that. I took the soup down to Fong,

"Soon after that, Little Mary, who

the stairs, she said in Chinese:
"When the luck is bad it is time to

"Her little shoes went clicking up the

ninute, when it was too late to do any-

thing-it came to me that Wing was

stopped, there came the sound of

scuffle, and then a scream-I hear it

"I was first to reach the head of the

stairs, and I was in time to see a man

n a blouse run through the entry ento

the store. On the floor of the passage-

way there was a little heap. Somebody

assed me and when Lem brought the

[London Daily News.]

in the retreat last August, have for

army. They passed the whole winter

James Garringhan, one of the men,

A Plucky Old Woman.

"There were seven men with me,"

ditch, where we stayed all night. This

was August 26. Next morning we found ourselves in a little paddock only

a party of 21-eleven English and ten

"We were desperate for want of

brought us milk three times a day.

day they discovered the woman wash-

that I might be afraid!" The man who

said these words was just off for the

front, as gallant a fellow as could be found today under Sir John French's

command. He is an amateur scientist

rent powerful enough to stagger human-

hair-breadth escapes on dark roads at

night with a paralyzing car of his own

remaking, and motorcycled on mountain

tracks with both brakes out of order.

An utterly fearless man, yet he fears

or did fear—for that stage is past—feared that he might be afraid under

fire. Well, the man is typical of thous-

ands at the front who are writing Brit-

ish military history in characters whose

lustre will not fade.

Men are not cowards because they

realize their danger; they are the greatest heroes in that they master their fear. A man afraid of fear will march

sit unmoved in the dentist's chair while

a villainous tooth is drawn. Our great-

est warriors all experience emotion in battle. There is not a more daring man in the British army than Sir Ian

George White for the victoria Cross for incomparable bravery in action, but was denied the distinction as being too high in rank for the honor. He has been in all the fighting of his time, and has

He was enthusias anded during the South African

ity, a man who has had all sorts

and with little food.

"their own back."

tory of their adventures.

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The London Advertiser Company,

London, Ont., Thursday, June 3. ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THERE have been some gloomy prophets of late years who have drawn the parallel between Rome and Carthage in ancient history and Britain and Germany today. Carthage the rich, the luxurious and corrupt, the commercial, the employer of a mercenary army, the mighty naval power was, they say, the ancient Britain. Rome, then still the land of simple living, hard, work, primitive rudeness austerity, farmer-statesmen and con- FOILING THE SUBMARINES. script citizen soldiers, making beginnings of commerce and a navy but still a state self-supported by its agriculture, has been made to stand for Germany. Carthage was destroyed.

But the parallel can be at least as all suggestive of the nation that violated the Belgian treaty and the and supply ships that daily cross be-Hague conventions, outraged Belgium tween England and the Continent, and Poland with hideously scientific barbarism and raves in mad-dog was no such thing as this Herod Kaiser dancing in divine right boots on old Carthage. But the insolent military caste was there as in Germany.

Great Britain on the other hand has often been more correctly compared to Rome. In their splendid calm, steadiness and self-control, their habit of justice and compromise, their temfor engineering, their avoidance of purely commercial ethics, their moral Romans. Alike they are deficient in many. Alike they have risen on occaimperial names, and the last is greater | boast of achieving a blockade. because Christian, because more democratic than Rome at its best, and Like Rome, Britain is strong and masterful and tenacious, a lawmaker and ruler. But like Athens, Britain has also her poets, such men today as Rupert Brooke, who died in Lemnos for his country. Britain is the greater Rome. The meaner, dirtier Carthage is to be destroyed

### IN THE GRIP OF THE SPOILER.

Manifora and British Columbia the grand invasion.

There will be som And that with the connivance of or by they have not done better than kill a affairs by the people themselves. In ject of the raids has been an attempt to spread panic amongst the English works. In British Columbia the resources of the province have been comgovernment, faced with exposure, surgovernment, faced with exposure, sur-rendered their trust, and a new gov-ernment will try to rectify the errors of their predecessors. In British Colof their predecessors. In British Colclings to power.

