

WEAR FLEET FOOT Shoes

The Most Comfortable Footwear for Summer

WORN BY ALL MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

SOLD BY ALL GOOD SHOE DEALERS

A TRENCH BATTLE.

How Wounded Frenchmen Repulsed a German Attack.

One of the remarkable stories of the war is that of the French sergeant who in a position of peculiar danger saved the situation by his strange and piercing cry, "Debout, les morts!" (Stand up, you dead men!) An officer who witnessed the episode thus describes it:

We were putting in order a trench we had just taken. At the barrier of sandbags at each end two pickets kept careful guard.

Suddenly from behind a mound of earth a perfect avalanche of bombs came hurtling down upon our heads, and before our men realized what was happening, ten of them lay dead or wounded at the bottom of the trench.

I opened my mouth to rally my men, but a stone from the parapet, loosed by a falling bomb, crashed down upon my head and knocked me senseless.

But only for a second. A bursting bomb shattered my hand and the pain brought me back to life. As I opened my eyes, faint and dizzy, I saw a band of Germans leaping over the sandbags into the trench—twenty or so of them—without rifles, but with rusted baskets full of bombs hung about their necks.

I looked to the right and to the left. All our men had gone; the trench was empty. Just then one of my men, who had been lying apparently lifeless, a gas across his forehead, another on his chin and his whole face covered with blood, sat up, seized a sack of grenades lying near and shouted, "Debout, les morts!" Then he got up on his knees and hurled grenade after grenade at the enemy.

At his shout three other men struggled up. Two whose legs were broken seized their rifles and opened fire, each shot going home with deadly effect; the third man, whose right arm hung useless at his side, grasped his bayonet with his left hand. By the time I was on my feet, having quite come to myself again, half our enemies were struck down and the rest were retreating in disorder.

There, alone, leaning against the parapet and protected by a huge iron shield, stood an enormous German sergeant, sweating, panting, spluttering with rage, and bravely emptied his revolver at us.

The man who had rallied us, the hero at whose word the dead had come to life, got one of the shots right in the face. He reeled and fell.

Suddenly his comrade with the bayonet, who had carefully crawled forward, sheltered by the bodies of his fallen mates, pulled himself together, and, dodging two bullets, aimed at him, with one gigantic effort plunged his weapon into the German's throat.

It was over; we held our ground; we were saved. At that all-impelling call the dead indeed had come to life.

A Sensible Thing to Do

When the drug, caffeine—the active principle in tea and coffee—shows in headache, nervousness, insomnia, biliousness, jumpy heart, and so on, the sensible thing to do is to quit both tea and coffee.

It's easy, having at hand the delicious pure food-drink

Instant Postum

It is made from wheat roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses and is free from any harmful substance.

Thousands who prefer to protect their health, use Postum with comfort and delight.

Made in the cup—instantly—with hot water. Convenient, nourishing, satisfying.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

ST. JOHN AMBULANCE.

First Aid Work of the Canadian Pacific Railway Centre.

"A most successful year, notwithstanding the general depression. This is the pleasing statement contained in the sixth annual report of the Canadian Pacific Railway Centre of the St. John Ambulance Association. For the twelve months, ending September 30, 1915, no less than 1,816 passed qualifying examinations out of a total of 2,564 who presented themselves for instruction at the classes.

In all the departments of the C.P.R. Centre of the Association, which spreads over the country, a greater zeal than ever was manifested for work, and the support of the superintending officials of the C.P.R. is in no small way responsible for a good deal of the advancement made. Wives and daughters of C.P.R. employees have taken advantage of the free course of training offered, and now no less than 825 ladies have taken out the certificate of qualification from the Association.

Under the auspices of the C.P.R. Centre instruction was given to the Borden Battery and Ammunition Column before leaving Montreal for the front. Afterwards the certificates of merit were presented to the officers and men by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught.

An important feature of the work of the C.P.R. Centre was the bringing of a large number of the lady clerks of the C.P.R. into touch with the Red Cross Society, an organization to which they proved a valuable asset.

Three men were saved from drowning at Winnipeg by W. T. Davies, C.P.R. ambulance instructor, and William Newcombe, a C.P.R. constable. Sir Donald Cameron presented the medal of the Royal Canadian Humane Society to each in recognition of their bravery.

Particulars were obtainable of 3,780 cases where first aid had been administered by members of the C.P.R. Centre. The cases were thus divided: Atlantic Centre, 9; Eastern Division, 130; Ontario Division, 136; western lines, 3,440.

