

ON THE CAMBRAI FRONT -- A GERMAN PRIZE

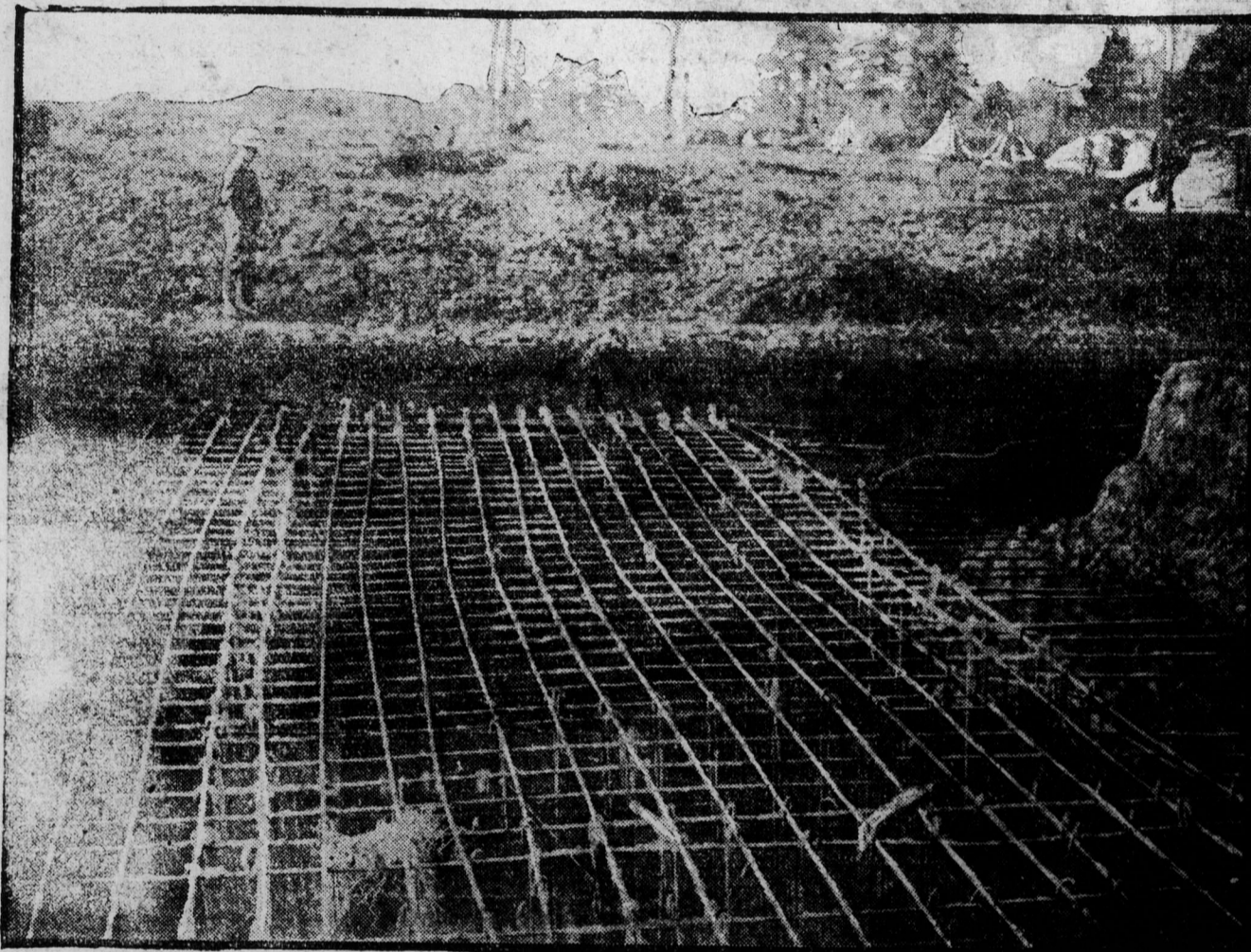


A landship bringing in its prize—a 5.9 German naval gun.

—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.

Signaling between the support and front lines.

—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



A German partially completed strongpoint at Glesquieres.

—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



A machine gun mounted on a wheel so that the gunner can swing quick to follow the enemy aeroplanes.

—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



New Zealanders on the Western Front—An advanced signaller.

—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



On the Cambrai Front.—General view of the Canal du Nord.