Charges made against a government by political opponents are liable to be blased and exaggerated; at all events, the testimony of an enemy. But in populace into subjection they altogether even if true they will be discounted as British Columbia the charges of mismanagement are not made by opponwhen exposed to Prussian ferocity. He ents alone A non-political association, composed largely of clergymen, has sets his teeth the harder and the fury been investigating public records and archives, and has declared that "about Zeppelin raids will no more weaken the 90 per cent of the available land of British determination to crush Ger-British Columbia has been alienated." And it looks as though they were cor- ties or the gasing in Flanders. rect in their estimate. Lands have been sold by the Government at low prices. and it is said in some cases at only pelins in force. While no information nominal figures. Yet, though the prices has been given out, it is understood nominal figures. Yet, though the prices were low, there were about \$15,000,000 that a fleet of aeroplanes, number of arrears due the Government in Janument of the Premier himself. There account of themselves is assured by are, also, arrears of taxes, though to their former daring raids on Cuxhaven her

what extent we have no means of and Zeebrugge. If the Ger to postpone the payment of moneys due not likely to create much trouble. The the Crown.

Sir Richard McBride does not seem lisposed to follow the example of his been informed, but on their past per friend in Manitoba and resign. Nothing, formances, and meeting an alert and therefore, can be done to relieve the situation until Parliament is dissolved and the people have an opportunity to vote. But the time will be well spent while waiting for a general election, Political opponents, as well as nonpartisan citizens, will busy themselves n making public the record of the Government in its alienation of public ands and in the transfer of provincial esources to the hands of the speculator. There are great possibilities in British Columbia. Its mines, its fisheries, its forest and its arable land can provide mense wealth for its people. It shoute to a rich and populous section of

the Dominion, and the men who are The remedy rests with the people them- "Permysl." selves. If, at the first opportunity, they fail to turn out the unjust stewards who have mismanaged their affairs, and opened the doors to the spoiler, then they deserve what they will certainly get. They will be accessories to the

making a spectacular advance, or Ad- is a fallacy. But there is nothing fallamiral Jellicoe's fleet is having a vic-, cious about the mysterious connection torious brush with a baby-killing squadron from the Kiel Canal. Especially easily worked out the opposite way. are they impatient over what they call Germany, like Carthage, is a land of the inactivity of the North Sea armada, kans into remaining neutral. That business organization and has been, which they even construe as a German since the days of the semi-piratical success. They point to the fact that Hanseatic League, specialist in a none the German fleet is still intact, and that too scrupulous foreign commerce. the submarine has not been curbed. Eusiness first is the motto of Carthage | They believe that the British ships have and Germany. Neither state is dis- been driven to shelter unable to combat tinguished as particularly inventive or the Kaiser's underseas flotilla. Nothing, original, except in the way of philo- however, could be further from the sophy and music in Germany's case, facts. The "inactivity" of the British and perhaps in industrial chemistry. North Sea fleet is a masterful one. So the Tyrian purple being an early coun- effective is it that not a warship of the terpart of aniline dyes. Like the Car- Germans dare poke its nose outside for thaginian, the German is lacking in any distance. If we desire to know what the artistic instinct. The calculated the British fleet is accomplishing we scape variety. cruelties practised at times by the have simply to sum up what the Gerancient Carthaginians, the hectic fury man fleet is not accomplishing. It cannot of their hate, for instance the swearing set out to raid the commerce or coasts of young Hannibal to everlasting of the Allies, it cannot afford protechatred of Rome, the rigid oligarchy of tion to its own merchantmen interned in a military caste, the "Punic faith" neutral ports, it dare not run the risks which became a Roman byword for of tackling the British fleet in an at-Carthaginian treachery and perjury are tempt to break the blockade, it is un-

And we know right well that the fleet is "on the job." Three times have the Germans come out in force and on two [R. E. Vernede, in London Evening hatred of England. Carthage was more of the occasions were driven back with The Sea is His: He made it, ndecent to heavy losses, friendly mists and a mar- Black gulf and sunlit shoal gin of a few minutes saving them in the other sortie. It is worth noting, too, that Jellicoe and his captains have solved the problem of foiling the sub- The Sea is His: He made itmarine. Probably for months now the great dreadnoughts have been scattered amongst the east coast naval ports ready to dash out for the big fight, By vigils stern when others slept, but countless cruisers and destroyers are keeping up the patrol day and night, and since the loss of the Hawke and the perate democracy and respect for law, Cressy not a warship, big or little, has their capacity for self-government and fallen to the German subs. The Kaiser's

whittling down program has failed. To be sure, it is exasperating to see strictness, their love of "bread and the pirates daily getting their victim, but To chart the perilous ways unknown games," the British are the modern the vessels they manage to bring down continue to be the smaller and slower artistic impulse or skill, though less so ones. The great trans-Atlantic liners, than the men of Carthage and Ger- the vessels that are carrying the rich cargoes of war material and foodstuffs sion to a sublimity of patriotism and to the United Kingdom, these continue voluntary service for home and coun- to escape destruction, showing their try not to be matched in mercenary heels to the subs. They, too, like the Carthage or conscript Germany. Rome warships are able to foil the submaand Britain are the world's twin rines and make ridiculous the German