Concluding the report of the C.P.R. Centre pays a glowing tribute to the late Lieutenant-Colonel Lacy R. Johnson, who had been chairman of the Centre under review and also of the whole Association. During his time as chairman nearly 7,000 employees of the C.P.R. passed the qualifying examinations, and in this way made themselves better citizens of the Dominion.

A ZEPPELIN PASSES.

A Striking Picture of Its Visit to an English Village.

There have been many graphic descriptions of darkened London awaiting the Zeppelins; many, too, of the actual arrival of the aerial raiders. But Mr. Alfred Oliviant, the novelist, in "The House on the Cliff," makes the anticipation, the coming and the passing of a Zeppelin through a little coastal village of England a picture more striking and memorable than any—perhaps because in the telling his sense neither of moderation, of humor nor of beauty failed him.

A few minutes after he had gone to his room the first night of his stay, his host, the colonel, came up and knocked.

"You're showing a streak of light through the curtains," he said anxiously. "Do you mind if I arrange them?" He stood on a chair, and made certain delicate adjustments, setting to work as a dressmaker goes about to fit a lady's gown. "They fine you ten pounds for the first offense," he said, his mouth full of pins. "The occupant of the room pays," he added with quiet gusto, "not the owner. And for the second offense you do time."

"All through the winter our lights were the colonel's hobby, his anxiety and delight. He was terribly thorough. From bathroom, lavatories, passages and holes the bulbs were removed to guard against temptation and servants against carelessness. You washed in the dark, and you said good-by to your friends by the light of the moon. And every night, when the blinds were down and the curtains drawn, the colonel went his rounds. . . . And, if about the hour of dark, you went into one of the seaward rooms, you would be pretty sure to be greeted by a spectral voice from the ceiling. 'I'm not very happy about this curtain,' . . . and you would be aware of a gaunt and vulture-like figure perched on a table or a chair, safety pin in mouth, adjusting a chink."

But when at last a Zeppelin came, it came by day.

"It was a February afternoon of the fairest," says Mr. Oliviant.

"I was slowly climbing the last hill home when of a sudden I was aware of I knew not what.

"Some primal instinct warned me to beware.

"I stood with ears alert, and sniffed. 'There was a faint, strange smell in the air, and a faint, far humming. 'I looked seaward. Nothing was visible but a remote destroyer. I gazed up into the heavens. Not a speck darkened the distant blue. Then a man on the crest of the hill, fifty yards above me, a woman at his side, cried suddenly:

"There she goes!"

"I looked again. And sheer overhead I caught a flash and sparkle. It was infinitely far, a part of the blue; as if a tiny patch of heaven had suddenly crystallized.

"For a moment I was astounded.

The loveliness of that remote and shining something, on whose underwings the western stars were beating up, possessed and dazzled me.

"There was a Bang! bang! bang! and out of the green hillside across the valley, two hundred yards away, suddenly spurted great mushrooms of smoke, one after another. Bang! bang! bang! and one of the houses skimming on the outskirts of the town was enveloped in a dirty cloud.

"Take cover!" cried a fierce, authoritative voice near by.

"The man on the crest, who was lame, limped swiftly into his house, the woman scuttling before him. I was left on the bare road, conscious of that fatal and beautiful thing poised plumb overhead. I dared not look up. Were I to do so, the falling bomb would surely catch me in the face! and I preferred to take it in the neck.

"I made for the house opposite; it was empty and locked.

"Then came the lame man running out. 'Come in here, sir!' he called. 'But it was all over. And the creature from another world was flying homeward in the light of the sinking sun, the smoke of its handiwork pursuing it leisurely across the waters in pillars of soot."

He is Just One More of The Many

WHO HAS FOUND NEW HEALTH IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Philip McLeod Tells How He Suffered from Kidney Trouble for Years and Found a Quick and Complete Cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Tarbot, Victoria Co., C.B., June 19th (Special).—Philip McLeod is just one more of the many residents in this neighborhood who have found new health in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills with great success," Mr. McLeod states. "For years I had kidney trouble and could get nothing to help me. Hearing of what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for others led me to use them. Five boxes cured me completely. 'I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to many people. I cannot speak too highly of them.'"

The testimony of people who have been cured is better than all the theory in the world—Dodd's Kidney Pills are purely and simply a kidney remedy. If you have kidney trouble all you need to do is to ask others. They will tell you that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure you.

They will also tell you that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure rheumatism, dropsy, heart disease, diabetes, gravel and Bright's disease. That is because all these diseases are either kidney diseases or are caused by diseased kidneys.

