

IN NARROW TRENCH FOR 3 HOURS WHILE BULLETS FLY PAST

London Artist, Writing of Trench Operations, Sees the Picturesque in Spite Moving of the Dangers — Forward to the Firing Line.

London, Dec. 22.—Under what picturesque circumstances men often move forward to the firing line is described by a London artist, a member of the Honorable Artillery Corps, who, with the sensitive eye of his craft, tells of his impressions with more than ordinary vividness. His letter is undated, but was presumably written somewhere in Belgium.

"After doing work all over one country," he writes, "we find ourselves in another, with every prospect of having a very hot time, which we have all been praying for. At the last place, but two, we were digging a second line of trenches and came in for some very hot fire. The next day they caught us as we went to dig in slightly more advanced trenches; and we lay in a small ditch for about three hours, with shell and rifle bullets jumping about over our heads and flicking leaves off the stunted willow trees in our ditch.

Like Surf Beating on Shore Sounds — Booming of Artillery.

"The night before last we left at about five. It was quite pitch black and the cold was keen. Snow lay heavily everywhere on fields, roofs and trees as we marched steadily through the village and out into a long, long road with a wonderful avenue of trees like the famous picture at the National Gallery. On we go, and very peacefully looking, until one comes to a village totally deserted, ruined walls, heaps of debris and great shell holes in road and roof, telling their dreadful story.

"We halt, silently and move on again, and as if to remind us that the world is not so peaceful after all, shells come bursting through the air. One bursts quite close, setting a ruined house in a tremendous blaze and lighting up the whole scene.

"We are just out of it, five minutes earlier, would have shown us all up, and we should probably have been very effectively shelled. We climbed down little slippery slopes and up others very warily. Over fields, and then we reach reserve trenches at about 7.30. One of my great fears is suffocation and to stagger into a hole in the ground and find myself under the earth, head touching knees and

roof above, in black darkness, not knowing where one is, and feeling caught in on every side, is dreadful to me. We do guard duty, each section till about 4.30 in the morning, with slight sniping to remind one of the Germans, then we form up and off again, and stagger, it seems, for miles we are at last at the first line of across fields and broken country. Here trenches. Black, silent figures suddenly appear, a few whispered orders, and we find ourselves in the trenches.

All Shapes Look Human and Menacing to Men on Watch at Night.

"There are five of us in our trench. The dawn comes up slowly, and we can see what is in front of us. We are evidently on top of a slope, or rather not quite on top. There has to be one observer in every trench, for half an hour all through the day, and at night an hour. The cold is still intense, but we open a tin of jam and start having breakfast. Suddenly my slice of bread and jam is covered with clay, knocked off the top of the parapet. The snipers are at work, and wonderful shots they are, too.

Over a hundred bullets were put just in the top of our trench, and whenever an observer's head went up to look through a small inclosure, they were at it again. Suddenly their batteries opened fire on us, and getting the range with marvellous celerity they proceed in the next hour to put close on one hundred shells on about half a dozen trenches, including ours. We are all crouched down. Clouds of black, evil-smelling smoke, showers of earth and stones, and pieces of shell come flying into the trenches. One man finds a large piece of shell in his overcoat pocket. No one was hurt or our lot. On our left, the regiment had four killed and several wounded. This is being under fire properly, and we are glad they have stopped and given us a rest. Not so the snipers, who keep it up all day.

"Night observation is very nerve-racking. Trees move about, showing black against the snow, and the sky is very clouded, all shapes look human, menacing and advancing. There is a tremendous artillery duel going on at our left. We are relieved just before dawn, and we creep back here very tired, dirty and cold, but very glad to have got through our really first test of endurance all right."

ECONOMY IN USE OF BREAD URGED BY BERLIN OFFICIALS.

(Special to the Monitor.)

Berlin, Germany, Dec. 22.—The military governor of Berlin and the Mark of Brandenburg has issued a decree calling the attention of the population to the desirability of the exercise of economy in the use of bread and cakes.