# THE ZEPPELINS.

because of such men as Shakespeare. TS THE latest raid of the Zepl pelins on London preliminary to a grand assault of the Kaiser's aerial armada on the British capital? In midwinter a noted American aeronaut predicted that this attack would take place in May because of the favorable weather conditions. This has not occurred as promised, but every few days Zeppelins have bombed villages and coast towns in the vicinity of London. drawing nearer to the metropolis on leach occasion. This month may see

There will be some anxiety to see pear to have been closely held in the just how deadly would be an attack grasp of the spoilsman and the grafter. in force of the big dirigibles. So far, the neglect of the men who had been half dozen persons and inflict trifling entrusted with the oversight of public property damage. Apparently the obin the guise of contracts for public rather than to secure any military advantage. British and French airmen have repeatedly raided Germany, inmandeered by real estate agents and flicting heavy losses on ammunition speculators. In Manitoba the delinquent depots, factories, fortifications and of their predecessors. In British Col-umbla the offending government still destruction or even the partial destruction of which would be a heavy blow. But if the Germans imagine that this particular branch of the frightfulness will scare the British The Britisher does not fly into a panic

> many than have the submarine atroci-And we may be sure that Kitc has prepared for an attack of the Zenhundreds, has been concentrated near London That these will give a good

owing. And to make it still easier during the daylight hours they wil the speculating landholder, the Gov- hardly get away without marks of the nment has passed what is practically conflict, and if they choose the night moratorium act, taking to itself power as they have in the past, they are Zeppelins may have possibilities of destruction of which the world has not esourceful enemy, they will not be the terrors of the air the Germans claim.

# EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mexico has been getting neither square deal nor square meal for a long

Private Michael O'Leary, V.C., re-

Just now the great Galician fortress striving to keep it out of the grip of seems to be in the balance as to the grafter are doing a patriotic work. whether it will be "Przemysl" or

> A German professor proudly boasts that Germany only knows how to truly hate. That is what the rest of the world inferred from the "frightfulness."

For the first time in many years. crimes by which they will suffer. They London is without a "season" this will be the willing accomplices of the spring. To the society-mad folk this robbers who will grow rich at their will be a greater horror than the war which caused it.

An agricultural expert declares that S OME there are who are plunged into the popular belief of a mysterious con-gloom unless General French is nection between the crops and the moon between Cupid and the moon

Germany hopes by her great drive against the Russians to scare the Balmight have worked earlier in the struggle, but Roumania, Bulgaria and be crushed if they are to retain their independence. Every German success drives the Balkan nations closer to the come to me. Oh, yes, about the Kid.

GOATWISE. [Cleveland Plain Dealer.] Figures pretend to prove that 400,-000 goats were killed in the United States for food last year. None, it is presumed, was of the well-known

NEVER. (Pittspurg Dispatch.) The inventor of a safe aeroplane has been killed by the fall of his plane. You never can tell.

DIFFICULT. [Cleveland Leader.] Evidently one of the most difficult duties of the topographers in the war camps is to pick out enough

suitable places for cemeteries THE SEA IS HIS. rom barrie Leagues of Atlantic roll; Small strait and ceaseless acean

By pain and stress and striving Beyond the nation's ken, By many lives of men; Through nights of

He bade each one to be,

dawnings Blacker than midnights be-This Sea that God created. England has kept it free.

Count me the splendid captain Who sailed with courage high Tell me where these men lie! They moored at Dead Man's Quay; The Sea is God's: He made it-

O mother of hearts too brave Men say this trust shall pass from

Who guardest Nelson's grave y, but these braggarts yet shall lear Who'd hold the world in fee, The Sea is God's-and England, England shall keep it free.

EXPERT IN SILVER LININGS. [Exchange.] Hall—Blythe is a pretty optimisti

Wall-I should say so. If he fatte business, he'd thank Heaven he had his health; if he failed in health, he'd thank Heaven he had his business, and no use in having one without

NOTHING DOING. [Exchange.]
"Have you paid your income

"Who? Me? I should say not! If they're taxing incomes the Govern-ment owes me money."

