

MINOR ENTERPRISES

Battle Story From the West Front

By "Z."
Both of them—large hefty subalterns of Australian infantry—were as chirpy as the proverbial cricket; and twenty-four hours before they had been in the thick of it. The usual story—an unexpected rifle grenade, a large noise, an ambulance train, and at last, a cot in a Blighty hospital.

"It was good fun," said one of them. "Fighting. Not on your life. We don't call that fighting. It was simply a case of supporting their posts and scooping them in. We did one fairly big show, just our battalion took over three hundred prisoners, and a whole heap of machine guns and trench mortars. But for the most part we went out in small parties—never more than a platoon—and left our cards upon his strong points. You wouldn't have thought much of their strength by the time we had finished with them.

"He was holding the line in a sort of series of fortified shell-holes—eight or nine men with a machine gun and a granatenerwerfer. They were pretty near us, too. In places the Hun hadn't got his best troops here, and they were acting mainly on the defensive. After we had put two or three successful stuns across him, he'd come over in force and try to get his own back; but, bless you, he hadn't an earthly! Over would come his barrage as heavy as you like, but his snaps or his shooting must have been bad, for most of it fell on his own posts. He had one post with about 15 men on it just about eighty yards from my position, and one morning when his granatenerwerfer thought they were knocking me into the middle of next week. I and my men were standing up in our trench watching the fellows in his post being up in the air in sections. That didn't scare us much.

"As for his attacks in force, they were a sheer farce. He always came in heavy mass formation, but his men were wobbling and requiring assistance from the rear before they had gone fifty yards. Then we would turn our machine guns onto them, and down they'd go in their hundreds. It was altogether too mighty simple.

"About the most wonderful thing about that sector to my mind was the height of the cross in No Man's Land. Why, we could go out reconnoitering in broad daylight, and get quite close up to his lines too. If he'd done the same thing we should have had a stiffer time of it; but you can take it from me that his moral, thereabouts at any rate, has just gone. He's got no stomach for the one man attack. He'll come on while he's being driven from the rear, and while his pals are so close about him that he couldn't run away if he wanted to; but the German officer who sent out one or two of his men on a lone patrol would be just making a present of one or two Huns to the British. He'll come on, I was on that sector I never saw a Boche patrol out.

Minor Take Two
"On the other hand, we had patrols out all the time. We pestered that Boche till he didn't know where he was on his head or on his heels. We coiled his machine guns and his grenade throwers. We bashed up his strong points, and showed him just what fire on his carrying parties. If he shoved his head above the parapet we plugged him. Oh, believe me, he didn't think it was a very nice way."

"When I say I never saw a German alone in No Man's Land, I'm wrong. There was one. I heard a noise in the cross just inside our wire one day, and went out and looked a beefy Bavarian by the scruff of the neck. He wasn't looking for trouble—what he wanted to do was to give himself up. He told us all we wanted to know about our opposite numbers.

"The biggest joke of the lot was his frenzied effort to get wire around his trenches. Every time he put a yard up we shelled it into the air. You see, with the high crops observation was a very simple matter. But he had the wind up so sky high that he wasn't going to do without wire. He had enough of all this blood and some sort, so he rigged up a single

fence right on his own parapet. We didn't shell that—we thought we oughtn't to discourage him any further; but at night we used to stroll up to the fence and flip Mills bombs over into his trench.

"He didn't understand a bit of our methods of crawling out in the daytime and watching him at work. One day he spotted him starting a big job of camouflage on a road just behind his line. He was evidently preparing to assemble troops in some numbers and launch a really big attack on us. As soon as we spotted it we had observers out all day and every day, and got map positions and everything else nicely tapped out. Then when we saw that he had about finished the job we gave the tip to the gunners and Gerry's camouflage together with quite a nice little lot of heavy mortar shells went right west.

"The prisoners we took were all pretty well fed up. They seemed glad to be taken; but of course they were not Germany's best troops. Their clothes were good, and they had plenty of tobacco and bread, but otherwise, we gathered, their supplies were fairly infrequent and never very free. They all got nervous—but we didn't want prisoners to tell us that. When the enemy opposite you spends all night in throwing up flares and wasting his machine gun ammunition on nothing in particular, you can pretty well depend upon it that he's not feeling very secure.

Why, if a rabbit scurried or a sergeant rose out in No Man's Land he'd send over a couple of dozen rifle grenades, and let off enough fireworks to make a Melbourne gala night! I think it used to annoy him that we didn't send up any flares at all. That made him wonder what we were up to.

"There's one plain thing about it, and that is that in our sector of the line, at any rate, he's not going to do any good for himself. Our trenches are pretty near perfect, and his are just the opposite. Our communications are first class, and we can hold on there till the cows come home. And if he wants to make any really big attack he'll have to bring fresh troops in to do it.

"We had some fine Scotch boys with us, and those Germans sure did not love the Kilites much. One reason for that was that they tried to make an F head post that the Scots were holding. As soon as the barrage was lifted those Scots got out of the trench and as soon as the Huns were in it down they jumped on them and had them trussed up and on their way to the rear before they knew what had happened, and without a shot being fired. And the next morning the Kilites stuck up a notice board. 'Send us some more.' But the Jerries weren't having any more."

