Weight—Warmth—Long Wearing

Here's the Underwear for out-door men—for those exposed to icy blasts day and night.

Here's the Underwear that protects against sudden chills—heavy ll out-doors, whether in town or he water

ANTIC

ERWEAR

asticity of honest Maritime ade.

substantial in weight and e Underwear is just about life. Look for the Atlantic e of satisfaction in comfort

LIMITED, MONCTON, N. B.

Poor Spain is Deluged With German Propaganda And Fed Upon Deception

With Refugees, German Population Now 80,000, Each an Active Unit in Campaign --Masses Duped Into Thinking Germany Successful and England All to Blame -Better Class is in Doubt.

(By LORD NORTHCLIFFE.)
(London Times Special Cable to The Telegraph.)

Pamplona, Spain, Sept. 21—Forty-six years ago Germany was at war with France over the question of the Spanish marriages and the Hohenzollern candidate, the initial cause of the Franco-Prussian conflict of 1870. Since that time the Germans have never ceased to agitate for the political and commercial control of Spain.

During the last two years, despite the war, they have managed by a stroke of good fortune, which at first sight looked like ill-luck, greatly to increase their numerical strength throughout the peninsula.

In the last days of July, 1914, many Germans fled from France into Spain. Their number was speedily increased by the arrival at various Spanish ports of traveling Germans, who remained there rather than face the Anglo-French blockade. When Portugal declared war there was another incursion of German refugees. To their number has since been added the German soldiers and civilians from Cameroon.

It is said that altogether, including the large number of resident business Germans, there are now something like 80,000 Huns in Spain. The total is variously estimated at from 60,000 to 100,000, but a Barcelona man of affairs, who visits all parts of Spain continually, considers that, including the 20,000 residents of his own city, the number is approximately 80,000. That these 80,000 Germans are not idle is borne in upon one within a very few hours of crossing the Spanish frontier.

Spanish Opinion.

Let me first ask readers who have not recently visited northern and western Spain to remove from their thoughts all ideas gathered from Borrow or Ford. "Backward Spain," so far as the northern provinces are concerned, is the land, not of gipsy, beggar and brigand, but of Spanish, British, German enterprise, of highly developed water power, countless new light railways, automobiles, factories, workshops of all descriptions, and of hotels with bedrooms and bathrooms en suite.

Things are nowhere in the world as before the war. Thus, it is an unpleasant surprise on going to a Spanish bank to find that our good British sovereign, which, we were proud to think, was the standard coin of the world, is at an uncomplimentary discount in a land where one formerly received a handsome bonus in exchange. It is unpleasant, too, on opening countless Spanish newspapers to find that a belief in German victory and in German invincibility is apparently a conviction in most parts of Spain. It is disappointing to be received by old Spanish friends, friends who have visited England, who know our country, with an air of doubt as to our capacity to make war. It is particularly disagreeable to notice the favorable and agreeable manner in which the Hun is received in Spanish society. And it is not flattering to the Allies to find that he has the support of a great part of the aristocracy, of practically the whole of the church, with, in addition, a large body of middle-class Spain.

I would not for a minute disregard the strong pro-Ally views of many Spaniards, some in important positions. We owe them a debt of some magnitude. Many are laboring assiduously to convince their countrymen of the justice of our cause; but they are face to face with the hourly wireless propaganda from the Nauen station, Berlin, and the Austrian wireless from Pola. They have to encounter all manner of cross currents beneath the sea of Spanish opinion, and these cross-currents have been forced by the Germans till in many cases they have become veritable tides of pro-Germanism.

It would be preposterous for a casual visitor to Spain, such as is the present writer, with but some half-dozen holiday tours in that country as a previous experience, to offer himself as an authority on a very complex subject. Yet he can, at least, record that which he hears from former Spanish acquaintances, from English and other residents, together with that which he reads, that which he sees.

I came here to Pamplona because it is a convenient German centre and because it is a pleasant place in a fair country. The days of early autumn in northern Spain are crisp, yet warm, like the minosa time in spring at Cannes. The Indian corn is now ripe; jasmine in great festoons and garlands, as we never see it in England, is everywhere, mixing its fragrance with that of the magnolia. The little, low-growing, purple wine grapes in this, the famous Rioja district, are sweet enough to steal.

