

AUSTRIAN GUNS TAKEN BY RUSSIANS

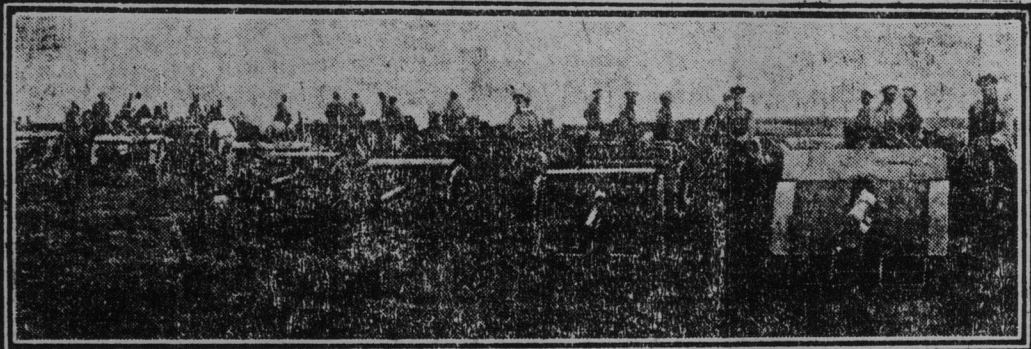


Photo shows a few of many hundreds of guns captured by the Russians during their victorious advance on the eastern front into Austrian territory.

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON  
—WITH AN INCIDENT

(BY HOPE F. M. ROSS, OF THE MANITOBA FREE PRESS STAFF.)

London, Sept. 3.—"Anybody wouldn't think they 'ain't got no 'ans in the way they don't shut them blinds."

Mr. Forster, it is said, did much for young England when he established the school boards, but he never succeeded in persuading it to use its negatives properly. Witness a fragment quoted as being overheard yesterday on a London street corner.

"Don't 'ad think nothing o' yourself."

"Why do you?"

"With which may be compared the provincial matron's 'No, the postman ain't never brought no letters for nobody.'"

The introductory fragment expresses the sentiment of the London police. We walk along Tottenham Court road late at night and up in the fifth story of a house there are seen three windows not properly protected. The light is shining out more strongly than the regulations allow. There is no telephone in these rooms, and there is no elevator in the building. The officer is not happy when he has climbed the stairs to order the observance of the law. Still he must go on and climb another, since no one knows when the imminent danger may recur. Down the street there are odd places where the darkness is not as deep as it might be, but on the whole it is not bad, much blinder than these while ways of the night ever dreamed that they would be.

The new law, the police sergeant explains, went into effect the previous evening, which was a Friday and the first of September. Prior to that date there had been some exceptions made in favor of the metropolis as compared with the country towns. Now all are to be alike. We stroll at midnight down to Leicester Square where in former years the evening paper could be readily read as late as night as this. An odd street lamp throws a subdued light to the ground and only faint gleams come from shop windows.

The famous area has all the characteristics of a remote country village, but for the traffic which is still brisk. The big buses pass in an unending stream, often filled both above and below, and the swifter moving taxis glide by at high speed.

**A Farm Laborer**

Captain Murray of the Canadian forces, who is with me, becomes engaged in conversation with an applicant for money who stands close up to the decept. The man is a laborer, not by any means young, and we listen to a statement of the conditions of the English farm life. The pay, even in the autumn, is only 15 shillings a week, through the year. The farm house is studded with diamonds, owing to the high war prices for farm products, but the laborer, skilled though he was, could not get four shillings a day. "Half a crown or nothing," said the farm manager. "Don't you know that there is a war on?" he adds, "and that times are bitter hard."

"Then I'll get along w' nothin'," says the laborer and trudges into London.