In order to prevent the possible waste of the former bakers have been forbidden to bake a second supply of white bread for delivery in the afternoon so that stale bread may be eaten up, and restaurants and hotels are no longer to have baskets of bread placed open on the tables.

This does not mean, however, that restaurant keepers are to depart from the north German custom of providing their customers gratuitously with bread, but that the latter are to ask for the quantity they actually require, whilst the remainder will not be likely to get stale so quickly, or to be wasted thoughtlessly.

A NELSON RELIC

An interesting relic of Nelson was unfortunately destroyed by fire. This was a copy of Stainer Clarke's biography of Nelson, specially printed on vellum for his confidential friend and prize agent, Alexander Davidson. The owner had caused to be bound up near the book all the letters addressed to him by Nelson, of which there were sufficient to expand the original two volumes into four.

During the last twenty years of his life our greatest sailor reposed the utmost trust in Davidson, and unburdened himself freely to him on all manner of subjects. The book was insured for £500, and when it perished in a fire which destroyed Davidson's country house, the insurance company refused to pay this amount, until he had proved in the courts that the value set on the work was by no means excessive.—London Chronicle.

ITCHING PIMPLES ON FACE AND ARMS

Inflamed and Were Sore. Some Nights Could Not Sleep. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Healed Within a Month.

Shaw Brook, Moncton, N. B.—"Some time ago there were sores broke out on my face and arms. They appeared like little pimples and itched intensely and were all red and inflamed and were sore. It caused itching and burning and some nights I could not sleep.

"I took a treatment to no avail. I tried Ointment, — Salve, — rubbed on them and they were getting worse. The trouble lasted for nearly a month. So I thought I would try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I would wash the sores with the Cuticura Soap and then rub the Cuticura Ointment on. Two applications gave me relief. The sores began to dry up and within a month I was cured without a scar left." (Signed) Miss Clara Anketell, July 8, 1914.

Samples Free by Mail

In selecting a toilet soap why not procure one possessing delicate emollient properties sufficient to allay minor irritations, remove redness and roughness, prevent pore-clogging, soften and soothe sensitive conditions, and promote skin and scalp health generally? Such a soap, combined with the purest of saponaceous ingredients and most fragrant and refreshing of flower odors, is Cuticura Soap. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by dealers throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 22-p. Book on the treatment of skin and scalp troubles. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A."

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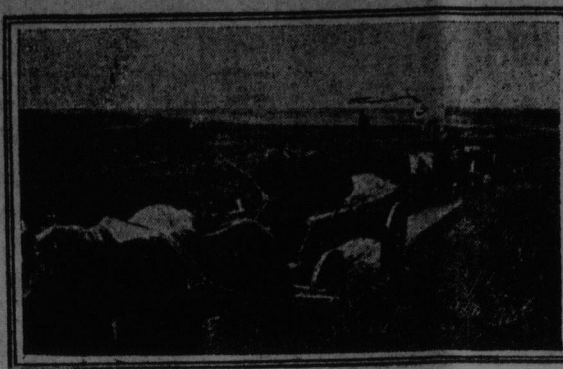
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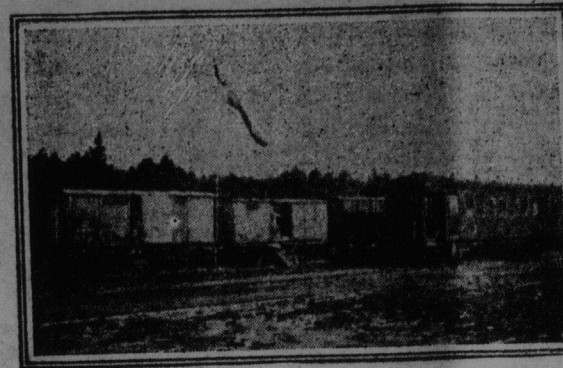
SCENES SHOWING INCIDENTS OF INTEREST ON RUSSIAN BATTLEGROUND.