LOST PROVINCES RICH.

Alsace-Lorraine Has Vast Deposits of Potash, Iron and Coal.

Quite apart from strong sentimental reasons, French people want to get their lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine back because of their actual value.

In the provinces are some of the greatest potash mines in the world. These mines alone yield 24,000,000 worth of potash every year. Naturally, while the Germans have owned them they have made many millions out of them, supplying the world with potash, and with fertilizers from the rock salt which is mixed up with the potash beds.

Another fact about Lorraine which will surprise most people is that it has half the world's supply of iron ore, as well as huge untapped coal deposits. For the coal alone France would like Lorraine for she is short of coal, and has to import 10,000,000 tons a year.

Altogether, the return of Alsace-Lorraine will increase France's annual income by some \$10,000,000, so there is a business side as well as a sentimental one to the recapture of the lost provinces.

Minard's Lintment Used by Physicians.

TOMMY READS AND WRITES.

The Result is Millions of Letters and Parcels of Literature.

Tommy Atkins has got the reputation of being the most voracious reader and indefatigable letter writer of all the troops in the field. The British Postmaster-General told an audience in Kent recently that during the war more than 450,000,000 letters and 40,000,000 parcels had been sent to the troops in France. Those letters and parcels weighed about 1,500 tons a week. In addition, about 800,000 books and magazines were being distributed week by week, and on behalf of the troops he appealed for even more to be handed in.

The beauty that is only skin deep is better than the kind that rubs off.

BRIGGS' FLY MATS
NO STICKINESS
ALL DEALERS
G.C. Briggs & Sons
HAMILTON
PRICE 5¢

A Tasty Summer "Snack"

for the warm days when the appetite craves "something different" for luncheon, for picnics or any kind of outdoor excursion is **Triscuit, the Shredded Whole Wheat Wafer.** It is made of the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked. Toast it in the oven to restore its crispness and spread over it butter, soft cheese or marmalade. Its snappy, tasty aroma is a delight to the palate, supplying the greatest amount of nutriment in smallest bulk. A deliciously wholesome toast. It is ready-cooked, easily carried, is strengthening and satisfying.

Made in Canada.

From the Ocean Shore

BITS OF NEWS FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Items of Interest From Places Lapped By Waves of the Atlantic.

St. John's oldest resident, Louis Smith, is dead at the age of 104.

Hon. C. W. Robinson, for years City Solicitor of Moncton, N.B., has resigned.

A wave of crime has been sweeping over Fredericton, many robberies being reported.

Mrs. Alice Lang and two daughters, of Cherhill, are dead as a result of a shooting affray.

Edna Porter, a 16-year-old girl, of Meductic, is missing from her home. Poul play is suspected.

Malcolm McPherson, aged 80, of Union Vale, was arrested, charged with the murder of his wife.

The large general store of Thos. Lunney, at Swift Point, N.B., was completely destroyed by fire.

Trees were sprayed and sweet peas sown at the Experimental Station, Charlottetown, P.E.I., on May 1.

Capt. Courtenay of the "Olinde" for St. John's, Nfld., recently, for Barbados, to get a cargo of molasses.

The strike amongst the men of the Hamilton Carriage Co., Montreal, has interrupted freight traffic around St. John.

Pte. Glode, one of the two Micmac Indians, who enlisted with the 112th Battalion, died at Digby, N.S., of pneumonia.

"Joe" Mitchell, the famous Indian fox trapper, recently trapped three foxes at Ashton, P.E.I., two of which were silver grays.

The St. Mary's Army and Navy Club of Halifax gave an entertainment recently, for the St. Francis Xavier hospital unit.

Premier Murray of Nova Scotia was presented with a silver tea set, silver and an address by the Liberal members of the Province.

Dartmouth, N.S., is about to be supplied with electric power for night and day. At present electrical power is available only in the evening.

Mrs. Benthle Dufresne, Quebec, secured the gold medal for highest percentage in class at the Brooklyn King's County Hospital Training School for Nurses.

Capt. Dan McKinnon, formerly one of the best known followers of the harness racing game in the Maritime Provinces, is now commanding officer of the 36th Battery at Fredericton.

The Women's Canadian Club of St. John, N.B., is doing an excellent work in encouraging the art of toy-making in New Brunswick. They expect to hold an exhibition of "Made in N.B." toys early this summer.