We continue down to Charing Cross and eventually reach a famous hotel, said to be the largest in the world. There are always Canadians there, and we are to meet one or two. The conversation turned to Dickens. Some one spoke of "Bleak House" and the story told in that volume of the delays of the court of chancery. He then gave some particulars of a chancery case proceeding at the moment in London. This was an action between the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, Ltd., and the Globe and Phoenix Gold Mining Co., Ltd., before Mr. Justice Eves. Mr. Upjohn, K. C., well-known London lawyer, was acting for the defendants. He began a

speech in behalf of his clients in July and in the early part of September he is still going strong. He has now spoken 31 days without intermission, except such as occur in the natural course of the proceedings. That the English court is not free from occurrences which English people are prone to believe are confined to the United States was illustrated by an occurrence of the previous day. Mr. Hughes intervened at some point on behalf of the plaintiffs, and Mr. Upjohn that he regretted that his courteous intervention had always led to a volume of scurvyous abuse. "That is an absolute lie," replied the English lawyer promptly, just as though he had been more Yankee.

**Girls on Farms**

Captain Murray told of his interview with the farm laborer and of his talk with reference to the condition of such people in the country. "That reminds me of some young farm laborers whom I saw a few days ago," replied a friend. "These," he added, "were London girls, in training for farm work, under a certain committee. During the day they were what we call 'visiting the town.' This they refused, saying they were their own mistresses after 6 o'clock, and up to the village they went in this apparel. The lady superintendent, who had been to the county committee, and the chairman replied that the complaint was preposterous, and that the girls could wear their own clothes as much as they wished. He would never interfere."

**London Churches**

My own interest continues very strong in the churches and we spoke of this feature of London life. What is happening in all cities has occurred in London in an acute form. Large churches were built many years ago in districts where, at the present time, there is scarcely a resident family. Counting everywhere, the parish of St. Alphage, London Wall, has a sleeping population of 36, and that of St. Mary Alderman a sleeping population of 87. It is proposed that these two congregations be merged, and in that case the old edifice of St. Alphage, with the exception of the tower, will be taken down.

I remember being struck in Canada with the story which I read of the peculiar use to which some of the oldest churches are put. It appears that a very low rate of transportation is granted on the railways for the convenience of working men. Engravers and other similar employees are not needed until 9 or 10, but the cheap fare attracted them, and they came into town at 7. Then they had one or two hours' wait, and the churches, three or four, were opened in the early forenoon to afford them a place of shelter.

Early on Sunday morning, or very late on Saturday night, we turn back to our hotel. Before leaving Canada I had the pleasure to see in Eaton's store in Winnipeg quite a number of paintings of London scenes by a well known Canadian artist, Mr. Bell-Smith. I examined these on many successive days. They were similar in one respect. They represented London streets in their characteristic way, with a very light mist, and I was reminded of these beautiful paintings as we walked home, the dull light from the street lamps falling on the wet pavement, and gleaming there, just as Mr. Bell-Smith had so cleverly presented it. It is past 1 o'clock and I sit down to write.

**Was it Thunder**

It has been very wet in London, wetter than for years, they say. Some visitors from Canada do not mind it for the reason that the weather is much better than they had expected to find it. Still it is a serious thing for the farmers, and I do not see how much grain could have been got in since it came to Britain a few weeks ago. It was not raining when we came in to the hotel, but it is apparently beginning again. In the distance I can hear the low murmur of thunder, indicating the oncoming of a storm. There is another crash, and it is sharper and much nearer than before.

But listen! Quiet. Is it thunder? It is sharper, quicker, more terrifying than thunder. It is not thunder. It is something new. It is the British lion, which through these days of London life has been so quiescent, now barking savagely, and fighting for life. From north, south, east and west there comes the crack, the crash and the roar of the London guns.

Mindful of the police warning we pull the cord and extinguish the light, leaving the room in complete darkness. We rush to the window, pull back the heavy curtain and black blind, and look out into the street. Many lights appear in

the apartments of the hotel opposite. Officers on the street order them out, and they disappear. From the south there streams away to the north the brilliant current of the searchlight. It pierces the clouds and falls on a great floating war machine. Hundreds of guns take aim and fire. No one knew they were in readiness, least of all the German.

**On the Hotel Roofs**

The quiet hotel begins to hum. Voices are heard everywhere. In the hallways people move from window to window, anxious to see what trouble may transpire. The roof is sought, up a winding stairway. Many searchlights are seen to converge on a certain point in the northern sky, and either in fancy or reality, there is heard the throb and the roar of the powerful engines of the Zeppelin raider.