CONVEYING THE BODY OF A RUSSIAN OFFICER ACROSS THE LONG ROLLING PLAINS NEAR TOMASZOV.



INHABITANTS OF TOMASZOV, WHOSE HOUSES WERE RUINED BY THE SHELL FIRE OF THE COMBATANTS.



AUSTRIAN RAILWAY WAGONS CAPTURED BY THE RUSSIANS AT BIELGITZ—THE RUSSIAN FLAG FLOATS IN THE FOREGROUND.



MEMBERS OF A RUSSIAN RAILROAD BATTALION AT THE CAPTURED GALICIAN TOWN OF RAWA-RUSSKA.

WON VICTORIA CROSS BY DISOBEYING ORDERS

Private Wilson, a "Rough Diamond," Potted Seven Germans in Maxim Crew and Brought Back the Gun Single-Handed.

London, Dec. 21.—Private G. Wilson whose V. C. was announced in yesterday's Daily Express, is probably the only man during the war who has won the coveted honor by a deed of gallantry performed, if not exactly against orders, at any rate strictly without permission. A Highland Light Infantryman at present in London told a Daily Express representative yesterday how Wilson, also of the Highland Light Infantry, won the Cross.

"The Germans had a Maxim gun in a wood," he said, "and we could not find its position and stop them using it. It was a regular nuisance. Wilson, who is a real rough diamond and not a bit of an Adonis, asked leave of his officer to go into the wood and put an end to it.

"Certainly not," the officer said, and it did not seem a likely sort of thing to bring off. But Wilson had taken a real dislike to that Maxim, and after a time he and another fellow slipped off and got into the wood. Wilson's pal was killed, but Wilson crept about in the wood and potted all the Maxim party until he had shot them all except the officer. I understood there were five, but the paper says seven.

"When he had potted the men Wilson went up with the baloney and settled the officer. Then he smashed the German Maxim up and carried it back with him.

"There's the Maxim, sir," he said, saluting his officer, and throwing down the broken gun.

"The officer heard his story and asked where the little affair happened.

"Over there," said Wilson, and the officer went off and found the dead bodies of the Germans. Wilson had killed. That was how he won the V. C.—Boston Transcript.

MRS. ATKINS.

The ladies, they is very kind in coming round to see. And helpin' till the money comes, an' I tell 'em of the rent an' clubs, an' all I got to pay—

But, O, my thoughts they isn't 'ere, my thoughts is far away.

They ses, "So you're a gunner's wife, an' aren't yer proud an' glad. And ain't it fine as baby as a soldier for 'is dad?"

But gone three weeks the postcard came, as ses, "Alive an' well; And if 'e got them things I sent, there's nothin' still to tell.

I takes the paper every day, I tries to make it out, I studies down the 'eavy fights, the 'ope o' German rout; There's all the Russians means to do, but never nothin' said. Of 'ow the gunners gets their meals, an' where they lays their 'ead.

The pictures is fair 'orrible; of nights I lays an' sees Them sinkin' trenches on the 'ill, the chaps upon their knees, The batt'ry somewhere 'idden near the guns an' teams an' all; And then I sees the burstin' shell—sees a gunner fall.

If only I could know the place where 'e must take 'is chance, But there's a mort o' towns an' things across the map o' France; In one o' them 'is job may be, in one o' them 'is grave—

And ain't yer glad, the ladies ses, because our lads is brave? —Evelyn Underhill, in the London Chronicle.

ENGLAND UNDER WAR CONDITIONS

(News notes compiled from latest available English newspapers.)

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Garrison artillery officers in England, both of the regular and territorial army are complaining bitterly that they are not allowed to volunteer for service in field batteries at the front, while lads are being sent out to replace casualties, who have no experience whatever beyond what they have picked up in the officers' training corps of their public school.