The Dunlop Rubber Company Wants Workmen for Toronto

More men are needed in the Toronto factory of The Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited, to keep up with the demands of a steadily increasing business. Here is a chance for mechanics or unskilled workmen who wish to become mechanics. The right kind of men are wanted who command good wages everywhere. No previous experience in rubber working necessary. The right kind of men are wanted who command good wages everywhere. No previous experience in rubber working necessary. The right kind of men are wanted who command good wages everywhere. No previous experience in rubber working necessary.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited

Booth Ave., Toronto

THE SUMMERLESS YEAR.

What the Year 1816 Was Like in This Country.

The year 1816, that is, 100 years ago, says the Perth Expositor, was known as the "summerless summer." Snow commenced falling in the middle of June, by the middle of August it was one foot in depth, and from the first fall of snow in June until the following summer the earth remained under the covering of the wintry blanket. Absolutely nothing in the way of harvest was garnered. Everything in the way of crops rotted in the ground. What did the people live on? Meat—meat and fish—there were no vegetables and there was no flour; it was venison and fish to-day, relieved by fish and flesh to-morrow, taken from slaughter-cattle. Hay had to be shipped from Ireland to save the starving cattle in Quebec, and it sold there for \$45 per ton; flour sold at \$17 per barrel in Quebec, and potatoes were one penny a pound. This year was called "the year eighteen hundred and frozen to death." The cause of the cold was believed to be sunspots, which were so large that for the first time in their history they could be seen without the aid of a telescope. It was also known as "poverty year." In New Hampshire hay sold at \$180 a ton. The next spring the market price of corn was \$2; a bushel of wheat, \$2.50; rye, \$2; oats, 90¢; beans, \$3; butter, 25¢ per lb. (It usually sold in those days at eight or ten cents.) Further particulars of the "summerless summer," The Expositor adds, are among the files of the Grenville Historical Society.

Retaliation.

Hostess—"Pray, don't go yet, Mr. Basso. I want you to sing something."

Mr. Basso—"You must excuse me. It is very late, and I should disturb the neighbors."

Hostess—"Never mind the neighbors. They deserve our dog yesterday."

Keep Minard's Lintment in the house.

Dangers of Pharmacy.

"Did you ever make a serious mistake in a prescription?"

"Only once. Then I charged a customer thirty cents for a prescription instead of fifty."

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINTMENT. MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE.

Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINTMENT.

MAHONEY BAY. JOHN MADER.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINTMENT.

JOSHUA A. WYNACHT.

Bridgeview.

Do Not Tell This Often.

Smith was a parson. One day he went out fishing and lost a valuable presentation ring. Two years afterwards he went fishing in the same place, and caught a large trout, which he had for supper that night. Suddenly he jumped up half-choked by something that had stuck in his throat. By a violent effort he dislodged it, and found—a bone.

Sore Eyes. Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to sun, dust and wind. Quickly relieved by **Minard's Eye Remedy**. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50¢ per Bottle. **Minard's Eye Remedy** 25¢. For Sale at **Minard's Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

He Knew The Kind.

A hobo knocked on the back door of a suburban house, which was opened by a large muscular, hard-faced woman. "Get out of here, you miserable tramp!" exclaimed the woman in a screechy voice, at the first sight of the hobo.

"If you don't march straight for that back gate I will call my husband!" "I guess not," was the calm response of the tramp. "He ain't at home."

"Is that so, Mr. Tramp?" was the scornful rejoinder of the large lady. "How do you know he isn't at home?"

"Because," grinned the hobo, backing toward the aforesaid gate, "when a man marries a woman like you he is home only at meal time."

Ask for Minard's and take no other Flippancies.

Airships should increase the floating population.

Cooking school girls don't always pan out well.

When the house ge's cold the tenants are apt to get hot.

Most of the "good fellows" have a lot of bad habits.

Speaking of work, that's as near as some men ever get to it.

When an irritable man is on a loaf, he is not so crusty.

It is easier to carry on a flirtation than it is to carry off an heiress.

Minard's Lintment Embarrasses a Friend

"When your wife gets angry won't she speak to you?" "She won't do anything else."

Mr. Chaffe—"Johnnie, your mother complains that you are disobedient. That's got to stop. You must obey your mother." Johnnie—"Not much. It's you who have to obey her. It isn't me that's married to her!"

YOUNG FOLKS

When "Billy" Went Fishing.