When one surveys these rich valleys, in which everything, including olives, bright red capsicums, vines, peaches, beets, tomatoes, all seem to luxuriate together in wild profusion, it is not difficult to understand why the men from the sandy plains of Prussia are covetous. There are other reasons of which I shall speak. A glance at the map of Europe should be sufficiently suggestive of Bismarck's anxieties about the Iberian peninsula.

A Typical Scene.

At the Cafe Kutz, at Pamplona, which, despite our blockade, bravely but falsely advertises Spatenbrau-Munchen on its wide white awing, may be found after mittagessen many of the types of the German elements that are unceasingly working against us—and against Spain. One soon learns from their loud talk that the Germans in Spain have constituted themselves into a well-drilled army, obviously acting on definite instructions.

Just one typical scene. The Huns who were eating at one of the leading hotels today and who had to bear our English-speaking as best they could, were probably mostly soldiers and civilians back from Cameroon. Their leader was a young Prussian of thirty, whose neck and head were of about the same diameter. He had little Oriental eyes, stiff wooden movements, a gash down the side of the face, received at a Monsur in student days, and hair cropped as closely as a poodle's.

Pamplona is a great clerical center. A number of young priests were lunching, and heartily let me say. As each left the room the young Boche rose and bent himself in half, in German fashion, with a tremendous bow, to the evident pleasure of the priests. The thing was exactly like the official railway courtesy ordered by telegram from Berlin to any more or less known traveler, and with which the German army in Spain is working. With the church on their side, the battle is half won. Later on the same young Boche was one of a large company of noisy, hat-lifting Germans at the Kutz establishment, and it was amusing to notice that as a flock of the black-robed fathers strolled by in an unmasculine costume (which is certainly not suited to Spanish heat and dust) the Huns cast amused and contemptuous glances behind their backs and made slighting remarks about them.

From a Spanish acquaintance, who is not a little concerned at the growing intensity of German activity in Spain, I learned a good deal of the habits and customs of the propagandists, for such every one of them is.

Germany long ago impressed Spain with the prestige of her arms and her trade. On the Norte Railway the finest locomotives bear the name of their German place of origin, in legible letters, that can be read by passengers on both of station platforms. At one time Spanish locomotives came from England. In the home, or the hotel, there is nearly always a German piano, a German bath, and you switch on a German electric lamp to see the time by a German clock. The chemists' shops are full of German drugs and preparations.

A vast, new, many-windowed, oblong, ugly, industrial building looms up before you at the corner of a road, and you find that it is a sugar factory erected by Germans since the war.

The average Spaniard, who is more of a caballero than a man of business, is naturally impressed by years of German commercial surroundings. Many Spanish business men are frankly afraid of Germans.

The khaki-clad officers and men of the Spanish army—especially the younger officers—looking uncommonly like our Belgian Allies except for the shape of their caps, are, I was assured by Spanish officers, convinced that Germany must win.

The Invaders.

From the moment of the outbreak of war every refugee as he arrived was immediately set to work to learn Spanish. Many of them had fled into Spain so hurriedly that they were without funds, and these were provided by the local German consuls. But the invaders were not long idle. The majority obtained work in the innumerable establishments of their compatriots, some in Barcelona, some at Seville, some in the iron districts, others in the countless industries in Spain into which the German vampire has dug its claws. A few, it is believed, have availed themselves of their knowledge of Spanish to escape, as Spaniards, to South America, to Holland and to Scandinavia. For the purpose of such adventurous journeys they buy up old passports or make use of others manufactured for the special purpose.

But as a rule the Germans in Spain show no great anxiety to get back to the land of the meatless day and the bread ticket. They look prosperous and well fed, and they are unquestionably helping to get Spain into the German clutch. They realize that if to a victorious Germany Spain is very useful to a defeated Germany Spain is almost essential.

