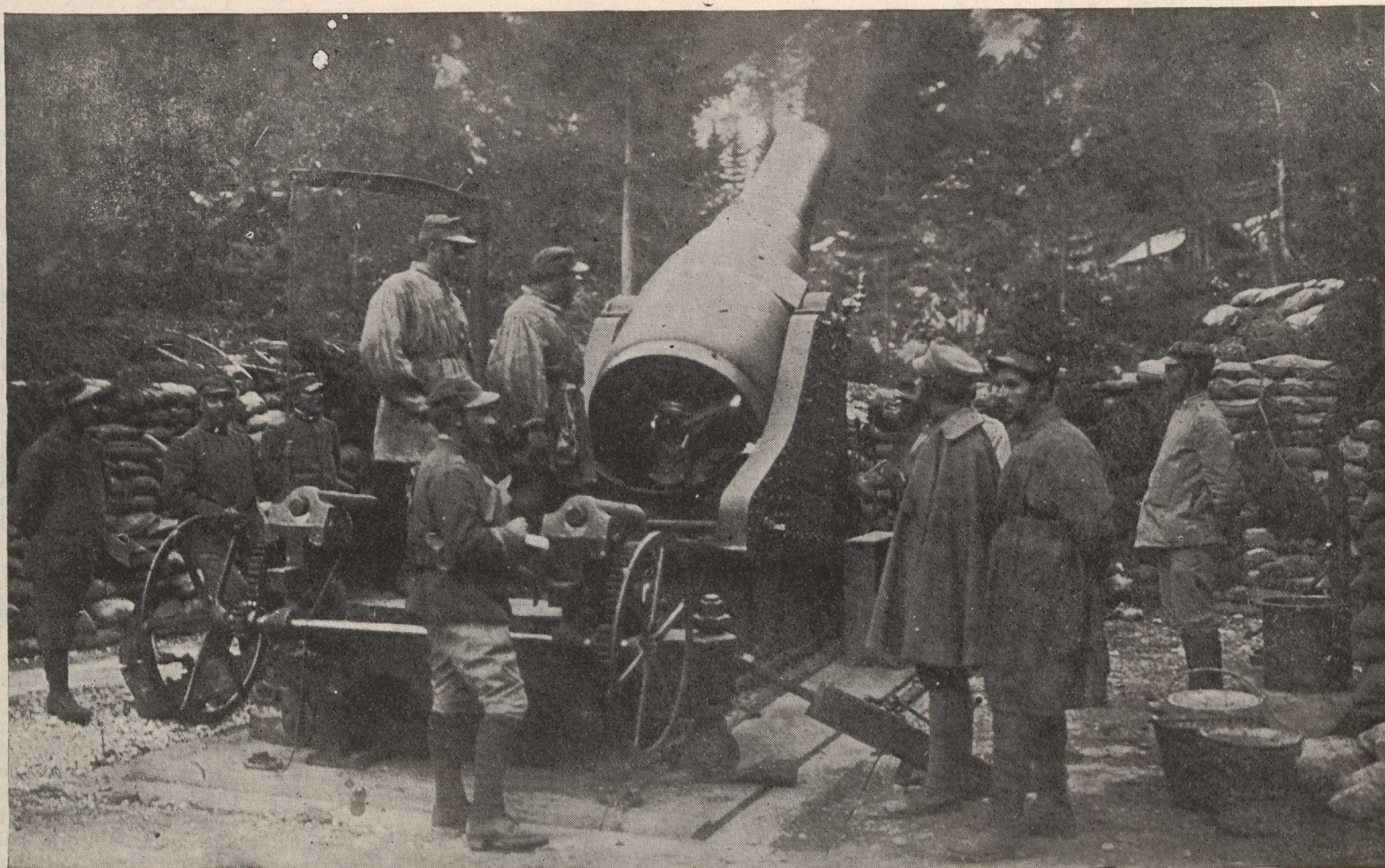


HELPED IN A HOT FIGHT



Big as this Italian gun may seem, the Austrians, in their recent drive, have been able to bring still greater calibres to bear and have compelled a temporary retirement on the part of our southern allies. This gun has nevertheless proved itself of the greatest all-round usefulness in the mountain struggles on this front. It is easier to move, and under certain conditions practically as effective a military weapon as the greater calibres which for the moment gave the Austrians a heavy margin of initiative strength. This particular piece was in action near Goritz. It contributed to our keeping the enemy back on March 26th, on the heights N. W. of Goritz; and the next day a counter-attack was made on this spot and the Italians took five hundred and two prisoners—of whom eleven were officers—two machine guns and other material. This photo is exclusively from an officer and the story is from the mouth of the officer in the battle of that date.

