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At present we have the largest selection of Hosiery in the city, all purchased much under to-day's prices. For practical use our Hosiery is proving extremely popular. We offer:

WOMEN'S BLACK CASH HOSE—Plain and Ribbed.

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CHILD'S and MISSES' BLACK CASH HOSE—Plain and Ribbed.

MEN'S BLACK CASH HALF HOSE.

MEN'S COLOURED CASH HALF HOSE.

MARSHALL BROTHERS.

Thrilling Story of Opening of the Drive.

Night of Intense Shelling Before the Assault by Allied Troops—Flames of Fire Swept Hills—Tense Hours for British.

London, July 5.—Philip Gibbs, correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle with the British armies in the field, writing of the first day's attack on the German lines in the West says:

The full power of the British artillery was let loose at about 6 o'clock this morning. Nothing like it has ever been seen or heard upon the front before, and all preliminary bombardment, great as it was seemed insignificant to this. I do not know how many batteries are along this battle line or upon the section of the line which I could see, but the guns seemed crowded in vast numbers of every calibre, and the concentration of their fire was terrific in its intensity.

For a time I could see nothing through the low lying mist and the heavy smoke clouds which mingled with the mist, and I stood like a blind man, only listening. It was a wonderful thing which came to my ears. Shells were rushing through the air as though all the trains in the world were driving at express speed through wireless tunnels, in which they met each other with frightful collisions.

Some of these shells fired from batteries not far from where I stood, ripped the sky with a high tearing note. Other shells whistled with that strange, gobbling, sibilant cry which makes one turn cold. Through the mist and smoke there came sharp, loud, insistent knocks, as the separate batteries fired salvoes and great, clanging strokes as of iron rods banged.

The mist was shifting and dissolving. The tall tower of Albert Cathedral appeared suddenly through the

veil, and the sun shone a full few seconds on the golden Virgin and Babe which she held, head downward, above all this tumult, as a peace offering to men. The broken roofs of the town gleamed white, and two tall chimneys to the left stood black and sharp against the pale blue of the sky into which a dirty smoke drifted above the winter clouds.

I could see now as well as hear. I could see British shells falling upon the German lines by Thiepval and La Boisselle, and further, by Mametz and southward over Fricourt. Men, explosives were tossing up great volumes of black smoke and the earth all along the ridges. Sharpnel was pouring upon these places and leaving curly, white clouds, which clung to the ground. Below there was the flash of many batteries, like the Morse code signals by stabs of flame. The Germans were being blasted by a hurricane of fire.

Airmen join in the attack. Over my head came a flight of six aeroplanes led by a single monoplane, which steered steadily toward the Germans. The sky was deeply blue above them, and when the sun caught their wings they were as beautiful and delicate as butterflies and to drop explosives into masses of men behind the German lines. Further away a German plane was up and the anti-aircraft guns were searching for him with their shells, which dotted the sky with snowballs.

Every five minutes or so a single gun fired a round. It spoke with a voice I knew, the deep gruff voice of "Old Grandmother," one of the British 15-inchers, which carries a cathedral with one enormous burst. I could follow the journey of the shell by listening to its rush through space; seconds later there was a distant thud of its explosion.

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Troops were moving forward to the attack from behind the lines. It was nearly 7.30. All the officers about me kept glancing at their wrist watches. We did not speak much, but stared silently at the smoke and mist which floated and banked along the lines. These hidden were the men. They, too, would be looking at their wrist watches.

The minutes were passing very quickly, as men's lives pass when they look back upon the years. An officer near me turned away and there was a look of sharp pain in his eyes. We were only lookers on. The strong men, the splendid youth, that we had passed on the roads of France, were about to do this job. "Good luck go with them." Men were muttering such wishes in their hearts.

It was 7.30 o'clock. Our watches told us this but nothing else. The guns had lifted, and were firing behind the first line, but there was no sudden hush for the moment of the attack. The barrage by the British guns seemed as great as the first bombardment for ten minutes or so. Before this time a new sound had come into the general thunder of the artillery. It was like the rattle of French soixante-quatre, very rapid with distinct and separate strokes, but louder than the noise of the field guns. They were the trench mortars at work along the whole length of the line before me.