Down below there is outspread the vast dark silent city, with its untold thousands of old and young, rich and poor. Up above there is the fleet of German war machines intent on the terrible work of destruction and death. Up still higher, thank God, are the young men of the British flying corps in British aeroplanes, co-operating with men of the guns, in the light to best of the invaders.

Is it near or is it far away? It seems near at hand and distant. It has stopped and is hovering apparent-

ly over its prey. Or is the pilot confused and has he lost his way? Suddenly there is a flash and flare in the dark night sky. "My God," shrieks the unemotional Englishman, "they have got him."

It is 3 o'clock in the morning and no one knows what has occurred. The guns cease firing and the danger, so far as this occasion is concerned, is over.

At dawn there is still no information, although it is said on every hand, for the first time, a German Zeppelin has been shot down on British soil.

Anxious to know, I started off as early as possible on Sunday to learn the truth. I knew the general direction in which the event must have transpired, and was certain that the nearer I got to the site the more information there would be.

I went north on the Tottenham Court road to Euston road, and took the train from that point still going north to Camden. Before reaching the railway a soldier from Canada mentioned to me the name "Cuffley."

**Sights at Cuffley**

I bought a ticket at Cuffley and alighted at that station amid typical English scenery. We went up a long hill past an alchouse known as the Plough, and reached a little church, more like one which you would find on the

Manitoba prairies, than on a hill in England. It was of iron, on a foundation of red brick, and was very low and small.

A little beyond it, near a grove of English oak, there lay all that remained of the German raider and close beside under a tarpaulin, were the bodies of the crew, 16 German soldiers.

It is well to say that the bodies were there, but it was in fact hard to say that what we saw were human remains. Charred bones, horribly burned by fire, scattered about as though they had been gnawed by dogs, the flesh gone or worse, a sight to appal a scavenger. I took one look and turned back as rapidly as possible to London. I thought many times that I would faint on the way. It was the first sight of the reality of the war. No wonder Northcliffe calls it the Horror.

A Frightful Death!  
Suffocated with Asthma Attack

Every sufferer from Asthma knows the terror, the abject fear that overcomes them when struggling for breath. The old fashioned remedies may relieve, but never cure. Best results come from Catarrhones, which cures Asthma after trouble and catarrh. It's because Catarrhones kills the asthma germ that it cures. Choking spells and labored breathings and loss of sleep are cured. Every trace of asthma is driven from the system and even old chronic experiences immediate relief and lasting cure. Equally good for bronchitis, throat trouble and catarrh. The large one dollar outfit includes the inhaler and lasts two months, sold by all dealers or from The Catarrhones Co., Kingston, Canada.

Your Mother Will Be Pleased

with this tea. Tell her I recommend it, for I use it in my own home. Show her the Guarantee on the label, and I know she will be glad to try it.



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The official report indicates that there were 18 Zeppelins in the raid and that it was designed to be much the worst that Germany has inflicted on Britain. As it happened, little harm was done and few lives were lost. One man and one woman were killed and eleven adults and two children were wounded. Not the slightest military damage was done and the loss of property was nil.

It would appear from the results of this affair that Britain has little to fear from the German fleet of Zeppelins. There are two sources of protection. One of these is found in the fact that all Britain is now kept dark at night and the other is the steady increase and betterment of the British aeroplane service and the improved guns. In all, 86 Zeppelins have been now accounted for since the struggle began, and if the report that a second one was lost today, the total is 87.

**LAST NIGHT'S CASUALTIES**

The midnight casualty list contained the names of nine New Brunswick men: Killed in action, Arthur Arshaw, Upper Blackville; Joseph Hickey, Midville;

Eben M. Langille, Madagasc; Henry D. Morton, Harcourt; Eugene Palk, St. Stephen; Frank Purton, St. Andrews. Wounded—Joseph James Arsenault, Bathurst; Dosay Arsenault, Rogersville, and A. Bass, Moncton.

Lieutenant H. F. Bennett of the No. 9 Siege Battery was yesterday appointed second in command.

