How War Changes a Man From Rookie to Veteran

First Terrible Experiences Cause Fear and Nauseau But Shells and Death Soon Become Daily Occurrences.

By Sergt. A. Neilson.

I have never regretted the years I spent in the army.

True, one doesn't travel around in a Pullman, and on occasions I've had to content myself with grub my Scotch collie would have wrinkled his nose at. For a real aristocrat, commend me to a collie dog.

War shatters all kinds of illusions, and I can truthfully say I've slept as soundly on a heap of bricks as in the sleeping cars of that dinky little thing they call a railway in Newfoundland; and after an enforced fast of a couple of days bully beef with a salad of clover heads from a muddy roadside has always stacked up well in my estimation, compared with an after-theatre supper with trimmings at Churchill's.

With these two lessons well learned, and the army command, by way of pleasant variation to its bloody and thankless job of picking the Boche, thoughtfully looks after that, a soldier need not feel dismayed on his return to civilization.

In August, 1914, when the savage tribes of Europe slammed on the war-paint, it was most unfortunate that a few days previously I had written to a friend in Chicago and had mentioned this possibility.

"Dunc," old scout," I had said (of course it was only fun, for I'm not really as bloodthirsty as I look). "Dunc, old scout, if these painted warriors hit the trial, I'm going along to grab a few scalps. I'm curious to know how it feels to prod a piece of cutlery in somebody's midriff."

So you see I got mixed in this tribal war through an injudicious letter and a crazy love of adventure.

Adventures—my natural stupidity had correctly appraised such a possibility—I found all kinds of them.

A General Favorite.

There was, for instance, the droll, fun-loving and boisterous northcountryman from Lancashire, one of a small, reinforcing draft which joined us at St. Jean. From the very first he was a general favorite. He could sing, he danced like a wood-nymph, making mock speeches and telling jokes was his hobby—he was Harry Lauder and Charlie Chaplin rolled into one.

At night in billets he'd get up on any old piece of broken furniture and regale us with comic ditties of the terrible fate in store for the enemy chieftain and his band of hoodlums.

A man like that is an asset to any battalion, and, besides, he was such a jolly, rollicking, carefree, devil-may-care son of fellow that it boded ill for the first enemy he met on the warpath.

Some few days later our company in reserve, was quartered in St. Julien, the rest of the battalion having gone into the trenches

The Germans atacked the day after and St. Julien was swept with heavy fire. This was in the afternoon, and we took up positions in the fields, waiting for darkness to reinforce our comrades in the firing line.

In the shallow trench with me were eight others, and amongst them our mirth-provoking humorist from Lancashire.

Waiting—waiting—and waiting in the midst of a rain of shells for—you don't-know-what, isn't exactly a pleasant pastime.

True, a few score yards to the rear, St. Julien was being flattened; Algerian troops, wounded and bleeding, straggled past us; German guns were thundering and German bombs were dropping, but there was nothing very inspiriting about all that, so everybody was very quiet, and our new recruit particularly so.

"Hey!" I called to him, "where's your dancing clogs? Give us a song, anyhow; we need something of that sort to cheer this graveyard bunch."

His lips moved in reply but no sound came from them; he was trembling; I turned my head to watch a couple of German Gothas wheeling in the blue above.

Presently he came over and crouched beside me; he was shaking as with the palsy.

"I'm afraid," he stammered through his teeth. "I'm afraid, corporal."

I pretended not to hear and stood up to watch the crescent of smoke in front, that marked our objective.

A convulsive hand was clutching at my kilt. I squatted down beside its owner; his teeth were chattering as with the cold. "Do you hear, corporal"—and fright had chased away the strong accent of the north—"I'm afraid—scared stiff."

"Nonsense, man, you only think you are—we all feel like that at first," I added encouragingly.

An hour passed and wild rumors came to us from fleeing Turcos of some new vague horror that killed men where they stood. Came a breathless messenger from brigade headquarters, and an order passed along to get ready for the trenches.