The moment for the attack had come. Clouds of smoke had been liberated to form a screen for the infantry and hid the whole line. The only men I could see were those in reserve winding along the road by some trees which led up to the attacking points. They had their backs turned as they marched very slowly and steadily forward.

The Charge of the Infantry.

At a minute after 7.30 o'clock there came through the rolling smokeclouds a rushing sound. It was the noise of rifle fire and machine guns. The men were out of their trenches and the attack had begun. The Germans were harassing the lines. The country,

chosen for the main attack to-day stretches from the Somme for some twenty miles northward. The French were to operate on the immediate right. It is a very different country from Flanders with its swamps and flats, and from the Loos battlefields with their dreary plain pimpled by slag heaps. It is a sweet and pleasant country with wooded hills and little valleys along the river beds of the Ancre and Somme and fertile meadows, and stretches of woodland where the soldiers and guns may get good cover.

It was difficult ground in front of us. The Germans were strong in their defences. In the clumps of woodland beside the ruined villages they hid many machine guns and trench mortars, and each ruined house in each village was part of a fortified stronghold. Difficult to capture by direct assault. It was here, however, and with good hopes of success, that the Allies attacked to-day, working westward across the Ancre and northward up from the Somme.

At the end of this day's fighting it is still too soon to give a clear narrative of the battle behind the veil of smoke which hides the men. There were many different actions taking place, and messages that came back at the peril of the men's lives and by great gallantry of the signallers and runners give but a glimpse of the progress.

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Potatoes—Selected . . . 13c. gall.
Wrinkled Green Peas . . . 8c. lb.
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100 half sacks
SELECTED POTATOES,
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gross and the hard fighting. I have seen wounded who have come out of battle and prisoners brought down in batches, but even they can give only confused accounts of the fighting. At first it is certain there was not much difficulty in taking the first line of trenches along the greater part of the country attacked. The bombardment had done great damage, and had smashed down wire and flattened German parapets.

When the British left their assembly trenches and swept forward, cheering, they encountered no great resistance from the German soldiers who had been in hiding in their dug-outs under the storm of shells. Many of these dug-outs were blown in and filled with dead, but out of others, which had not been felled by high explosives, crept dazed and deafened men, who held their hands up and bowed their heads. Some of them in one part of the line came out of their shelters as soon as the guns lifted and met the British soldiers half way with signs of surrender. They were collected and sent back under guard, while the attacking columns passed on to the second and third line in the network of trenches.

Varying Success of the Attack. But the fortunes of war vary in different places, as I know from the advance of troops, including the South Staffords, Manchester and Gordons. In crossing the first line of trench the South Staffords men had, comparatively an easy time, with hardly any casualties, gathering up the Germans, who surrendered easily. The German artillery fire did not touch them seriously, and both they and the Manchesters had very great luck. But the Gordons fared differently. These keen-fighting men rushed forward with great enthusiasm until they reached one end of the village of Mametz, and then quite suddenly they were faced by a rapid machine gun fire and storm of bombs. The Germans held the trench called Danzig Avenue and the ridge where Mametz stands and defended it with desperate courage. The Gordons flung themselves upon the position and had some difficulty in clearing it. At the end of the day Mametz remained in British hands.

It was those fortified villages which gave the men the greatest trouble for the German troops defended them with real courage and worked their machine guns from hiding emplacements with skill and determination. Montauban, to the northeast of Mametz, was captured early in the day, and the British also gained a strong point at Serre until the Germans made a somewhat heavy counter attack and succeeded in driving out some of the British troops.

Beaumont Hamel was not definitely in the hands of the attackers at the end of the day, but here again the British are fighting on both sides of it. The woods and village of Thiepval, which I had watched under terrific shell fire in the preliminary bombardments, was one point of the first attack of the troops swept from one end of the village to the other and out beyond to a new objective.

They were too quick to get on, it seems, for a considerable number of the Germans remained in the dug-outs, and when the British soldiers went past, they came out of their hiding places and became fighting force again. Further north the infantry attacked both sides of the Commeourt

salient with the greatest possible valor.

That is my latest knowledge writing at midnight on the first day of July, which leaves the British beyond the German front lines in many places and penetrating the country behind like arrowheads between strongholds.

The First Prisoners Brought in.

