

the old muzzle-loaders) are censured, and now comes the curious part of the proceedings. Those unfortunates who fired but missed are made to stand in the centre of a circle of thorns and are flogged on their bare legs until they bleed! Though most of these men are independent, well-to-do farmers, they submit to this torture because "it is the custom."

FLYING FOXES OF INDIA

People who have lived in India are familiar with the long strings of flying foxes which can often be seen wending their way in single file from their sleeping places in remote trees to the fruit gardens upon which they prey.

These curious creatures, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, sometimes measure as much as four feet across the wings and have reddish brown fur and mole coloured wings. After their nocturnal depredations they fly away with the dawn to a tree in some isolated place and there rest during the day, hanging head downward from the boughs in the manner of bats, clutching the branch with their feet.

As the flying foxes gather in the tree selected there is a tremendous commotion, for each newcomer is vigorously driven off from one place after another until he eventually manages to secure a perch for himself. Those on the tree meanwhile keep up an incessant wrangling, each endeavouring to secure the highest and best place to rest on. Sometimes many hundreds of these destructive creatures may be seen hanging from the branches of a large tree.

When opportunity offers they are often shot, and some of the natives consider their flesh a delicacy, though it hardly appeals to Europeans.

PRIVATE FORNERI IN THE TRENCHES

THE following is a very interesting letter to Rev. Canon Forneri, of Kingston from his son Alwyn, who went with the First Contingent, in the Royal Montreal Regiment and is now in France:

March 7th, 1915.

"Have gone a few miles farther, and been in two other billets, one a warehouse and the other a factory; now we are comfortably settled in another barn for a few days.

"We have roughed it more or less since our departure from England. Our rest at the first billet was a treat; fresh milk from the cow downstairs; fresh eggs from the hens roosting on our feet, and fresh bread galore. In the village, a stone's throw away, cheap tobacco and cigarettes, hot coffee at cafes and stoves to cook anything you wished to bring in. There was also a cosy barber shop, where you sat on a kitchen chair and held a bowl of water under your chin, while the 12-year-old daughter rubbed in the soap and tickled you under the chin, then you moved to another chair

where an older daughter scraped your face, imagining all the time she was shaving you. When she had removed all the skin and a few of the hairs, you were directed to the kitchen sink where you removed the soap, then you met mother on the way out with her hand out for the change—one penny and a half.

"I was on guard at another village; had to stop everything and everybody to see their passes. It's no pleasant job as it irritates the occupants of motor cars, if they are in a hurry, and we get their abuse. I tell them not to blame me, blame the army.

"Our guard house consisted of a large piece of canvas hung on a balcony and fastened to the ground, straw to lie on, a couch, stove and lantern, which made things pretty comfortable.

"The second village we were in has since been destroyed by German artillery fire; they take a great delight in destruction, and to no purpose, apparently making more people homeless and miserable.

WANTS MORE SOCKS.

"If some more socks can be sent they will be very welcome, as they soon get wet and muddy and wear out; also some cheap candles; our billets are not lighted."

A LATER LETTER.

March 15th.

"Our first 48-hour shift in the trenches was rather strenuous. We were with regulars, who made it very pleasant and interesting, telling us of their experience in the early fighting which was desperate.

"We carried bricks and filled sand bags all day, and at night completed a piece of breastwork begun the night before, covering up the bricks and sand bags with earth, which we dug up in front of the trench. We were bothered very little by our 'sausage friends' only a few occasional shots when we made too much noise, and occasionally a few rounds from their machine gun

"Our billet was several miles away from the trenches, and after crossing muddy fields, slippery bridges, barbed wire and through sticky ditches with our load, bending double every time a star shell went up, by the time we reached our trench we were like rags. We never worked night and day both, except this 48 hours, and I think it will not occur again, as we will have our own trenches and own officers. It's rather hard to get into this shift business; work a few hours and then sleep a few. No doubt my nerves kept me from sleeping.

