

was too hot to handle. Lieut. Campbell crawled out of the enemy trench, and was carried into our trench in a dying condition by Company-Sergeant-Major Owen. In the words of Kinglake, "And no man died that night with more glory, yet many died and there was much glory."

THE supply of bombs ran short (Givenchy), and Private Smith, of Southampton, Ontario, son of a Methodist Minister, and not much more than nineteen, was almost the only source of replenishment. He was, till Armageddon, a student at the Listowell Business College. History relates he was singing the trench version of "I wonder how the old folks are at home," when the mine exploded and he was buried. By the time he had dug himself out he discovered that all his world, including his rifle, had disappeared. But his business training told him that there was an active demand for bombs for the German trenches a few score yards away. So Private Smith festooned himself with bombs from dead and wounded bomb-throwers around him, and set out, mainly on all-fours, to supply that demand. He did it five times. He was not himself a bomb-thrower, but a mere middleman. Twice he went up to the trenches and handed over his load to the busy men. Thrice, so hot was the fire, that he had to lie down and toss the bombs (they do not explode till the safety pin is withdrawn) into the trench to the men who needed them most. His clothes were literally shot into rags and ravelled, but he himself was untouched in all his hazardous speculations, and he explains his escape by saying, "I kept moving."

But, after all, the supply of bombs ran out, and the casualties resulting from heavy machine-gun and rifle fire from "Stony Mountain" considerably increased the difficulties of holding the line. The bombers could fight no more. One unknown wounded man was seen standing on the parapet of the German front-line trench. He had thrown every bomb he carried, and, weeping with rage, continued to hurl bricks at the advancing enemy till his end came.

Every effort was made to clear out the wounded, and reinforcements from the 3rd Battalion were sent

forward. But still no work could be done, and a further supply of bombs was not yet available. Bombs were absolutely necessary. At one point four volunteers who went to get more were killed, one after the other; upon that, Sergeant Kranz, of London, England, by way of Vermillion, Alberta, and at one time a private of the Argyll and Sutherland Regiment, went back, and, fortunately, returned with a load. He was followed by Sergeant Newell, a cheese-maker from Watford, near Sarnia, and Sergeant-Major Cuddy, a druggist from Strathroy. Gradually our men in the second German line were forced back along the German communication trench, and the loss of practically all of our officers hampered the fight. The volunteers bringing bombs were nearly all killed, and the supply with them.

ONE splendid incident among many (at Givenchy). Private Gledhill is eighteen years of age. His grandfather owns a woollen mill in Ben Miller, near Goderich, Ontario. Ben Miller was, till lately, celebrated as the home of the fattest man in the world, for there lived Mr. Jonathan Miller, who weighed 400 lbs., and moved about in a special carriage of his own. Private Gledhill, destined perhaps to confer fresh fame to Ben Miller, saw Germans advancing down the trench; saw also that only three Canadians were left in the trench, two with the machine-gun, and himself, as he said, "running a rifle." Before he had time to observe more, an invader's bomb most literally gave him a lift home, and landed him uninjured outside the trench with his rifle broken. He found another rifle and fired awhile from the knee till it became necessary to join the retreat. During that manoeuvre, which required caution, he fell over Lieut. Brown wounded, and offered to convoy him home. "Thanks, no," said the lieutenant, "I can crawl." Then Private Frank Ullock, late a livery stable keeper at Chatham, New Brunswick, but now with one leg missing, said, "Will you take me?" "Sure," replied Gledhill. But Frank Ullock is a heavy man and could not well be lifted. So Gledhill got down on hands and knees, and Ullock took good hold of his web equipment

and was hauled gingerly along the ground towards the home trench. Presently Gledhill left Ullock under some cover while he crawled forward, cut a strand of wire from our entanglements, and threw the looped end back, lasso fashion, to Ullock, who wrapped it round his body. Gledhill then hauled him to the parapet, where the stretcher-bearers came out and took charge. All this, of course, from first to last and at every pace, under a tempest of fire. It is pleasant to think that Frank Ullock fell to the charge of Dr. Murray McLaren, also of New Brunswick, who watched over him with tender care in a hospital under canvas, of 1,080 beds—a hospital that is larger than the General, the Royal Victoria, and the Western of Montreal combined. Gledhill was not touched, and in spite of his experiences prefers life at the front to work in his grandfather's woollen mills at Ben Miller, near Goderich, Ontario.

ABOUT midday, in the neighbourhood of "Duck's Bill" (Givenchy), Lieut. E. H. Houghton, of Winnipeg, machine-gun officer of the 8th Battalion, saw a wounded British soldier lying near the German trench. As soon as dusk fell he and Private Clark, of the machine-gun section, dug a hole in the parapet, through which Clark went out and brought in the wounded man, who proved to be a private of the East Yorks. The trenches at this point were only thirty-five yards apart. Private Clark had received a bullet through his cap during his rescue of the wounded Englishman, but he crawled through the hole in the parapet again and went after a Canadian machine-gun which had been abandoned within a few yards of the German trench during the recent attack. He brought the gun safely into our trench, and the tripod to within a few feet of our parapet. He wished to keep the gun to add to the battery of his own section, but the General Officer Commanding ruled that it was to be returned to its original battalion, and promised Clark something in its place which he would find less awkward to carry. Private Clark comes from Port Arthur, Ontario, and, before the war, earned his living by working in the lumber woods.

