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The 'ALLENBURY' 60-page booklet, "Infant Feeding and Management," should be read carefully by all mothers of young babies. It is sent, with sample of the Food, post free on request.

## Allenburys' Foods

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By the clock tower of St. Gabriel's it was six o'clock when the 90th entered the city. When they had passed along several streets, Private Smith turned suddenly and looked back at the great timepiece. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed yet the large hands had swung about and now stood at six forty-five. He called the corporal's attention to it. Again the officer was unimpressed.

"You are bewitched, Smith," he said, "or you've got an attack of nerves. All clocks are crazy, in this land."

The golden dragon which was taken from the church of St. Sophia in Constantinople in one of the Crusades and placed on the belfry of Bruges was afterward transported by Philip Van Artevelde to G— where it adorns the belfry of that city.

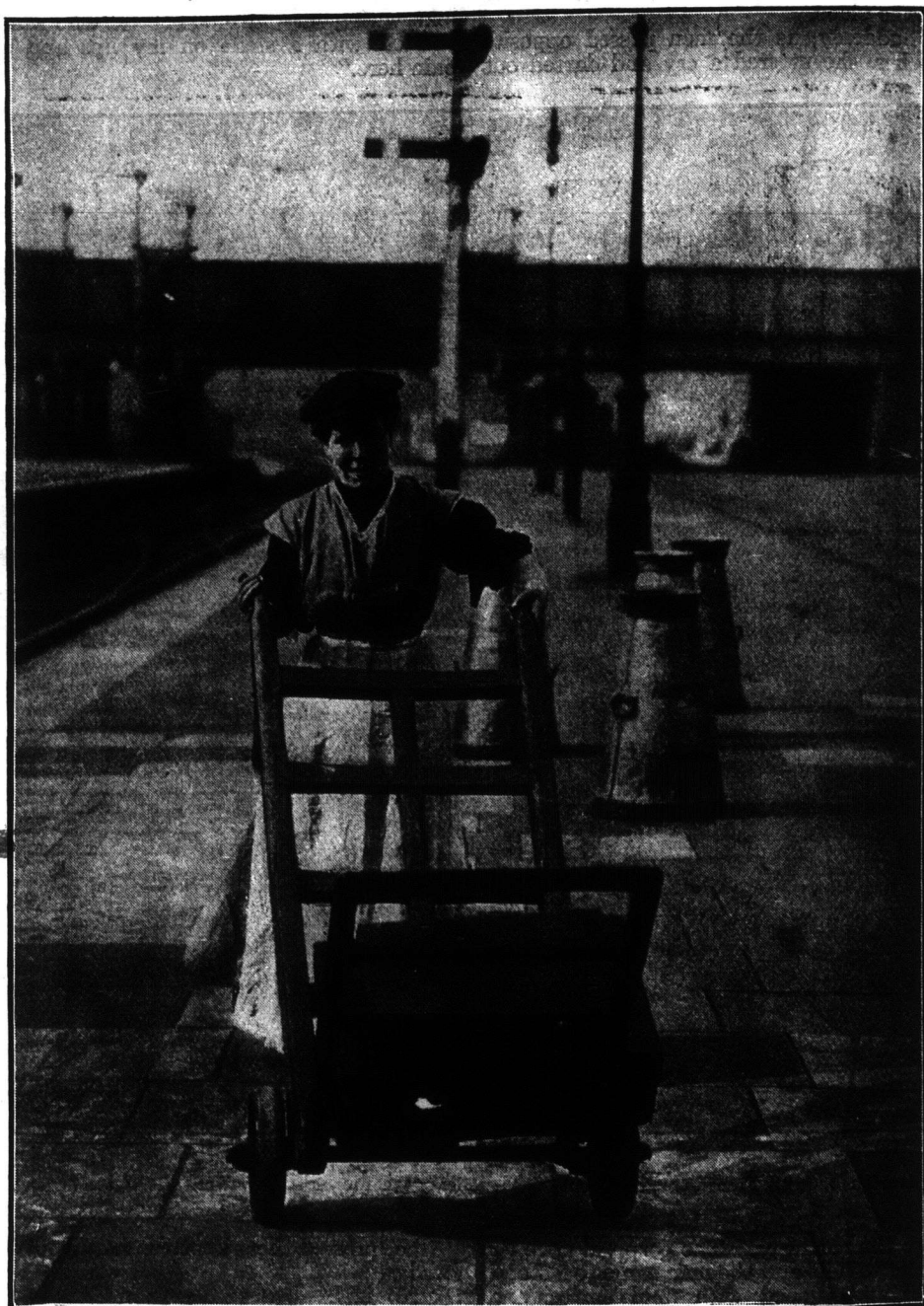
had retreated to the doors and windows of the inn where they held their position most valiantly and conserved their fighting strength. It was a change for the 90th—a change from the disheartening attitude of watchful waiting in water filled trenches.

Private Smith, joying in this kind of warfare which was a street fight on a large scale, had just levelled his rifle at a glistening helmet that stood out sharply from among the others when a new cry arose in the turbulent street.

"The French! The French!"

It was tossed along from man to man in the guttural German tones Smith had come to know so well.

The tide of battle veered. In great confusion the remaining Prussians beat a retreat. Then from around the belfry square surged a gallant company of French



London's Firs. Woman Railway Porter  
Woman porters have in a large degree taken the place of the men who have gone to the Front. One of them is seen here wheeling the barrow at the Marylebone Station in London.

The inscription on the alarm bell at G— is: "Mynen naem is Roland; als ikklep is er brand, als ik luy is er victorie in het land." Which, being interpreted means: "My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire; when I ring there is victory in the land."

It was midnight when the enemy arrived. The troops that remained in hiding in the sacred edifice now came boldly forth in the square before St. Gabriel's to join their compatriots who had been summoned at six o'clock, by the spy in the clock tower.

The 90th Rifles had had five hours' sleep when suddenly the sentry pacing the cobblestones before the hostel door halted and pricked up his ears. On the still night air came the regular tramp tramp of many feet. Puzzled, he hesitated a moment. Then, beating upon the hostel door he called "To arms!"

Instantly the little band rose, almost as one man, and shaking off the drowsiness of unsatisfied sleep, they poured forth into the street. At the same moment the advance guard of the Prussians rounded the corner to the east.

The fight was sanguinary and long, many fell, and more were wounded. The Prussians, some six hundred strong, were obliged to remain in the open for the 90th

cuirassiers, augmented here and there by Belgian cavalymen, and others on foot.

At the sight the two score riflemen in the inn raised a cheer. The newcomers galloped up, a splendid sight in the moonlight, their lances glistening like a forest of silver spikes and their commandant crying "Allons!" as they rode after the enemy.

At dawn Private Smith, with a wound on the head which he had bandaged as well as possible, crossed the now cleared square and entered the gaping door of the belfry tower. Slowly he mounted the steps that spiralled up toward the great bell that was surmounted by the golden dragon. On the second landing he stopped and seized the end of the rope. Before he could pull it, however, his eye caught the gleam of a German sabre in the half-light that filtered in through the tower window, and as he sprang backward toward the stairs, the fugitive in the tower made a lunge at him.

"You do not ring for victory," he hissed, "not while I guard the bell rope!"

Private Smith for answer, cocked his rifle, prepared to shoot him down without delay. He had just levelled the weapon at the Prussian (who had been sent to the tower to prevent the news of victory being spread abroad by means of the