PRAYED FOR VICTORY EVEN WHEN DYING

Chaplain in Naval Fight Knew Battle Was Won Before Death Came.

DIARY KEPT BY SEAMEN.

Thrilling Account of How H. M. S. Barham Came Through Fray.

A pathetic story of a chaplain who prayed for victory whilst dying in the great naval battle is told by Able Seaman Woodley, who was serving on H.M.S. Barham, and whose home is at Frodingham (Lincolnshire). He kept a diary of the principal incidents in the fight, and the most interesting items recorded:

"Light cruisers have reported enemy in sight.

"Lion reports enemy in sight and within range of our guns. 'A turret load and come to the ready. Fire!' Hooray! There goes our first angry shot of the war. Our object is a four funnelled cruiser, and our first shot has hit her amidships. Our second shot follows the first. 'Cease fire' is the order. The first enemy ship is finished with two shots.

"Our opening range was 27,000 yards, and then we came down to 19,000 to engage our second ship. She was a battle ship, and we gave her salvoes from all turrets. Our firing, which was now fast and furious was splendid. We again received orders 'Cease fire.' She was reported sinking, and did not require any more attention.

"The third ship we engaged was a battle-cruiser. These had crept up under cover of the battleships, and we opened fire at 13,000 yards. The heavy fire had filled the atmosphere with haze and smoke, and made it necessary to close in to 9,000 before we put 'paid' to her bill.

"During this engagement the Grand Fleet was sighted, and it eventually came to our assistance. Before its arrival we had been fighting for two hours and forty minutes. The odds against us were about four to one.

"At the beginning of the battle we numbered ten cruisers, four battleships of our class, and several light cruisers and destroyers. With the assistance of the Grand Fleet, however things were evened a bit, but the enemy did not appear to like this, and at 8.15 p.m. the big action ceased.

Hot Work

"While our turrets had been busy with the big ships our 6in. batteries had not been idle. They had put 'paid' to more than one of the enemy's light cruisers and destroyers, also two submarines were sunk for venturing too close. It was hot work while it lasted, but being in the turret and surrounded by 13in. of good solid English armour we did not quite realize the seriousness of the action, and were surprised that nothing had hit our turret.

"At 9.15 we were relieved for supper, and it was then we began to realize how near we had been to 'Davy Jones.' As went down into the mess deck we saw the dead and wounded. The medical staff were busy attending to them, but they were handicapped. Two of the surgeons' assistants were among the wounded, and nearly all their bandages and dressings had been destroyed. The sight was one I shall nevr forget as long as I live. Having no appetite for supper, we returned to the turret, where we remained on watch.

"During the night a couple of destroyers attacked us, but these were soon brought to a finish.

"June 1 was spent in clearing away the debris and the recovery of the bodies. The wounded were removed aft, and the dead were taken for'ard and sewn in canvas for burial. The mess deck was then washed down and disinfected.

"Rather a touching narrative is told of our chaplain, who as he lay dying from a shattered spine and leg prayed for victory for our Fleet. Like Nelson, he lived just long enough to know that his prayer was answered and the day was ours. The burial service took place on the quarterdeck at eight p.m. I and three others had the sad job of bearing a mess mate to his last resting-place. The funeral service was read by the captain as the bodies lay on the deck covered by the Union Jack. As they were committeed to the deep the guard of honor fired three volleys over them. The 'Admiral's Salute' and 'Last Post' were also sounded. That closed the last sad chapter of the greatest naval action ever fought, and once again we have proved to the world that Britannia with her men—born, not made—still rules the waves.

"The losses were astonishingly small. The enemy losses are not yet known, but they must be enormous, for we can account for three big ships, five light cruisers and destroyers, and three submarines.

SCROFULA AND ALL HUMORS GIVE WAY

There are many things learned from experience and observation that the older generation should impress upon the younger. Among them is the fact that scrofula and other humors are most successfully treated with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine is a peculiar combination of remarkably effective blood-purifying and health-giving roots, barks and herbs, and has been tested for forty years. Get it today.

NEWS NOTES OF ST. GEORGE

(From our own correspondent.)

Miss Mary Malcolm of St. Thomas was the guest of her father this week.

Miss Bertha Nesbit is visiting her friend, Mrs. E. A. Nylin at Hamilton.

Miss Ada Hilliard returned home this week after visiting friends in Galt.

Victoria and Viola Atridge are holidaying in Hamilton and Ancaster.

Roy Patten of McGill University, Montreal, is home for the holidays.