"See here, son," I whispered to the trembling youngster, "a word of advice before we go. The boys like you and your songs of Kaiser Bill; they are going to live up to them. They will be hurt if YOU don't, just remember that."

That night, under the stars, waiting for the fateful dawn of a bloody day, when a thousand guns would roar continuously, a guttural northern voice was carolling:

"Oh, Kaiser Bill, you'll get your fill
Before this war is over
Of honest 'damns' and kicks and slams
Not half as sweet as clover,
So come along, Bill-ee,
You and your Grand Arm-ee.
Oh Kaiser Bill, the devil will
Make haste to feast you glacty,
On serpents' tails and fiery snails
You won't fare none too badly.
So, come along, Bill-ee.
You and your Grand Arm-ee.

Another little commentary on a recruit's initiation into the modern scalping game.

In the latter part of May, 1915, the Canadian division was to attack on the line Festubert-Richebourg. Heavy losses in the Ypres salient had been made good by new drafts from the Canadian training depots in England, but these recruits had had no experience in the trenches, nor did they yet realize what war was—a rookie can't be taught to bridle his feelings in the midst of pleasant scented orchards.

So, as I have said, we were to push home an attack that some British divisions had commenced.

Over Battleorn Fields.

It was nearly midnight when the battalion marched over the battleorn fields to take up its position. It was a night of drifting clouds and a three-quarter moon—one of those sad and dolorous nights that depress the gayest spirits.

Silently through the semi-gloom we picked our way, with nothing more than our thoughts and the high explosives of the enemy to worry us.

I was leading my section through a short communication trench, when a stifled cry and exclamation drew my attention.

"Oh, look Corp—look at the dead men—there on the ground—rows of them—it's awful—hurry, hurry."

I glanced over my shoulder and saw the blanched faces of my green soldiers; the moon shone clear from a rift in the clouds, and bathed in a ghostly halo the rigid forms of some two dozen war victims—German and British.

The batalion we had relieved hadn't had time to bury them—I knew we should have to do it.

I went to see the major and volunteered my section for the work—I wanted to get them accustomed to these everyday horrors.

My heart ached for them as they bent to their task in the moonlight; they spoke never a word as I yapped of all the bloody things I'd seen, and the bloodier things I concocted for their special benefit. One of them fainted as a dead hand struck him in the mouth, but we doused him in a shell hole, and he helped finish the job whiter even than the waxen dead he was laying in their earthly shroud.

Next day we went over the top, and not a man flinched—such is war.

LADY'S DRESS.

The beauty of this dainty lingerie dress lies in its utter simplicity. Deep embroidery flouncing in an eyelet design was chosen for making the dress pictured in No. 8812 . The waist is in one piece, kimono style, with a surplice closing at the front. The three-quarter length sleeves flare slightly at the lower edge and they are lengthened by deep cuffs of the embroidery. The one piece skirt is straight at the lower edge and it is gathered to the slightly raised waistline. A wide girdle of ribbon is worn with the dress.

The lady's dress pattern No. 8812 is cut in four sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Width at lower edge of skirt is two yards. As on the figure, the 36 inch size requires 3 yards 42 inch flouncing, with 1½ yards 36 inch plain material and 1⅞ yards edging.

To Obtain This Pattern Send 15c to The Courier Office, or two for 25c.

SUTHERLAND'S

Headquarters for School Books and School Supplies

We carry everything required for use in the Collegiate Institute, Public Schools and Separate Schools

J. L. Sutherland

"ATHLETIC GOODS."

THE WHOLE BODY NEEDS PURE BLOOD

The bones, the muscles, and all the organs of the body depend for their strength and tone and healthy action on pure blood.

If the blood is very impure, the bones become diseased; the muscles become enfeebled, the step loses its elasticity, and there is inability to perform the usual amount of labor. The skin loses its clearness, and pimples, blotches and other eruptions appear.

Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. It is positively unequaled in the treatment of scrofula and other humors, catarrh, rheumatism, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, that tired feeling. Be sure to get Hood's and get it today. All druggists.

THOUSANDS OF MEN REQUIRED FOR HARVESTING IN WESTERN CANADA.

