

### THE SLAVES OF THE GUNS

#### A HEAVY BATTERY IN ACTION

(By Major C. J. C. Street, R.G.A., Author of "With the Guns")  
A thick haze hung over the orchard, through which the mid-day sun shone with a lurid glare that overpowered the greenish flashes of the guns. It was no ordinary summer mist, but a cloud of fine dust and acid, biting smoke that eddied and swirled round the muzzles of the busy guns, almost hiding the men who worked them.

For the orchard was the home of a British heavy battery, and for the last half hour it had been in strenuous action. A daylight raid was in progress; a company of an English county regiment had climbed out of their trenches at noon precisely, and had crossed No Man's Land noise and confusion, from the midst of which came every few seconds a crash that stabbed painfully at one's eardrums. Grey forms, stripped to the waist, rushed to and fro in the haze, staggering under the weight of heavy shells: leaning out with snivelling arms stretched out upon the rain-strewn ground, driving it into the breast of the gun with a sharp cry. Others again, toiled with hand-spikes at the trail, swinging the great piece into position in obedience to the wave of the layer's hand. Six detachments, all working against time and one another, feeding their hungry masters who devoured their offerings faster than they could bring them to their jaws.

Slaves of the guns were these grey forms, blackened with smoke and grease, their eyes red and swollen with the fumes of the cordite, their throats parched by the all-prevailing dust. But their masters knew no pity, showed no sign of being satisfied, they had been designed for

just such bursts of fire as this. The illusion of life in the beautifully-working machines was strong even to a casual observer. To the men who served them, it was far more than a mere illusion. They were living, pulsating beings, the embodiment of the spirit of England, pouring out her wrath against the insolent enemy that dared to stand before her.

Suddenly a motionless figure that had been standing in the midst of the turmoil both his hands above his head. The slaves stiffened to immobility. "Cease firing." The call echoed through the orchard as one detachment passed it on to the next. Then a chorus of low voices. "How many rounds did you get off? Eighty-three? We beat you, then, we fired eighty-five, and there's one in the bore." "Number three say they got ninety-two, but they started a good minute before us." "Sergeant Thompson isn't half mad, he got a tube stuck in the vent, and only managed to loose off seventy-six."

They are cheerful servitors, these slaves of the guns.

But little is known of the Empire's mercantile marine. The importance of the merchant sailors has not been fully appreciated. Yet it is these men who fearlessly sail the great ocean in defiance of the submarine and the floating mine, to carry the precious cargoes of foodstuffs, munitions and reinforcements to our gallant armies. Without them the Allies could not make war for a week. Curious as it may seem, no provision is made by governments for them in case of disablement or death. Their dependents enjoy no pension, or other official remuneration. They can but look to the gratitude of the nation. Already fifteen thousand merchant sailors have made the supreme sacrifice. Of their dependents many families are in dire want. "Sailors' Week" is being held from September 1st to 7th to raise funds to help the sorrowing widows and orphans of our mercantile marine. Ontario aims to contribute \$1,000,000. The cause is a worthy one, and Ontario has never failed to answer the appeal of the distressed. Let our donations be liberal. Let our slogan be "They shall not want."

**FOR SOLDIERS' SETTLEMENT.**  
Melbourne, Aug. 28.—(Canadian Press Despatch via Reuter's Limited).—The Victorian Government has purchased 33,000 acres, costing nearly \$2,000,000, for a soldiers' settlement.

The Federal Government has established a directorate of educational propaganda.

**BLAZE AT REVERE BEACH.**  
Revere, Mass., Aug. 28.—Fire early today at Revere Beach destroyed two hotels, several residences, and threatened to wipe out many amusement places along the Boulevard. The damage was estimated at \$200,000.

**HOOD'S PILLS**  
Cure Constipation. 25c. Purely vegetable. Best family cathartic.

### CHILD'S ONE PIECE DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.



Pockets and yoke are all in one in this little one piece dress, No. 8653. The dress is to be slipped on over the head, and it is slashed for a short distance below the collar and faced up with a colored tape. The tab extensions are pointed and they slanted pockets are set in. The lower part of the dress is slightly circular and it is stitched to the yoke. The sleeves may be long or short, but both styles are finished with turned back cuffs. The children's one piece dress pattern No. 8653 is cut in five sizes, 2 to 10 years. As on the figure, the 2-year size requires 3 yards 36 inch material, with 1/2 yard 36 inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

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

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Relief Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blotches disappear. It is so simple, so easy, so cheap, and so effective. Yes! It is harmless.