In the likely event of the development of overland transport by aeroplane, the coasts and harbors of friendly Spain would be invaluable to Germany. The mineral wealth of the peninsula, only now being scientifically developed, would afford her several sorts of raw material, of which Germany has little or none. And, as an outlet for German goods, as the main point of departure for the wealthy republic of South America, as a bulwark against English control of Gibraltar, Spain is, from the German point of view, distinctly Germany's "pidgin."

A well-drilled battalion of German residents and refugees in Spain know exactly how to confuse public opinion in any locality. In the north of Spain, where the French have never been popular since the Napoleonic invasion, they alarm the ignorant by threats that an allied victory might mean a revival of the days of a hundred years ago. In the west they state that, as a reward for Portugal's "treachery" in joining the Allies, she is to be given two of the richest Spanish provinces.

Press Methods.

Lately Spain became anxious on this point, coupled as it was with the statement that the Portuguese army was mobilized against Spain. The Portuguese government wisely asked Spain to send a military mission to inspect the situation. There was not, of course, a word of truth in the statement, which was industriously promulgated by one of the most widely circulated Madrid newspapers, the A B C which, under a cunning pretense of neutrality, is, as I can easily prove by its files, subtly and continually pro-German. The Portuguese government has had the wisdom to cut off the Portuguese circulation of the A B C. One illustration from the A B C will suffice. It may be found on page 8 of the first edition of September 3 at the beginning of an article headed, "The Military Situation." I translate it roughly:

The great Franco-English offensive may be regarded as broken. The results obtained, after two months' fighting, are virtually nil, and it must be admitted, besides, that most of the little that has been won is due to the effort of the French troops; whereby it is demonstrated that armies cannot be improvised.

The operations on the Somme have hardly influenced the position at Verdun; since, if it is certain that for some time past the Germans have not been attacking, they retain the positions conquered, and the repeated efforts of the French against Thiaumont and Fleury have not changed the situation. To all appearances, it does not seem that, for the present, events of importance are in preparation on the western front.

On the Isonzo the Italians remain unable to go beyond Gorizia; if it costs them as much to get out as it did to get in they will have to wait still many a month.

The article proceeds to deal in the same style with the Russian and Roumanian operations, and concludes by comparing the position of Greece with that of Spain in 1808.

Not content with this essay in perversion, the A B C had the impudence to publish on page 20 of the same issue an editorial note entitled Our Neutrality, calling upon its readers to bear witness to its entire impartiality whenever they hear it called in question.

In the south "Gibraltar for the Spaniards" remains the most successful German cry, appealing as it does to Spanish pride and sentiment. The Moroccan question and the Moroccans themselves are never let alone by Germany. The suggestion is continually put forward, too, that Germany stands for monarchy, order and religion; whereas England is the home of free speech and industrial unrest, and France the centre of anarchy.

Next to our own island, Spain is the chief mother country of the world. Here and there the Spaniards exhibit maps showing to what parts of the earth Spanish stock has carried the Spanish language. With the language has gone a certain amount of sympathy for Spain. The Germans know that, with Spain as a point d'appui, and the backing of Spanish opinion, and, above all, with that of the church, their cause is likely to be better appreciated in the New World than if mother Spain were hostile. From Spain ,therefore, proceeds to South America a great deal of German propaganda in the Spanish language.

Although many war fortunes are being made in Spain—for she is supplying iron to England, railway trucks and war material of other descriptions to France—some discomfort has been caused by the war. One of the most unpopular topics in Spain is the high price of bread. Another is the cost of coal, which in some places stands at £8 a ton. These circumstances are used by the German agents to stir up feeling against England for her wickedness in launching the world into war.

Further Examples.

The chief methods of propaganda, then, seem to be a daily stream of wireless communiques from Berlin and Austria, discrediting the Allies; continuous activity on the part of the church and the Carlists; the influence of the German "colony," with steady work on the part of the university professors and schoolmasters on behalf of the Central Powers, the chief channel being, of course, the press. There are notable exceptions, such as the Imparcial, El Liberal Heraldo and others engaged in sustained effort to put the truth about the war before the Spanish public. These efforts have, especially of late, had a considerable amount of success, and have aroused German hostility, as will no doubt this and another article of mine. A small, but, it is to be hoped, a growing part of Spanish opinion is disgusted with German cruelties, and more especially with the wholesale enslavement of Belgian and French women in the invaded provinces. There has been talk in the English newspapers of a remonstrance by the Spanish government in this matter, but in the absence of much stronger pro-Ally propaganda and much firmer British diplomacy, it would be surprising were anything really important to result.