Thousands of men are required to help in the work of harvesting the Western crop The C. P. R. has completed arrangements to transport to the West this great army of workers.

For those going from points in Ontario to Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta extra trains will be operated through to Winnipeg (the distributing point) without change.

Going trip West $12 to Winnipeg

Returning trip East, $18 from Winnipeg.

Consult C. P. R. Agents regarding transportation arrangements west of Winnipeg.

Going Dates.

August 29th.

All stations in Ont., west of Smiths Falls, up to and including Toronto on Lake Ontario Shore Line, and Havelock-Peterboro line also from stations Kingston to Renfew Junction, inclusive, and from stations on Toronto-Sudbury line. From stations on Sault Ste. Marie branch. From stations on main line, Beaucage to Franz, inclusive. From stations Bethany Junction to Port McNicoll and Burketon-Bobcaygeon.

August 29th.

From stations west and south of Toronto, up to and including Hamilton and Windsor, Ont., to Owen Sound, Walkerton, Teeswater, Wingham, Kara, Listowel, Goderich, St Mary's, Port Burwell and St. Thomas branches, and stations Toronto and north to Bolton, inclusive.

Further particulars from any C. P. R. Ticket Agents, or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Von Hintze Is Diplomatic Thug

We have never believed that the character of the man who happened at the moment to be Imperial Chancellor or Foreign Minister in Germany was a matter of any importance to the Allies, for the simple reason that German Ministers are the servants not of the state, but of the Kaiser, holding office at his will, and liable to be discharged at a moment's notice when they do anything that the War Lord does not approve. Yet there has been a considerable difference in the types of man that the Kaiser has entrusted with the Foreign Office since the war began. The most respectable of them undoubtedly was von Jagow; his successor, Zimmerman, was the most unprincipled; Kuehlmann, lately retired, was the sweet, and it may be that he unwillingly did some of the chores of the Kaiser. At any rate he now speaks with keen pleasure of the prospect of getting out of Germany for awhile, and leaving his little regretted job to von Hintze. Of the latter it may be said that he is probably the most unscrupulous, brutal, dishonest official who has been called to high office in Germany or anywhere else in modern times. If there is any significance in his appointment it must mean that Germany contemplates new infamies, new outrages, and has brought her favorite gunman to the Foreign Office to plan and defend them.

Von Hintze's name appears in the famous Willy-Nicky correspondence. He was in Petrograd as naval attache at the German Embassy, and was regarded as the confidential man of the Kaiser. He was on intimate terms with the Czar, and no doubt carried many messages back and forth which could not be committed to paper nor entrusted to the ordinary officials of the Embassy. After his work in Petrograd was completed he was sent to Mexico. There he engaged upon the task of bedevilling Mexican affairs, lining up the Germans in the country, in preparation for whatever might come, and especially trying to set Japan and the United States by the ears. It is said that he assisted Japan to induce Mexico to grant her a naval base, in the hope that this would embroil the United States and Japan; and later on frustrated the move with the idea of bringing the United States into collision with her southern neighbor. At any rate it is more than suspected that a German agent stole a copy of the provisional agreement and communicated it to Washington, which led to the mobilization of American troops on the Mexican border in the Taft regime.

In the various Mexican revolutions von Hintze played several parts. He appeared to back Madero, while his agents in the North supported Orozco. Subsequently he upheld Huerta, whom he provided with money from Germany. He finished his task in Mexico shortly after the beginning of the war, and then went to San Francisco bound for China. Fearing capture by a British or Japanese vessel, he disguised himself as a stoker and worked his passage across the Pacific. Great was the amazement of diplomats and officials in Pekin when a rather dirty man in seaman's garb turned up and presented credentials as German Minister to China. China at this time was neutral, and of course von Hintze was properly received. He at once set about his plot to keep China neutral, and for this purpose stirred up several revolts against the Government, lavishly using money among the Chinese bandits for this purpose.