THE MIDDLE OF THE MAP. [Lurana Sheldon in New York Times.] Were I a multibillionaire For but one single year, rather think you all would stare At what would happen here. .

'd bring to bear the mighty power Till not a child should work an hou In factory, mine br mill.

On wage of children small fine new law's sledge-hammer With one fell bang would fall. I'd take from brutal humankind

Through some new legal ruse Whatever animal I'd find Them likely to abuse.

On which we poor folks glare

ped-up hunk of ice cream as

Were I such billionaire. [Indianapolis News.]

And it may be seriously doubted, too, whether there will ever be as much charm about an already wrap-

is about an ice cream cone. sanitary life has it drawbacks. SORRY SHE SPOKE.
[Exchange.]
She—I really believe you men think more of your automobiles than you do

of your wives.

He—Why not? We can get an improved make every year. [Philadelphia Ledger.]
"I wouldn't be a widow's
usband under any circumstane
"Well, I'd rather be her secon

# TEN MINUTES With the **Short-Story Writers**

[Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.] THE STREET OF THE WHISPERING SHADOWS

By C. E. Van Loan. I never knew his name, but the Chinatown loafers called him "Charlie the Chink," The tourist guides found a more picturesque name for him, pointing him out to their staring flocks as the rule that the innocent bystander "the white Chinaman." At first Char-

gets hurt, are Holland and Switzerland.

lie was inclined to resent this, but when he found that it brought him a slender harvest of small silver pieces Private Michael O'Leary, V.C., reported killed, writes that it is not so.
That makes another sensational "comeback."

slender harvest of small sliver pieces the snell of hop he has staked me
"Upstairs the passageway was das a pocket, but there was one li
it was long years behind him, before
the opium pipe claimed him body and a doorway, leading into one of

Whatever he was, or may have been, opium was his downfall. His descent was rapid, and his end was certain. He must have had a wonderful physique to begin with, for he lasted years beyond the white men who began with him; and there were times when he recalled their names and boasted of the fact that he had seen most of them die. Charlie coughed his life out in a little tin shack at the end of Fish Alley. Before he died he told a re-

markable story.

Somewhere in his opium-sodden brain there was an idea that his state nent would clear up the mysterious disappearance of a white boy whom he knew as "Curly" or the "Kid." "You can write it," he wheezed.

"By the time it gets into print I'll be where I won't care." where I won't care."

This is his story, told as nearly as possible in his own words:

"What did that doctor say when he ain't afraid. Yes, that's more like it.

went out? Oh, don't lie about it. I about white doctors, but I guess this one knows his business. He said I could have as much hop as I could get Yee Ching, that's the Chinese doctor. struggle, but Roumania, Bulgaria and me I wouldn't see the lilies in bloom the rest now know that Germany must this New Year. They're budding now. And Yee Ching knows.

"There was something I wanted to the cellar—waiting there in the dark—tell you. Wait a minute and it will then, before I could move, the footsteps "There was something I wanted to You never knew him; did you? He might have been alive now if he hadn't yet. been a born gambler. That's how he came to be down here in this part of town. That's how most of 'em start coming to a place like this. Some of s never get away-never want

you might say.
"I'll tell it to you, and you can do anything that seems right, only don't go to the police with it. They wouldn' believe you. Do you remember when Kelly and some of the rest of his men found Wing Kee down at the end of Martin Alley, shot all to pieces? They arrested three Bow Tsoo tong men police knew anything at all they'd know that there was no blood feud on now between the Bow Tsoos and the Sing Yicks, and Wing Kee was a Sing Yick man. A bad one. The police don't know anything about Chinatown-not the real inside, anyway. They never get the right man un

less they stumble on a high-hinde "This Bow Tsoo business just goes to show how little the police know, and when I'm through you will know about the man who killed Wing Kee and why he did it. I'll tell it to you, if you think it's worth a couple of dollars to you. "I never knew his name. but we

always called him the Kid. That was because he was so young-looking, and so smooth and fresh and clean. He had brown eyes and his hair curled a ittle-19, or maybe 20. "It was that four live - six game that got him down here, and he never played anywhere but at Fong's. could find him there every night. He was a sport. I've sen him win hundred dollars in a nightor maybe he'd lose as much-but he was always just the same, always always game. A Chinaman's a pretty good loser—he never says any-thing—but the Kid—well, I liked him

guess we all did-all but Wing Kee. "You don't know where place is, do you? Well, don't try to find out. It might not be healthy for you. There's a red string and a green string hanging out two holes in the signal. There used to be a knock out the police got on to it. Old Lem s on watch inside the door, and he lets a man in unless he knows