Let me give a few instances as showing the methods of presenting news to the Spanish public by certain journals. In all the neutral countries German press agents represent England as cowering under the Zeppelin terror. Today, in one newspaper, I read of a great Zeppelin raid on London, and of orders by the metropolitan police that not a single ray of light was to be emitted at night, either out of doors or indoors. This news was prominently given—but not a word was said in the journal about one of the raiding Zeppelins having been destroyed.

In one of our headquarters' communiques the other day it was stated that we brought down a certain number of enemy aeroplanes. The communique was so put as to give the impression that we had lost the aeroplanes, and the heading was, The British Communique. Ten Aeroplanes Lost.

A Poison and the Cure.

This sort of thing, carried on day after day and week after week by innumerable journals among a people who have had German efficiency drilled into them for years, is a sort of poison that will only be removed by some great military success on our part. Verdun has done as much as anything to cure a certain part of Spanish public opinion of the "German invincibility" theory. (It is interesting, by the way, to note here, in Pamplona, a German centre, little books for sale, with the head of the Kaiser so drawn as to look like a skull on a background of blood, entitled simply Verdun.) Former Spanish acquaintances of pro-German views admitted to me that Verdun was puzzling to them

As elsewhere, the view is industriously spread by Germany that England is the sole and only cause of the war, and that the unfortunate French are only too anxious to make peace. England, the might of whose army is absolutely unknown to the average Spaniard, is represented as sacrificing France, as she is alleged to have sacrificed Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro. If ,runs the argument, Spain were so mad as to join the Allies, her fate would be that of France and the rest; and if she were even to exhibit friendly neutrality civil war would result. The leading Carlist papers have recently headed their articles "Neutrality or Civil War!"

President Wilson, who, like most Americans, is not liked in Spain, by reason of the loss of Cuba, and whose Mexican policy is not pleasing to a country that has millions invested in that distraught El Dorado, is quite a hero of the Germanophiles. When the pro-Ally Spaniards ask the pro-Germans when they are going to protest against German horrors, the pro-German reply is that the atrocities are malicious inventions of John Bull. If they were true, the good President Wilson would interfere in the matter.

Another line taken by German propagandists, chiefly among the aristocratic classes, is that Spain should keep herself strictly impartial, so that, if necessary, King Alfonso and his cabinet may perhaps be invited by Great Britain to arbitrate when we sue for peace with Germany. That we shall eventually invite the Spanish court to save our face seems to be accepted by all except the inner circle, who know some of the facts.

One of these facts is that the Germans lately induced a well-known Spanish nobleman to go to London to fly a peace kite and that, on his arrival, those to whom he was accredited wisely took not the least notice of him. The Germans now assert that the unfortunate Spaniard went to London on his own account.

From much that I have heard in the course of my inquiries, the Spanish court would be the very worst arbiter between the Allies and the Central Powers. Whatever may be King Alfonso's own knowledge, the views of the average court official are something like these:

"English officers are gallant fellows, excellent polo players, good sportsmen in general, but amateurs. The English 'Tommies' are few in number,brave, but foolhardy. The 'bloody repulses' so often mentioned in the German communique are due to the fact that an army cannot be raised in a few years. France has called up all her men from seventeen years of age to forty-eight. England can do nothing on land of any service. Therefore, Germany is bound to win, and even if she does not win, cannot possibly lose."

I am informed that a Spanish military mission has been sent to British military headquarters. It is to be trusted that it will have come back with opinions that may somewhat change this court point of view, though I am doubtful of the lasting effect of anything short of a smashing and palpable military defeat of Germany—one that cannot be disproved by wireless.