He also did solid service for the Kaiser by arranging for the shipment of supplies from China to Germany by way of the Amur river and Russia, and had some success in getting under way propaganda currents which were expected to blow down through India. To keep China out of the war was his chief work, and in this he failed. When relations were broken off von Hintze went to Norway, where he put new life into the German bomb-planters in that country. Ships destined for Allied ports were mysteriously blown up at sea, the same methods being used in neutral Norway by German agents as were used in neutral America. Contempt for little Norway caused the bomb-planters to become reckless, and eventually one of the plots was discovered. More important still, the connection of von Hintze with the plot was also brought home to him, and he was sent home to Germany instead of being interned, as were his subordinates.

According to the Broklyn Eagle which has compiled an excellent dossier of von Hintze, the man is not only an able director of spies, but a very competent spy himself. He boasts that he has been in Paris since the war began, and he certainly was in Switzerland, where he was suspected of being a French agent. It is even said that before going from Mexico to China he passed through England. It is natural that the Kaiser should not permit so faithful a servant to spend his time in idleness with the German navy, and he has been made Foreign Minister, though from the time of Frederick the Great the invariable rule is that a civilian shall be appointed to this office. There will be great curiosity on the part of the Allies, and no doubt even greater curiosity in Germany, as to what particular task is to be entrusted to this diplomatic thug. One thing is certain, and that is that von Hintze is not the sort of Foreign Secretary who would be chosen to negotiate with the Allies. The German peace secretary is not yet in sight.

"Triplets," the nurse said, grinning,
After the manner of such.
And Newpop, his poor head spinning,
Cried: "Oh, this is two too much!"

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

FEELS IT HER DUTY TO TELL ABOUT IT

Mrs. Campbell Was on Verge of Breakdown—Tanlac Restores Her

"Since Tanlac has done so much for me I feel that I ought to tell others about it," said Mrs. Margaret Campbell, who resides on Barker avenue in East Toronto, recently.

"There may be other medicines as good as Tanlac," she continued, "but I have never been able to find them and I have been trying for three years to get relief from stomach trouble and indigestion. I had no appetite at all and I suffered so from indigestion that I was actually afraid to eat. Gas would form on my stomach almost as soon as I had eaten and almost cut off my breath. There was an awful pressure and severe pains about my heart and sometimes I felt like I would smother. No matter what I would eat I suffered the same way and my nerves got in such a bad fix I could hardly get a good night's sleep. I was falling off in weight, was very sallow looking and if I walked any distance I would get so weak I could hardly stand up. I seemed to be right on the verge of a nervous break-down.

"Tanlac just seemed to be suited to my case exactly as I have been gradually improving ever since I began taking it. My appetite is simply fine now and I can eat good, hearty meals without suffering a particle from gas indigestion. And it certainly is a blessing to be able to eat without suffering afterwards. My nerves have improved until I can sleep splendidly, my color is better and I feel stronger and better in every way than I have since my troubles began. All my friends tell me I am looking much better and it must be so for I surely do feel a thousand times better."

Tanlac is sold in Brantford by Robertson Drug Store. In Paris by Apps Ltd. In Mt. Vernon by A. Yeomans. In Middleport by William Peddie. In Onondaga by Neil McPhadden.

Rippling Rhymes

WORDS AND COIN.

If words would swat the raging foe, and lay a swath of Teutons low, the war would end to-night; we've countless lads who'd elocute the stuffing from the war lord Teut, and put his hosts to flight. We've countless gents who spend their days inventing epigram and phrase, and hard boiled metaphor; the way they roast the Hun is great, and ought to jar that Wilhelm skate—but words won't win the war. The gent who buys some green thrift stamps brings terror to the Prussian camps, far more than windy sharks, who keep their kopecks in their pance, but stand erect at every chance, to make a few remarks. Dig up, dig up, before you spiel! Dig up the bone, the buck, the wheel, the kroner and the yen! Go down in your tin savings bank, dig up the shilling and the franc, dig up the iron men! When you have stripped the strong-box bare, then you may stand and paw the air until the cows come home; but talk that isn't backed by wealth won't interrupt a Teuton's health, or cleave his crested dome. September comes—another "Loan" will call for every hard earned bone that patriots can raise; and he who buys himself a bond does more to help our boys beyond, than all the screeching jays.

