

TOMMY BEHIND THE LINES

An Appreciation by a Great French Author.

Monsieur Maurice Barres, the distinguished French author and Academician, has given a very happy appreciation of Tommy Atkins in Normandy in an article which he contributes to *Les Annales*. M. Barres is about to pay a visit to London.

The friendly invasion of Normandy by the British army is one of the most characteristic phenomena of the war. The Entente Cordiale flourishes. Here Tommy is king. From the moment one comes out of the station he is seen everywhere, in the streets, balancing himself on the footboards of the tram, shop-gazing or marching along looking neither to the right nor to the left, with his firm and not too hurried step. He is superb. The khaki uniform sets off to advantage his athletic figure, broad shoulders, and snowy legs. An expression of child-like heedlessness lies in his blue eyes and animates his countenance, resplendent with health. Tommy is the picture of health. He rejoices in life, while he is waiting to meet death.

Although mingled with the population who tender him smiling hospitality Tommy still retains his native physiognomy. He is not adaptable. He remains true to his ancestral traditions, and will not renounce them. Everywhere he goes, be it to the further outposts of Asia or merely across the English Channel to the Pas de Calais, physically and morally he remains himself—he plays his game of football, he drinks his whisky, and he considers five o'clock tea a national institution. There is a certain confectionery shop which is particularly favored by cheerful Tommy. Pretty waitresses crowd around, eager to serve him, and I imagine that many a little flirtation has come into existence waded on the perfume of the tea. Venus and Mars were always sympathetic.

In the well-appointed camp set up near the town Tommy finds good nourishment and good lodging. He rests himself there, he gathers additional strength, to expend lavishly when the hour of battle will have sounded. . . . And once by the Indian, solemn, amazed, mysterious, and melancholy, contemplates this Western warrior who, once upon a time his conqueror, now calls him comrade and shares his victory with him.

A Visit to The English Army.

From behind the fighting lines, the English Army is setting up and perfecting military organizations already celebrated for their comprehensiveness and their successful military which reigns in them. For one whole week from nine o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night I visited training schools, aviation centres, large hospitals, ambulance trains, motor ambulances, convalescent camps, automobile transport workshops, infantry and cavalry depots, hospitals for horses, and store depots of every kind. This formidable installation set up within a few months works in a marvellous manner, at least that is the opinion of all the French people I have consulted. For my part, all that I was able to see has enraptured me. At many times we stopped with some head of the Army who with his staff honored us by inviting us to his table. We were in the presence of generals who were not merely military men, but great administrators, trained in India, Egypt, and South Africa, accustomed to the preparing of campaigns, to complain neither of the expense nor of their own trouble in establishing bases for use during long military activities.

Their conversation helped us to understand the things we had seen. I admired their quiet confidence in the supreme power of Great Britain. Everywhere the reasoning was the same: "We English require time to understand things properly. We did not understand this war at first, but we have learnt now. We are slow to action, but we have started now, and today nothing can stop us."

We rose from the table, they resumed their work, which often takes them far into the night, and we continued our journey to visit still more camps, still more depots, still more wonderful organizations. I would that I were able to number them for you, to describe them to you, to tell you about the vast quantities of clothes, food-stuffs, arms and munitions that have accumulated and whose numbers increase each day. Had you only been able to accompany me, what a confidence in our ultimate victory would have been inspired in you by the sight of those stores, capable of supporting millions of soldiers!

What I Admired Most.

As far as I am able to speak the following details especially compelled my admiration:

To begin with, it is impossible to speak too highly of the sanitary service. The English were not forced to employ old material or obey out-of-date regulations; they have provided themselves with the necessary apparatus (both of men and things), as it has been called for by the war. All these problems which we have attacked painfully and painfully, which we have not attempted to solve as a whole, but merely by a series of experiments carried out in a more or less piecemeal manner, they have regulated by making one man, chief of the sanitary service, responsible, and with an untold lavish expenditure of money. The English did not desire barracks. For them the fighting man should live and be cared for under canvas. He breathes better and cleanliness is more readily observed. In some of the hospital camps I admired the magnificent tents. I was told that they had been used during the Coronation Durbar in India. In the winter they are heated with stoves.

I was astonished by their rest camps. Here come the men who need their woolly repose. As soon as they arrive they are disinfected, each man has a hot bath and his clothes are passed through hot air. The first stage of purification over. They are smartly clad in a white shirt with a soft collar and coquette's red tie, a blue coat with white revers and blue trousers. Then they are led to an earthly paradise, a paradise in a garden dotted with sleeping tents, mess tents, with flowers and seats. Tennis courts, and pedicures and dentists are at their disposal. A nd the food! And the gentle care!

