

HOW CANADIANS TOOK VALENCIENNES

Final Link in Encircling Chain Forged Early Saturday Morning

FINE GENERALSHIP Eastern Gates of the City Are the Only Exit for the Enemy

By Percival Phillips. With the British Armies in France, Nov. 3—After a final desperate effort to drive back the British from the enemy abandoned Valenciennes Friday night, the Canadians entered the city at 7.50 o'clock Saturday morning. Street fighting developed then at some places where stray German machine gunners and snipers were left by the enemy to cover his retreat. These machine gunners and snipers were quickly silenced by the Canadian troops.

The Boche rearwards stretched along the roads east of Valenciennes and leading in the direction of Mons still are endeavoring to hold out against it. Valenciennes, however, is securely in our hands. As I write this our patrols have pushed forward into the eastern suburbs of Early (on the route Nationale and just south-east of Valenciennes), and are approaching St. Sauve, 1 1/2 miles north-east of Valenciennes on the Mons road. (The official report announces the capture of St. Sauve). The attack by the British here yesterday completely broke the German resistance.

Rushing up from the south, the Canadian troops gained the first houses along the railway at the edge of Valenciennes, while other units crossed the Scheldt from the west and from the north. At the same time the enemy was completely hemmed in by floods of his own creation, and there remained for him only a single exit from Valenciennes—the eastern high road.

Tried to Turn Canadian Line. However, he tried to gain room by turning the Canadian lines from the south-east, and delivered several strong counter-attacks. These counter-attacks were delivered against the 17th and 22nd corps, holding the line of the Rhonelle River. Tanks were used and were in depth, which was drawn from more than six divisions holding a front of six miles. The only effect of these attacks, however, was to drive the British back from a part of the village of Marches, all the ground that was lost during the day was retaken by our forces before nightfall. Three tanks were knocked out, the remainder disappearing over the hills. This failure by the Germans settled the fate of Valenciennes and when darkness fell yesterday the Germans began retreat from the city. They left only a few picked snipers, concealed on roofs and inside buildings to worry the Canadian patrols when they tried to enter the place.

These were quickly dispersed of however.

Bombarded with Gas Shells. This morning the Boche put down a bombardment of gas shells, high explosives and incendiary shells on the city despite the presence of many civilians there. But notwithstanding this the people of Valenciennes came out of their cellars to welcome the British. Our airmen, flying low above the city, could see them in the streets, waving their handkerchiefs and white clothes in welcome to our men. The retreating Germans along the road to Mons did not escape the notice of the British gunners, and they created havoc among the enemy's ranks this morning.

The German losses were very heavy. Canadian soldiers told us that never before had they seen so many dead lying in the fields after a battle. Between the valley of the Rhonelle and the southern portion of Valenciennes one Canadian division alone took more than 2,000 prisoners. The total number of prisoners captured yesterday by the Canadians was between 4,000 and 5,000 men.

With the Allied Armies in France and Belgium, Nov. 3—Valenciennes was captured by the Canadians Saturday morning, releasing thousands of residents who had been in bondage for four years.

The final link in the encircling chain of troops thrown around the city was forged at 7.50 o'clock, when converging infantry met east of the invested place and began a further advance on enemy territory. Merly was occupied at an early hour and patrols were pushing up the road leading to St. Sauve.

The greater part of the German troops had been withdrawn from the bottled-up metropolis of Valenciennes during the night, but machine gunners, who had been left behind to give battle until they were killed, were still sniping from houses and street fighting following the entry of the British forces. During the two days' fighting more than 5,000 prisoners were taken.

German troops to-day were throwing explosives and gas into the defences city, which the British have so carefully avoided bombarding because of the danger to civilians. Despite this danger the streets were filled with people cheering with hysterical joy at their release and acclaiming their deliverance.

Fine Piece of Generalship. The capture of Valenciennes was a fine piece of generalship. In their drive of yesterday the Canadians pushed across the Rhonelle and southeast of Valenciennes and were below the city, then turning sharply southward. Above the city's northern limits the whole country has been flooded so there was no possibility of attacking across it.

Thus the Germans were cut off by water to the north and by the British to the west and south. The eastern exit from the city was the only one left open. The other possible means of escape was by smashing off the point of the Canadian salient to the south of the city.

Then the Germans rushed out, by the eastern gates of the city, all possible material, leaving snipers and machine gunners who have given their lives to protect the rear of the

main German line. German transport and troops raced to the north-east, along the highway leading to Mons. Meanwhile the British guns were working destruction in the retreating ranks of the Boche.

German machine gunners were widely flying over the city. Aviators riding over the city report that the civilians are giving the Canadians a great reception.