Mrs. Harry Burns of Toronto, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Howell this week.

Mrs. Paxson of Niagara Falls, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. S. Dale.

Perry German spent Sunday at Grimsby Beach.

Mrs. Ed. Jameison of Port Dover, Mrs. Evans of Khedive, Sask., and four children are the guests of their brother, Mrs. Jas. McNeilly.

Thursday afternoon the foundry caught fire, the alarm was given, but before the fire engine arrived the men in the foundry had the blaze extinguished. No great damage being done.

Rev. C. D. Farquharson is holidaying at Chatham.

Members of Methodist Ladies' Aid are making arrangements for a moonlight social on the lawn of the Methodist Parsonage, Tuesday, Aug. 15th. There will be an excellent programme.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The August meeting of the Tutela Institute was held at the home of Miss Fawcett on Thursday, with good attendance. The meeting opened in the usual way by the singing of the Ode. The President, Mrs. Herd was in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted. Miss E. Burrill and Mrs. Oughtred furnished the musical part of the program in their very delightful and pleasing way. Miss N. Hargraves gave two splendid readings which were very much enjoyed. Miss Tomlinson read an excellent paper on "Institutes and what they may be to the Individuals" written by Mrs. Tomlinson.

The roll call was answered by giving tempting recipes for salads. A dainty luncheon was then served by the hostess and the meeting closed by singing "God Save the King." The next meeting is to be held at Mrs. Henry's.

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Winnipeg, Man., June, 1916.

During the last Presbyterian General Assembly at Winnipeg, a number of delegates from the Maritime Provinces made their trip to Winnipeg via the Canadian Government Railways, Grand Trunk Railway System and the Transcontinental Line. The Grand Trunk are now in receipt of a eulogistic letter from these delegates, fifty-two in number, which reads as follows:—

"The undersigned, Commissioners to the Presbyterian General Assembly at Winnipeg and their accompanying friends from the Maritime Provinces, hereby express their very great satisfaction with the conveniences and comforts enjoyed by them during their journey.

The officials of the Trancontinental Line, from the highest to the lowest, were not only faithful in the discharge of all their duties during this first excursion trip on their line from the Atlantic to Winnipeg, but they cheerfully did everything they possibly could to make the trip to be a long remembered one by all who took it."

WHY SUFFER FROM HEAT IN THE CITY WHEN YOU CAN COOL OFF ON THE GREAT LAKES?

Take the Canadian Pacific Steamship Erpress from Toronto any Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday at 2.30 p.m. for Port McNicoll, where direct connection is made with either the "Assiniboia" or "Keewatin" for Sault St. Marie, Port Arthur and Fort William. An ideal vacation trip at small cost. Particulars from any Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Prince in Jutland Battle.

It now transpires that Prince Albert, second son of King George, took part in the big naval battle off Jutland and escaped without a scratch, although there were many casualties on his ship. Prince Albert will be twenty-one next December, and next to the Prince of Wales is in line of succession to the throne. Last year he had a bad attack of appendicitis and had to be operated upon, but recovered and returned to duty. He is said to be a most efficient officer and most popular with his messmates and the men on board his ship. King George himself was a sailor, and still retains his old fondness for the sea.

A Word About Gen. Scott.

Gen. A. B. Scott, who is practically in charge of the British drive on the Somme, is one of Britain's best known artillery officers, although when hostilities began about two years ago he was only a colonel. Gen. Scot was born in 1862 and educated at Woolwich. He entered the army in 1881 and has seen service in various parts of the Empire, but particularly in South Africa, where he was twice mentioned in despatches and won promotion. In the present drive artillery is playing a big part, and as Scott is pre-eminently an artillery man, it is evident that he is the man for the "job."

N. W. ROWELL BACK FROM FRENCH FRONT.

Paris, Aug. 7.—Messrs. Newton W. Rowell and Main Johnson returned here yesterday from a visit to the French front.

TWO FRENCHMEN TOOK 100 HUNS

Corporal of Infantry, with a Comrade, Played Daring Trick on Enemy.

HONORED BY THE PRESIDENT.

Hid Behind Tree and Bombed Germans, Who Thought They Were Outnumbered

By Special Wire to the Courier.

Paris, Aug. 7.—Corp. Gouteaubier, of the French light infantry, has been decorated with a military cross by President Poincaire for capturing 100 Germans, including two officers aided only by a single companion. The curt reference to Corporal Gouteaubier's exploit in army orders reads:

"For bravery and contempt of danger which struck terror into the trenches and shelter of the enemy, with a single comrade, he has made 100 prisoners, including two officers, whom he took to the rear and thea rejoined his post."

