

NEAR PASSCHENDAELE

INCIDENT OF BATTLE WHERE CANADIANS PLAYED A PART.

British Soldier's Vengeance for His Brother's Death - Well-known Irish Writer Describes Very Dramatic Incident That Indicates Something of the Strange Character of War.

It was early dawn and a thin fog hung over the battlefield. The battalion which had attacked was lying down on the wet, spongy earth, awaiting further orders. For the present moment nothing could be done, as the British barrage was "sitting down" immediately in front and its shell-splinters were hissing back over the heads of the boys in khaki.

The German airplanes, flying low and hidden in the mist, were sweeping down close to the battleground and now and again a machine gun rapped overhead and plastered the ground with bullets. Pte. Liddler, lying in a shell-hole, with the slush covering the greater part of his body, cursed heartily as a stream of bullets dashed the ground near him and whistled the slimy sledge against his face. "Happen he knows where we are," said the man. He came from Yorkshire, and he alluded to the hidden airman overhead. The sound of the propeller cut through the mist and the machine seemed to be very close.

Liddler looked up at the cloud above him and then along towards the enemy. The shells were scarce, not peeped. The German lines seemed to be alive with machine guns, the air was full of bullets. Liddler had seen his comrades fall round him and Liddler was angry. Although an old soldier, wise in the ways of war and conscious of the Hun, he had never before felt so angry with the enemy. And he had reason to, for had not his only brother, newly out from England, fallen in the charge of a few minutes before. Somewhere behind on the field the young boy lay dead; Liddler could visualize him, a limp heap in khaki huddled on the ground with a bullet wound, showing red on the white, unwrinkled forehead. Liddler's brow contracted savagely as thoughts fierce and impetuous swept through his mind.

Suddenly, out in front of him, hardly 20 paces, he saw a light glimmer for a moment and die down. Probably one of his mates was lighting his cigarette. But as far as he knew, none of his mates had gone forward. He was well ahead of the rest. The shell-holes near were not peeped with men in khaki. And certainly none of his mates was in front. Then who was responsible for the light?

The swish of the hostile propeller sounded nearer. Liddler looked up and saw the airplane sweeping over his head, clear of the clouds and a bare hundred yards above him. A fire of sparks escaped from beneath its body, like a shower of gold confetti, and this was followed by three puffs of white smoke. Liddler remembered it was unwise to look upwards at a hostile airplane and he turned his face to the ground again and stared out in front. He was just in time to see a rocket rising from the ground as if in answer to the signal of the airplane.

"That's funny," said Liddler, "must be some of Fritz's doin's, the swine. Signallin' on us I bet."

He pulled himself out of the shell-hole and crawled towards the shell-hole in which the rocket had risen. A fierce anger held the man, an anger that threw discretion to the winds. The airplane overhead might sight him and open a machine gun on him. But he did not care. All he could see was the hole in front and a mental vision of his dead brother lying on the field behind, the white, unwrinkled forehead pierced with a bullet. All other things were out of Liddler's reckoning. Anger gave a feverish haste to his movements; he wanted to kill, kill!

The barrage was rising and the men would soon be advancing. But Liddler wanted to get his job finished before the others arrived. A man so intent on a mission could not be stayed. He dragged himself forward, clumsily pulling his rifle and bayonet with him. Now and again he could see a hat rise over the rim of the shell-hole, but no face showed.

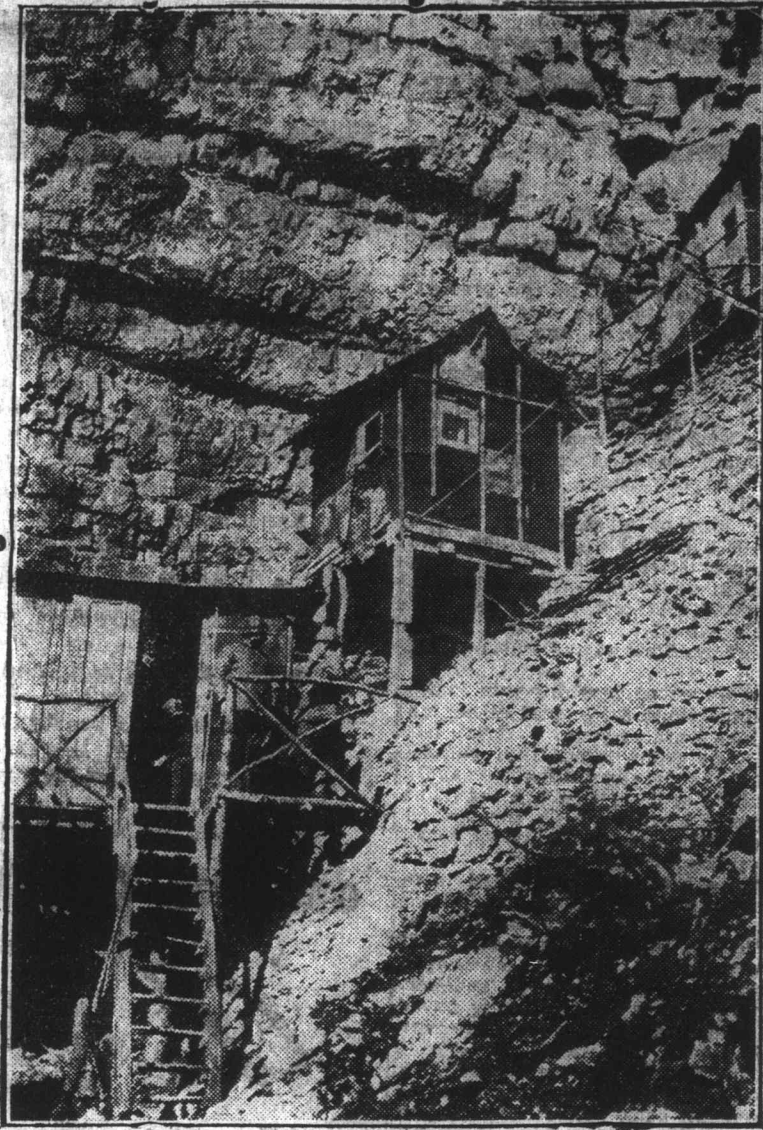
"Good thing they're not lookin' over," Liddler muttered grimly. "If that happens 'twill all be up with me."