"Our wish is," a general told me, "that when a man returns to the trenches he can say to his comrades, 'When you are wounded or just sick in hospital you are treated grandly.'"

A general makes an inspection and questions the officer in charge of the commissariat.

"What do the men say?" "They would like more vegetables and less meat."

"They complain that they always have the same jam."

And the general replied: "It must be seen to."

The English soldier agrees on enlistment to serve his country well, and, if necessary, to die well. But the Government undertakes to pay him, to nourish him, and to give him the maximum of liberty obtainable in a state of war. These agreements given freely, without compulsion, are carried out fully. And this brings us face to face with those who administer, the men who are responsible for this splendid work.

I have not the right to paint for you the portraits of the great authorities with whom I have been in contact. I can but take you with me into the quarters of one of the highest general, a man whose field of action is vast.

A small, bare room, a telephone, long rough deal tables on trestles covered with maps, in one corner a little stove, such as is used by the thousand in their tent hospitals. Our host speaks, gives us figures with confidence, seriously, in a voice showing no trace of pedantic professionalism, in the voice of a gentleman.

"I suppose you have a heaves of documents?" I asked him. He rose, went over to the little

stove, opened the door, and, with an expressive gesture, replied:—"In war time all documents go in there."

All through my visit I was struck by this admirable simplicity.

The thing that perhaps strikes an onlooker the most when among the English is the calm way in which each one, be he officer or soldier, performs his duty, in serene of spirit, without occupying himself with his neighbor's job, having no other care than to carry to success the task, little or big, which has been confided to him.

There reigns over all a calm optimism, needing no foolish of trumpets. Each man's soul is his own, and the machine consequently appears to work without any individual effort.

CAMPOBELLO

Campobello, Charlotte Co. Aug. 18.—The following articles were packed and shipped by the Ladies' Aid to the Red Cross Society, Welshpool, Campobello, on Monday, viz.: 100 yards old cotton. 36 yards hospital gauze. 16 handkerchiefs 15 x 15 inches. 100 mouth wipes. 17 pairs socks. 48 large slings. 3 suits pyjamas. 11 pairs bed socks. 2 bed jackets. 18 night shirts. 40 large-gauze dressings, also moccasins.

This completes the seventh shipment.

Since the outbreak of the war two years ago the ladies of this society aided very materially by the summer tourists have shipped to the Red Cross headquarters the following: 164 pairs socks. 141 night shirts. 82 bed jackets. 91 pairs bed socks. 71 abdominal bands. 404 large slings. 600 handkerchiefs. 100 large gauze dressings. 175 rolls bandages. 2,236 mouth wipes. 12 lung protectors. 15 pillow cases. 6 sheets. 1 scarf. 100 yards old cotton. 36 yards hospital gauze.

In addition to these shipments of goods these ladies have also sent the sum of \$300, direct to British Red Cross, (the proceeds of field day and tag day.) Also the sum of \$41 in answer to a direct appeal to British Red Cross, (the proceeds of a Halloween supper.) In answer to special calls for socks from the trenches they have sent: 1st call, 62 pairs; 2nd call, 40 pairs; also they have sent a miscellaneous lot of comforts for the trenches.

Much credit is due the society for their labor, also justly due the summer tourists for their aid.

HEALTHIEST ONE IN THE FAMILY

No Sign of Dropsy and Kidney Trouble Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES."



HATTIE WARREN

Port Robinson, Ont., July 28, 1915. "We have used 'Fruit-a-Tives' in our house for over three years and have always found them a good medicine. Our little girl, Hattie, was troubled with Kidney Disease. The Doctor said she was threatened with Dropsy. Her limbs and body were all swollen and we began to think she could not live. Finally, we decided to try 'Fruit-a-Tives.' She began to show improvement after we had given her a few tablets. In a short time, the swelling had all gone down and her flesh began to look more natural. Now she is the healthiest one in the family and has no signs of the old ailment. We can not say too much for 'Fruit-a-Tives,' and would never be without them."

WILLIAM WARREN, 50c. box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent post-paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-Tives Limited, Ottawa.

THE SOUTH BAY FAIR.

Trains will leave the city and will stop directly opposite the grounds of E. P. Baker, where the fair will be held today. Special trains will leave at three o'clock and 5:05 o'clock, and there will also be one at 6:10 o'clock. Incoming suburban trains will stop at the grounds. There will be carriages to carry people from the end of the trolley line to the grounds.

Return tickets by the railway train can be had from the committee in charge.

Hundreds of dollars' worth of groceries will be disposed of, and also about forty additional prizes worth over \$700.

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Tale of a German Dug Out

Spelling the Enemy Game.

