

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



A WOUNDED SOLDIER IN HOSPITAL TAKING THE OATH BEFORE VOTING.



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 on earth, oh, not a bogus nicker's 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 grenade; and as I ply my creaking pen I wonder if good will to men must permanently fade.

SIDE TALKS

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's 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 Scot, he wears only a kilt." We need not add, says an English paper, that the description is meant to be most complimentary to the King, in spite of the lively imagination of the writer.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

You'll find two arms I'm lacking still. What if I should roll down hill? "You're doing that!" Jerry accused Johnny. "It's you!" cried Johnny. "It's the Snow Man himself," laughed Doris, who had been watching the Snow Man closely. Jerry and Johnny hooted at the idea of a Snow Man being able to talk; but they gave him arms, and were standing back looking at their work when the strange voice broke in again: "Thank you again, I'm almost a man. Now for a hat you may use a can. Make a deep hole, 'twill do for my mouth." Put in a pipe so the smoke'll blow south. The boys began to laugh, and put a tin can on the Snow Man's head and stuck a pipe in his mouth, and no sooner had it touched the Snow Man's face than the smoke curled up over his head. Then the voice sang: "It isn't right to quarrel and fight, and treat your sister so. Soon as the sun comes into sight, Right then I'm going to go. Sure enough, he melted, and only a heap of snow, a tin can and a pipe showed where the Snow Man had stood," cried mamma. That afternoon the boys begged Polly to help them make another Snow Man, and the three children spent a glorious afternoon without quarreling. The Snow Man didn't come to life like the one in mamma's story, but he stood guard on the steps for several days, and the boys believed it was because they had been so selfish and let Polly play with them. After that Polly was always first in everything. And the boys found their play happier so.

The Women's Union Government Association in Montreal will continue as an organization, giving a loyal "but not slavish" support to the Government.



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—

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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.

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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 3/4 yards 36 inch, with 3/4 yards seam binding.

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