—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



On the British Western Front—On the railway in no man's land.

—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.

TOM LYNX - TRAPPED

ON a snowy, well-brushed ridge just north of the Ice River the big tom-lynx lay in the snow, surly, frightened, and in pain. A strange object clung grimly and cruelly to his foreleg and had stayed there ever since he had leaped at a dead partridge early that morning.

Two miles away in the sunlight open a big moose and three cows browsed in placid quiet. On the ice of the Kootenay River, a mile or two further away, a coyote had just run to earth and killed a rabbit which the lynx had unconsciously jumped an hour before he had spied the dead partridge. The white expanse of a beaver-made lake was marred in a straight line where the last band of black-tail deer had gone south to the more open portions of the valley to spend the winter.

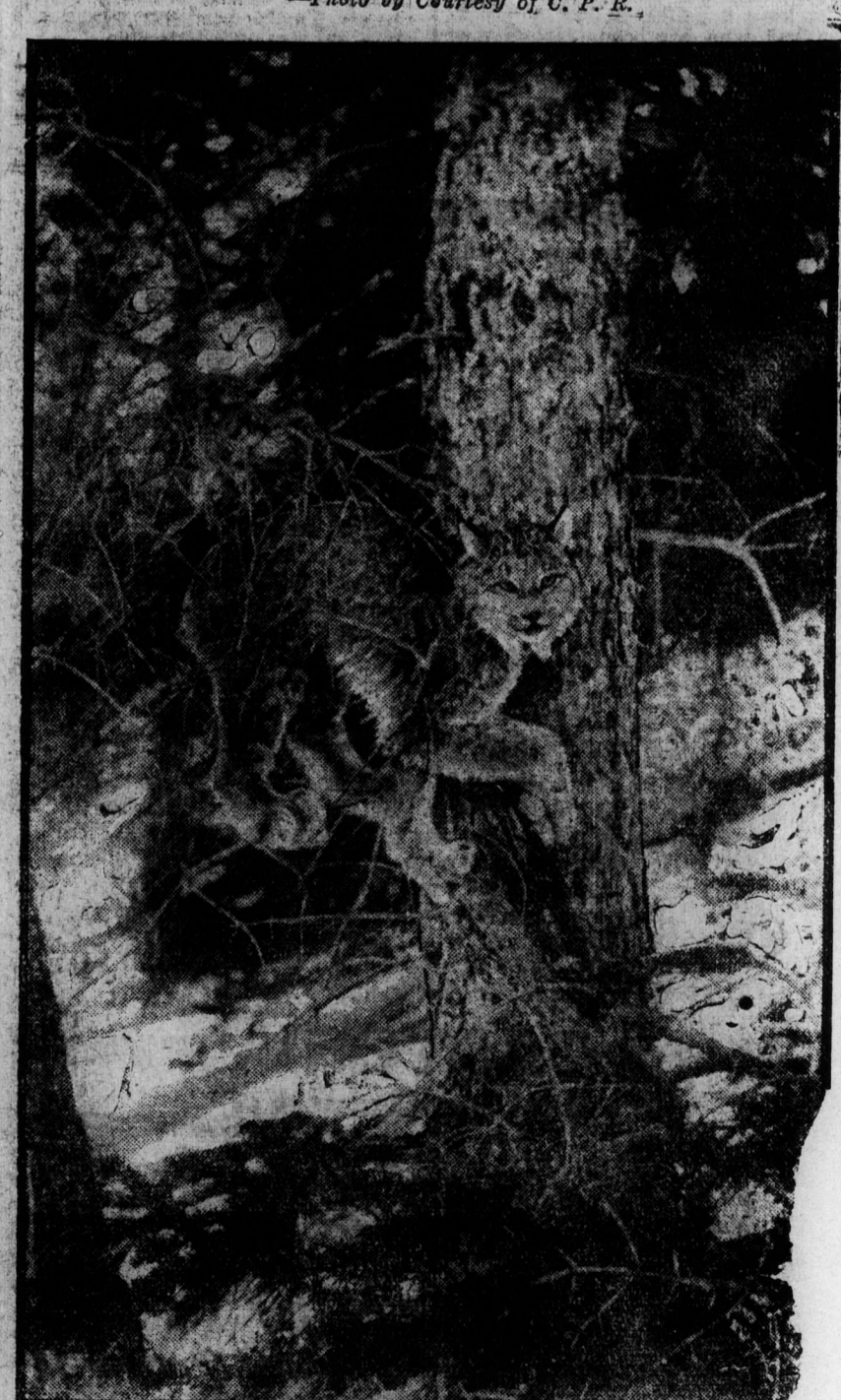
Ten miles to the north the faint whistle of the transcontinental C.P.R. train whistled as it rushed westward down the grade from Field, B.C., toward Leancholl, and in the fallen, tangled timbers the pine marten and mink looked eagerly for rabbits and spruce partridge, keeping ever a keen and apprehensive watch for the approach of the dread wolverine.

