

NIGHT OPERATIONS

A line of dark figures climbed over the trench top and with rifles at the trail crept stealthily forward. Each man wore an overcoat and carried an India rubber ground sheet over his left arm.

They were bent on no high adventure. There was a very common-place task of warfare. They were to form a screen for a trench digging party that was attempting to extend the British lines forward. Their object was to ensure the safety of the party behind them and to escape observation. They had to throw a thin extended line far out toward the Hun trenches.

It had been raining all day and was raining still, a persistent drizzle. The unbroken darkness of the sky ceased at the horizon where faint glares of light and the regular spitting of star shells showed the German trenches.

Now and again the artillery spoke and a white hot flame flared and smashed in the darkness. From the night came intermittent spurts of rifle fire, and at intervals a machine gun hammered like an iron hand against an iron door.

The lines of men crept forward. Up and down behind the line fitted officers, whispering commands, checking, urging on. Each man kept his eye on his neighbor, as well as on the ground before him. Orders were passed up and down noiselessly from man to man.

Suddenly the whole line disappeared. It had reached its allotted place, and had sunk out of sight in the long grass. The grass was soaking wet and the men noiselessly spread out their ground sheets, and found for themselves spaces on which to lie.

There they were to remain until the approach of morning made their return necessary. Behind them the digging parties began to work. They could hear the clank of pick and shovel, and by turning could just see black figures moving against the dark sky.

Five interminable hours! If warfare were all fighting men would go through it gaily until they fell. But more than the warfare of the trenches is made up of these dark and empty vigils, when a man's soul is naked to all the fears, and he is denied those three things by which he may protect it in war, movement, companionship and song.

It is stranger that a man should bring his soul secure through these dark vigils than through all the furies of battle. And yet the men go through it. Had you gone down that line of hidden, watching men, and been able to look into their souls you would have seen the many ways in which they faced their vigil, some with an eagerness, imagining the dangers that might come, tense and prepared; some grimly setting themselves to pass through the discomforts of those five hours; some indifferent, taking all duty as it came, and one, the irrepressible Cockney soul, that no dangers nor sufferings can awe, muttering to his neighbor that he recalled a bank holiday night when he had slept under a bush on Hampstead Heath. "Makes you think of the roundabouts," he muttered, "to see those fireworks going up over the Hun trenches," and he pressed his face in the grass to stifle a yawn that he had begun to whistle in memory of that time. Each in his own way endures these vigils that are worse than battles.

Five interminable hours! They had lain there with scarcely a movement, scarcely a sound. By now they were soaked with the rain and stiff with cold. Sleep seemed the most desirable of earthly things. It hung upon their eyes, seemed to press their eyelids down with an intolerable weight. They ached for sleep and for warmth. They ached to smoke. They thought with longing of their billets in the empty, shell-wrecked houses in the village at the back of the lines. Their hard, cold beds on the dusty floors beckoned as invitingly as though they had been the softest of couches.

Nothing whatever had happened. They had stared over the top of the dark grass, and the featureless landscape had remained featureless. Black shape of hedge and stump and tree, distant flare of trench, all were wearisomely the same. The rain had ceased and the clouds had broken round the moon. Time seemed to stand still.

Suddenly the artillery behind the German line awoke. Four little bursts of white flame and four bursts of shell behind their line, but not very far behind. Then four again, and another four.

The line seemed to thrill suddenly with something that was not fear, nor excitement, but a sense of being gripped as though some giant hand were groping for them in the darkness; as though some strange extra sense had suddenly warned an invisible, inimical power of their presence.

The guns ranged up and down, forwards and backwards. For nearly ten minutes the horrible, searched fingers of flame searched, searched and found.

And having found it seemed as if they were satisfied, for as suddenly as they began the guns ceased. Only with the last burst there had come a cry, and when it had died away there remained a groaning, waited. They saw the stretcher bearers run out with stretchers from the trenches behind them, and a little later saw the slowly moving laden stretchers carried away.

"Five!" counted one. "Five up to the Huns. I wonder if the beggars are marked for Elighty."

But they were already on a longer journey than that.

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THE "SENTINEL"
The Canadians in the trenches have a fine sense of humor and the figure of the German soldier seen here was placed in front of a dugout taken possession of.

who have been in the hospital in Brantford for treatment are slowly improving.

