing out with it on all sides. When we left the cellar, after having been in there forty minutes, not a German was living. We had killed them all. Our number had been reduced to twenty-eight, and we had all been wounded.

"The affair had been so terrible that I imagined the very stones of the place oozing blood."

#### German Treachery.

The officer went on to relate how he continued to fight in the subsequent battle, where he was wounded again. He could find no words too high to praise his men. All had fought with a gallantry never to be forgotten. He also told me how two of his fellow-officers were killed in a cowardly fashion by the Germans.

"We had set out from Mont Saint Eloi, and had, after a splendid fight, taken La Targette, and we were advancing under cover towards the Germans' position at Neuville, when we saw two wounded Germans lying in the middle of a field, exposed to the fires of both sides. My two comrades offered to go out and bring them in, and, after risking their lives, they managed to carry the two Germans out of danger. The two Bavarians were badly wounded, and we did all we could for them.

"After bandaging up their wounds we placed them on rudely-made stretchers and were carrying them towards our lines when, as if by a given signal, both of the Bavarians drew a revolver and shot at their bearers. One fell dead and the other badly hurt. The Bavarians, in the meantime, were calmly waving white rags to the Germans in the distance, as signals. We treated these men as they deserved!

"I saw many brave acts done," continued the officer. "One in particular deserves mention. The hero of the deed was a 17-year-old Zouave. I had jokingly said before some of my men that I would like to send home a real 'souvenir' to my wife.

"The Zouave had overheard me, and determined to get what I wanted. Next day he came to me and handed me something. I looked at it, and was surprised to find that it was an Iron Cross—a real Iron Cross. I quickly asked the Zouave what it all meant, and he replied to me in his queer French to the effect that he had visited during the night the enemy's trenches and, having seen an Iron Cross pinned on a soldier's chest, he had carefully undone it without awakening the sleeping German. 'V'la votre souvenir, m' capitaine.'"