The tom-lynx had gone out that morning, empty of stomach, but full of hope. As he glided over the single snowshoe trail, looking for food his nostrils had encountered a strange

and most enticing and promising odor. Lifting his head, with twitching ears, he tasted that scent again, olefactorially, and then followed eagerly up the wind. It promised unknown but very desirable things. At the bole of a great tree he saw a little litter of broken sticks fencing off approach on all sides but one to a tender young partridge, dead but toothsome. The captivating odor was more powerful, too, it even blunted the natural caution of the lynx. He leaped hungrily, and his sharp teeth crushed on bone and flesh and feathers just as the steel jaws of an anise-scented trap clamped with paralyzing force on the furry foreleg of the animal. Since then he had toiled and snarled and struggled in fear and pain and anger, and was now lying in exhaustion and fatalistic quiet.

He heard the crackle of brush, the crunch of snowshoes. A man in warm winter clothing burst through the intervening bushes, and whooped gladly as he raised a heavy club he carried and moved swiftly down on the fifteen dollar hide his trap had caught. The big lynx reared to his full height and was almost on a level with the man's eyes when the club dropped on his skull and he knew no more. Trappers always try to get the skins without breaking them. It means a better price.

L. V. K.



AFT

March to Attention caught up by company was flung from one battalion to the other men lifted their shoulders, and lighted unfinished cigarettes economically between thumb, and transferred cap for use on a future the head of the column (bridge, the band struck mental march. The some quickening wine soldiers, blistered packs were all forgotten, ment, drooping, squared, dull eyes glowed new light. The long marchly over. The band halted in the cobbled still playing, and each steaming cooker run wake, marched off in billets.

It was very like the pleasant little French cobbled street, its chey a sentinel line of the old mill perched sleepy waters of the We had seen many sunny day in early June marched out of it weturned towards the then we had played on winning a few square tured France from the man. They had been training and marching with the shadow of hovering close above by no means the station that had Channel a full year even the same battalio down the north to win Picardy. There were in the ranks, many the tables in the of many a friend whom with a rough wooden the spot where he fell, on country about Mamtauban.

When the business of platoon into its new bill satisfactorily completed back towards the farm outskirts of the village. A company's headqu street was already fill diers who walked in tw passing now and then the shop windows, or quaintances of former the open door of the the corner which bore title of "A La Reunion pedistes," groups of w could be seen, sitting round tables. A little

WATERFORD

(From Our Own Corr) The community was hear of the death on Th ing of Lionel McMichae years youngest son of J Michael. Lionel had been the morning but as he was very well he went home about evening he was a violent headache and he the brain, his death res one hour after. Dr. Gook and arrived a few minute had expired. The fuon Sunday afternoon presence of his father ju the village, at two-thi crowd attended showing in which the deceased is. The floral tributes were ful. His mother and fa only brother, Harold, s cure sympathy is extende reaved ones.

Mr. J. B. Lindsay, of N. Y., was calling on old Monday. The remains of the late ard Chambers of Detroit, Waterford were brought urday. The death occurre on Friday January 1 deceased was seventy-ni age. The funeral was he Wilsonville church on M noon and interment took Wilsonville cemetery. Mr. Walker Messerwar other stroke on Saturday able to be around the h not down town as yet.

The illustrated lectur evening in the Anglican Westminster Abbey was ed. The historic building in about sixty slides and ard Harrison gave an amount of interesting hist about the Abbey. Mr. Charles B. Stewart, spent the weekend in tow Ptes. James H. Leder Mathews, left the first o to take further treatment Mrs. E. Mathews' ha

FLIGHT SUB-LIEUTENANT C. ELBRIDGE BURDEN of the R. N. A. S., son of J. Burden, Balmoral Ave., was killed in an accident to a cable received from ally.