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PINCHER--DOG OF WAR.

The Daily Mail, London.
"A dog and a soldier are always friends" is a very old aphorism, but the owner of the "Walrus"—for that was what Pincher, a diminutive spaniel of the King Charles variety, looked like when I saw him in England—had not always been a soldier. Many years of his life had been spent in the Australian bush, and a bushman and his horse and dog are boon companions.

The little spaniel, with some other four-footed creatures, had known a kind mistress; but when that lady, who happened to be wintering in Egypt, visited the camp of the Australian Expeditionary Force at Mandi, for some reason known only to himself he suddenly transferred his affections to Sergeant Tom Borlase, of the 7th New South Wales Light Horse. Accepting the inevitable, his mistress graciously gave the dog to the soldier and the two soon became firm friends.

Something like a knotty and nasty problem faced his hero, however, when a few weeks later his company received orders to proceed to the Dardanelles. Army regulations do not permit of a dog accompanying a soldier to the trenches, for obvious reasons. What was to be done? The sergeant did not mean to part with the spaniel. That which he had discovered concerning the wee fellow had not been imparted to anyone else. It was not the first time Borlase had been in a tight corner.

Nobody saw Pincher jump ashore at Gaba Tepe, but you can take it from me that he was with the veteran Australian when that memorable landing took place. Furthermore, although invisible, he was in the van.

Outside of his master's immediate comrades and chums there were not many who knew of Pincher's presence in the trenches. From the outset the spaniel seemed to realize what was expected of him—indeed he would scent danger quicker than most of his kind and promptly hide himself. When trouble threatened otherwise Borlase had merely to cover him up with anything that was available, and there the faithful creature remained until he was released, no matter what the length of time might be.

One of the first to detect Pincher was Major W., who held the sergeant in high esteem and in camp had shown a marked partiality for his pet.

"You will have to get rid of him, Tom, or you will get me into trouble, you know," he said, shaking his head.

"If ever you hear him make a sound or show himself on top you can kill him forthwith sir," was the reply. "He was never known to bark since I had him, and I will stake my life that he never does."

The weeks went by and they found the soldier and the spaniel inseparable, but all the officers were not as kindly disposed as the major. Another of them had apparently caught a glimpse of the dog, for Borlase was "warned" to get rid of Pincher, and to all intents and purposes the spaniel vanished.

Subsequently an order for the removal of the dog was conveyed to the sergeant, and the search party, which was most assiduous in its efforts to locate Pincher, elicited a sad fact.

"You needn't worry," said Borlase, with a grim face. "The poor little wretch is in his grave." The search party did not know then that it was only a temporary grave.

It may have been a week afterwards that Tom was sharing a meal with Pincher when an officer unexpectedly arrived on the scene. Quick as Pincher and his friend were, their movements did not escape the eyes of the captain, and it was with a sad heart that sergeant awaited the official arrest of his dog.

"No other animal has been so much in orders," remarked the colonel when the resuscitation of Pincher had been reported to him, and that night the dread fiat went forth. The spaniel was condemned to death on the morrow. Long before the morning, however, the approach of the "warrior" was heralded in that mysterious manner so well known among military men, and from scores of friends whom Pincher had by this time made a message was passed back along the lines to the effect that a large number of Australians would have to go before the dog went. But notwithstanding this "defiance of devotion" everything presaged that "in accordance with instructions issued" the "walrus" would pass away at noon next day.

"I am afraid that is final, Tom," observed the major when he happened to come along. "I can't do anything more for him."

There was a long pause. Borlase was too downhearted to speak. "You must tax your ingenuity

again," added the major, sympathetically as he moved off.

Although Sergt Tom Borlase was destined in more ways than one to fire his last shot that day, as yet he had not done so. Suddenly an inspiration occurred to him, and the coast being clear he scuttled off along the trench. When he returned a few minutes later he had parted with Pincher, and, in response to the n.c.o. who soon appeared with the warrant, he was able to take his Colonial oath that the dog had gone.

It certainly seemed as if the little spaniel had been a "mascot" to Borlase when two hours later a shell burst over the trench and a piece of shrapnel lodged in the sergeant's left hip. As speedily as possible he was conveyed to the clearing hospital, whither a trusty friend brought him a bundle of some sort just prior to his being put on board a mine-sweeper and taken to the hospital ship which was to carry him to Malta.

Badly wounded as he was Borlase clung tenaciously to that bundle, one end of which had soon worked open, and disclosed the brown india rubber nose and quaint little face of Pincher.