It was down at Fong's that the Kid two fields away from the Germans in There's Google- lay low all day. Then eight Frenchmen are called Mary. Eye Mary, Baild Mary, Fat Mary, Big-foot Mary, and a dozen more; but this of the time in orchards and lived on one wasn't that kind at all. We never pears for ten days. By then we were called her anything but Little Mary, and she grew up down in this part of the town. She was only about 16 and I tell you this one was different some- we met any Germans. Twelve Gernow. She was as nice a little thing mans caught two of our French comas ever you saw, and just as good as rades and bayoneted them without Jenkins bears the scratches on his face she was pretty. They say Fong was mercy. We made our way along a and rents in his clothes as the result He used to give her money to get into he game once in a while.
"Of course she gambled. All Chi-

nese women gamble, and most of them are gamer than the men. I've seen 'em 'ace up' for a pile of silver dollars and laugh over it.

"All the old-timers around the joint

would never lay a bet against her money even when she was in hard luck. One of those men was Wing Kee, and if you knew him you'd wonder that there was that much senti-ment in the man, for Wing Kee was

"I remember the first time the Kid dice and waiting for the bets, his hand down the stairs, and worked her through to the table. She laid down half a dollar. Then she looked up at him and smiled. "'You shoot!' she said.

"The Kid laughed and nodded at her.
"'Shoot, boy," she said. 'Shott!' And
then she laughed again. "The Kid picked up her money and "The Kid picked up her money and tossed it into the pan with his own, "'Not against your money,' says he. 'We're partners, see?'
"Then the Kid made seven passes and

filled that pan with money. He divided it even with Little Mary, because he said she brought him good luck. Well, was the beginning.
me of the other white men tried

girl. One night one of them went a little too far. Quick as a flash the Kid had the heavy bowl in both hands, ready to throw. "'You're twice as big as I am,' he said, 'but another crack like that and

and that he would fight. If that girl had been his own sister he couldn't have been any squarer with her. It was just a case of two children liking

the Kid and Mary like a cat, and when she was smiling up at the boy there was a black devil in Wing's eyes. He was bad all through. Remember the hunchback they found stabbed to death in front of the joss-house? Wing did that. He got the credit for the Hop Lee shooting, and I wouldn't put it past him—Hop was shot in the back.

"Little Mary didn't like Wing—she seemed to be afraid of him. If it had been a case of buy. I think Wing would have gone broke to get that girl; but Fong wouldn't listen to that sort of thing. In his way, the old man was raching he had contact the street for some time. When the Kid came out he looked a thousand years old.

"Fong buried Little Mary in a place that no white man knows anything about. She had been stabbed twice—a heavy, two-bladed knife that cut like a razor. What could the police have done? Fong offered a reward for Wing's life—everybody knew that, but nobody was raching the contact of t life—everybody knew that, but nobody knew where he had gone. Half a dozen sort of thing. In his way, the old man was really fond of the girl. Wing was always edging in and trying to get be-tween the Kid and the girl. Then he

would make little side remarks to her He never went near Fong's place, and I thought he had gone away altogether. in Chinese—good thing that the Kid didn't understand the language. "One night Fong sent me upstairs the morning it was—and I saw a white man standing in a doorway—in the Street of the Shadows. It was the Kid, to get him a bowl of bean-soup. There was a big game going, and he had been in the chair for several hours. I used but he didn't speak or nod. Maybe he to do little things like that for Fong because he was good to me, and many's the shell of hop he has staked me to.

"A mouth after Little Mary wa killed some of us were down in Fong" "Upstairs the passageway was dark cellar, and the game was running. It wasn't much of a game. It had never as a pocket, but there was one little oil-lamp at the other end. As I passed been the same place since what hap pened. We heard the street door close, rooms, I got a flash of a man with his and then the sound of a step along arm raised. It was Wing. He dropped his arm to his side and laughed, and said he had been reaching for the electric light switch. I knew there the passageway overhead. the step of every man who comes to the place. I've heard him call the time after time, and I've often won-dered how he did it. Fong raised his wasn't any switch in that room, and so did he. He tomine spoke ...ETAOINII If I had been smart enough to put two and two together-but it didn't seem