**Rippling Rhymes**  
FLYING TIME.  
Already Summer's glowing old-gate Caesar, how the weeks roll on! But yesterday Spring's knell was tolled, and now the Summer's nearly gone! The sun, it makes a shorter round, the wicket burrows in the ground, the warthog builds its winter nest. In other days I used to view the passage of old Father Time with sorrow, for he made me a crime. But now I watch the bright days fly, and merrily, when each day is done, "We're this much nearer victory, we're nearer waging out the time. We're nearer to the dawn of peace, a peace that's warranted to wear, when all the booming guns shall cease, and there'll be quiet everywhere. We're one day nearer to the hour when Uncle Sam is clothed with power to re-establish righteousness." The days go by—no holding them! I merely bless them as they fly; about a million wings by the peroxide! soon will bear to climb more suitable to him, and from this bleak, inclement shore, the megatherium will swim. All signs betoken summer's the grass grows greener, the hill and soon we'll feel the frosty breath of winter, bolterous and chill. But every day that wings its flight brings nearer to our waiting, through the triumph of eternal light, the downfall of infernal wrong.

**TWO CONGRESSMEN TALKED TOO MUCH**  
In Consequence Are Now Barred From Visiting British Front

With the American Forces in France, Aug. 27.—(By The Associated Press).—The British authorities, it has been learned, recently refused their permission for Representative Ernest L. Burton of Minnesota and Representative Charles H. Dillon of South Dakota to visit the British battle front. The two Congressmen arrived in France in July on board a British vessel and later visited the American front. It is believed they now are touring Italy.

The request that the Congressmen be permitted to pay a visit to the British line is said to have been made in the usual manner by the American authorities. When the declaration of the British was received an investigation was begun. Now, it is asserted, in the explanation that both men had talked freely aboard ship in such a manner about certain subjects affecting the war that both British and American military and civilian passengers brought the subject of their conversations to the attention of the officer commanding the troops aboard the vessel and also the ship's captain.

**THE CROPS**  
The following is a summary of reports made by agricultural representatives to the Ontario Department of Agriculture:  
Farmers in the County of Victoria declare that spring grain have been the best crops in ten years, and the general experience in the Province is much akin to that statement.

Most of the grain fields have been harvested, although for the last few days this work has held up by rains, which, however, were very welcome to late potato, root and even some corn fields, which are already picking up after being tried by the drought of the preceding three or four weeks.

Thrashing is well advanced, and is showing excellent results. More than usual of this work has been done in the fields owing to favorable weather and to save labor. Death of corn generally is advancing, despite the drought. A month of warm weather—sometimes very hot—favored it on the whole. Some early varieties in Essex are already in the shock. Despite the cool weather, the best fields of ensilage corn are in height of stalk fully two weeks ahead of last year.

Clover and other grasses have been much helped in the second year of their growth, which was much needed. Reports vary greatly as to the prospects for both clover and alfalfa seed.

Onions are being shipped by the carload from points in Essex and are much earlier than usual. A few fields of Warren tobacco have been harvested in Essex. The plants are rather small in height owing to the very dry and hot weather of the past month.

Going to the drought, live stock have felt the lack of good pasture, but otherwise they are in good condition. Young cattle are selling at from 8c to 14c a lb., but more finished animals are bringing as high as 14c. Hogs remain at from 19c to 24c per cwt. Young pigs are in demand, weanlings fetching \$12 a pair.

The farm labor situation continues well in hand. Harvesters are needed as fruit pickers in orchards and men for the September general clean-up. Preparation is also being made for setting in fall wheat, but the ground has been very hard for plowing, owing to the drought. Heavy rains which came late in the week are expected to help in this respect. According to the Kent representative the farmers of that county are satisfied to put in a good year if the ground or other conditions do not permit planting fall wheat this fall. The great success of spring wheat this year encourages the view that the action of the Grain Commission in advancing for a bonus of five cents a bushel on Ontario wheat may have some effect in increasing acreage. There now appears to be plenty of seed available.

Children's Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

### OCCUPATION OF KETLAS IMPORTANT

#### Post on Dvina River Seized by Allies is of Strategic Value

By Courier Leased Wire  
Amsterdam, Aug. 28.—The Allied occupation of Ketlas on the Dvina River, southeast of Archangel, which is reported to the German papers by way of Christiania, is regarded by them as important, as it shows that two-thirds of the distance from Archangel to Viatka apparently has been covered by the Entente forces. In addition Ketlas is connected by a branch railway line with Viatka, which is a half way station between Vologda and Perm, on the great north Russian trunk line.

The Cologne Zeitung points out that the Entente intention to effect a junction with the Czechoslovaks at Ekaterinburg (75 miles southeast of Perm) is a good indication of their intention. It professes inability to understand how Ketlas was occupied as the latest official information from the Soviet Government made it appear that all was going well for the Bolsheviks in that region.