Former Spanish acquaintances regard me as something of a hero in venturing across the German submarine-controlled Channel at this juncture. Others doubt that I really propose to go back to live and work in Zeppelin-infested London. One hears all sorts of stupid nonsense from people who ought to know better, such as the statement that Princess Henry of Battenberg, mother of the Queen of Spain, has come to Spain for safety from Zeppelins. These views would be merely annoying, were it not that they have a bearing on Spanish opinion during the war and on the theory of German invincibility

The Losing Side.

A good deal of travel among neutrals lately has borne in upon me the fact that no one wants to be on the losing side. It is obviously with this view in mind that Germany keeps her 80,000 agents in Spain perpetually at work, hiding allied successes, minimizing the importance of such events as the intervention of Roumania—which shook a small section of Spanish opinion for a day or two—and belittling the British effort. A shrewd Englishman of business in Spain—and we have many such—assured me that he believed the present melancholy state of our good English pound sterling was due not only to the balance of trade against us, but to the doubt as to our capacity to stand up against Germany. Former Spanish admirers who have been impressed by the German propaganda are politely silent when some idea is given them of the determination of Great Britain and her allies to crush the vampire.

Pro-Ally Spaniards say that immeasurable harm was done in the long months during which the British army issued no daily communique whatever. The impression was then almost indelibly confirmed that we had no army. Yet during all that time we had taken our part in the battles of the Marne, the Aisne and Ypres.

There are quick minds at the other end of the German wireless and they watch our proceedings very closely. They flood Spain with downright lies, minimizing statements and contradictions with a celerity which is almost amazing. I have been so struck again and again by the quickness with which neutrals learn from Germany what is going on that I recently asked Commendatore Marconi if it were possible that the Germans had a secret wireless in our midst. He replied that it would be quite possible for them to have wireless apparatus, that it would be very difficult to detect, and that he himself would be able to erect a wireless in England that our authorities would have great trouble in discovering. But it is almost certain that what we are, in reality, face to face with is great alertness and intelligence on the part of the German Press Bureau.

The Germans in Spain have wealthy people among them who have seen to it that the various German communities and individuals are closely linked up. The newcomers are gathering every sort of information about Spanish industries and the possibilities of development in Spain. Need I point out that, with a population of less than twenty millions, 80,000 active propagandists and workers constitute a formidable body?

The number may be 80,000, it may be slightly more or less, but the Hun seems to be everywhere. Almost the first words I heard in Spain were German. Seven out of ten of the numerous provincial journals are, more or less, Germanophile.

In a motor journey of some 1,300 kilometers I encountered German pedestrian and motor parties all bound on the same purposeful work. Their task is the easier because the general Spanish public is not vastly interested in the war. In Spain it is not the vital question that it is in England, in France or even Switzerland. In the newspapers our great crusade often takes quite a minor position, and in the majority there is more about the bullfight or the latest crime than about the greatest event in the world's history.

THE INVENTOR OF THE "TANK"

Col. Swinton, of the British army, to whose inventive skill is due the latest British device for overcoming Hun "Kultur"—the "Tank" or land dreadnought. Col Swinton made a name at the beginning of the war as the official British "Eye-Witness."

METHODISTS RAISE $661,000 FOR HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS

Toronto, Oct. 10—The Methodist mission board opened its session today in the Wesely building. Fifty members assembled, representing 1,125,000 Methodists of Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda. The financial statement for the past year showed that the Methodists of Canada have this year raised the largest sum in their history for missionary purposes. The total income last year shows an increase of $15,000 making a total of over $661,000 raised durnig the past year, wtih a surplus of $80,000 of income over expenditure. The sum of $200,000 of income was spent on foreign work abroad, $100,000 was spent on foreign work at home, and the balance on home mission fields in Canada. The assets of the missionary society total $1,808,000.

WARNING TO GERMANY.

London, Oct. 7—According to the Daily Express the British government through the American embassy, has made representations to Germany on behalf of two captured British aviators who are to be tried by court martial because "tracer bullets" were found in their possession. Tracer bullets are used by all belligerents as machine gun ammunition for the purpose of correcting the gunner's aim and do not contravene The Hague convention.