"' Who's there?' he asked.
"I could hear the men breathing a reasonable that Wing could be after another Tong man—right there in the house of his friend. No, he wouldn't do around the table; it was as if a chill had gone over the room. And before I saw his face I knew who it was. Yes, and Fong knew, too.
"The Kid came down the stairs and

and I didn't say anything. This part of town is an unhealthy place for a into the light, and we saw how changed meddler. I've seen a lot of men die he was. His cheeks were hollow and just because they couldn't mind their his face was gray, but his eyes were own business. And I didn't look into alive like the coals in a fire-pot. any doorways when I carried that soun worst was the smile that never touched him anywhere but on the lips. It wa the grin of a man dead and damned. had been playing with the Kid as a partner, quit the game. The Kid was "The Kid pulled his hand out his coat-pocket and reached it out big loser; he had his coat off and was Fong. There was a pistol in his fintalking to the dice. He never did that except they had him in the hole. As Little Mary passed me on the way to Then he spoke. "Old man,' he said, 'I've saved you

that blood-money. He's out there at the end of the alley. "The Kid spun the cylinder stairs, and then we heard them in the passageway; and just then—at that

" 'This is a good gun, Fong,' said 'It shoots six times. Five of these shells are empty—but that won't bring the little girl back, will it?' "On the stairs he turned and looked back at us.
"'It took me a long time,' he said.

'I don't know when I've had a good night's rest, but I'm going to have one to-night. Good night, boys!' sageway. He walked very slowly, and twice he stopped as if searching for something. The second time seemed

an eternity. I can see it now; Fong stretched out over the table with one iamp the Kid was kneeling on the floor yellow, wrinkled hand resting on the edge of the bowl; the faces of vith his arms around Little Mary. I couldn't see where she had been hurt, players, listening, listening! but I knew when I saw her face that it was only a matter of minutes. The Kid looked up at me, and I shook my

head. His face was as white as paper. Little Mary. I don't know how he "She never spoke to him, but once managed it: that's his business; and, she held up her hands as if feeling for anyhow, the Kid saved him the bloodhis face. I think that she knew him before she went. The Kid kissed her use a story like that—of course you hands and drew them around his neck, won't print it till after I'm gone. and that is the way Little Mary died. knows? I may see the Kid and Little It was silent and decent and Christian, Mary—somewhere—and they'll tell me in a way, although nobody was thinking all about it. Who knows?"

**Eluded Germans Nine Months** Belgian Frontier.—I have just met on us. Jamieson took comma

a party of six men, who, after being got us out under the noses of twelve cut off from their regiment in Mons Uhlans. there for a month with the Germans nine months eluded the Germans in shoeing horses in the next field and Belgium and have at last crawled many more only six fields away. through the barbed wire into Holland. dug a sort of trench alongside the For five months they lived in dug-outs, fence to hide in. A farmer gave us actually in the midst of the German civilian clothes, and we worked for him for three weeks under the noses of the

mostly underground, constantly hunted, Germans. Divided Into Three For one month they lived in a hole "We had to clear again, so we diviin a field, with German farriers shoe- ded into three parties. My little party ing horses on the other side of the of eight got into a field, where fence. On two occasions they were made a dug-out. We lived in this for led through a screen of searching Ger-

mans by the scouting genius of one of their number, Pte. Jamieson. Their one desire is to reach France and get which had been stuck up by the Germans. This said that Englishmen were whose memory was aided at points by did not give themselves up they would his comrade Jenkins, told me the his- be shot when they were caught. We

"This time we lived in a dur-out in a field for two months. It was terrible weather, raining nearly all anded, but we managed to hide in a time. We had to keep balling the ch, where we stayed all night. This place out nearly all night. We were pretty nearly starving. We decided to change quarters and live above ground. first saw Little Mary. All Chinese wo- the very middle of their lines. So we nearly a month in a hut we built in a corner of a field. Then a Belgian

What happened to the fugitives after this I must not disclose. It might implicate many good friends who helped them through Belgium and ultimately to escape across the frontier. They small for her age, and as pretty as a food, and we decided to make for a frequently travelled openly, passing picture. Oh, I know what you mean! village and fight to the last man if German sentries and even using railcross the frontier before succeeding. railway line through a forest into a village where we hid in a barn. A dear Holland. For the first six months the old woman, the best soul we ever met, six daring fugitives wore their uniforms under civilian clothes. Then the Germans reappeared. One Said Garrighan: "We were determined to stick to our khaki, and for a ing our army shirts. For three days long time we had our rifles handy. We they threatened the woman and her made up our minds that we would

two daughters, aged 16 and 19.