This morning the British to the right of the Canadians captured Proseau.

German Losses Appalling. South of Valenciennes where the Canadians have been operating the German losses were tremendous. More stations and are strewn on the battlefield than the Canadians ever have seen before in a similar area.

There were no bridges and the Germans were holding the eastern bank with machine guns. In the face of a murderous fire the Canadians coolly plunged into the river and waded across, the water being up to their waists.

Heavy fighting developed at many places, but the British got through without a serious hold. There was especially hard fighting west of Mont Houy and about the Pouter station and at Annoy.

One Canadian brigade took more prisoners than its total strength of infantry.

The fall of Valenciennes was inevitable as a result of patient and persevering tactics of the British during the last fortnight. They might have made another Arras of the place and rendered it impossible for the Germans to have lived there.

Instead the British carried out a series of progressive outflanking attacks. Early yesterday afternoon they had gained the line running from Merly to Proseau, and the enemy had either to face the imminent certainty of being cut off or get out. He chose the latter alternative.

British troops last night stormed the steel works held by the Germans south-east of Valenciennes and, advancing one and one-half miles to the east, completed the capture of the village of St. Sauve.

The Official Report. Field Marshal Haig's report of the capture of Valenciennes reads: "The fighting yesterday south of Valenciennes was of a very severe nature and was continued until this morning. Large numbers of the enemy were killed. Many hostile counter-attacks were repulsed. Four thousand prisoners were taken.

The 17th Corps, under Gen. Ferguson, and the 22nd Corps, under Gen. Godley, gained the high ground southeast of Valenciennes this morning, pressed forward and seized the village of Proseau.

To the north the Canadian Corps, under Gen. Currie, after hard fighting on the outskirts of Valenciennes, have pressed their troops through that town, which is wholly in our possession."

More Thrilling Yarns Of the British Airmen

Fighting on Western Front

BRITISH airman was, on May 10th, 1915, up alone in a single-seater machine.

Sighting a German airplane, he went in pursuit and was soon doing his hardest to pump lead into his enemy. Then came the unexpected. While trying to reload his machine gun he lost control of his steering gear. His airplane, taking the bit in its teeth, as it were, turned upside down. As ill-luck would have it, the belt round the airman's waist happened to be loose. The jerk of the machine when it turned completely over almost threw the pilot out; he only saved himself by clutching hold of the rear centre strut. His belt had by then slipped down round his legs. Thus he hung, head downwards, as the airplane whirled down, spinning round and round the while like a falling leaf, from a height of eight thousand feet to about two thousand feet.

He managed to free his legs from the belt; at last the pilot managed to disengage himself and reach the control lever—with his feet! By a miracle he succeeded in righting the machine, which turned over with dreadful slowness, completely looping the loop, whereupon the airman slid back into his seat. He had been within a three second's journey of death!

The rescuee, Capt. J. Liddell, Y.C., was engaged in July, 1915, in a long reconnaissance trip behind the German lines, and had already turned round when a shrapnel shell burst immediately beneath his airplane, smashed part of the body of the machine, and shattered the pilot's leg. Capt. Liddell faints. The machine was then at a height of seven thousand feet. He, of course, fell promptly nose-diving and fell like an arrow for five thousand feet.

"I had given up all hope," wrote the observer. "The earth seemed rushing up to meet us, and I prayed that our agony might not be prolonged. I shut my eyes and waited for the final crash; when, wonder of wonders, the machine began to right herself. Hardly daring to believe my eyes I looked to the pilot's seat. The heading rush through the coil air must have brought him round and he was making strenuous efforts to regain control.

"Suddenly the enemy had given us up for lost, had ceased to shoot, and we immediately began to climb again. Then the Germans opened fire and we only escaped with our lives through the super-protective of Liddell, with our feet scattered and blood flowing in streams. At eight thousand feet he again seemed to be sinking. I hastily scrawled a note urging him to descend. He read it, shook his head dejectedly, turned to me with a smile on his drawn face, pointed in the direction of our lines, and carried on. At times he would almost faint, and then recovering himself would look at me. At last we were over the lines, but it seemed utterly impossible that he should be able to land the machine in his condition, but he did. Choosing a large green meadow about three miles behind the trenches, he landed as gently and easily as if he had only been up for a practice flight, brought the machine to a stop and fainted dead away."

While the French aviator, M. Sergeant, was flying over Douaumont in March, 1916, he was attacked by four Taubes. The machine-gun duel was brief. The French machine was struck by hundreds of bullets. Sergeant's left arm was injured and he was helpless. The next moment his observer was killed and—here comes the unexpected—his body fell and was pinned between the levers. The position was critical. The airplane was listing dangerously, the petrol tank was pierced and the petrol was running out. With his one sound hand Sergeant disengaged his dead comrade. Then he dived down suddenly, assuming a normal position within about three hundred feet from the ground.