After saying that Great Britain told Germany that tracer bullets were found on board the Zeppelin whose crew surrendered recently in England, the Express adds: "It is hoped that the government made it clear to Germany that the crew of this Zeppelin will be treated in precisely the same manner as our airmen."

TEN MINUTE COLD CURE RELIEVES ALMOST INSTANTLY

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing pine essences in Catarrhozone. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhozone is a permanent cure for Bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—not a temporary relief,—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhozone" today, and beware of substitutes. The dollar outfit is guaranteed and small size 50c.; trial size 25c. at all dealers.

"BAYONETS RAN RED IN SUNSET OF THAT WILD SEPTEMBER DAY"

Sergt.-Major J. W. Corey, of 26th Battalion, Tells of Being Twice Wounded in Courcelette Inferno

Advance Under Shell Fire Most Trying But Men Pressed Forward to Close Grips with Enemy—G. O. C. on Somme Front Credits Second Canadian Division with Doing More on One Day Than Any Other Division.

Dante's Inferno was no more real than that through which passed the boys of the 26th Battalion in the battle of Courcelette. A paragraph from a soldier's letter who now lies wounded in a British hospital, reads: "At last we got within three hundred yards of our objective—the town. Then the enemy opened fire with machine guns and rifles. Our men fell fast but we soon reached the first German trench and then our bayonets ran red in the sunset of that wild September day—for there were many dead comrades to be avenged. We had just left this trench when zing! a nasty, stinging bullet pierced my right leg. I still tried to go on but only got a few yards when, a second bullet crashed high up through my left leg and I fell headlong into a shell hole—bleeding badly. I soon became very weak from pain and loss of blood and would have counted no price too great for just one little drink of water. Later I lapsed into unconsciousness but revived with the falling of darkness and dragged myself under cover, from the German fire. I think I crawled about five hundred yards.

"With the coming of daylight I became delirious and wandered around feeling the clammy faces of the dead, seeking to find the Red Cross men to bind up my wounds. I believe there were thousands of dead British and Germans at this spot—trenches and shell holes full of them."

Sergt-Major Corey's Story.

This description is not a wild flight of imagination but the actual experience of a soldier in the greatest carnage history records since Senacarlbs' army.

The writer Sergt.-Major J. Wallace Corey of the 26th Battalion and a former resident of Canaan, Queens county, tells in part o fhis experiences in the wild charge.

Continuing the narrative he says: "So it went on like this until the stretcher bearers found me. They had a very heavy curtain of German shell fire to carry me through at one point, so to make a long story short I got it again in the back.

"I was transferred by stages to Boulogne and then across to England.

The above extracts are taken from a letter which Sergt.-Major Corey wrote recently to a friend in St John, while he was lying in hospital. He says: "Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting on. Did you get the card I sent from France? I am at a big war hospital at Epsom about twenty miles from London. You will have to forgive the bad writing as I am lying on the flat of my back with three bullet wounds in my legs and body.

"I was wounded on September 15, in the Somme district in the great battle of Courcelette—a day that will surely live in the history of Canada. I lay wounded on the battlefield for three days and nights and was eventually carried in by some French Red Cross men.

Marching Under Shell Fire.

Speaking of the moves made preliminary to the desperate charge which is above described, he says: "To begin with on the afternoon of the afteenth the 26th along with the rest of the Fifth Canadian Infantry Brigade was ordered to move to the attack of the town of Courcelette. We advanced in four lines of companies at one pace interval. We had to go a mile under the German artillery fire. A shell would strike in our ranks and a dozen poor chaps would lay groaning but we could give them no aid as it was against orders to fall out to help the wounded.

"So this is my story," he says in closing. "But I have done my bit—over a year in the firing line—but," and his indominitable spirit again rises through the torn flesh and bullet punctured body, he adds, "I hope to be out of the hospital by Christmas and back with my regiment again. I hope you will write me often as it is very tiresome lying in bed so helpless. I cannot move my legs at all. Please send me some copies of The Telegraph occasionally. It would help to cheer me up."

SGT.-MAJOR J. WALLACE COREY of the 26th Battalion, wounded in the battle of Courcelette and who describes in thrilling language the great fight.