A number of relatives spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Messer.

Miss Nellie Fulson, of Scotland, was calling on friends in this section a few evenings ago.

Mr. Andrew Slaght and his daughter Miss Beulah spent Sunday with relatives at Waterloo.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller were visiting the former's parents in Teeterville a few days ago.

(From our own correspondent) Miss Maggie Crandell of Brantford spent a few days here last week with her aunt, Mrs. E. Elliot.

Mrs. Chas. Rathburn of Fairfield, spent part of last week here with her mother, Mrs. Geo. Clemens.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Poole, of Salem, spent Sunday here with Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Terryberry.

Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Catton, spent over Sunday in Brantford.

Miss Dore spent Sunday in Kelvin.

Mr. and Mrs. David Shellington and family, spent Friday at the home of her brother, Mr. B. Pamplin, near Woodstock.

Miss Dora Force spent Sunday at the home of her brother, in East Oxford.

Mr. Hugh Force of Brantford, is moving into Mr. H. Bennett's house. Mr. and Mrs. H. Bennett, of Brantford, motored and spent Sunday here.

New Bed Quilts, Rugs and Curtains, to be sold at auction Saturday afternoon, June 2nd. The Central Auction Rooms, 8 Wharfe Street.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

INDIAN EYES SEE MUCH TO WONDER

Continued from Page Eleven
man of the guarantors was killed, the number of his beads which remained unredeemed was added to the obligation of the guarantors, or they elected an inheritor of the debt in his place. (He will understand that. It was all very correct and businesslike, Sahib. Our Pathan Company arranged it.) "It was seven weeks before all the beads were redeemed, because the weather was bad and the guns were strong and the enemy did not stir abroad after dark. When all the account was cleared the beads were taken out of pawn and returned to her grandfather with a certificate; and he wept.

"This war is not a war. It is a world destroying battle. All that has gone before this war in this world will now be seen only boys throwing colored powder at each other. No man can conceive it. What do you or the Mohmands or anyone who has not been here know of war? When the ignorant in future speak of war I shall laugh, even though they be my elder brethren. Consider what things are done here, and for what reasons.

"A little before I took my wounds, I was on duty near an officer who worked in wire and wood and earth to make traps for the enemy. He had acquired a tent of green cloth upon sticks, with a window of soft glass that could not be broken. All round the tent it was three paces long and two wide. Among the coverings was an officer of artillery in charge of a gun that shook mountains and more (eight hundred pounds). But those who have never seen even a rivulet cannot imagine the Indian. He offered many suggestions to purchase the tent. He would come of all hours increasing his offer. He overwhelmed the owner with talk about it." (I heard them often. Sahib.) "At last, and I heard this also, that tent owner said to that artillery officer, 'I am wearing it with your impatience. Destroy to-day a certain house that I shall show you and I will give you the tent for a gift. Otherwise have no more talk.' He showed him the roof of a certain white house which stood back three kos (six miles) in the enemy country a little underneath a hill with woods on each side. Consider this measure, and three kos in your mind along the Amritsar Road. The gunner officer said: 'By God, I accept this bargain!' He issued orders and estimated back and forth as swiftly as a lover. Then fire was delivered and at the fourth discharge the watchers through their glasses saw the house spring high and spread abroad and taken out by a barber. Seeing this the gunner sprang into the tent and looked through the window and smiled because the tent was now his. But the enemy did not understand the reasons. There was a great gun-fire all that night, as well as many enemy regiments moving about and us their commanders were disturbed to some great degree on our part; that their men had no rest for a week. Yet it was all done for a little green tent that you may understand the meaning of things. This is a world where the very hills are turned upside down, with the cities upon them. He who comes alive out of this business will forever after be as a giant. If anyone wishes to see it let him come here or remain disappointed all his life.

(We will finish with affection and sweet words. After all, a brother is a brother.) "As for myself, why do you write to me so many complaints? Are you fighting in this war or? You know the saying: 'A soldier's life is for his family; his death is for his country; his discomforts are for himself alone.' I joined to fight when I was young. I have eaten the government's salt till I am old. I am

discharging my obligation. When all is at an end the memory of our parting will be but a dream.

"I pray the Guru to bring together those who are separated. God alone is true. Everything else is but a shadow."