In the afternoon I saw the first batch of prisoners brought in in parties of 50 to 100. They came down guarded by men of the border regiments, through little French hamlets close behind the fighting lines, where peasants stood in their doorway, watching these first fruits of victory. Some were wounded and nerve-shaken in the great bombardment. Most of them belonged to the 109th and 110th Regiments of the Fourteenth Reserve Corps, and they seemed to be Prussians and Bavarians. On the whole, they were tall, strong fellows, and there were striking faces among them of men higher than peasant type and thoughtful, but they were very haggard and worn and dirty.

Over the barbed wire, which had been stretched across a farmyard in the shadow of the old French church, I spoke to some of them, one man especially, who considered all my questions with a kind of patient sadness. He told me most of his comrades and himself had been without food and water for several days, as our intense fire made it impossible to get supplies up the communication trenches. About the bombardment he raised his hands and eyes a moment full of the remembered horror and said:

"It was horrible. Most of the officers had remained in the second line, but others had been killed. He thought his own brother had been killed, and in Baden his mother and sisters would weep when they heard, but he was glad to be a prisoner out of the war at last, which would last much longer."

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TO-DAY'S Message

NOON.

A HARMLESS VISITOR

LONDON, July 10.—A German aeroplane appeared over the English Coast to-day, and driven off. It dropped no bombs.

STEADY BRITISH ADVANCE

LONDON, July 10.—The hostile artillery was positive to-day in the neighbourhood of the Somme, which from the morning fighting is a mass of ruined trees, debris, and shell holes all over the place. We again made steady advance an attempt to retrieve the losses of the past few days. The enemy this morning launched a series of attacks against our positions near Trones Wood. In the case of his previous failures yesterday both attacks broke off before our guns. On the new front there was nothing to report.

RUSSIANS PRESSING ON

LONDON, July 10.—A Reuter despatch from the front says the Russians are making a whole triangle comprising Riga, Manevitchi and Kolki. The capture of enemy positions northwards and southwards at Sarney of the railway permitted the capture of the centre, resulting in the capture of the station at Manevitchi, all between the Stry and Stochka. The infantry marched hard on the heels of the cavalry and are in firm possession of the Manevitchi road. Thus the enemy's attempt to turn the right flank of the Russian army which is true, but the salient has completely failed, the continuance of the Russian advance in the region of the railway between Kolki compels the Germans to further back from the Stry to Stochka. There is particular satisfaction over the capture of the west of Kolki, which has kept the arena of sanguinary fighting. It is stated that the Austrians are amounting to five or six divisions. The Austrians have been greatly helped by German reinforcements from Kovel and Rafalovka.

THE DEUTSCHLAND

BALTIMORE, Md., July 10.—The world's first submarine, the Deutschland, anchored here to-night, eluding the enemy's watching for her. She carried a cargo of 750 tons of chemicals and dyestuffs, and came from the Emperor to the Kaiser's home a cargo of chemicals, rubber, and other goods. The Deutschland is mounted in the conning tower with two small guns of about 4-inch calibre. No torpedo tubes are visible. She is capable of submerging in less than two minutes. On the surface she has a speed of from 2 to 3 knots an hour more than an average battleship. She was fitted out by the Germans from Bremerhaven to Hamburg. She could have docked to-night, but arrangements had been made for her to wait in the lower harbor. Her vessel as a merchantman, subject to no unusual restrictions, skipper, whose name is said to be Capt. Kairig, went up to the Cape Verde without waiting to meet the local customs and quarantine authorities of his presence.

ON THE BRITISH FRONT

LONDON, July 10.—Fighting between the Allies and the Somme continued last night, though with less violence than the preceding two days. The British Office announced to-day that progress has been made in the sector. A group of defensive positions has been captured.

AT VERDUN.

PARIS, July 10.—On the Verdun front, the British carried on bombardment of the German positions, Fleury and Damancy.

RUSSIAN PROGRESS

PETROGRAD, July 10.—Important gains were made by the Russians in Southern Galicia, the railway town of Delatyn, which was captured. On the lower Sankar the Austrians and Germans retiring in great disorder.

MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENT

LONDON, July 10.—Following the appointment of the week of David Lloyd-George as secretary for War the official