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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HUNS AS LUMBERMEN

A CANADIAN TELLS OF VISIT TO FRENCH FOREST.
Prisoners Are Employed to Handle the Timber, but They Are Not Very Efficient, and Men From Our Own Dominion Are Doing the Bulk of This Important Work.

"EYES LEFT!" "EYES FRONT!" Uttered in guttural German, these commands sound strangely on a Canadian ear. Stranger still is the mis-en-scene whence they arise. For the non-com. who shouts the order is a hulking Hun in field grey, wearing the Iron Cross, and by his side marches a column of German soldiers. But no Mausers are in their hands, no bayonets at their sides, and the headgear is not that of one regiment.
Blue, red, yellow, white border the caps of these men, and quite as diverse are the designs of their shoulder-straps. Tall and short, fat and thin, many be-spectacled, mingle in this conglomeration of Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Wurttembergers—no longer soldiers, but woodmen marching to dinner. They salute a group of Canadian officers as they pass, and the burly German non-com. in charge is quite evidently glad of a chance to air his authority a bit in public and do a bit of a swanking he was wont to do in the barrack square of Deutschland.
It is in a pine forest of France that Douglas Robertson, the Canadian correspondent, saw these Boches working for the Canadians engaged in forestry work. Working, did I say? Well, imagine thirty-two husky Huns pretending to haul on a rope, leisurely pulling down a tiny jack pine, scarcely more than a sapling, and you can visualize their efforts. How an Ontario farmer would laugh at such "work." However, the Germans do accomplish a little. They quite evidently like this "job," and it confers an appetite and an appreciation of the comfortable huts in which they are housed.

By the roadside stands their own German "kitch," and facing him a row of burnished kettles. Brimming with some savory stew, the steam ascends in fragrant clouds. To him in batches of twenty at a time come the prisoners, to fill their dixies and receive each one a generous chunk of bread. Squatting under the trees in this fine weather, they partake of their mid-day meal. Would that Canadians in Boche-land fared half so well. After feeding, several of the Huns produce long-stemmed pipes, with china bowls, which they puff contentedly, their enjoyment unimpeded by any thought of the sentries who stand back among the trees in case some forgetful Hun might wander through the sylvan dells.
And what a pine forest is this! Its like does not exist throughout the length and breadth of Canada. A regular fairy-tale wood, this vast plantation of clean trunks, rising almost limbless to an average of fifty feet, green-topped, springing from an underbrushless carpet of moss and needles. They grow in yellow sand, these trees. The larger ones measure from 10 to 14 inches through at the base, and give some 40 feet of log.
Hark, Canadian lumbermen. In this country a stern Government allows no timber-limit vandalism on the part of loggers. No brush nor slashing may be scattered about, as in Canada, to start fires. Everything here is piled, swept clean. In the adjoining French section of this wood I actually saw windrows made of branches carefully tied together. Thus they are shipped off to Paris for firewood.
In marked contrast to the Huns the Canadian bushmen, who, over-alled, stand in military formation ere they dismiss to lunch. A little group, they have charge of the more technical jobs. Soon a mill will hum in this vicinity, as others are doing elsewhere, turning out 'ts fall crota each day. These Canadian

mills are not only supplying our own troops, but Imperial and French troops as well.

Canadians are hard at work in forests of beech, hornbeam, ash, oak, birch, cherry, and chestnut trees, which are falling before them, and, oddest sight of all, are being pulled down by block and tackle. Such is the French fashion. Limbs chopped off, and a rope attached to its top, many a tree is torn out by the roots, which are afterwards sawn off.
Saw-dust roads, slab piles, noon-day whistles among such surroundings. Sacrilege! Mais c'est la guerre! Alas, modern war is an ogre for timber. But then the trees will grow again; many are ripe for the saw; many more will be left standing. All is being done systematically under Governmental supervision.

"Builders in Canada would be glad to pay \$60 and \$70 a thousand feet for this," remarked an Ottawa Valley lumberman, now an officer in charge of one of these mills. He referred to the beautiful, clear beech, which, alas, was being sawn into common planks for roads. "Does seem a shame to see such stuff being wasted when pine or spruce would do just as well. But the army simply has to have it, so we are turning it into lumber as fast as we know how. I sent planks like these, hot from the saw, to build the roads over which our guns were hauled up to Vimy Ridge."

One of the hardwood Canadian millmen are sawing besides lumber, beams, trench timbers, railway sleepers, firing beams for 9.5 howitzers, etc. Fuel was scarce in the trenches last winter. If the Hun manages to defer his final thrashing until next year, the boys in the trenches won't freeze for lack of waste wood. One mill commandant told me he had 1,000 tons of such stuff ready for them.