72 HOURS IN TRENCHES.

"Our next billet was a factory a few miles away, stayed there forty-eight hours, and then into the trenches for 72 hours. Here we did no work except the sentry duty, listening patrol, wood and water fatigue. This trench was not as comfortable as our former one. The sleeping accommodation was limited, so we took turns. At night you could distinctly hear the "square heads" singing and whistling and calling across to our chaps; there would be an exchange of compliments

Beautiful Walls For Your Home
Sanitary, Fire-Proof, Inexpensive



Make your home more attractive, and protect it from fire with these beautiful, sanitary "Metallic" Ceilings and Walls

They will out-last the building and are very inexpensive. They can be brightened from year to year with a little paint at a trifling cost. Made in innumerable beautiful designs suitable to all styles of rooms. Can be erected over old plaster as well as in new buildings. Write for catalogue.

We manufacture a complete line of Sheet Metal Building Materials.

THE METALLIC ROOFING CO., LIMITED
Manufacturers
King and Dufferin Sts., TORONTO 797 Notre Dame Ave., WINNIPEG

and then a volley followed by some wild laughs and more compliments. Our artillery commenced firing after breakfast. After a dozen shots Fritz wakens up and with his trench mortars throws across some souvenirs. Our trench was not shelled but farther along, where our trench took a curve, the shells exploded all around them. The last day it rained all day an uncomfortable drizzle, making our patrol ditch nice and sticky to lie in. My last shift out our bunch on the right got nervous and opening fire they kept the two of us flat in glue while the twigs were cut above us and an occasional thud in the bank made us think of our happy homes, and wonder why we left them. Most of the men get their wounds from sticking their heads over the parapet to shoot or have a look at our artillery shells as they burst. So far it has been very tame as we and the Germans opposite us have tried no stunts. Later on we may be in a battle or two; we don't know. In some places the line has advanced more than at other points,

and so it is a case of wait and watch at these points.

A SHRAPNEL RECEPTION.

We had a reception of shrapnel one day, but we were in the trenches and quite safe. Had four days and nights of this. It's no cinch going through the mud, ditches and trenches with a load on your back and having to duck every few hundred yards. Just at present, with no moon, you can imagine walking blindly, falling over wire, bricks, sand bags, telephone wires and barbed wire, a rifle on your shoulder and a load of grub on your back; you don't care a hang for the bullets, its the dreadful load that nearly breaks your heart as well as your back, and plays the mischief with your English.

"Our artillery has done some good work, knocking down a chimney used by snipers, also a tower used for wireless and observation. They knocked some of their trenches down and the infantry, by volley firing during the night, prevented them from repairing it."

Was Personally Attended by Dr. A. W. Chase

Before He Became Famous as the Author of Dr. Chase's Receipt Book.

Here is a letter from an aged gentleman who consulted Dr. Chase, long before his Receipt Book attained a world-wide circulation or his family medicines became known to the ends of the earth.



Like most people of advanced years his kidneys were the first organs to break down and when doctors failed to help him he remembered the physician who cured him of pleurisy in his younger days. Mr. O. D. Barnes, R.F.D. 1, Byron, Mich., writes:—"About fifty years ago, when living in Ann Arbor, Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous Receipt Book author, was called on to treat me for

pleurisy. Ever since that I have used and recommended Dr. Chase's Medicines, and have two of his Receipt Books in the house.

"Some time ago a cold settled in the kidneys, causing backache, frequent urination, dizziness, and affected the eyesight. My appetite failed and I could not sleep nights. Two doctors failed to do me any lasting good, so I started using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food. The results have been highly satisfactory to me. Appetite improved, I gained in weight, sleep and rest well, and feel strong and well. My kidneys resumed their natural functions, and I believe that my cure was due to Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food. I am 78 years old, superintend work on my farm, and can turn in and do some work myself."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN."