

Newest Ruling Family in Europe--On Roumania's Throne

'SWEETEST ROYAL FAMILY IN THE WORLD'—PEOPLE SAY

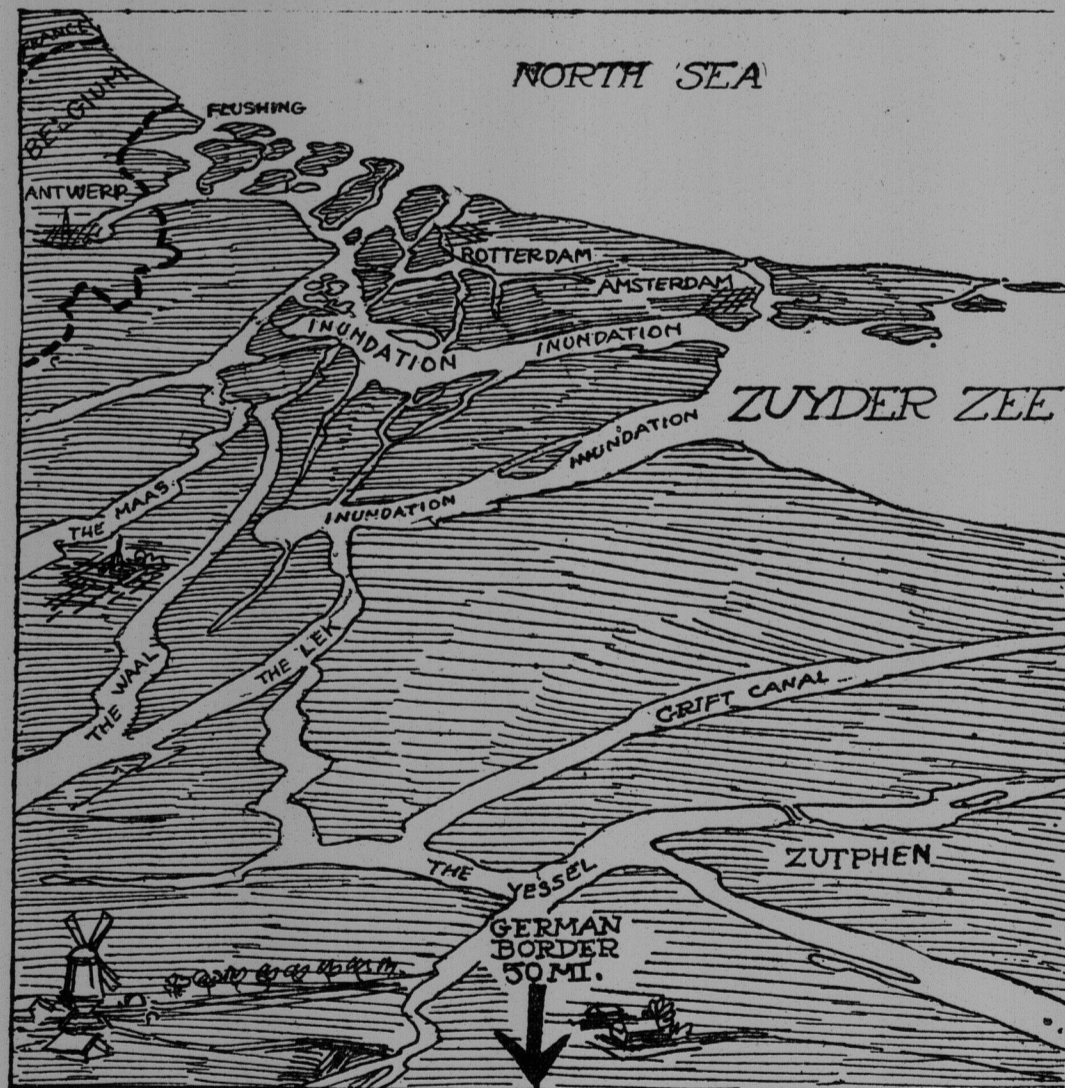


The beautiful new queen in Europe, Maria, wife of King Ferdinand of Roumania, is a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria and a first cousin of the Czar...

The new royal family of Roumania, King Ferdinand and Queen Maria, with their children, are shown in a formal portrait.

Not By "Blood and Iron," By Flood! -- That's How The Dutch Will Repel Invasion

Water More Deadly Than Bullets! Lowland Nation Would Drown Kaiser's Forces By Opening The Dikes!



The Lay of the Lowlands, Showing How Quickly the Canal-Covered Nation Could Unloose the Zuider Zee and Prevent Invasion by Flooding Country.

(Times' Special Correspondence) Rotterdam, Oct. 8.—How long can the Dutch nation keep out of the war? Already the rumblings are heard in Holland...

Holland has mobilized 250,000 men. But what are 250,000 men against the millions the Germans can employ in the attack...

BRAVE DEEDS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

Young French Soldier Worthy of Victoria Cross

A THRILLING STORY

Carried Colonel to Safety, And, Going Back in Hail of Lead, Rescued an Englishman—Daring Feat by English Cyclist

The London Daily Chronicle publishes the following from its special correspondent at Angers under date of September 27:

"Jean Berger, 'simple soldier' of the 2nd Regiment of Infantry, should after the war, be Jean Berger, V. C. He is a Frenchman—yes, but listen to his story...

"Jean belongs to an old Alsatian family. After the war against Prussia his grandfather refused to submit to the rule of the conquerors, and left the province to settle in Normandy...

"When war broke out two of the sons were already in the army, one as an officer and the other as a private...

"It was during one of the almost innumerable fights which, battles in themselves, are making up that Homeric struggle of the nations on the River Aisne...

"Through Hail of Lead "As he was performing his glorious duty he passed an officer of the Grenadier Guards wounded severely in the leg who called out for water...

"The young Frenchman in the hand carrying away three fingers and the flask fell to the ground. Quickly, as though the flask had merely slipped out of one hand by accident, Jean picked it up with the other, and supported by the young Frenchman the English officer drank...

"But what about yourself?" asked the officer. "Oh," replied Jean brightly, "it's not long since I had a good meal."

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wounded German soldier, who, recovering from the delirium of wounds, was crying for food and drink. The Englishman, taking the flask, which had still some wine in it and also the remainder of the food from the Frenchman's knapsack, managed to roll himself along till he reached the spot where the German soldier lay. There, however, he found he was, by himself, too weak to give the poor fellow anything...

"So he stooped to Jean to come to his assistance, and, though movement could only be at the cost of great pain, the young Frenchman managed, too, to reach the place, and, together, Englishman and Frenchman, succored the dying German. One held him up while the other poured wine between his parched lips.

"All Fall in a Heap. "Often human nature could stand no more and all three fell utterly exhausted, in a heap together. All through the long night, a night continuously broken by the roar of cannon, death watched over that strange sleeping place of the three comrades of three great warring nations...

"A detachment of soldiers passing near them aroused the English officer and the French soldier. The German neighbor was dead, and for a long time they could only wonder how the day of battle was going. When the forenoon well advanced they saw Germans advancing...

"We are thirsty, please give us something to drink," he was heard by some officer of Uhlans, who rode up, and, dismounting and covering them with his revolver, asked what was the matter...

"The German looked at the little group. He saw his comrade lying dead with an empty flask beside him, and guessed what was the scene of comradeship and bravery which the spot had witnessed. He gave instructions to an orderly, and wine was brought and given to the two wounded men...

"Just then the cannonade burst forth again with tremendous fury, and the German force which had come up had to retire. Shells were soon bursting all around, and fragments struck the English cyclist. He became unconscious with pain, and the young Frenchman, stiff, feverish and weak himself, saw that it was necessary to do something to bring the officer to a place where he would be safe and would receive attention...

"Jean tried to lift the Englishman, but found that he had not sufficient strength left to take his comrade on his shoulder. So half lifting him and dragging and rolling him at times, the gallant little pion-pion brought the wounded English officer nearer and nearer to safety and help. The journey was two miles long! . . . But at last it was over.

"If I live through this," said the officer of the Guards, "I shall do my best to get you the British Victoria Cross. I've your number and that of your regiment. God bless you, comrade." And the Guardsman lost consciousness.

"Jean Berger lies in hospital here in Angers; he is expected to recover. That is the story; and that is why I believe that England will think that Jean Berger, 'simple soldier' of the Second Regiment of Infantry, should become Jean Berger, V. C.

"For the two nations have become one by blood shed and bravery displayed, and, in addition, a little incident which I can relate will show that there is evidence of a complete union of hearts in the British Expeditionary Force...

"The story of the stirring incident has been told to me by Henri Roger, a young soldier of the Fifth Infantry, who saw it from the trenches and who is now lying wounded in the hospital here.

"During one of the engagements last week on the River Aisne the Fifth was holding an entrenched position and was faced in the distance by a strong force of the enemy. To the right and left of the entrenched position were large clumps of trees, in one of which a force of English troops had taken up a position, a fact regarding which the Germans were unaware, the other Germans were uncovered, lay a considerable body of German infantry with several machine gun sections.

