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**EDWIN MURRAY**

# 3,000 OF NEW JUGGERNAUTS WOULD END WAR IN A MONTH

## Pass Over Trenches Like Flat Ground and Walk Over Houses as Over Ant Hills.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—Will war itself which hitherto has resisted the efforts of twenty millions of men on all fronts to bring it to an end, which has withstood all the physical forces of incalculable masses of munitions as well as the economic strain of unparalleled national debts and the mighty pressure of the normal sense of the world be terminated at least last by its own terrors?

The despatch yesterday from British headquarters: "Our troops have advanced from 2,000 to 3,000 yards at various places. In this attack we employed for the first time a new type of heavy armored car."

What does this mean? Does it mean that this new type of heavy armored car has produced the astonishing results described? If so, what is this new and terrible weapon of war?

For weeks past I have been hearing whispers of a new arm which would shortly be launched on the battlefields which would drive everything before it. News of it was a secret not to be revealed until the day it came into action. Nobody was to know where or how it was made or yet what it was. The men who manufactured it were bound by oath not to say anything about it. To make assurance doubly sure they were interned within a vast area whose boundaries were guarded by armed men every hundred yards. Once within, they were never allowed out. Notices posted at the entrances warned intending intruders they would be shot at sight.

Then I heard that the new weapon had already reached the scene of operations in large numbers, and that greater numbers were to follow. If the enemy was to hear anything about it at all, they must hear now. In a few days more it would be in

action. The results which might be expected would be stupendous. It was impossible not to be stirred by the mystery that surrounded the new arm and by the confident faith of those who knew of its irresistible power. It was a gigantic car, a colossal juggernaut, a moving arsenal of unimaginable driving force. Nothing could stand before it. It would pass over trenches like flat ground, climb out of beds of rivers and walk over houses as over ant hills.

In the interior of its interior the men who worked it, nearly nude, known to military science, except that of the unconquerable monster they controlled. Such was the story whispered during the past weeks to those who could be trusted to keep the secret until the day came to reveal it. The secret has now been revealed in Sir Douglas Haig's despatch and we may perhaps look for still greater, more momentous results.

If what is said of the new armored car be true, it may prove to be the mightiest argument for a speedy termination of the war that has yet been heard of in this bloodstained continent. "I am told the power of this new juggernaut is such that if it rolled up Broadway (which God forbid), it would bring down and roll out at the other side almost as rapidly as I tell the tale.

"I am also told that if we had three thousand new juggernauts they would end the war in a month. It sounds like a dream. Some will surely say it sounds like madness, but few or none can be so sceptical of this tremendous story as not at least to hope for the sake of humanity and future world peace that, please God, it may be true.

# "Tank" Waddled Over Trenches

## Leaned Against Broken Wall Until it Fell With a Crash—Then Rose on the Bricks—Passed Over and Walked Straight Into Ruins and Trampled Around

By PHILIP GIBBS.

On the British Front, Sept. 23.—Another day of great remembrance has been given to the British history. The British troops broke through the German third-line defence, went out into the open country and gave staggering blows to that German war machine which for two years seemed unthinkably strong.

The "heavily armored motor machine guns of a new style" is mentioned in the official bulletin. That description is dull compared with all the rich and rare qualities of these extraordinary vehicles.

The Germans had prepared to attack and had massed troops in the front reserve lines. They came over in a rush. Many fell, white others managed to jump into portions of a British trench and bombed their way up. Machine guns were turned on them. Before the fight had ended the "jumping-off" time of the British had come. The assaulting troops rose as one man. Taking no notice of what had happened they swept across their own trenches and the Germans in them and went across the country towards Courcellette. They came immediately against a difficult ground and fierce machine gun fire in the ruins of a sugar factory which the Germans had made into a redoubt with machine gun emplacements.

**New Engine of War**  
The British had a new engine of

war to destroy the place. Over their own trenches the motor monsters lurched up and came crawling forward to the rescue, cheered by the assaulting troops. The latter laughed. Some were laughing even when bullets had caught them in the throat.

The "creme de menthe" which is the name of this particular creature, waddled forward very steadily towards the factory. There was a whip of silence from the Germans Suddenly machine gun fire burst out in nervous spasms and splashed the sides of the "creme de menthe" but the tank did not mind that. The bullets fell from its sides harmlessly and it advanced upon a broken wall, leaned against it heavily, until it fell with a crash, then rose on the bricks, passed over and walked straight into the midst of the factory ruins. From its sides came flashes of fire and a hose of bullets. Then the tank trampled around over the machine gun emplacement.