The spirit of Bumble yet survives among British parochial authorities. Recently the Lambeth Board of Guardians received from its Poor-law School Committee the recommendation that "in order that the children may have an opportunity of appreciating the position of national affairs, the usual practice of allowing each child an egg for breakfast on Christmas morning be suspended for this year." The Guardians accepted the suggestion. Realization of duty done doubtless will help them to eat their own roast beef and plum pudding with additional zest.

"Mr. Chamberlain," says a London weekly, "acknowledges, very frankly, that during the last three months he has changed his opinion as to meeting the cost of war by borrowing or by new taxation, but he does not tell us why. There is one factor in the problem which it would be indicative for a statesman to mention at present, but which must be in many people's minds. This is the question of the other side if we win. In 1870 Germany exacted from France an indemnity of 200 millions sterling for a six months' war. At the rate of war costs in those days, this must have pretty nearly covered her expenditure. The bill presented at Paris in 1870 is a trifle beside what the allies are running up. If we are spending a million a day, France must be spending more than half as much again, and Russia quite double. At five millions a week, we cost of six months' war comes well over 900 millions. In addition to this, an absolute indemnity for Belgium, covering complete cost of reinstatement of peace, and a hundred millions will hardly repair the damage that the Germans have done in Belgium."

There was great excitement at Gravesend, the other day, when a torpedo boat arrived with a hospital ship. The ship was English, to all appearances, and her crew were dressed like English sailors, with English lettering on their caps. But the ship was German, nevertheless, and not a hospital ship at all. She was caught off Yarmouth, where she may have been taking observations or possibly laying mines, although no mines were found on her. She had a crew of three officers and thirty men.

When questioned in the House of Commons concerning the promotion of men from the ranks for good service in the field, Mr. Asquith replied that Sir John French from the first had very wide discretion and very ample power with regard to the promotion of non-commissioned officers to the rank of second lieutenant, and that power had been very freely exercised by him. No less than 438 such promotions had taken place, a very satisfactory proof of the confidence of the general in the men. With regard to promotion above that rank, it was true that the suggestions of the General were formally referred home.

The British Board of Trade had under consideration the question of the supply of dyestuffs and colors, the deficiency of which, owing to the cessation of supplies from Germany, is causing great apprehension in the textile trades and other industries. After consultation the Board decided to develop available sources of supply and

also to encourage the permanent manufacture of dyestuffs and colors in the United Kingdom. As regards the permanent supply, a meeting was held which was attended by representatives of twenty-two important associations and firms engaged in the coloring industries. A scheme was approved for the formation of a limited company with a large capital of which the bulk would be subscribed by the consumers of dyestuffs and others interested, the Government agreeing to subscribe a certain proportion of the share capital and to guarantee the interest on a large debenture issue for a term of years.

Dwelling on the great importance of a well-trained cyclist corps in any

scheme of coast defence, a British military correspondent says in a London paper: "To think that any troops will serve for this purpose is altogether a mistake. Cyclist corps must know every inch of the coast and all the hydrographic conditions. They must know all the roads, and be able to get from point to point by day or night, with the utmost rapidity. They must know where to find all the telegraph offices; must be aware of the localities where headquarters small and great are placed; must be in touch with the navy and the Coast Guards, and must be able to identify British and German ships. Only cyclist corps thoroughly trained to their work and acquainted with the district in which they operate can carry out their mission successfully."

Magdalen College, Oxford, has now seven Fellows, namely: Prof. G. S. Gordon, Messrs. A. L. F. Smith, J. L. Johnston, H. A. Smith, H. C. Bazett, A. C. P. Mackworth, and C. Asquith, and a lecturer, Mr. S. G. Lee, among those who have taken commissions in the army.

TO LEGALIZE BOXING.

Five bills designed to legalize boxing in Illinois will be introduced in the State Legislature when it convenes in January.

Edward M. Sandry, who a score of years ago was a well known feather-weight boxer, and who was elected to the Legislature at the last election, is the author of one of the bills.

The sport, it is planned, will be conducted under a boxing commission rule.

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