But that did not happen. The holders of the shell-hole — there were three of them — were aroused to the presence of Liddler when he stood over them on the lip of the hole, his face red with rage, his bayonet at the point. He lunged madly, and the first German dropped in a heap, clutching at the air with frantic fingers. Liddler gazed at the falling man, saw him reach the ground and lie quite still, a little froth showing at his lips. He put his foot on the limp mass and drew his bayonet out. Then he turned on the other two.

With a madness beyond all human courage he charged both the men. With eyes staring at nothing, his mouth open, his breath coming in hoarse gasps, one fell to the mucky bottom of the shell-hole trying to slip off the bayonet that had pierced his shoulder. The other German tried to make battle, but Liddler, losing hold of his rifle, sprang in sideways at the German and gripped him by the throat. He fell on top of him, squeezing the man's Adam's apple with fingers of steel. The throat jellied inwards, the face became purple, the breathing ceased.

Liddler sat back on the lip of the shell-hole and gazed vacantly on the results of his moment's rage. The three men lay there in front of him, one with the bayonet sticking out of his shoulder. But to Liddler all that

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



CLIFF HOMES OF ITALIANS BATTLING AMONG THE CLOUDS High on the sides of the Mountains where they're battling the Austrian and German's above the clouds in land of eternal snow, the Italian Troops have built these unusual shelters stuck out of sight and reach of the Teuton Gunners.

was near him seemed distant and far away. The reaction had set in and he was feeling faint and sick. "It mustn't be," he said, and he thought of his brother. The barrage had now lifted and was creeping forward. Behind Liddler the men in khaki were on the move and a few were already close at hand. One man, a corporal, reached the lip of the shell-hole and looked in. "Someone has been busy here," he said with a laugh. "Have you done all this?" he asked, looking at Liddler.

But Liddler did not answer. "Lookin' glum, matey," said the corporal. "What's wrong?" "I haven't got a bayonet," said Liddler. "But there, it's there, stickin' in that Jerry's shoulder," said the corporal. "I can't pull it out," said Liddler. "I can't do it, not for a fortune." "Close your eyes for a minute, then," said the corporal, and Liddler did as he was told. He opened them when the rifle-belt was shoved into his hand, and he saw the German in whom the bayonet had been sticking a moment before, lying face down in the muck with no wound showing. The men were sweeping past now and Liddler joined in the advance, ready for further work in the field.

—Ritchean Patrick McGill.

Kentucky distillers have been converted into mills for grinding corn, barley and rye.

All kinds of Sport Footwear at Coles Shoe Co., 122 Colborne St.

War Garden Bulletin

PRACTICAL DAILY GUIDE FOR VACANT LOT AND BACKYARD GARDENERS ENLISTED IN GREAT-ER PRODUCTION CAMPAIGN.

Issued by the Canada Food Board in collaboration with experts on the staff of the Dominion Experimental Farm.

WEEDS.

It is a mistake to assume that cultivation stops when once the seeds are in the ground. As a matter of fact, the ground needs continuous attention and after rain it should always be gone over with the Dutch hoe, rake or hand cultivator.

For the amateur gardener weeds are really a blessing in disguise. They make him cultivate continually by hoeing or stirring up the soil.

The beginner is not always quite sure which is the weed and cultivation is more valuable which the plant. Young onions, for instance, look very much like grass and amateurs have been known to pull up the whole crop in their zeal for getting rid of "weeds." The best guide for the amateur, perhaps, is to look across the fence at his neighbor's patch or consult with someone who has been in the gardening campaign before.

Persistent cultivation is one of the best ways to kill weeds and to allow air into the soil. Weeds rob the soil of plant food. They afford a haven of refuge to countless numbers of insect enemies and plant diseases. They cost the country thousands of dollars a year. They are enemies that must be assiduously fought and it does not do for the amateur gardener to give them any leeway. They multiply fast and probably than fertilizer.