Division Wins Laurels.

That the second Canadian division did more in one day's attack at Courcelette than any other division accomplished on the Somme front since the first of July, is a statement credited to the general officer commanding on that front by a Nova Scotian officer who granted an English journalist an interview in London as follows:

"Nova Scotia has done the biggest thing that has been attempted by Canadians yet," declared an officer from the Maritime Provinces today, 'for it was a Nova Scotian battalion which took Courcelette.' To support his statement this officer from Halifax sketched the events which led up to and occurred in this coup. 'We marched down to the Somme quite recently and were bivouacked around Albert until the 14th September; then we were moved up to a point about a quarter of a mile from Pozieres. The second division in which we are, was given a certain frontage to attack on the morning of the 15th September. Two brigades, which included Ontario and western battalions, attained their objective without a hitch and dug themselves in. One of the principal items in that objective was the capture of a sugar refinery which was taken quite nicely by an Eastern Ontario battalion, and in this they had the assistance of one of the 'tanks,' which did great work as far as that bit of work was concerned. When it was seen that so little opposition had been encountered, it was decided that the whole line should go further, and our men were just eager to do so. Our brigade was ordered to pass beyond the two brigades which had taken the factory.

"In advancing we had French-Canadians on our right and New Brunswick troops coming behind to do what is known as 'mopping-up,' that is, to take prisoners and clean out up the dugouts. There was a Montreal battalion in reserve. A barrage by our artillery was perfectly well-timed. We left our old trenches at 5.15 in the afternoon, moving along in great waves until we reached the sugar refinery. There we halted for ten minutes, the factory already being held by the Ontario troops, and then our entire battalion went forward fit as for a general inspection; our lines were absolutely marvellous. Proceeding, we advanced over a depth of 2,200 yards, during the whole of that time being subjected to a most intense shell fire, but capturing some Germans and guns on the way. When we reached the village everybody was calm and collected; our barrage then lifted and enabled us to enter the village, which we took with but little difficulty.

"The Germans were certainly taken utterly by surprise; they simply ran out of their dugouts throwing up their hands; officers flung their revolvers to the ground, and generally they showed signs of complete demoralization. How thorough was the surprise was indicated by the fact that in their dugouts we found all preparations for their Abendessen (evening meal). Evidently they were under the impression that our advance had spent itself. We kept our men at the outskirts of the village until a quarter after six and within ten minutes we moved forward and shovels began to dig in for our front line and by 7 o'clock the village was ours and we were dug in. We took some prisoners, but the bulk of this work fell on the French-Canadians and the New Brunswickers. We had serious losses but on the whole we came out in fine shape.

"The French-Canadians did fine work and were very gallant. They and our men were very good friends and were pleased to be associated in this task. I understand that the G. O. C. expressed an opinion that the Canadians did more that day than any other division has done on the Somme front since 1st July, as we practically made an advance of two miles.

"'Oh, yes, we saw something of the tanks, though they were more on the morning job. I saw them that morning going up the side of the ridge when we were in reserve. One got up to the sugar refinery and camped there, absolutely terrifying the Germans. One of the crew told me he never believed it was possible for a man's hair to stand on end with fright, but he saw this happen to Germans who came out of their dug-outs and set eyes on the monster. It so scared machine gunners that they quit their posts and ran.'"

My informant told me of an effort made by Montreal battalions of the third division, which was not so successful, which caused somewhat severe losses. Although the Somme region is the centre of incessant battle, he said the Canadians welcomed the change, as they had more shelter and more real rest when out of the trenches.

SEARCHING PROVINCE FOR SUITABLE FARMS

Moncton, Oct. 10.—Capt. J. E. Masters and members of the advisory board of the farm settlement commission left here this morning on a special train for a trip through the central part of New Brunswick, along the Transcontinental, in search of crown lands suitable for settlement by soldiers and emigrants after the war. C. G. Hayward of Newcastle and Mr. Wilmot, Fredericton, and Mr. Butler of St. Stephen, are among those in the party.