A second lieutenant in a Yorkshire battalion, who before the war gave his days to office work and his leisure to outdoor sports and amusements, landed at Southampton with a shrapnel wound in his right thigh. He had a remarkable experience to tell of—

In some of the Boche regiments there's a good deal of snap left. But on the whole I think we've got 'em now. I don't fancy they'll ever get the upper hand again. In some parts, I know, the Boches played the game well. But where we were their front line was in a bit of a dip, and some how our artillery had missed it—missed their front wire anyhow. We were badly held up there. But, fortunately for us, there were a pretty cheap lot there. The twenty or thirty Boches we could see in that front line had their hands well up. We got through and sent them back to our own lines in charge of two of our chaps who'd been hit.

The big dug-out that I reckoned was their company headquarters—the one of which I had so often seen the breakfast smoke from our front line—I had six bombs checked down, saw them throw myself, and a devil of a row they made. You'd have said a trench rat couldn't have lived in the place after that. As we were making for their second line that confounded sharp nosed up my thigh, and killed my second sergeant and wounded two or three more. I wrigged back to that Boche front line, and crossed it into a shallow sap that had been pretty well patronized by our heavies.

Officers for Targets.

I was resting there when, if you'll believe me, I saw a Boche officer climbing cautiously up out of that big dug-out that we'd put the six bombs in. He was a captain. He had a bomb in one hand and a rifle and bayonet in the other, and he was peering first one way and then the other, like a burglar. "Oh, you beauty!" I thought. And just then he snuggled down against a gap in their parapet near the dug-out, and bedded his rifle comfortably for firing at our chaps in his second line.

You can bet I was glad that I had my rifle and plenty of ammunition. I believe in the good old service rifle—never did bother with revolvers and things. So I got a beautiful bead on this chap, and a second later he was where dead Boches so.

I charged my breech again, and so soon as I got my next target boys up—a lieutenant. I got him while he was looking at his captain, but the old gun kicked a bit, and I got him through the head. Nothing less than officers for targets, mind you. To cut it short two more lieutenants came up from that same dug-out, making in all three lieutenants and one captain, and I got 'em all.

The Frightened Private.

And then a private came up with

never a weapon of any sort in his hands and the fear of God in his white face. "Here," I shouted at him. And, do you know, he fell just the same as if I'd shot him. I tried hard to remember some German. I managed to clamber back to that trench and poke the Boche with the butt of my rifle till he found himself a little and stood up. I meant to see that blessed dug-out for myself. Perhaps they've got their blooming General Staff there, I thought.

I had to get the Boche's help, but couldn't think how to tell him in German what I wanted. Finally I made him understand. "Look here, Boshy," I said, "ich will echen dieser blooming dug-out. Got that?" Then I said, "Donnerwetter!" and grinned at him to show there was no ill-feeling, and he managed to make connection. I kept him in front, you may be sure, but if I'd been a blind beggar he wouldn't have had pluck enough to empty my tin can.

That dug-out was a bit knocked about, you know, by our six bombs—had a sort of rough house look about it. But right at the back of the lowest corner there was a sharp twist round to the right and a door with broken glass panels, taken from a farmhouse, by the look of it. Through that we went along a passage, turned to the left, down four steps, and into a regular bouidor.

Dug-out! Why, there was Turkey carpet on the floor and beautiful tapestry curtains to the bunks. Never saw anything like it. But the luxury of it! There were three cases of beer, very good stuff too. I had a bottle myself right away. There were about a hundred eggs, two cut-hams, pate de foie gras in little jars, sausages, several boxes of cigars, one case of champagne, a gramophone, and lashings of cakes and chocolates. There was an electric bell fixed a small typewriter, and in one of the bunks, I found a lot of ribbons and things from ladies' dresses and a pair of lady's gloves. It was a regular show, that place.

I took a despatch case and all the loose papers on the table and got the batman to help me back again to daylight. There wasn't a living soul to be found in the trench, so I got the bat-

man to take me pick-a-back and carry the despatch case while I stuck to my rifle. "Now then, Gustave Wilhelm Albrecht von Boche," I said to him, "we will assign as schnell as we can for our own lines, comrade!" He tumbled to it after a bit, especially when I donner-wettered him a bit, and really he made quite a good job of carrying me till we got close to the old sap we used to call "Himmel's," because of its high seat, on our own front.

And there he got a chance bullet through his left knee—rather a narrow shave for my own leg—and simply crumpled up like paper. He wasn't really meant for war, that batman, I'd rather a lot of trouble dragging him into our lines, my thigh being rather nasty just then. But I got him into cover at last, though by that time he had another bullet in his shoulder and was weeping. Then one of our own bearers got us, and it was all right, and so was the batman.

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TUESDAY AUGUST 29th.

Streets on which collections will be made to be published on Monday. Not necessary to notify Committee. Put your waste paper on the doorstep and the Red Cross will do the rest.



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