"Bless them, they never gave us away. But it got too hot for us. We took to the fields. The Germans hands."

been smashed up again and again by

wounds to come up smiling and indom

Every Man Feels It.

different." That may seem a casual

smoke-room jest, but read what he has

thrilling pictures that he witnessed in

turned to Kanhuantun at 9, but have

been on the roof of my house for the

to 10, just as the moon rose, the firing broke out again on Manjuyama even

more furiously than at sunset. The mountains and the river bank and the

bitter fighting is illuminating the slopes

speks, showing the thousands of rounds

which were being fired. . . . I feel very much afraid, and I wish I had

Yet we know that that man would lead

a forlorn hope into the very mouths of

the enemy's guns.

Think of the military heroes

of the hillock, and I could see its shape

Bravest Are Conscious of Fear.

of repute, whom the writer has seen and wondering how on earth I should pass through his hand an electric curget through, and I don't believe that

breast forward to the foe, and he will outlined by innumerable little dazzling

itable as ever.

#### believe a bit in the calm, unmoved man. I think it is only that he does Yet this man, who confesses thus to fear, was found by Gen. Nicholson, fast asleep, with 50,000 pounds of gunpowder under him, with the about to lay and explode a mine. French a Calm Soldier.

say that he could not have had, this

man who at the head of little forces of

men charged armies numbering hun-dreds of thousands. Yet read what he

was gazing clear-eved and unafraid at

"During our blockade we have been dis

cassing the question of being frightened.

should never be. For my own part,

so. I fear the future of all engage-

that is past, thank God! but I fear de-

feat and its consequences. I do not

am always frightened, and very much

Does Gordon's calm, unmoved man xist? If such there be, Sir John exist? French is that man. When the fighting was hottest during the terrible fighting retreat from Mons, he strode through our lines smoking a cigarette as brisk as a bee and with as mellow hum. Our men noted the cigarette they noted the demeaner of the smoker to those hard-pressed warriors as a reinforcement of an army corps. cigarette has already become historic. It matches Moltke's cigar at Koniggratz. The frightful battle seemed to hang on the balance—nay, to Bismarck it seemed lost. He grew afraid, yet not so afraid as to betray his fear nor to lose command of his habitual cunning. He tested Moltke; pulled out his case, offered him a cigar, and rior critically examined, smelt, selected

was well. There is an historic lemon, too. which served to stay the nerves of 'Stonewall' Jackson on a very bloody sides around him. "Stonewall" sucked away at his lemon in silence, then, withdrawing the bitter fruit from his ps for a moment, said with a shudder of ecstacy: "Pleasant excitement, isn't Sir John French adds his igarette to a mutton chop, which has earned its shred of fame. During the Boer war, while he was sitting with officers of his staff at lunch, came a scared and breathless galloper to report that Boer shells had begun to fall around the cavalry. French's answer was to call loudly for another

came to a tent where were men of a different nerve calibre. Junior or-ficers were at mess, when they were suddenly ordered to horse upon a hazardous ride. The men raised their Mary—somewhere—and they'll tell me all about it. Who knows?"

In about Bennet Burleigh's Daring. They tell of a fine, fat old general

in the French army who goes into th firing line with a camp stool and sits amidst the bullets smoking. "Eh bien, mes enfants," he will say if his men show signs of wavering. "I am very comfortable here: I do not wish to nove." And they stay! Probably few people know it, but Bennet Burleigh greatest war correspondent of another such a man as this. He saved British army by his extraordinary coolness and infectious bravery. was during the Soudan expedition ines at Tamai. Our small force drop proved to be simply crawling with Dervishes. They leaped up from everywhere. The British force was staggered, surprised, outnumbered, Sudenly a voice was heard, a cheery, confident voice: "Give it to them, boys! Hurrah! Now, my lads, give it o them. Hip, hip, hurrah!" Bennet Burleigh, fighting like a fiend. and chanting a battle anthem composed upon the spot, and by example. no less than by voice, putting new neart into our men. They caught up the cry, re-echoed it, and scattered the enemy which just previously had seemed destined to annihilate them. Rare Bennet Burleigh!