Colonel J. J. Sharpley, officer in command of military hospitals in Canada, arrived in the city yesterday from Ottawa, accompanied by Colonel Alfred Thompson, medical superintendent of the Military Hospitals Commission. They are here for the purpose of gathering material for the establishment of a systematic plan of looking after the returned soldiers from coast to coast.

**Costes-Stevens.**

A quiet wedding of interest took place last evening, Oct. 2, at the residence of the officiating clergyman, Rev. F. Wentworth, when Miss Violet T. Stevens became the bride of Herbert C. Costes, deputy superintendent of the Metropolitan Life. The happy pair left immediately by train for Boston and New York. On their return they will reside at 51 Summer street.

The Efficiency of the British Navy

—is due to the fact that it wasn't afraid to discard obsolete ships, methods—and men.

When Lord Fisher started to revolutionize the British Navy—not only did he scrap useless ships which could neither fight nor run away—but he also scrapped useless men. It is this courage to wipe out ultimate waste by the "scrapping" of obsolete methods and machinery—that stamps "efficiency" on the man of to-day.

But there are thousands of business men who strive for 100 per cent. efficiency in the factory or office who are still content with 40 or 50 per cent. in the morning toilet.

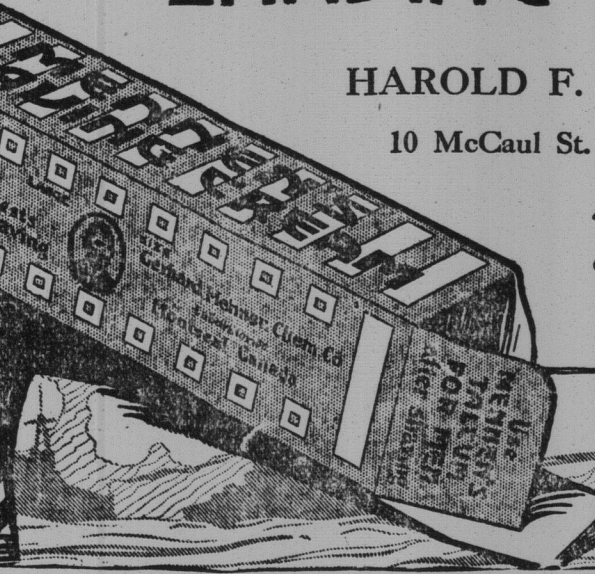
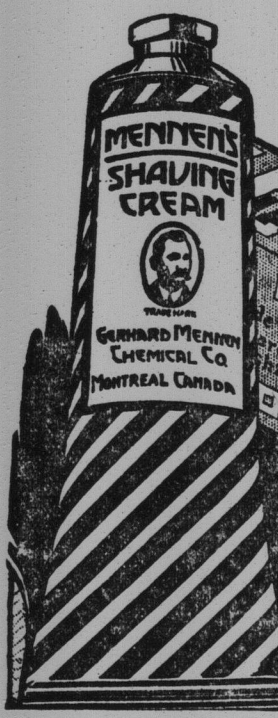
The demand for more speed, less mess, less of the tedium of re-lathering, rubbing-in, and slow difficult shaving, and less smart, bite and irritation, has caused many men to discard successfully the mug, the stick and the powder as they would discard a wasteful, antiquated machine in the factory.

Mennen's Shaving Cream overcomes every objection to mugs, sticks and powders. It wipes out waste, "rubbing-in," and re-lathering. It is sanitary. It actually softens the beard. It leaves the skin soft, cool and refreshed. There is not a bite or a smart in a tube of it. Mennen's Shaving Cream costs but little more than bar or stick and lasts longer than powder. A 25-cent tube, if used according to directions, will deliver a shave a day for months. It is without free caustic; its healing, soothing properties make lotions unnecessary.

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ACTRESS TELLS SECRET

A Well Known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Gray Hair With a Simple Home Made Mixture

Miss Blanche Rose, a well known actress, who darkened her gray hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview at Chicago, Ill., made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Olex Compound, and 1-4 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a gray haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humors and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."