FIRE CHIEFS MEET.

By Courier Leased Wire

Toronto, Aug. 27.—"The public owe the firemen of Canada a deep debt of gratitude that cannot be properly repaid," declared Mayor Church, addressing the Dominion Fire Chiefs this morning at the opening of the association's convention at the Exhibition Grounds. The firemen throughout Canada have responded nobly to the Empire's call, while the highest praise is due to the various departments for their work during war time and their response to duty which has in many cases practically been twenty-four hours a day."

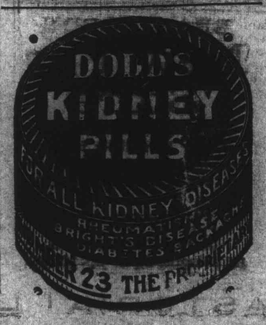
The association held their initial meeting in their spacious tent just west of the entrance into the grounds and this morning session was confined to the addresses of welcome.

31 HORSES BURNED.

By Courier Leased Wire

Montreal, Aug. 27.—Thirty-one horses were burned to death and damages estimated at $125,000 were caused in a fire believed to have been of incendiary origin, which destroyed the bakery of J. A. Brousseau, Boyer street, this morning.

The outbreak in the Brousseau Bakery was the sixth fire of suspicious origin, which has occurred here in the past 24 hours in establishments connected with the production of food.



BRANT Theatre
The Coolest Spot in Town

Monday Tuesday Wednesday
JACK PICKFORD and LOUISE HUFF
—IN—
SANDY
A Thrilling, Humorous Story of Kentucky

Closing Episode:
THE EAGLE'S EYE

FRANK AND MILT BRITON
THE JAZ MUSICIANS

Coming Thursday, Friday and Saturday
WALLACE REID
—IN—
The Firefly of France
A Timely Story of Love and War.
The Most Notable Photoplay This Season

CHASER, MISTAKEN FOR U-BOAT, SUNK

U. S. War Vessel Sent to the Bottom by Merchant Steamer

By Courier Leased Wire

Washington, Aug. 27.—American submarine chaser No. 29 operating out of Philadelphia, was mistaken for a submarine by a merchant steamer off Fire Island, N.Y., early this morning and sent to the bottom. Seventeen members of her crew, including the commander and the executive officer are missing.

The chaser was manned by naval reserves. Eight of the survivors, some of them wounded, have been landed at New York and one has been landed at Lewes, Del.

The merchant ship was the, American steamer Felix Taussig. In the darkness her captain mistook the chaser for an enemy submarine and opened fire, destroying the little craft.

REX Theatre
Vaudeville Pictures

Monday Tuesday Wednesday
SPECIAL
THE LONE WOLF
—WITH—
HAZEL DAWN and BERT LYTELL
A Remarkable Production, bristling with Tense Moments, strong action, human incidents and powerful drama.
First Time Shown at the Regular Prices

LADIES FIRST
Mack-Sennett Comedy, with
CHESTER CONKLIN and MARY THURMAN

THE BULL'S EYE

Coming Thursday
MADGE KENNEDY
—IN—
Friend Husband

CHARLIE CHAPLIN in WORK

NIAGARA BRAND
Unfermented Grape Juice
Concord—Red
Catawba—White
IN CASES
1 Dozen Quarts 2 Dozen Pints
We have taken the Brantford Agency for this choice Grape Juice. Ask your Grocer or Restaurant for it.
J. S. HAMILTON & Company
44-46 Dalhousie St. BRANTFORD.

GET READY FOR WINTER
Wood Heating Stoves!

We have secured a line of these Sheet Steel Heaters and are offering them at very reasonable prices. They are very durable, easily moved and good heaters.

See Our Stock Before Buying.

Howie's
"STOVES AND HARDWARE"
76 Dalhousie Street. Temple Building.

Children Cry for Fletcher's
CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.