**The Turn of the Tanks**  
The infantry advanced round the flanks of the monster. The attack on Martinpuich was checked on the outskirts of the village by a blast of machine gun fire. Then came the turn of the tanks. Before dawn two lumbered over the front line trenches looking towards the Germans as though hungry for their breakfast. Afterwards they came across "No Man's Land" like enormous toads and nose at Martinpuich.

The men cheered wildly, waving their helmets and dancing around. At Martinpuich the men were held up for some time by machine gun fire. The monster went on alone and had some astounding adventures. It went right through broken barns and houses, straddled the German dugouts and fired enfilading shots at the German trenches.

From one dugout a German colonel with a white, frightened face, held up his hands very high in front of the tank, shouting "Kamerad, kamerad." "Well, come inside, then," said a voice from the body. An arm was thrust out through an opening in the car and grabbed the officer. For the rest of the day the tank led an unfortunate man about on the strangest journey the world has ever seen.

Another tank was confronted by 100 Germans, who shouted "Mercy"—at the head of the procession it led them as prisoners to the British lines. Late in the evening Martinpuich was taken in fierce fighting, a crowning triumph for a successful day. When day came the attack swung to Flers, across a wide stretch of difficult and perilous ground, strongly defended. The rest pressed forward in steady, broken waves. The first news of the success from an airman's wireless said: "A tank is walking up the high street in Flers, the British army is cheering behind."

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William S. Hart, the Triangle Star, in a thrilling 2 act western drama.

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Chapter ten of that powerful serial story with Lottie Pickford.

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# The Soldier's Dream

(Thomas Campbell.)

Our bugles sang truce—for the night—cloud had low'r'd, And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky; And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered, The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw, By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain; At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw, And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array, Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track; 'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft In life's morning march, when my bosom was young; I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft, And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore, From my home and my weeping friends never to part; My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er, And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;" And faint was their war-broken soldier to stay— But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn, And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

# Rush Canadian Troops to England

Only a Small Number Will be Quartered in Canada Next Winter

OTTAWA, Sept. 23.—According to the rate at which battalions are now being sent overseas, there will not be more than about sixty thousand Canadian troops left in Canada at the beginning of the winter, although this number, will, of course, be considerably augmented as recruiting goes on. Last winter over one hundred thousand troops were quartered in November and December in the various centres throughout the Dominion.

By the beginning of November there will be considerably more than this number in training in England, where climatic conditions are considered better for effective battalion and brigade training during the winter months.

In addition to this reason for sending the troops overseas this fall, there is the further reason that they will then be immediately available in the spring for movement to the front for what is hoped will be the final big offensive. It is probable that a number of the towns throughout the Dominion which benefitted from having military units quartered there during last winter will this year be without troops, as the billeting and small unit system has been abandoned, and most of the troops will be concentrated in a few large centres.

**Consistent Spelling.**  
A sailor returned from a cruise was completely upset by a nurse. That his wife did elope. With a peddler of soap. And it somewhat unsettled his guise.—Springfield Union.

# ROYAL BANK KEEPS CANADA'S NEW WAR LOAN

In order to encourage as many small investors as possible to participate in the new Canadian loan which is now being offered, the Royal Bank of Canada announces a plan which is so attractive that it is sure to be very popular with a number of investors throughout the country. The announcement will also serve to draw the attention of investors generally to the benefits of the loan and in this way the plan should be a material factor in the increased success that the loan is likely to receive from the smaller investor through Canada.

The Royal Bank of Canada in its announcement says: "In order to encourage small investors to participate the bank will consider the application of any depositor to purchase a \$1,000 bond. Such loans will bear interest at 6 per cent and will be repayable in monthly instalments. Those who desire to take advantage of this offer should consult with any manager of the bank without delay."—Hamilton Spectator.

A certain photographer never says to a lady customer: "Now, look pleasant, madam, if you please." He knows a formula infinitely better than that. In the most natural manner in the world he remarks, "It is unnecessary to ask madam to look pleasant; she could not look otherwise." Then click goes the camera and the result is never in doubt.

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With and without brass tops.

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