Rippling Rhymes

INTO GERMANY
I hope before this war is done, and we've suppressed the frightful Hun, our men will march on German soil, and sundry treasured landmarks spoil. The German people ought to know just how it feels to have a foe shoot up their houses and their kirk, and overturn the whole blamed works. They should be given half a chance to see what deeds were wrought in France, their cities made an aching void, their sawerkraut fortresses destroyed; they ought to see the bomb shells burst among their fields of wheat-wheat and see the flash of their machine-guns beneath their waving pretzel trees. I would not advocate their plan of dealing death to dame and man, or slaying babes and hanging priests; for allied soldiers are not beseiged; but I would see our men in line somewhere along the storied Rhine, and have them rake the country well, and show the Teutis that war is hell. Unless we bring it to their door, they'll soon forget the years of gore, and say it's what they were yearning for, when some mad ruler lusts for war. Oh, let the Teutons have enough of all this blood and carnage stuff.

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GEN. SIR HENRY HORNE. Commander of the 1st British Army which is now before the famous Drocourt-Queant switch line.

BUILT FAKE FRONTIER

GERMANS SUCCEEDED IN DECEIVING ESCAPED PRISONERS.

Men Are Lured Into Belief That They Have Reached Neutral Territory, Say Canadians Who Have Been In Humland—Other Examples Given of Cruel German Humor.

ACCORDING to some Canadian prisoners recently escaped from Humland via Holland, a fake frontier is the latest German contrivance for outwitting our men who seek to make their getaway from the horrors of life in Hun prison camps.

This barrier consists of a replica of the formidable barbed wire and electrically charged fence which has existed since the outbreak of war along a large part of the Holland-Germany border line. The new barrier, however, stands five miles back from the frontier, well into German territory. Fugitives, unwarned of this trap, would naturally suppose that once across the strands of spikes and highly charged wires, they were free, and, according to reports, more than a few who had successfully negotiated the dangers of breaking camp and traversing weary leagues through enemy country, have finally fallen victims at this fake boundary. Night is, of course, the usual time for attempting to cross the frontier, and the poor chaps who thus essayed it, throwing off all restraint once across, walked straight into the arms of the Hun sentries lying in wait for them.

Some returned officers who evidently escaped the fatal delusion of the fake fence, relate what they consider the one "humorous" episode in the "term of years" imprisonment, a long retrospect of German brutality and general meanness. It was the sole occasion, they say on which the "solid, materialistic, mechanical" minds of their captors evinced the slightest degree of being human. And at that, it was a very cruel sort of humor, of the cat and mouse variety, and thoroughly German in that sense.

Several of the imprisoned officers were contriving an escape. Under the floor of one of the sheds in the camp they were, secretly, they thought, digging a tunnel which in a day or two would take them out under the wire fence which straddled the camp. Excellent progress was being made, and the Hun did not appear to have the slightest knowledge of the scheme. One morning the Hun commandant suddenly announced that they were all to move camp. The officers were told to pack their belongings and get ready for a journey. A muster presently showed that the three candidates for freedom were absent. As a matter of fact they were toting in their tunnel, hoping to escape that night.

The commandant gave everyone to understand that he thought they had escaped, and had sent out the necessary orders to the authorities. Presently all the officers were put aboard a slow train to proceed to their destination. Then the commandant, with a grin and a nod, said to the three: "The officers were told to pack their belongings and get ready for a journey. A muster presently showed that the three candidates for freedom were absent. As a matter of fact they were toting in their tunnel, hoping to escape that night."

No Lacrosse Sticks.
There is one big difficulty in keeping lacrosse alive this year that is being overlooked by the supporters of the national game, but not by those who are behind the clubs. It is the absence of sticks. A journey around the various sporting goods stores in Canada reveals the fact that they are not a dozen rods sticks in all and little likelihood of securing any more. The factories in the east have stopped making them and instead are doing what work "Down in Joe" Lally's factory in Cornwall they are making boxes to transport munitions. Indians in and around Cornwall have made a few sticks for their own personal use, but that is all.

Anacleot Girard, and Mme. Girard were drowned when a motor car ran off a ferry as it was leaving the wharf at Three Rivers, Que.

HOW SHEP ARMOR IS MADE.

Plates Kept Red Hot for Fortnight to Strengthen Steel.
Take a British navy list, and read the description of one of our modern ships. The Iron Duke, for instance, which is one of our newest super-dreadnoughts.

Tonnage, 35,000; speed, 22.5; displacement, 37,000; armor-belt, 12 in.; P.D. 2 1/2 in.; guns 12 in., C.T., 12 in. This means that the main armor-belt on the outside of the hull consists of twelve inches of steel. This belt covers the whole of the vitals of the ship, and descends to some depth below the water-line.

P.D. signifies "protected deck." This is a kind of turtle-back covering the engines. It is 2 1/2 in. thick. It is not so thick as the rest, for it is so constructed that the enemy's shells will glance off the top.