It matters little how the spaniel and the Spartan reached England. One of the first things incumbent upon a patient entering a military hospital in England is to discard his clothing for the regulation dress, the whole of his kit being sent to a pack store until such times as he may be fit to receive it again.

When the stretcher bearers had deposited Borlase in bed and the process of changing his apparel was about over, the sister on duty in the hut-ward came along, and perceiving to the floor, stooped to pick it up, she was, to say the least, quite startled at seeing a slender brown and white spaniel drop out of its folds.

"Don't let them take him away, sister," pleaded Borlase; he's been right through with me, and you'll never find him a bit of trouble. I promise you." And Pincher, jumping on the coverlet, extended a tan fore-paw and said, "Shake!" What nurse could have resisted such an appeal as that?—A. E. B. W.

Another Landslide In Panama Canal

Panama, Sept.—Fifty vessels are now waiting for passage through the Panama canal, which is blocked by a new slide. Forty-three vessels are tied up at different points along the waterway.

The steamer Finland, San Francisco for New York, and the Kroonland, which left New York August 28, probably will be delayed three days longer. There are about 1,200 passengers on board these two steamers. The Finland is heavily laden with copper and wheat.



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THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN

Again the Russian armies appear to be in the net spread by the Teuton strategists in the czar's own empire and the world is anxiously awaiting the outcome. In reviewing once more the situation as it exists in Russia at present it may be of value to recall that the strategy of retreat is a fine art in Russia and in that country alone. Her history for the past one hundred years has revealed that she is the one country that wins virtual victories by defensive tactics on a gigantic scale.

When all the facts are sifted down and digested calmly it will be found that Russia has really not lost in any war in which she has been engaged. She never has worried her head about the hostile occupation of her territory and the only instance where she alienated any of her possessions was at the Treaty of Portsmouth, when she gave away as a salve to the feelings of the Japanese a portion of a Siberian island which might be of value to the winners but which was in no way essential to the greatness of the Russian Empire.

After every war in which Russia has been engaged in it has been found that she has taken the opportunity to extend her domain, instead of losing any of it. After the battle of Waterloo, when a rearrangement of boundaries and a readjustment of thrones shook Europe, Russia again took possession of the Polish provinces. After the Crimean and Russo-Turkish wars she extended her Asiatic possessions and strengthened her grip in Europe, and the Russo-Japanese war gave her a firmer footing in Chinese territory and in Persia than ever before. What the present war will do for her or to her is, of course, merely a conjecture. It is possible that German may secure in the event of an intermediate ending to the war—however—a large portion of Russia territory in Europe. Already the Kaiser's administrators are "re-organizing" Poland.

But serious as may be the situation for Russia and her arms to-day the student of international conflict will recognize some inevitable forces working against the foe. It is a fact sometimes overlooked or unknown that Russia was defeated in the Japanese war because her sea power was first crushed by the Mikado's navy. It is entirely against all maxims of military art that a country can outlive a war after her sea power is destroyed or nullified. Yet this is what happened to Germany and despite her victories on land against the czar's forces it is impossible to change the inexorable logic of facts. Again it cannot be impressed too strongly that the extent of the Russian Empire is so great that a war even of the size of the present one, located at one end of the country, scarcely causes a ripple at the other end. The Russian people do not appear to have been seriously interested in wars in which their country has been engaged since the invasion by Napoleon in 1812 until plunged into the present conflict. In Russia they speak of this as their second national war, the other, in 1812, having ended at Moscow.

Russia in 1915 is not adopting the tactics of Scharnhorst in 1812 altho the result is likely to be the same. It was Scharnhorst's idea to allow the French to get as deep into Russia as possible and this policy ended in the downfall of Napoleon. The only stand the Russians made in 1812 was at Borodino. Napoleon occupied Vilna the day the Czar left, just as the Germans have occupied Warsaw. Riga was Napoleon's starting point for Moscow, and Riga is evidently the base for the contemplated Teuton march northward in the present struggle. Apparently in all respects the campaign of a century ago is being repeated with the difference that Russia is this time fighting back and with the possible difference that a large part of the czar's forces may be surrounded. But will the result be different? It is difficult to see where Germany expects to score. Territory she may occupy but Russia cannot be crushed and, in a question of endurance the bear will wear down his antagonist. The Russian victory will not be dramatic but it will be none the less effective because delayed and non-spectacular in character.—The Citizen.

A SONG OF SUMMER.
See field and green
In dewy sheen;
In lily-laden round
Flowers gem the ground,
Through branch and spray
Winds freshly play;
How loudly in the sun's bright ray
The sweet birds trill their rondelay.
—Goethe.

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