Told of Feat to the President.

When Corp. Gouteaubier was paraded before President Poincaire on the recent visit of the latter to the Somme front he told the story of his feat at the request of the President.

It was on July 20, before Hem Wood. The French troops had just dashed forward at the German positions. The first wave had swept over the enemy's trenches and the second had followed to complete the operation. However, from a hollow toward the right, a well sustained fusillade was being poured on the flank of the attackers.

Threw Bombs at the Enemy.

Gouteaubier, who was at the right wing of the second wave called out to one man: "Guillot, come with me." The two men approached the spot whence the firing came. They glided from tree to tree until they were close to the shelter where a German company was holding out. Guillot threw bombs as fast as he could into their midst and the fire ceased.

Bagged 100 of Them.

"Surrender," shouted the corporal in a stentorian voice from behind a tree. In response to his demand 100 Germans emerged from the shelter with uplifted hands, led by two officers. "Pass along this way," shouted Gouteaubier from his hiding place. Two minutes later the 100 Germans, shepherded by the corporal and Guillot, arrived at the French lines.

The prisoners admitted that some of their comrades remained in the shelter. "Come on, Guillot, let us go and fetch them" said Gouteaubier. The two men started back but Guillot fell with a bullet in his breast and the corporal had to abandon his enterprise.

Retiring Financial Editor

Francis Hirst, editor of the London Economist, has resigned and will edit a more popular periodical, in which he will have "freer scope and a large political field." Hirst is one of the world's best known financial writers. During the eight years he has been editor of the Economist he has built up an enviable reputation for himself and his paper. In addition to his work on the Economist he has found time to write many pamphlets and books on economic subjects, some of his best known works being, "Adam Smith" (English Men of Letters), "The Stock Exchange," and "The Six Panics." Mr. Hirst was born in 1873, and educated at Oxford, where he took a brilliant course. He practised law for a ime, but the attractions of journalism proved too strong and he soon became weaned from the Forum. At heart he is a Radical, and the probabilities are that in his new field he will be able to give full play to his well known Radical tendencies.

BULGARIA IS WARNED OFFENCES TOO FREQUENT.

Amsterdam, Aug. 7.—On drawing the attention of the Bulgarian Government to recent incidents on the Bulgarian-Roumanian frontier, such as the recent attempt of Bulgarian soldiers to seize a Roumanian island in the Danube, the Roumanian Foreign Minister, according to a semi-official telegram received here Saturday from Bucharest, said the incidents were "too frequent and not in accordance with the good relations between the two countries."

Lightning struck and completely destroyed a large barn belonging to Mr. Gilbert Estabrookes, St. John.

The body of John A. Huggins, a well-known druggist of Halifax, was found drowned in the harbor last Monday.

ROYAL CONNAVGHT

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GEO. H. O'NEIL - - Manager

Social and Personal

The Courier is always pleased to use items of personal interest. Phone 276.

Miss Irene O'Dowd is holidaying at Port Stanley.

Mrs. H. McK. Wilson has retruned from a visit to Toronto.

Mr. Vernon Hendershott, Mary St., is spending his vacation with friends in Chicago and Detroit.

Rev. W. B. Moulton returned to his charge in Clinton, after spending a pleasant visit among his many friends.

Rev. W. Moulton spent Sunday last in Toronto.

Miss Emily Sparks was a visitor in Toronto, Friday last.

Mrs. Verner and Annie Heaman, Wellington Street, returned on Saturday, after holidaying at Winnemere, Muskoka.

Miss Marjorie Kerr, 39 Niagara Street, left to-day to spend three weeks with relatives in Ridgetown.

Mr. Thos. Barker, St. Catharines, motored to Brantford on Saturday, with his wife and family, and spent the week-end with friends here.

Miss Gladys Doherty has returned home, after spending her vacation in London, Ont.

GOOD DIGESTION: A SOURCE OF HEALTH

When the stomach is out of Order the Whole System Suffers.

