

# BRITISH RAID CITY ON RHINE

## Air Reprisals on Germany Have at Last Been Begun in Earnest

### BOMBS WERE DROPPED Fires Started in Mannheim and Much Damage Caused

### ONE MACHINE MISSING

### Seven of the Enemy's Planes Were Brought Down by the British

London, Dec. 25.—A British air squadron has successfully bombed the city of Mannheim, the great Rhine commercial centre, and one of the most important bases for the re-arming of the Germans on the western front. Numerous fires were started in this city, a ton of bombs being dropped. The British squadron had numerous combats with German aeroplanes in this expedition, and one of the British machines was forced to make a landing.

The text of the statement reads: "The enemy's machines were very active on Sunday, and five of them were brought down in air fighting, three of them falling in our lines. Two other hostile machines were brought down in our lines by anti-aircraft gunfire. One of these latter was a large twin-engine machine with three occupants, who were made prisoner.

"Our night-flying machines bombed several of the enemy's aerodromes with good effect. "At daylight on Monday one of our squadrons bombed Mannheim on the Rhine with excellent results. A ton of bombs was dropped, and bursts were observed in the large main station in the works and also in the town, where fires were started. Very heavy anti-aircraft gunfire was directed against our aeroplanes when they were over their objective, and one of our machines was damaged and forced to land. Several of the enemy's scouts made repeated attacks upon our formation but were driven off. All of our machines returned except the one aforementioned."

## ECHO PLACE NEWS

(From our own Correspondent.) Miss Blanche Holland is spending her holidays with her mother in West Lorne.

Miss Lillian Tear and Mr. Tear are visiting in Cleveland.

Women's Institute met last Thursday at which meeting Mrs. Williams gave an excellent report of the convention in Toronto.

Mr. Hart is still suffering from the shock he received when struck by a radial car.

Mr. and Mrs. Fonger journeyed to Hamilton last Wednesday to attend a wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. McIrvine were guests in Hamilton last Wednesday.

Master Walter Myers is around again after a severe attack of tonsillitis.

Mrs. Gress received word this week that her son had been badly hurt in Toronto.

Echo Place school gave a concert last Monday evening, which was well

# CANADIAN SOLDIERS VOTING OVERSEAS



CANADIAN TOMMIES IN LONDON WAITING THEIR TURN TO VOTE

attended, proceeds going to the Red Cross. Cainsville school gave their closing concert Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Geo. Smith, Locks Road, is entertaining friends from Brockville during the Christmas holidays.

## Rippling Rhymes

I've done my stunt as Santa Claus, with horse-hair whiskers on my jaws, I ran the Christmas tree; and all the Christmas gifts in sight were reminiscent of the fight that's on across the sea. My little girl, Evangeline, drew down a large tin submarine, and never raised a bawl. She said this instrument of crimes was more in keeping with the times than any sawdust doll. The baby drew a cartridge case, and happy smiles lit up his face, where I expected tears; Aunt Sarah got a flashing blade, and said for that she'd prayed and prayed for many weary years. One kid received a bright tin lance, and one a steed that couldn't prance, because its legs were oak; and there were soldiers made of zinc, lieutenants blue and colonels pink, and other warlike folk. There was no sign of peace worth upon that Christmas tree; my grandsire drew an aeroplane, and said a gift more safe and sane he surely ne'er did see. And even candy stuff was wrought in shape of cannon ball and shot, and bomb and hand grenades; and as I ply my creaking pen I wonder if good will to men must permanently fade.

# SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH STANLEY CAMERON ALL PROVERBS AREN'T TRUE

There is the strangest notion current among us that because a point of view has passed into a proverb or a fable, it is necessarily true and right and not to be argued against. I was brought to a sudden and poignant realization of this notion the other day when some question came of asking a friend who had helped us when we were down, to help another friend. "I'd hate to do it," said my worldly wise advisor. "He may not like it." "But he seemed glad to help us," I pointed out. "Yes," said the worldly wise one, "but maybe he thinks that's enough. You know," he finished triumphantly, "the fable of the lame dog and the doctor. You don't want to be a lame dog, do you?"

I Let Myself be Squelched. "I suppose not," I said, feeling quite squelched. But afterwards when I fell to thinking it over to myself I began to feel quite differently, and to seethe with answers I might have made him (I believe I have told you of my cousin who declares he is going to write a book to get in the wise and witty answers he thinks of after the opportunity to make them has passed). Who Was the Villain? You are know the fable. The doctor helped the dog with the broken paw, the next day the dog came back with another dog, and the next day with still another. And as I remember the fable, the doctor repented and having helped the first dog, there isn't any definite moral attached but the idea seems to be that one should take all the help one can get but not make a nuisance of oneself by asking it for anyone else. The lame dog is supposed to be the villain of the tale. To my mind the doctor was the villain. He could do one kind act but he balked at doing more. No, to be sure he couldn't give up his practice to fix lame dogs' paws, but he could do as much as he could himself and organize his brother doctors to help with the rest. From what I've seen of doctors, I am sure they would have done it willingly. Shrewdness Is Sometimes Allied To Meanness. I don't see why we should worship proverbs and fables so. They are shrewd, to be sure, but their shrewdness often comes very close to meanness. Stevenson speaks scornfully of "cowardly proverbs."