"Billy" Harrison sat on the back step and idly dabbled her fingers in the bowl that held her pet fish. Her name, you will understand, was not really Billy—it was June Cornelia Harrison, but Billy seemed better to fit a girl who liked to run races and climb trees and throw stones. Blanco, the white cat, and Cicero, the black dog, were basking in the morning sunshine with her. Miss Tampa, her doll, was lying neglected on the step beside her.

The group made a pretty picture, but Billy was thinking of quite another picture—that of her brothers, John and Oliver, fishing in Bowker Brook, five or more beyond the village. They had gone off without her early in the morning, and Billy had said, "Oh, I wish I were a boy!" so many times that she was tired of it. So she sat on the step to think it over.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet. "I'll go, anyway!" she cried. "It isn't fair for the boys to have all the fun of a Saturday holiday!"

Blanco and Cicero watched Billy leave the yard and start down the road. Then they curled up for a nap in the sun. Miss Tampa was already sound asleep.

Billy knew the way well enough, but she made up her mind to take a short cut across the fields and through the woods. It would save a lot of time.

She had climbed several fences and was far from the road, with no houses in sight, when she had her adventure. The place was a valley well shut in by hills, with a few trees here and there. It looked as if it might be a pasture, but Billy could see nothing to frighten her when she climbed the fence, and so she hurried on. The brook where her brothers were fishing must be in the woods just over the hills.

Strange noises behind her made her turn sharply.

"Hogs!" she said aloud. "How I hate them!"

Perhaps the hogs understood what she said. Anyway, they began to grunt more loudly and to run toward her. One brief look showed Billy that the fence on the farther side of the pasture was not far away, and toward it she dashed as fast as her feet would carry her. Then she stopped as suddenly as she had started, for there were half a dozen hogs between her and the fence, and they, too, had seen her and were running to meet her.

Perhaps the hogs thought that she had come to feed them, or it may be that they just wanted to be friendly, but Billy did not feel like waiting to see. Her quick eye showed her only one way to safety—a scrubby tree close at hand. Up into the branches of that tree she scrambled faster than she had ever climbed before, while with many grunts the hogs gathered at the foot of it and looked up at her with little red eyes.

"O dear!" cried Billy. "What am I to do? Go away, you horrid pigs, go away!"

In a little while most of the hogs went away, but three or four stayed under the tree. The very largest one lay down close to the trunk and went to sleep. The others rooted in the grass and leaves near by. Every few minutes they stopped and looked up at Billy.

Billy's perch seemed comfortable enough at first, but before long she got very tired of it. Would those hogs never go away? A long time passed. Billy knew it must be noon, or later. Several times she shouted; but the hills threw back an echo that she was almost as much afraid of as she was of the hogs, although she knew that it was foolish to feel that way.

At last all the hogs wandered off except the big one that was asleep right at the foot of the tree.

"The way to the fence is clear," thought Billy, "if I can only slip down without waking up that old hog!"

She tried to slide down the trunk very carefully, but the big hog opened its eyes and grunted, and she climbed quickly back to her perch. After a time another plan came to her. She crawled out on a low branch just as far as she could go, then quickly let herself down until she hung by her hands. The old hog seemed sound asleep. She let go and dropped to the ground. But her dress had caught on a twig, and she pitched head-long into the soft dirt where the hogs had been wallowing. She was not hurt, but what a sight she was!

Then how she ran! The hogs saw her and came running again, with many grunts and squeals; but this time she beat them to the fence and scrambled breathlessly over it. Here again her dress got a bad rent, and she bruised one of her bare knees.

But she was safe at last, and by a roundabout way she reached the road once more and limped sadly home. Her mother met her at the door.

"June Cornelia Harrison! What have you been into this time?" she exclaimed. "Here it is the middle of the afternoon, and we have been worried to death!"

"Well, you see, I started to go fishing with the boys," began Billy.

"Come right in and change your clothes and have a bath," said her mother. "You can tell me all about it later."

"Yes," agreed Billy, "and then I'm going to play with Blanco and Cicero and Miss Tampa. The boys can fish a week for all I care!"—Youth's Companion.



Rich Uncle (to his physician)—"So you think there is hope for me?"
Physic Doctor—"Not only that, but I can assure you that you are out of danger."
"Very well; I wish you would inform my nephew; but break the news gently to him."

FORD OWNERS

\$50.00 a year protects your new Ford Touring Car from loss by fire to the extent of \$100, including loss from explosion and self-ignition.

Covers fire loss while car is in any building—or on the road—lower rates and more liberal terms than any other policy you can procure.

Write for rates on Ford cars up to three years old.

Similar rates and conditions are granted to owners of Chevrolet cars.



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