An amazing instance of the unexpected happened at the front end of a French and German pilot landing together and laughing over their unusual adventure. This was the way of it. The Frenchman and the German were circling and dipping for battle position. Suddenly the French pilot, thinking he had the advantage, charged his enemy from the rear. But the German did not averve sufficiently and the left wing of the French machine struck the right-hand strut of the German. The collision caused the French airplane to spin round violently until its tail whizzed between the wings of the German—and stuck.

Apparently being captives—or perhaps too astonished—by to shoot at each other, the opponents spiralled side by side in a close embrace, ultimately crashing into the boughs of some tree. Neither pilot was hurt, so they dismounted and looked at each other—and laughed heartily! Then, as they were behind the French lines, the German was reminded that he was a prisoner.

Both of the exploits of the late Capt. Ball, Y.C., were of an astounding nature. He was only nineteen when he was killed, and for long held the record among British aviators, having "downed" forty-three Boche machines.

Upon one occasion he had gone some twenty miles across the enemy lines, when he encountered two of their machines. Without hesitation he attacked them and fought them until his ammunition had run out. The two enemy planes had apparently had enough and seized the opportunity to escape by diving down to the ground.

Ball was much disgusted at this and emptied six rounds from his revolver at the two diving aeroplanes. He then seized a piece of paper and a pencil which he had with him and wrote out a challenge for the same two machines to meet him at the same spot the next day.

At the appointed time Ball turned up at the rendezvous, and a few minutes later the same two enemy machines approached him from the east. He flew toward them to engage in a fight, but at that moment three more of the enemy came down from the sky and attacked him. It was a carefully laid trap and he had fallen into it unsuspectingly.

The three enemy machines that had attacked him from behind were of the latest fighting type and were all flown by expert men.

At every turn Ball, who was under stress and thus at a slight disadvantage, found himself outmanoeuvred. Turn and twist as he would, he always found one of the enemy on top of him, and another just ready to catch him if he turned the other way. Several times bullets passed within inches of him. Finally, deciding to escape, he realised that he must do something extraordinary, so he dived toward the ground and, picking out a large field, glided into it, and landed.

The three enemy pilots at once imagined that he had been shot and forced to land, and they all glided down and landed, either in the same field with him or in the adjoining one. Then, jumping out of their machines, they ran over to Capt. Ball. However, Ball, who had foreseen what would happen, had kept his engine running slowly while he was on the ground, and the moment he saw the Germans get out of their machines he flew off and so escaped.

Wide World Magazine.

FEELS TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER

Can Walk a Mile Now Where Before Taking Tanlac Couldn't Go Two Blocks

"Since Tanlac has relieved me and built me up so much I feel twenty years younger," said Mrs. W. B. Lapsley, who resides at West 2115 Eleventh Ave., Spokane, Wash., recently.

"I had suffered from stomach troubles," she continued, "until I had become almost a nervous wreck and unable to do my housework and look after my children. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could hardly retain a thing I would eat. I lived for days at a time on nothing but boiled milk and poached eggs, and half the time they failed to agree with me. I was kept on a diet all the time, and my stomach was pumped out nearly every day, but this nothing else did me any good. I was advised that a higher altitude might help me, so I took a trip to the mountains in Canada, but I came back home just as bad off as when I left. What I ate would sour on my stomach and the gas formed by it would blow me up terribly. Sometimes my heart would palpitate like some one beating with a hammer, and then stop suddenly, and I was still so long that I thought I would never draw another breath. My back, over my kidneys, hurt me dreadfully and at times my left side pained me until I could hardly stand it. I was constantly taking something to relieve constipation and was almost frantic at times with headache, and was so nervous that sleep was almost impossible for me.

"Now this is just the condition I was in when I began taking Tanlac and I commenced to pick-up with my first bottle. It was only a short time until I was eating most anything I wanted. I can now eat all kinds of vegetables, or anything else I want without the least bit of trouble from it. My headaches and pain is all gone and I have already gained ten pounds in weight. I sleep like a child every night and have so much more strength and energy that I can walk a mile, where before I took Tanlac I couldn't walk two blocks without being all tired out. Tanlac has not only helped me, but my husband, who has been troubled with his stomach for a good many years, is now taking it with just as good results. Some of my neighbors are also taking it on my recommendation, so you can see what I think of it. I am thankful enough for what it has done for me to tell everybody about it."

Tanlac is sold in Brantford by Robertson's Drug Store, in Paris by Apps Ltd. In Mt. Vernon by A. Yocmans. In Middleport by William Peddie. In Onondaga by Nell McPhadden.