The Merry Mania of Miss Merrie Holt

A Tale of a Charming Young Woman and the Movies

By ED. CAHN

MOSQUITOES can thrive in water; the bubonic plague does not disdain rodents for carriers; diphtheria nestles in puss's caress, and the most deadly microbe of any yet invented needs only a screen, a reel of pictured film and an audience, to get in its fatal work.

The haunts of this terror are legion. Before each lair there is a box with a glass front lettered "HOW MANY?" and, sooner or later, everyone who answers that insidious question, who parts with his piece of silver, clutches the limp ADMIT ONE which he receives in exchange for it and passes into the Movie Maw, will fall victim to movie-mania.

The first stage of this dread disease is an insatiable desire to go to a picture show—any show—and the victim is only happy as long as the pictures keep fitting before him.

Stage two. He develops a liking for certain sorts; weepy tales of sacrifice or marshmallowy romances or the gentle exploits of rough-riding cowboys; and he sits up in his ten cent seat as a critic of sorts.

The third stage is beatific. He learns to know the silent stars. He has favourites; falls in love with some petulant beauty and follows her adventures with feverish interest. He discovers that there are magazines which tell all about the movie maids and men, and he bankrupts himself buying them in order to read of the intimate family concerns of T. Twinklyng Starr, somebody's hundred dollar a minute comedian.

He soon knows how old everyone in the business is rumoured to be, how many rooms they have in their bungalows, how many real automobiles they own—whether they are guilty at present, or ever have been in the past, or are endeavouring to afford to be guilty in the future of owning one of the merry little tin lizzies which have made the once respectable city of Detroit not beery, like famous Milwaukee, but, alas, notorious. He knows who is married to whom and what they divorced their first partners for, and he can say to a cent just what every star earns in real money.

Horrible as is this phase of movi-mania, it is as glowing health compared to the final one. In it, the unhappy sufferer is seized with the dreadful hallucination that he can act. He believes with all the firmness of delirium that if only he had a chance

he would be the finest, most fascinating actor who ever faced a camera.

When the patient reaches this point it is best to give him up as beyond cure. He has gone to swell the ranks of the millions of picture bugs and he will never be sane again.

Perchance "he" happens to be a she, in which case multiply the virulence of the attack and vehement enthusiasm of the symptoms by ten and divide by the same. As for yourself, dear reader, shun these dire picture palaces. If your path takes you past a movie museum cross to the other side of the street, and if there is one on that side, as there is apt to be, walk in the middle of the street with your eyes closed and your fingers in your ears that you may neither see nor hear the luring lithographs beside and above and all about the portal, for, verily, it is better to be killed outright by a jingled jitney, than to suffer the lingering pains of movi-mania.

These violent germs are neither particular nor respectful; they will bite anybody. And what they do to the moral fibre of quite respectable people is certainly sufficient. Witness the case of one Mr. Bruce Archer, attorney at law, and of Miss Merrie Holt, gentlewoman.

MERRIE was alone in the world. She was nineteen, and she had big, wondering eyes, and the exquisitely perfect figure of a Dresden statuette for all her five feet four inches. She also had a job, being stenographer number forty-three in the white tower of the very insurance company which had paid her the thousand dollars insurance her father had left her. Merrie had been in High School when he died; somebody had been a rascal and the thousand dollars had melted away without any help from Merrie; so that all there was between her and nothing at all was her salary of eleven dollars a week.

And she hated her job, for it wasn't half as much fun as High School. She took to the movies for relief from it, and her fate was forever hermetically sealed, of course.

She went from stage to stage of the disease with unusual rapidity, for she had good, rich blood, and the microbes fastened themselves to her and bored

in, as fleas attach themselves to a fat puppy. Merrie was lost—she wanted to be a movie actress.

Bruce Archer sat in his father's law office and hoped that no cases would fall to him. He was twenty-five, with a face that just missed being too handsome for his soul's good, and a dislike for law which amounted to loathing.

He went to picture shows, too, the fifty cent. kind, so he and Merrie, who had to be content with the five and ten cent ones, never met in the temples of their desires.

Bruce was an incurable also. He was positive that he could act so well that beside him the finest artist in filmdom would look like a one-legged Romeo.

But how? Ah, there was the question and the rub in one. He had just been admitted to the bar, having, so to speak, been kicked through a hole in the legal fence by his ambitious but irate father when no one was looking. He was now a member of the firm because his dad had a bulldog jaw and had decided before Bruce had his first tooth that he must be, and because there was not another law office in the world where Bruce Archer would not be taken for just what he was, namely, a joke lawyer.

On the morning in which Merrie, in her white tower, made three mistakes in a single letter, because she could not get the thrills of her last night's picture orgy out of her mind, Bruce sat in his office with Somebody Something's fourteen inch tome on wills propped up before him on his desk. This was for effect in case Pater or any of the young idiots who were reading law in the outer office because they actually liked it, should come in.

Behind the work on wills Bruce had a thin volume with deckled edges and purple covers called "Pantomimic Art." It had cost four dollars and he believed in it as he believed in his own artistic ability and disbelieved in his future as a lawyer.

At the moment he was not reading. He had given himself up to concentrated woe, woe with a bloated w. The Governor would perish in a fit if he were told that the son he had spent so many years and so much money upon and finally made a lawyer by main strength, wanted to toss all to the zephyrs and be a movie man. He hated to disappoint the old chap, especially, since in spite of some bad faults he was quite a satisfactory first paternal ancestor.