KING AS ANGLER. Vivid Tale of Fight With a Salmon. An article in a French paper describing King George salmon fishing is too good to be lost. It runs (in translation) "He is an angler of the first force, this King of Britain. Behold him there, as he sits motionless under his umbrella patiently regarding his many-colored boats! How obstinately he contends with the elements! It is a summer day of Britain; that is to say, a day of sleet, and fog, and tempest. But what would you? It is as they love it, those who would follow the sport. Presently the King's boat begins to descend. My! but how he strikes! The hook is implanted in the very bowels of the salmon. The King rises. He spurns aside his foot-stool. He strides strongly and swiftly toward the rear. In good time the salmon comes to approach himself to the bank. Ah! The King has cast aside his rod. He hurls himself flat on the ground on his victim. They splash, and struggle in the icy water. Name of a dog! But it is a brave lad! The gillie, a kind of outdoor domestic, administers the coup de grace with his pistol. The King cries with a very shrill voice: 'Hip! Hip! Hurrah!' On these red-letter days his Majesty George dines on a haggis. Like a true Scotman, he wears only a kilt."

Good Night Stories. MAMMA'S SNOW MAN STORY. Teddy and Larry came into the house cross and ugly. They had made a snow man, but he'd melted as soon as he was finished. "Things generally go wrong with little boys when they won't let their sisters play with them," said mamma kindly, and she told them this story: One day Johnny and Jerry went out to make a snow man. They wouldn't let their sister, Doris, play with them, so she sat on her sled and watched them roll a great big snowball and put a smaller one on top of it. "That's his head!" laughed Doris. "Go on and play with your dolls!" growled Johnny. And then—what do you think—the boys heard a squaky voice sing: "What kind of a man I'd like to know, Even if he's fashioned from the snow." Pray what kind of a man would he be, if he hadn't any eyes to see? The boys thought their sister was making fun of them, and they threw snowball at her. "She'll have us believing the Snow Man is singing," cried Jerry, as he put in two pieces of coal for eyes. But scarcely had they done so when the voice sang: Oh, thank you boys, it's nice to see, And now just take a glance at me;

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



A Clean, Rosy, HEALTHY Skin is the birthright of every child. Contact with countless unclean, germ-laden things every day, however, brings the constant quota of danger and the happy, artless ways of children make them especially liable to infection. Even so, there is one sure safeguard you can use—

# LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

It is a wonderful disinfectant, and a bland, pure, free lathering soap for all toilet purposes. The most tender skin welcomes its daily use. The mild, disinfectant odor you notice vanishes quickly after use.

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If your stomach is strong, your liver active, and bowels regular, take care to keep them so. These organs are important to your health. Keep them in order with

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and avoid any risk of serious illness. A dose or two as needed, will help the digestion, stimulate the bile, and regulate the habits. Their timely use will save much needless suffering, fortify the system and

# Insure Good Health

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Wilton, Leicestershire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U.S.A. in boxes, 25 cents.

# Directory First!

WHEN you call a telephone number from memory or when you guess at it you are apt to be wrong.

- The mind has a trick of transposing figures—instead of "1263" you are quite likely to say "1623."
- Also, telephone numbers, firm names, etc., are frequently changed.
- And when you thus ask for the wrong number, you waste your own time, the operator's, and the time of the person called through your error.
- Directory first is a good principle. In the end it saves time and temper to first consult the latest issue of the telephone book.

## The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada

"Good service... our true intent."

# Theatre

PICKFORD  
"The Princess"  
"The Story from English life"  
GRIFFIN  
"The Chapter Number One"  
"The Pictures of the Halifax Disaster"  
"The devastation of the city after explosion"  
"The Day, Friday, Saturday"  
"The Frederick"  
"The greatest Screen achievement"  
"The Hungry Heart"

# House

DEC. 29TH.  
"ME"  
at the Republic  
a few at \$1.50  
75c.  
BUG STORE.

# HOUSE

WEDNESDAY  
at 2nd.  
"ER"  
"TH"  
The Masterpiece  
25c, at few at 35c

# ROSE

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631  
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# Courier Daily: Pattern Service

Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker — Order any Pattern Through The Courier. State size.

# LADY'S APRON

By Anabel Worthington.

An entirely new departure from the usual style of kitchen apron is this one illustrated in No. 8496. The upper section is cut so that it hangs straight and it looks somewhat like one of the popular chemise dresses. The neck is cut generously low so that the apron can be easily slipped on over the head. The back section is cut in one with the belt, which buttons at the front. The two piece skirt section is brought in with shallow pleats to fit the upper part.

The lady's apron pattern No. 8496 is cut in three sizes—36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size requires 4 3/4 yards 27 inch or 3 1/2 yards 36 inch, with 3/4 yards seam binding.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents to the office of this publication.