The guns—the big 13 1/2 in. guns—are in turrets walled with 12 in. steel, while the C.T.—which is the conning tower, the brain of the ship—has a similar protection.

Armor is made of soft steel, the surface of which is hardened by a secret process, so that it resists penetration by shells. The same degree of hardness all through, it would crack like glass under the enormous impact of the projectile.

Another steel plate is then clamped on top of the first. Both plates are then covered with sand, and kept at a high temperature for a fortnight.

Another week is needed for cooling off, and then you have your armor-plates ready for machining.

When you first see Gen. Haig—or such is my experience—you think what a handsome man he is. When you next see him you feel what a strong man he is, in body and character. When you have seen him often and at close quarters, though you do not lose the first impression, you find his master attribute to be modesty, qualified but not camouflaged by the quiet manner of a modest student.

Capital and power than Gen. Haig. Scarcely for a moment has his health wavered, and he attributes much of his energy to the cavalryman's lot, in the saddle, and power than Gen. Haig. Scarcely for a moment has his health wavered, and he attributes much of his energy to the cavalryman's lot, in the saddle, and power than Gen. Haig. Scarcely for a moment has his health wavered, and he attributes much of his energy to the cavalryman's lot, in the saddle, and power than Gen. Haig.

There is a good story about Mr. Balfour, during his term as Irish Secretary, showing the seas of humor which went far to popularize him with the people of the island. One day a poor Irish peasant, had just come out with a violent attack on Balfour and an amusing cartoon of "A. J. B." Mr. Balfour had to attend a meeting at the Four Courts in Dublin, as witness, and as he stepped into his carriage, surrounded by a shouting crowd, a small newsboy, with the impudence of his kind, came forward with O'Brien's picture. "Buy a copy, sir," he said. "Only a penny, and a lovely picture of yourself as the Devil." "Right," said Mr. Balfour, and gave the boy a penny with a laugh, as the boy called down blessings on him, and the crowd burst into shouts of cheer.

We found Tom an exchange that an Englishman and a Scotchman who travelled together paid a visit to the Pyramids. The Englishman was lost in admiration, and the Scotchman shook his head sorrowfully. "Ah, mon," he said, with a sigh, "what a lot of mason work no to be brought in on any real!"

Italy has recognized the Boy Scout movement as a national institution.

Children's Day FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE REX.

Peggy Hyland, the well known English star, is seen at the Rex the first of this week in her first Fox picture "The Debt of Honor," a timely war story pulsating with interest and patriotism every moment of its five reels. The picture deals with the activities of German spies in America, and of the manner in which one loyal girl was instrumental in frustrating a plot against U.S. transport ships. Coaxing Chaplain "The Roustabout" and his playmates, is an added attraction, while Foy, Toy and company present a novelty performance in a Chinese Cafe, as up-to-date as the most modern vaudeville comedies. The feature episode of "The Bull's Eye," featuring Eddy Polo and Vicar Reed, completes the program.

Patrons of the Brant have always been accustomed to splendid holiday offerings and those who attended the theatre yesterday were not disappointed in Manager Moulton's Labor Day program. Echoes from Erin, a delightful picture offering with beautiful scenic effects, is a stellar vaudeville attraction presented by four people, its delightful musical numbers being enhanced by the charming stage setting. Charles plays opposite Mr. Ray in a highly satisfactory manner, and the supporting cast is of the usual Paramount strength. Roscoe, "Fatty Arbuckle," is seen in his latest production, a comedy labeled "Good Night Nurse."

Twelve Halifax Aldermen resigned on Saturday, and five more are said to have quit since the Ontario Council and labor joined hands in Guelph to make the day's celebration a big success.

Two hundred and twenty-nine babies were entered in the Baby Show in connection with the Labor Day celebration at Hamilton.

Arthur Parkes, 14 West Pictou street, Hamilton, was drowned in the bay at Burlington Beach while teaching his wife to float.

The fishing schooner Elsie Porter of Lunenburg, N.S., and Potentate of La Have, N.S., have been sunk by a German submarine.

REX Theatre

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
Peggy Hyland in "The Debt of Honor"
A Story of Thrills With War, Romance and Self Sacrifice
Charlie Chaplin in "The Roustabout"
Foy, Toy & Company Fun in a Chinese Cafe
10th Episode: "The Bull's Eye"
COMING THURSDAY
Earl Williams in "A Mother's Son"
Coming Sept. 8th, 10th, 11th
"THE BELGIUM"

BRANT Theatre

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
CHARLES RAY
A Nine O'Clock Town
A story full of pep and wholesome comedy
Echoes From Erin
Spectacular Singing Novelty
Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle
"Good Night Nurse"
A Big Laugh from Start to Finish
PATHE TOPICAL
COMING THURSDAY
Douglas Fairbanks in "Bound in Morocco"
A High-Geeed Romantic Comedy Drama

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From towns tucked in the mountains, to the busy river's mouth—
WRIGLEYS is there!
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After Every Meal

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