At McGivney Junction the train will switch to the Canada Eastern and proceed to Newcastle whence the return to Moncton will be made by I. C. R.

ANNUAL MEETING OF W. C. T. U. AT MONCTON

Moncton, Oct. 10—The tenth annual convention of the New Brunswick and P. E. Island Women's Christian Temperance Union opened here today in the schoolroom of the First Baptist church. Sessions were held morning and afternoon and evening with Mrs. Margaret MacWha, St. Stephen, president in the chair.

The afternoon session opened with devotional services led by Miss Willis, Moncton, after which an address was delivered by the president, Mrs. MacWha, who reviewed the work done during the past year.

It was decided to send notes of sympathy to Mrs. Grey, St. John, former president; Mrs. Ripwell, St. John, Mrs. Sinnott, St. John, and Mrs. Arthur Laughlin, St. tSephen, all of whom have been bereaved by loss of relatives at the front.

Mrs. Emma H. Howland, Boston, national worker, was introduced to the convention standing.

Mrs. L. R. Hetherington, Riverside, corresponding secretary, submitted her annual report. There are twenty-one unions, 500 active members and nineteen honorary members. Nine were made life members. Sixteen deaths occurred durnig the year.

Mrs. A. C. M. Lawson, Fredericton, treasurer, reported a total of $1,401.48 received during the year, $1,075.51 unexpended balance. The report of the auditor, Mrs. Burns, Fredericton, was submitted.

Mrs. L. R. Hetherington gave a report of the dominion convention in Regina, June 22-26. A report by Mrs. C. A. Lindow, St. Stephen, on parlor meetings was read by Mrs. Perry, Summerside. A report on the world's dominion W. C. T. U., by Mrs. A. G. Adams, Campbellton, read by Mrs. Perry Summerside. Twenty-one dollars was raised for missions by sixteen unions. This work is carried on among the foreign population in Canada and people of Labrador. A report of Mrs. Howard Sprague,Sackville, superintendent of medical temperance, was read by Mrs. A. C. M. Lawson. Mrs. Arthur Laughlin's report on the work of Loyal Temperance Legion was read by Mrs. Hetherington.

The evening meeting opened with devotional exercises led by Rev. E. H. Cochrane, pastor of Highfield street Baptist church. Mrs. Dr. H. H. Coleman on behalf of the local union etxended greetings. Mayor McAnn sent a note of regret at his inability to attend owing to bereavement. Miss Ferguson, Newcastle, sang a solo. The speaker of the evening, Mrs. Emma Howland, Boston, described the work of the W. C. T. U. and reviewed its history. Rev. H. A. Goodwin, pastor of Central Methodist church, extended greetings on behalf of the ministerial association, Moncton. J. T. Hawke spoke briefly pointing out value of individual effort. Mrs. MacWha, president, expressed appreciation of the cordial reception accorded delegates.

Every Wage Earner Should Answer Question Himself or Herself

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR YOU IF YOUR HEALTH GIVES AWAY?

In dollars and cents, what is the worth of the brawn of your arm; what is the value of the staying power that permits continuous labor—what are they worth to you?

Suppose you did something so foolish as to reduce your strength, vitality or judgment one half, and it were impossible to get them back—how much would you pay to regain the lost portion?

When you let yourself run down, you reduce your chances for success in life—if sleeplessness comes you score lower still—should appetite or digestion fail, you are stared in the face by physical bankruptcy.

Don't let it go so far, take Ferrozone, it has cured thousands and it will cure you; it builds up bodily strength, makes muscles like steel, replaces Spring tiredness by energy and new life. Ferrozone rebuilds sick folks because it contains the strengthening elements that every run-down system requires.

Especially before the hot weather comes ,everyone neeas a purifying tonic —Ferrozone fills the bill exactly—nothing known that juvenates and uplifts so fast.

At once the appetite improves. You rest well and arise next morning feeling fit and fine.

Headaches disappear, weakness gives way to the vigor that only Ferrozone can supply. Try it, results are guaranteed, 50c. per box or six for $2.50 at all dealers or by mail to any address if price is remitted to the Catarrhozone Co, Kingston, Ontario.