(That is poetry. Oh—and add this, Sahib); "Let there be no delay about the corpse. She would not accept anything else.

ECHO PLACE
(From our own Correspondent) Mr. R. McLeod, who underwent an operation in the Brantford general hospital last Friday, is doing fine, we are glad to say.

The sympathy of the whole community goes to Mr. and Mrs. George Smith and family, in their recent sad bereavement, when a loving daughter and kind sister was taken from the home circle.

Mrs. Mariatt has returned from Mt. Pleasant where she was spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. A. Westbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Graham, Miss Iva and Master Theodore spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Murray Smith.

Mr. Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith of Brockville, are visiting at the home of Mr. Geo. Smith.

Mrs. R. Blanchard, city, is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. Marshall.

Mrs. Fred Smith is spending a few days with relatives in Ancaster. Elm Ave. had a record attendance for the anniversary services.

Mr. Harding, Sen., visited her son, Mr. Harding, Chester St., Sunday last.

SCOTLAND

(From our own Correspondent) We regret to announce the death of Mr. Alonzo Graves, which sad event took place at the home of his sister, Mrs. Jas. Mitchener, one mile south of the village, on Friday morning after a protracted illness. The funeral which was largely attended took place on Sunday afternoon. Interment in Scotland cemetery.

Mr. C. Howey, who has been conducting a general store business on Talbot Street, in this village for some time, disposed of the stock a few days ago and moved onto his farm near Vanessa.

The moving picture show that was held in Van Dusen's Hall on Thursday night last was fairly well attended considering the bad night.

Mr. C. L. Messer and family of Brantford, were calling on his mother here, a few days ago.

A number from this village and vicinity attended the Garden Party at Oakland on Thursday night.

A number from this place were in attendance at the funeral of the late Mr. William Depew, at Vanessa on Thursday.

Mrs. William Fink of Brantford spent part of last week visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dunn spent Sunday in Tilsonburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Chambers, of Delhi, are spending a few days, visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. W. Hall.

Miss Ethel Hagerman is visiting in Simcoe.

Mrs. McMullen, of Hamilton is visiting her sister, Mrs. David Taylor.

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JUST EAST OF MARKET

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Ordinary Tea

DID it ever occur to you that all teas are not "Just tea"? In reality, there is as much difference in teas as there is in silks.

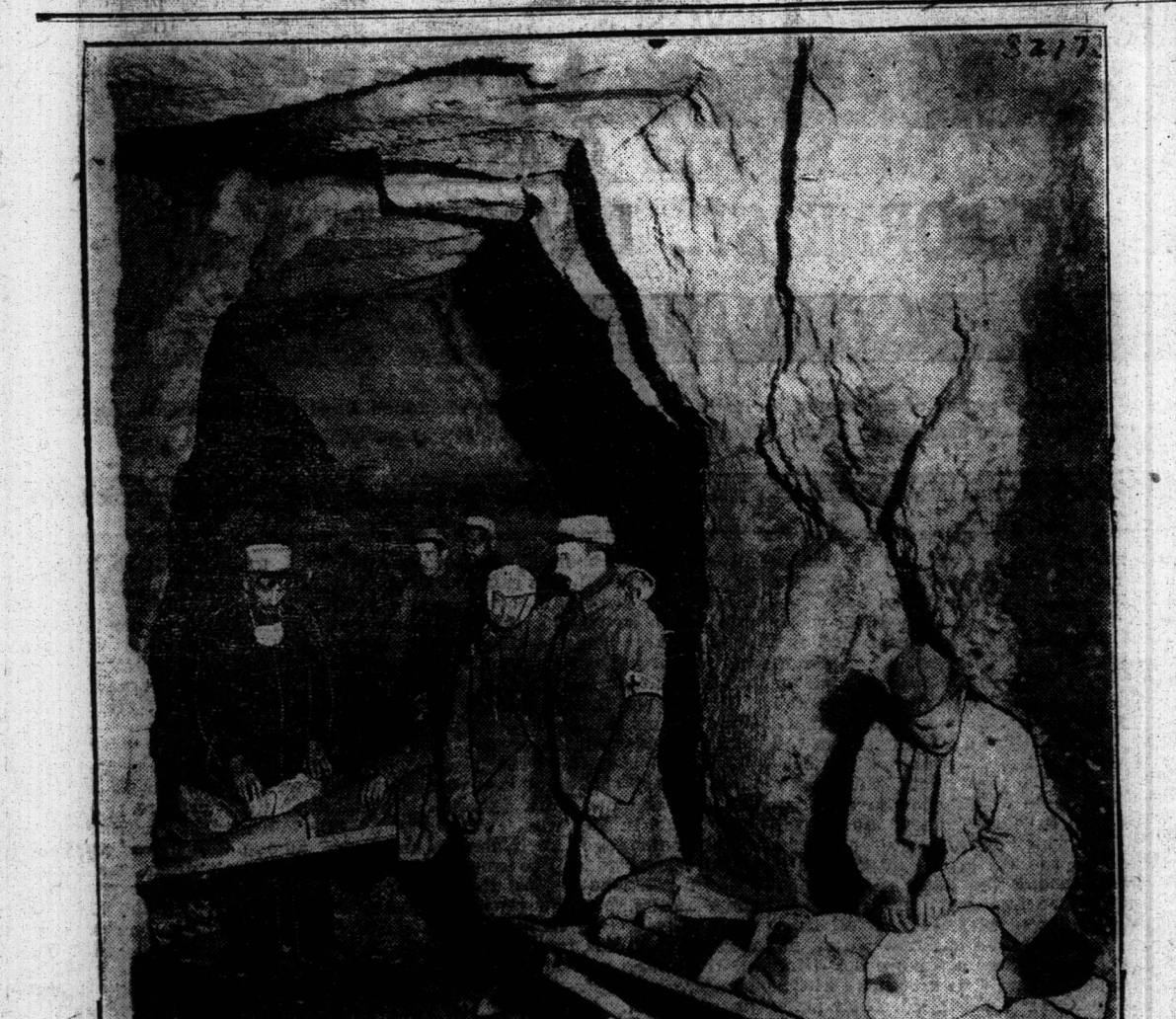
There are many varieties of tea: Indian teas, Ceylon teas, Java teas, China teas, etc.—Indians and Ceylons being the choicest of all.

These teas are all just ordinary garden teas, while Red Rose Tea is a blend of teas selected from as many as sixteen different gardens, using largely Assam-Indian teas skillfully blended with Ceylons. The result is that rich strength and smooth flavor that has made Red Rose Tea so popular.

One level teaspoonful of Red Rose Tea goes as far as a heaping teaspoonful of ordinary tea—that proves the true quality and economy of Red Rose.

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Far down under the earth French Red Cross workers and the regular medical staffs treat the seriously wounded French soldiers before they are carried forward out of the danger zone. This work has its dangers, too.

THE M

By
Late Superintendent of the
New S

(From Thursday's Daily)
The newspaper press is defiled, many be potent factor detection of crime. Morrow ubiquitous reporter is not evaded for long by the detective living. The wisest of to meet him with fair wage guide his pen where there is ger of his writing too much, him on his honor on occasion a promising case has been factless treatment of a report wrong moment.

Menzie dictated an account murder in which he said much as he wanted to say and more. The conclusion to most him with fair wage guide his pen where there is ger of his writing too much, him on his honor on occasion a promising case has been factless treatment of a report wrong moment.

He received the newspaper pleasantly, parried their chat too adroit questions with good humor, and told them anecdotes which had not the bearing on the murder or Stratton.

They read the typewritten he handed them greedily, and examined him as mercilessly as he had been cross-examined Old Bailey. A clerk brought to him and he read it with change of countenance.

"In a minute" he said to the ing clerk, and put the card into his coat pocket. "Well, you know as much as I do on there's anything else you know, just drop in and see me you like. Good morning!"

They accepted their dismissal he took another glance at the read.

MISS LUCY OLNEY.
And underneath written in PEGGY GREY-STRATTON CHAPTER V.

"Mr. William Smith," the streets before Jimmie rose, and the inevitable had established a blockade hotel. He cursed them who shaved. It seemed that a which he had left New York cape had followed him to E. As an old newspaper hand he had little faith to be seen again all hot and spiced for licitation of a morbidly hung lie.

He surveyed a salver full that had been brought up with a scowl. Vivid recol came to him of the way in which he had dealt in "sketches" and "personal" stuff on big stories, and he began to receive a certain fellow feeling long forgotten victims. B. chin grew dogged.

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