Indigestion is one of the most distressing maladies afflicting mankind. When the stomach is unable to perform the work nature calls for, the result in severe pains after eating, nausea, heartburn, fluttering of the heart, sick headache, and often a loathing for food, though the sufferer is really half starved. People with poor digestion, too frequently try all sorts of experiments to aid the process of digestion, but there is only one way in which the trouble can actually be cured, that is through the blood. That is why the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cures even the most obstinate cases of indigestion. They make rich, red blood that strengthens the stomach and the nerves, thus enabling it to do its work. The process is simple, but the result means good appetite and increased health and pleasure in life. In proof of these statements, Mrs. Herbert Harris, Ont., says: "I have used Dr Williams' Pink Pills with wonderful results. For two years I was a great sufferer from indigestion which almost made me a physical wreck. At times my sufferings were so great that I was unable to attend to my household duties. I had smothering spells at times and was afraid to lie down to rest. After every meal, no matter how sparingly I ate, I suffered great distress. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised to cure this trouble and decided to try them. I had not been taking them long when I felt somewhat improved. This improvement continued, and after taking ten boxes I could eat and digest all kinds of food and felt better than I had done for years. You may be sure I am very grateful for the wonderful relief these pills have given me. I know they are also a cure for anaemic sufferers, as an intimate friend of mine was badly afflicted with this trouble and after taking several boxes she was entirely cured."

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Pte. Walter White, of Fredericton, had four fingers of his right hand severed by a shingle saw at Fraser's, Limited, Victoria Mills.

Five Austrians, prisoners of war at Springhill Mines, N.S., who escaped last week, were caught later at Dorchester, N.B.

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Now in Full Swing. Many Lines of Summer Goods Clearing Out at Great Reductions

Middy Waist

In Full Range of Sizes SALE PRICE..... 79c

Habutai Silk

White Habitua Silk, 36 in. wide, washable, for Middies and Shirt Waists, Regular 75c., Sale Price 59c

House Dresses

1 Lot Ladies' House Dresses, light and dark colors, all sizes, Sale Price 98c

Special prices on sheeting, Pillow Cotton and Table Linen.

Millinery

All Trimmed Millinery, This season's styles in black and colors to clear at Half Price.

Big reductions in white wear for Ladies' and children.

Fancy Parasols

Sunshades in choice lot of styles, new goods, all colors, worth up to $2.00, Sale Price 98c

Big Saving on Hosiery and Gloves in Black and colors.

J. M. YOUNG & CO.

BRITISH OFFICIAL

By Special Wire to the Courier.

London, Aug. 7.—The British official statement issued at 10 o'clock last night reads:

"Including the capture of the German trenches reported this morning we, during the last two days, thrust forward our line north and west of Pozieres some 400 to 600 yards over a front of about 3,000 yards.

"Troops from Australia, Kent, Surrey and Sussex participated in this operation and consolidated the position won, despite the shellfire, which was especially heavy near the Pozieres-Baupaume road.

"Our artillery shelled La Courcelette and Miraumont, causing large explosions in both places. Ten gun emplacements and three ammunition stores were destroyed. The enemy attempted to seize a crater near Soachez, but was repulsed with bombs.

"There was some artillery activity between Hooge and St. Eloi, where the enemy exploded a small mine but no movement followed.

"The enemy's aircraft showed little enterprise. Eight of their machines scattered when engaged by three of ours."

TIRED MOTHERS—It's hard work to take care of children and to cook, sweep, wash, sew and mend besides. Tired mothers should take Hood's Sarsaparilla—it refreshes the blood, improves the appetite, assures restful sleep, and helps in many

Pure, Clean MILK?

You get nothing else from us. Pasteurization makes it as clean and pure as deep spring water.

Did you ever stop to think about the old cans and half-washed bottles in which milk is often delivered? Not here, though, because every bottle leaving our building is sterilized.

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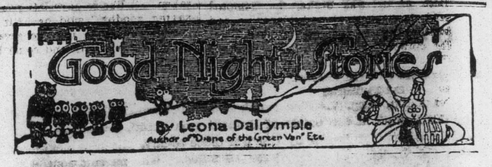

IN THE CORNFIELD

Roger's window opened on a cornfield. Nothing very wonderful in that, but this cornfield proved to be a mighty queer place, as Roger discovered one night when the moon was shining.

He saw a moon-colored bird. There it stood in the corn under his window, just about the color of the moon sometimes, and sometimes invisible save for a feather here and there in its wings which looked precisely like a moonbeam. What's more, its eyes were moonstones!

"Oh, dear, oh dear!" signed this remarkable bird, "I'm all out of whistles!"

Roger stared. "What kind of whistles?" asked Roger. And the minute he spoke the moon-colored bird vanished. But after a while Roger looked out of the window again, and there, sure enough, was the bird, looking like a patch of moonlight with its tail spread.