HEAVY MEAT EATERS HAVE SLOW KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if you feel Backache or have Bladder trouble.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacist and take a teaspoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink which all regular meat eaters should take clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

Important positions which could easily be defended were consequently abandoned. Telephone communications were cut and guns were destroyed as these false officers shouted in good Italian "Si siamo chi pue!" (Let those save themselves who can.) It is reported that these spurious officers knew the watchword to pass the Italian sentries on outpost duty and a certain amount of treachery is therefore suspected. The confusion that followed can easily be explained. The Italian troops fled from the trenches and rushed toward the advancing reinforcements, whose progress they impeded and whom to a great extent they demoralized since, as is well known, panic is contagious. The enemy hastened to occupy the abandoned positions and attacked the Italians under most favorable circumstances, while Austro-German airplanes flying low dropped bombs and opened machine-gun fire on the retreating Italians.

It was next to impossible to reorganize resistance even on lines further back. The panic spread rapidly. Entire regiments got mixed up. Fortunately some resistance was

opposed by detachments who held their ground and retired in good order. Thus, were consequences averted and guns and war materials were saved from positions where the enemy could easily have cut off every way of retreat and surrounded a considerable number of troops.

For some time before the offensive the Italian trenches were deluged with pamphlets, leaflets and other printed matter purporting to inform the Italian soldiers that revolution was raging in Italy, where the people had risen to impose peace. Copies of the two leading papers, the Corriere de la Sera, of Milan, and the Giornale d'Italia, of Rome, so cleverly imitated that it was impossible to suspect their genuineness were distributed by thousands among the Italian troops in some mysterious way.

These papers contained accounts of imaginary revolutionary outbreaks in Naples, Florence, Sicily and other important towns and said that hundreds of citizens, mostly women and children, had been shot down by British troops used by the Italian government to restore order, or trampled under foot by French cavalry, ordered to charge the crowds of defenceless people asking for bread. These accounts were short, often incomplete, as if mutilated by the censor, and worded in such a way as to convince simple-minded peasants who form the majority of the Italian troops, of their veracity.

How it was that this propaganda among the soldiers was not discovered nor combated by the officers in command is a mystery which cannot be explained. No explanation is needed why the Italian minds were thus poisoned to such an extent that they hardly opposed any resistance to the enemy's attacks and obeyed the orders of the false officers to retire.

The success of the Austro-German offensive against Italy was exclusively due to propaganda and mean stratagems which killed the valor of the Italian troops and lost the hard-won results of two years and a half of war.

Kitchen's Overalls and Smocks, \$1.85, Saturday only at Lazarus, Colborne St.

Mrs. Catherine Ferguson died at Plympton, London road, last week, aged 99 years. Her mother, who died on the same farm thirty years ago, was 102 years of age.

Renfrew has appointed a town garbage collector at a salary of \$125 a month, and a town scavenger at \$100 a month. The latter is to receive \$125 per month if no well-founded complaints are made against him.

Martin Phillips, 74, who was the owner of Cedar Island in Chippewa Bay, and for many years the landlord of the Cedar Island House, died recently in New York.

Fred Seiford, a Winterbourne farmer, was fined \$10 and costs in the Police Court at Kitchener for tampering with the market scales while weighing a load of hay.

Strathroy Town Council is offering the Dominion Carters free taxes, excepting school taxes, 50 per cent. of light used free of charge, free water, all for a term of 10 years, as an inducement for them to rebuild their factory.

Extra Trousers FREE Firth Brothers See Page 8.



ICE CREAM That you Really Enjoy Our Purity Ice Cream leaves that lingering taste you remember with pleasure and brings you back again. Drop in our parlor or order it by the brick. Artemis Sweets COLBORNE STREET.

No More of This if You Ride a CLEVELAND No standing, waiting for Street Cars; no unnecessary delays; no strap hanging when you ride a Bicycle --A "Cleveland" Bicycle will save you time, keeps you fit and makes your time your own. "Cleveland's" reign supreme in the field of Bicycles. Buy a Cleveland for satisfaction. Call and See This Wheel C.J. MITCHELL "BICYCLES" DALHOUSIE STREET Opposite Brant Theatre

COM AP IN South social Wo Follow letter writ to the So ciation: Cf I was Belgian la ful little h her resou got her to not ment is a well of a new Belge." T In Brusse for in su leveled to can imagin ple in such ity, but as Canada, an has nothing has six ch dead. I do not here about sent from impossible Administra pensive, an down all th The men in three we is so scar little laund Well one things and but as far forts come I am th to get in t lish lady, duty at th pitals at M her individ her cases. To see the dying, rasp extra pillow can provide bolsters. T set in touch ing from the special wor help of La Marquise de some degree the children nary. T I think we sh if it we excellent fee. I only wis in sufficient state of this (February 1 of children, these boys I sumption, pa hardly any you and a f have provid In an utterly body being w the purpose, teen. When would like to eat, it hurts much, but I read." In e two beds their six beds inst ada, I have ples of pillow and extra no A new seem your kind off a military ho west France, borders of the Here an Aus English Red stalled and h They have comfort of your rubbe