"A road ran beside the wood in which the enemy lay hidden, and along it a force of French infantry was seen to be marching. How were they to be saved from the ambush into which they were it was a difficult one.

"Every time the French troops in the trenches endeavored to signal to their comrades hidden German sharpshooters picked off the signallers. Soon the Frenchmen found their hearts beating every moment, the entrenched French soldiers expected to hear the hideous wail of the Maxim's moving down their unsuspecting comrades.

"Suddenly, however, something happened which attracted the attention of the French and German trenches. From the wood where the English lay hidden a cyclist dashed—the English too, had seen the danger, and a cyclist had been ordered to carry a message of warning to the advancing French column, several hundreds strong.

"The cyclist bent low in his saddle and darted forward; he had not gone a hundred yards before he fell, killed by a well aimed German bullet. A minute later another cyclist appeared only, in a second or two to share his comrade's fate.

"Then a third—the thing had to be done! The bullets whizzed around him, but on he went over the fire-swept zone. The Frenchmen could hear their hearts as they watched the gallant cyclist speeding toward the French column; puffs of smoke from the wood where the Germans were redoubting their efforts. But the cyclist held on and soon passed beyond some high ground where he was sheltered from the Germans but could still be seen by the entrenched French.

"The Frenchmen could not resist a loud 'Hurrah!' when they saw the daring cyclist dismount on reaching the officer in command of the troops which he dared death to save.

The Accused Woman



Mrs. E. Carman, wife of a Freeport, L. I., physician who faces a manslaughter charge for the killing of Mrs. Louise Bailey. She will be brought to trial in a day or two.

modern warfare. Courage, and courage alone, had triumphed, unsupported by any of the murderous machinery of the armies of today.

"That was what the French officer recognized. He saluted the gallant fellow standing by the cycle. Then, with a simple movement, took the 'medaille militaire'—the Victoria Cross of France—from his own tunic and pinned it on the coat of the Englishman.

"I am glad young Roger told me when he had finished the story, 'to have lived to see that deed. It was glorious.'"

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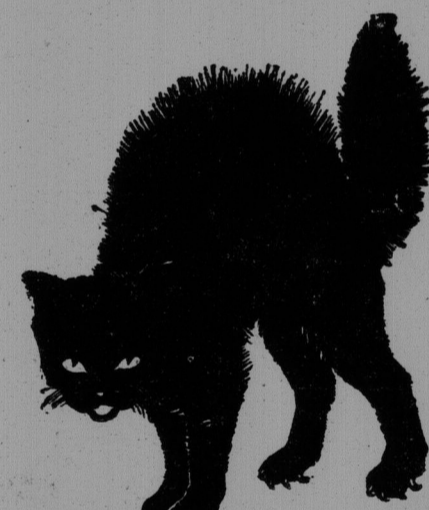
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What Happened to the Cats?

Not long ago the U. S. Gov't. made some experiments to determine the poisoning qualities of caffeine (the drug in tea and coffee).

Twenty-seven healthy cats were given an average dose of 54.5 grains of caffeine—about as much of the drug as is contained in 2 or 3 cups of tea or coffee.

What do you suppose happened?

The Cats all Died!

See Gov't. Bulletin No. 148, Bureau of Chemistry.

Of course they were only cats.

But there are plenty of people who dose themselves with enough caffeine every day to kill a cat and Cripple a Man, not at one blow, but by little blows repeated daily.

Of course some systems are strong enough to stand all kinds of abuse, but most systems are not. And when a man or woman observes a growing nervousness or sleeplessness, heart trouble, stomach, bowel or eye disturbance, it is time to quit both tea and coffee and turn to a real food-drink, free from the drug, "caffeine."

It is easy to shift from tea or coffee to

POSTUM

for in POSTUM one gets a delicious drink with the true nourishment of whole wheat from which it is made. Postum is roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses, has a delightful snappy flavour and is entirely free from the drug, caffeine, or any harmful substance.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum which must be boiled. Instant Postum—soluble form—made in the cup instantly with hot water. Grocers sell both kinds and the cost per cup is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Consider your family and use Windsor Table Salt

Windsor Table Salt is a pure, clean, white, crystalline substance, free from all impurities and adulterations. It is the best for domestic use, and is especially adapted for the preparation of pickles, preserves, and other food products. It is also used in the manufacture of glass, paper, and other industrial products.