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A DARING AVIATOR.

Captain W. A. Bishop Possesses Three Decorations.
The intrepidity of Captain William Avery Bishop, a Canadian, and a member of the Royal Flying Corps, in attacking a German aerodrome single-handed, has been rewarded by the bestowal upon him of the Victoria Cross, the most prized of the British valor medals. The Official Gazette gives the following resume of the action which brought Captain Bishop the Victoria Cross:
"Captain Bishop flew first to an enemy aerodrome. Finding no enemy machine about, he flew to another aerodrome, three miles distant, and about twelve miles inside the German lines. Seven machines, some with their engines running, were on the ground. He attacked these from a height of 50 feet, killing one of the mechanics.
"One of the machines got off the ground, but Captain Bishop, at a height of 60 feet, fired 15 rounds into it at close range and it crashed to the ground. A second machine got off the ground, into which he fired 30 rounds at 150 yards. It fell into a tree. Two more machines rose from the aerodrome, one of which he engaged at a height of 1,000 feet, sending it crashing to the ground. He then emptied a whole drum of cartridges into the fourth hostile machine and flew back to his station.
"Four hostile scouts were 1,000 feet above him, for a mile during his return journey, but they would not attack. His machine was badly shot about by machine-gun fire from the ground."
Captain Bishop is a native of Owen Sound, a son of W. A. Bishop, Grey County court clerk and registrar of the Surrogate Court. At the outbreak of the war he was a student at the Royal Military College, Kingston, and he went overseas shortly after the outbreak of hostilities with an engineering corps from Kingston. He was home on furlough some time

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ago, having been slightly injured in an aeroplane accident.
Frequent reference has been made in recent war despatches to an aviator "from a Northern Ontario town" who was making a name for himself at the front, and it is now apparent that Captain Bishop was the officer referred to. He is said to have the knack of unnerving his opponent at once by diving straight at him as a hawk strikes at his prey.
Six weeks ago his father received reliable information to the effect that his son had destroyed 36 German aircraft. Captain Bishop, who is but 23 years of age, already holds the Distinguished Conduct Order and the Military Cross. Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig referred to his most recent exploit in his despatches and endorsed it as "remarkably clever work."

Canada's Contribution.
It is now more than a century and a half since Louis XV. of France signed over to Great Britain the Dominion of Canada with the light remark: "Oh well; it's only a few acres of snow."
One cannot help wondering what his thoughts would have been could he have had a vision of the Canada of to-day and the part she is playing as an ally of his countrymen of the twentieth century. Out of a population of some seven and a half millions Canada has given 440,000 fighting men to the war. At the end of last year war orders totalling \$1,095,000,000 had been placed with her, while this year's munitions orders are expected to exceed \$700,000,000—or about \$100 for every man, woman, and child. At the beginning of this year 630 factories were working on munition contracts, the country's output being now more than that of any European nation except Germany before the war. Wooden ships, steel ships, and submarines are being turned out, and on this account and that the Imperial

Munitions Board is spending annually more than two and a half times as much as the Federal Government spends in a normal year. Anxious European allies await the grain and flour of the Canadian prairies as eagerly as ever the populace of Ancient Rome looked for the corn ships from Sicily and Egypt. And if the province of Alberta alone were cultivated on the same intensive scale prevailing in pre-war Belgium it would support an agricultural population of fifty million—or half the entire population of the United States.—From "Canada's Troubles and Triumphs," by Harry C. Douglas, in the American Review of Reviews.

An Intrepid Mariner.
An intrepid but almost forgotten Canadian mariner was Captain J. H. Gardiner, who left Shelburne, N. S., on June 19, 1893, in an effort to cross the Atlantic in a fifteen-foot sailboat of his own make.
Captain Gardiner was last heard of about eight hundred miles east of New York when Captain Crowley, of the British steamship Verejeh, picked him up and outfitted his boat with supplies.
Captain Gardiner insisted on continuing his solitary journey across the ocean, although he said that he had had hard luck in the journey out of Shelburne. He was bound for Falmouth. He said that he was trying that method of crossing the ocean in an effort "to make a name for himself."

Russians in Our Army.
Although the Doukhobors are recognized as immune from military service, over one hundred of them have joined Saskatchewan battalions. This is the more remarkable when it is remembered that they left Russia largely on account of their rooted objection to military service. Many of them still maintain that attitude, and the Government has recognized their scruples. It is also remarkable that they should now be fighting in a cause which so largely concerns the land they migrated from.

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