at me with a lot of sidling remarks addressed to the card-players—about me and the likes of me; predicting among other items that I'd be a backslider one of these days.

"Not if I have to slide into the company of the likes o' you," I retorted, unchristianly.

"Oh—oh! That's how, eh?"

He took a lurch in my direction, leaning on my overalls. I drew my leg away, never having been fond of too much familiarity. He leaned over and whispered in my left ear that I was a something-or-other—quite unmentionable.

"And if you don't like that," he said out loud, "there's plenty more I kin call you."

"Hold y'r gab, Tode!" admonished Hiram—with a grin.

But I didn't invite him to take any part in the controversy. Just then I was quite regardless of anybody else in the barn, or of the fact that I had been at the communion rail that morning. Young Tode didn't realize that I could forget things like that so easily. He didn't know much about some Christians.

But when I landed him a wallop on the right jaw that sent him over next to the old fanning-mill he began to realize that a hungry church-goer with his dander up is a very human sort of person.

"Ding-dang you!" I sputtered, as I got up. "Come on, now; I'll take that starch out o' your collar, you—"

The rest of the language was not indecent, not profane. It was just too long-winded to be set down in this reminiscence. By the time I was done talking we were fair into a real scrimmage. In close embrace we succeeded in breaking up the card game. The rest of the gang stood by to look on, and to cheer whichever side seemed to be getting the worst of it. They were fair enough. I knew they wouldn't let Tode chew my ear, and I was very certain I had no desire to chew his.

I didn't know just what else I did or didn't do—till finally I got that young sooner down on his back, sat on his middle, pinned both his hands together and said:

"Now you skunk! Have you got enough?"

His face was considerably the worse for wear already, and my own was so hot that I didn't know how it looked. He mumbled something about letting

him up.

"All right," I said. "But next time you come at me for a scrimmage, don't do it on quarterly meeting Sunday, or I'll—"

All which Hiram agreed was good philosophy, but if I wanted to become an accredited member of the saw-mill commonwealth, free to fight and swear and play cards without bothering over a conscience, I'd better quit taking part in quarterly meetings.

A Fabulous Canadian

SORDID but humorous was a passage indirectly interesting to Canadians in the course of a recent bigamy trial in London. The defendant, Ann Jane Wharam, 31, of Westmount, Linthwaite, was committed for trial on a charge of marrying Douglas Clark, a well-known Northern Union International, Cumberland County, and Huddersfield football player, now a lance-corporal in the Army Service Corps, her husband, Private Richard Henry Wharam, being alive. Clark said that he met the prisoner in August last, when she told him "she was a single woman, that her name was Jennie Wharam, and that her father was General Wharam, of Grosvenor House, Pine Creek Valley, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, the owner of the largest lumber camp in Canada and a general in the United States army." This will amuse Moose Jaw or anybody who knows Moose Jaw, the inference that Moose Jaw is in the United States and in a timbered country is quite worthy of the old school novelists who wrote about Canada from the security of Stokes Poges or Dorking.

Brazil Will Pay Her Debts

THE fact that Brazil in the fall of 1914 defaulted on the interest on the public debt had a good deal to do with bringing the decline in the value of the milreis to below 10 that year. It is also apparent that the improving financial conditions in the Republic are responsible in the main for the present upward disposition. President Braz, of Brazil, according to a Rio despatch, has assured a French banker that the country will meet her obligations in full.



THE UBIQUITOUS AUTOGRAPH HUNTER.

The souvenir-hunter is always with us. He has penetrated even to Macedonia. In this picture General Sarrail is the victim. The Commander of the French Forces in Macedonia is seen signing his name in the autograph album of a bold little Greek boy while at a military review in Salonika.