"I'm tired of playing camel for all these cornfield fairies," the bird was grumbling this time. "What's more, I shan't sit on the fence by the railroad to-night and catch the whistles that tumble out of the smokestack. If the fairies want to ride around on my back they can do without a whistle."

Roger leaned from the window.

"Let me whistle for you," he exclaimed in great excitement. "If you will take me around and let me see the cornfield fairies, I'll—I'll whistle for you."

"Can you whistle?" demanded the bird, and Roger blew a mighty whistle upon his finger-tips. My dears, that moon-colored bird danced a perfect jig of delight.

"Hurry up! Hurry up!" he cried. "I must make you invisible."

And that's how Roger, whistling for dear life, came out ride through the cornfield on the back of the strange moon-colored bird who called himself a fairy corn-crake.

The corn-crake stopped at a tall cornstalk and down came a corn-princess with brown silky hair and clothes made of corn-husk. Delicate green they were and much more beautiful than Roger would have thought possible.

"You're late!" said the corn-princess crossly.

"No matter," snapped the corn-crake express, as he liked to call himself, "I've waited for you many and many a time." And then without a word of irection from the strange princess, riding on his back, he set off toward the south with Roger whistling shrilly. Queer fairies hailed the corn-crake express and jumped aboard—corn-husk knights and ladies—but none of them seemed to see Roger, whistling with all his might while the corn-crake ran and ran through the corn, delivering everybody—everywhere.

"The trouble with Cornstalk Forest," said the princess haughtily "is that it's much too full of ears. Everybody knows everybody else's business."

And with that, my dears, Roger somehow or other contrived to tumble from the corn-crake's back. He felt himself whizzing violently through space, and when he sat up there he was in his own bed—whistling.

WAR IS PREDICTED IN SOUTH AMERICA.

London, Aug. 7.—Reynolds Newspaper yesterday gave prominence to a rumor that there is likely to be a war in South America:

"A diplomatic source reports," says the paper, "that Peru and Venezuela have secretly agreed to take vast lands from Colombia and Ecuador.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Barnum of the Carnival World!

THE GREAT

Con. T. Kennedy Shows

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35 Double Length Cars of Joy

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Sensational Free Acts ——— 500 People

O. Henry Stories

X.—Helping the Other Fellow.

By O. HENRY

(Continued from Saturday)

the exigencies and irregularities of life till I get back.'

"I went to a shack in Aguas Frescas, where a mighty wise girl named Timotea. Carrizo lived with her mother. The girl was just about as nice as you ever saw. In the States she would have been called a brunette, but she was better than brunette—I should say she was what you you might term an ecru shade. I knew her pretty well. I told her about my friend Wainwright. She gave me a double handful of bark—calisaya, I think it was—and some more herbs that I was to mix with it and told me what to do. I was to make tea of it and give it to him and keep him from rum for a certain time. And for two weeks I did it. You know, I liked Wainwright. Both of us was broke, but Timotea sent us goat meat and plantains and tortillas every day, and at last I got the curse of drink lifted from Clifford Wainwright. He lost his taste for it. And in the cool of the evening him and me would sit on the roof of Timotea's mother's hut, eating harmless truck like coffee and rice and stewed crabs and playing the accordion.

"About that time President Gomez found out that the advice of C. Wainwright was the stuff he had been looking for. The country was pulling out of debt, and the treasury had enough boodle in it for him to amuse himself occasionally with the night latch.

"So down from the regular capital he sends for Clifford Wainwright and makes him his private secretary at 20,000 Peru dollars a year. Yes, sir—much. Wainwright was on the wate wagon—thanks to me and Timotea—and he was soon in clover with the government gang.

"As I said, a man can do a lot more for another party than he can for himself. Wainwright with his brains got a whole country out of trouble and on its feet, but what could he do for himself? And without any special brains, but with some nerve and common sense, I put him on his feet because I never had the weakness that he did—nothing but a cigar for mine. Yes, he offered me some pretty good

A Soft Voice Called Across the Sa

jobs. But I'd have had to leave Ag Frescas, so I didn't take any of 'em. Say, I didn't tell you much about girl—Timotea. We rather hit it off gether. She was as good as you 'em anywhere—Spanish mostly, just a twist of lemon peel on What if they did live in a grass and went bare armed?

"A month ago," went on Tro "she went away. I don't know w to, but"—

"You'd better come back to States," I insisted. "I can pro you positively that my brother give you a position in cotton, sug sheetings, I am not certain which

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