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**WESTERN CROP DAMAGE REPORTS GREATLY MAGNIFIED—WANT 10,000 HARVESTERS**  
AT ONCE  
Reports previously published regarding the damage by frost to the crops in Saskatchewan were unduly pessimistic. Frequent showers and favorable weather have changed the outlook and it is apparent that the great Province of Saskatchewan will have a normal crop. This is evidenced by Western demands for farm laborers as not less than 10,000 are required immediately for harvesting.

Every young man and these more mature, in every community in Ontario, including our own, should get away and can make this a great opportunity to serve the country in a practical way, and at the same time be of invaluable benefit to himself. It means an interesting, long distance journey at low fares, and a chance to see and study the immense new country served by the Canadian Northern Railway's Road.

Final excursions, by Canadian Northern trains leaving Toronto 10 p.m., August 28th, 30th, September 4th and 11th. Harvesters from outside points to use connecting trains to Toronto.

**BRITISH CASUALTIES**  
By Courier Leased Wire  
London, Aug. 29.—British casualties reported today, totalled 14,484; compared with an aggregate of 8,411 reported in the previous week. The casualties are divided as follows: Killed or died in wounds, officers, 1,846; men, 10,793.

### A Quiet Night in France

It was a beautiful starlit night. The moon was full overhead; the ground was hard underfoot and there was a frost in the air that made us glad to see the wood that burned in the brazier at the door of our tent. Within the tent, which was camouflaged because we were in a forward area, seven of us were variously occupied. Some were writing home, one was inwardly digesting "The World, the Flesh, and the Kaiser" column in John Bull, another was reading an article on Keats, while the others were singing our newest song, which goes:

Good bye—ee, don't sigh—ee, wipe that tear, baby, baby dear, from your eyes, Old Thing, Cheerio, ching, ching! Napoo, Toodle—oo, good-bye—ee! Good bye—ee, don't sigh—ee! If it's no point, you get it, you get it! Gets it's eye on the It's Napoo! Toodle—oo! Good bye—ee!

As the song ended the man who was reading the article on Keats looked up from the Bookman. "I say, chaps," he said, "don't you think we'd better try the fire inside if it's smoking badly and Fritz might see it, you know."

"Righto," remarked the man who was nearest the fire. "The moon's too bright to take chances," and picking up the brazier he brought it into the tent. So we closed the door and laid it up, and turned to our reading or our writing, which we did with difficulty by the light of an anemic candle stuck on top of our helmets.

Now it happens that a wood fire outside a tent is a delight, but a wood fire inside a tent is more to be avoided than riches. And this fire of ours was no exception; it smoked horribly, and soon we were on the verge of suffocation.

We were debating whether to lie at full length and keep the fire going or whether to put it outside again, when three sharp whistles sounded. Instantly all the candles were extinguished for the signal of a searchlight of an air raid. At that moment we heard "Bang! Bang! Bang!" of exploding bombs and with it the woooo—wooo of a Gotha unmistakably.

"The tent was in utter darkness except for the fire," said a voice. "Immediately there was a hissing sound and the flames became extinguished."

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" said some one. "Fritz laying eggs all right," remarked another.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" said another voice. "He's heading this way," said a voice that seemed to come from the ground, for doubtless the speaker was wisely making friends with that.

One rose to his feet and parting the double door flaps looked out. He saw a camp bather in a quiet moonlight, while a dozen searchlights snatched at the stars, up and down, slowly, surely the fingers of light played. At last one picked up an ant—wooo of a Gotha unmistakably.

The searchlight hung on the German. Instantly the guns opened up. Bang! Bang! Bang! The shrill burst in the general direction of the aeroplane.

The Gotha was flying at a height of perhaps 3,000 feet. In the ray of light that came from the ground he looked like a moth with silver wings. He sailed straight on. He did not swerve. The searchlight hung on and the guns played an angry chorus.

Nearer, nearer, burst the shrill burst in the general direction of the aeroplane. The man at the tent door gasped, gasped, the next shot might—

At that moment a tragedy happened. The Gotha flew full against the moon—and the searchlights lost him. Woooo—wooo—wooo. He was almost overhead now, and unlit, for the searchlights groped pathetically.

There was a flash, the man at the tent door took a pace backward. Bang!

A parcel of hats exploded forty yards away. Some dirt played a tattoo on the tent, but the splinters missed it and the tent was safe.

### REX Theatre

Vaudeville Pictures  
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**MADGE KENNEDY**  
IN  
"Friend Husband"

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**BOOTH AND NINA**  
BICYCLE NOVELTY  
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**SPECIAL PEGGY HYLAND**  
IN  
"Debt of Honor"

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**CHARLIE CHAPLIN**  
IN  
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### BRANT Theatre

NOW SHOWING  
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**PEARL WHITE**  
IN  
"The House of Hate"

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Classy Refined Musical Melange  
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"A Nine O'Clock Town"

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**FATTY ARBUCKLE**  
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