There was a youthful edition of Bennet Burleigh in the trenches the other week, the youngest of his company. When the others cowered after death of their last officer, they took the command from their baby, as they called him, took the command there were two mad, delightful Irishmen who, each to test the other's valor, got up together and ran a hundred yards' sprint in full sight of the enemy, and under fire, returning un-scathed to their trench, only sighing to repeat the wild adventure. Yes every one of such men has trembled at the first thunder of the guns and wished that the earth would open to admit them. There are very many men who have

this aching fear of being afraid.
Counting the risks beforehand, he make the answer five. But he

# TRACTION COMPANY

To St Thomas-4:50, 6:30 a.m. and hourly to 10:30 p.m.; last car, 11:15 p.m. SUNDAY, 9:30 a.m., and hourly to 10:30 at his club: "I have always been in a blue funk at the beginning of an action.

hourly to 8:30 p.m.

To Port Stanley-6:30 a.m., and hourly to 10:30 p.m. SUNDAY, 9:30 a.m., and

# **Eddy's Matches**

ARE AND HAVE BEEN FOR MORE THAN SIXTY YEARS LEADERS AND STANDARDS OF CAN-ADIAN TRADE, AND ALL THINKING CAN-ADIANS WILL CONTINUE TO ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING NONE BUT

**Eddy's Matches** 

**Bovril**, the Money

Saver Bovril is a big money-saver in the Kitchen. It turns into tempting dishes the food that would not get eaten otherwise. And its body-building powers-just what you need these hard times-are ten to twenty times the amount taken. It must be Bovril. ermy, heroic defender of Khartoum, Had, end up, like his commander-in-chief,

he no nerves, no qualms? One would with his cigarette in the firing line, or

# Travellers Guide

by running a foot race between th

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY/
SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION
BRIDGE AND TORONTO.
Arrive from the East—\*5:08 a.m., 10:56
a.m., \*11:06 a.m., \*13:00 a.m., \*13:00 p.m.,
\*8:20 p.m., \*8:53 p.m., 10:40 p.m.
Arrive from the West—\*12:24 a.m.,
\*6:06 a.m., \*5:40 a.m., 8:50 a.m., \*12:10
p.m., \*4:12 p.m., 6:25 p.m.
Depart for the East—\*12:29 a.m., \*6:11
a.m., \*5:45 a.m., 7:25 a.m., 9:60 a.m.,
\*12:20 p.m., 2:05 p.m., \*4:25 p.m., \*7:08
p.m. p.m. Depart for the West-\*5:20 a.m., 7:40 a.m., \*11:11 a.m., \*11:25 a.m., 5:38 p.m. a.m., \*11:11 a.m., \*11:25 a.m., 5:38 p.m. \*9:03 p.m. LONDON AND WINDSOR. Arrive—10:23 a.m., 4:00 p.m., 7:05 p.m.

11:05 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., \*11:35 a.m., 2:05 p.m., \*9:10 p.m.

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—11:15 a.m., 1:39 p.m., 5:25 p.m., 7:50 p.m., 11:20 p.m.

Depart—\*6:05 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 7:20 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—10:00 a.m., 6:10 p.m.

Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.

Trains marked \* run daily, Those not marked, daily, except Sunday. 1:05 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Arrive from the East-\*11:15 a.m., \*16:45 a.m., \*7:30 p.m., \*9:50 p.m., 11:45 p.m.
Arrive from the West—\*5:05 a.m.,
\*1:12 p.m., \*7:55 p.m., 7:25 p.m.
Depart for the East—\*5:15 a.m., 8:00
a.m., \*1:20 p.m., \*5:20 p.m., \*8:08 p.m.
Depart for the West—8:10 a.m., \*11:23
a.m., \*7:38 p.m., \*10 p.m.
Trains marked \* run daily. Those not marked, dai'y, except Sunday.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY. Arrive—7:05 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 4:58 p.m 9:40 p.m.
Trains arrive London from west, 9:30
a.m. and 10:00 p.m.
Trains arrive London from Port Stanley, 8:45 a.m.

TRACTION COMPANY.
To St. Thomas—4:50, 6:30 a.m., hourly to 10:30 p.m.; last car, 11:15 p.m. Sunday, 9:30 a.m., hourly to 10:30 p.m.
To Port Stanley—6:30 a.m., hourly to 10:30 p.m. Sunday, 9:30 a.m., hourly to

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.
Trains leave London for St. Thomas
and west to Chatham, 7:30 a.m.
Trains leave London for St. Thomas
and west to Walkerville, 4:30 p.m.

#### CANADIAN PACIFIC THE IDEAL TRAIN SERVICE

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