Prove your Patriotism—Buy Victory Bonds.

Unimpeachable—if you were to see the unequalled volume of unimpeachable testimony in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, you would find so long delay in taking this effective medicine for that.

Bomb the Boche with Bonds.

MOUNT ROYAL. A large force has been at work on Mount Royal Tunnel for many months, but the work has now been completed and on October 21st, the Canadian Northern Ry. established through train service between Toronto Union Station, Ottawa Central Station and Montreal Tunnel Terminal. 415 Desgachesiere-St. W. two blocks from the Windsor Hotel, Windsor and Bonaventure Stations.

Rail, sleeping and parlor car tickets are obtainable at all Canadian Northern Ry. ticket offices, or John S. Dowling & Co., Agents, Brantford.

Prove your Patriotism—Buy Victory Bonds.

GIRL'S OR MISS' ONE PIECE APRON.

By Anabel Worthington.

Easy to make and easier to launder is this simple little apron, which will be handy for a young girl to slip on when she has any household tasks to do. The apron is made of washable muslin, and it may be bound with bias seam binding on all edges. The pattern shows that the apron is all in one piece. It is quite long, but is rounded at the back. The neck is cut low and round at the front and back and there is a seam on each shoulder. There is a small dart under each arm to make the apron set well.

The girl's or miss' one piece apron, No. 8894, is cut in six sizes—6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 18 years. The 8 year size requires 1/2 yard 36 inch material. Price, 10 cents.

To Obtain This Pattern Send 15c to The Courier Office, or two for 25c.

Our Fall Lines of Wall Papers! Are Now Complete

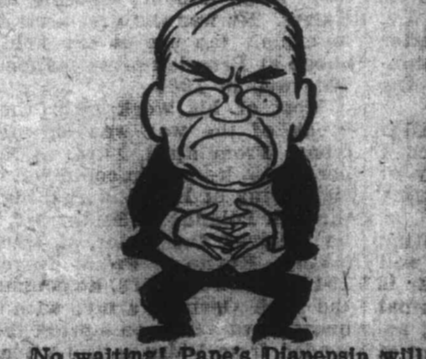
The Patterns are beautiful. The colorings lovely, and the values are even better than previously, but this condition will not continue long, as prices will advance again very shortly.

J. L. Sutherland

"Paper Hangings and Window Shades"

UPSET STOMACH

Pape's Diaprepin at once ends sourness, gas, acidity, indigestion. Don't stay upset! When meals don't fit and you belch gas, acids and indigestion follow, you feel lumps of indigestion pain, flatulence, heartburn or headache you can get instant relief.



No waiting! Pape's Diaprepin will put you on your feet. As soon as you eat one of these pills, gas, acids and indigestion follow, you feel lumps of indigestion pain, flatulence, heartburn or headache you can get instant relief.

Rippling Rhymes

THE GERMAN HOUSE Gretchen can't meet Otto, by the garden gate; mother says she's got to stay at home and hate; Gretchen stands corrected; mother says detected. "Duty's best," neglected in this house of late, What would be our rating should the Kaiser know that we've done no hating since two weeks ago. We have been busy with our spinning, we have had no hating, hating Prussia's foe. Now then, donnerwetter, duty must be done; we must all do better. Till the war's won, let's no time for jesting, laboring or resting we must be detesting all that isn't Hun. No, my little Helmie, you can't go and skate, so cut out the brat; you must, my baby, little boys must cherish hopes that Britons bearish, and the French may perish at an early date. No, no Fritzle, darling, you can't jump and run about there; no use snarling—hating must be done; till our Bill quits kaising and new thrones are rising, we must be detesting all that isn't Hun. Father will be coming from his labors soon, and you'll hear him humming some good Deutschland tune; and he will be stating sentiments stating if he finds us hating all beneath the moon.

Two-year-old Henry Robble walked up to a horse in Winnipeg in a playful moment, and the animal, treating the little boy as usual with a kick in the head.

There were 149 deaths registered during October at Kitchener. 130 were caused by influenza or pneumonia. Fifty-five of these were between the ages of twenty and thirty years.

Prove your Patriotism—Buy Victory Bonds.

WRIGLEYS' GUM advertisement featuring a large illustration of a man's face and a list of six reasons why it's a good friend. The reasons are: 1—Steadies nerves, 2—Allays thirst, 3—Aids appetite, 4—Helps digestion, 5—Keeps teeth clean, 6—It's economical. The advertisement also includes images of Wrigley's Spearmint and Doublemint chewing gum packs and the slogan 'The Flavour Lasts!'.