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To New York	\$40.00	\$70.00	\$15.00
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Not a Shoe in our whole stock is priced too high or beyond reach. Our prices are always pleasing.

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COME UP AND SPEND AN HOUR

Canadian Eye Witness Tells Graphic Story

Of Fierce Fighting in Flanders and Endless Stream Marching Men

Ottawa, April 4.—A graphic story of the fighting in Northern France and Belgium has reached the Government from Sir Max Aitken, Canadian eye-witness, who accompanied a party of press representatives to the front in the region occupied by the British army. The report follows:

(Acting under instructions from the Canadian Government and the War Office, the Canadian record officer visited the field of operations of the British army in Belgium and Northern France and reports as follows:)

CANADIAN DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS, IN FLANDERS, Mar. 31—"Six kilometres to Neuve Chapelle." It was night when I left the Canadian Divisional Headquarters and motored in a southerly direction towards Neuve Chapelle. It was the eve of the great attack and in the bright space of light cast by the motor lamps along the road there came a kaleidoscopic picture of tramping men.

At the Front. Here at the front there is no need of police restrictions on motor headlights at night as there is in London and on British country roads. The law under which you place yourself is the range of the enemy's guns. Beyond that limit you are free to turn your headlights on and there is no danger. But once within the range of rifle fire or shell you turn your lights on at the peril of your own life. So you go in darkness. As we rode along with lamps lit thousands of khaki-clad men were marching along that road—marching steadily in the direction of Neuve Chapelle, the endless stream of their faces flashed along the edge of the pavement in the light of our lamps. Their ranked figures, dim one moment in the darkness, sprang for an instant against the background of the night. Then they passed out of the light again and became once more a legion of shadows, marching towards dawn and Neuve Chapelle.

Battalions of Marching Men. The tramp of battalion after battalion was not however, the tramp of a shadow army, but the firm, relentless, indomitable step of armed and trained men. Every now and then there came a cry of "halt," and the columns came on the instant to a stand. Minutes passed and the command for the advance rang out. The columns moved again. So it went on—halt—march—halt—march—halt, hour by hour through the night along that congested road—a river of men and guns. For while in one direction men were marching, in the other direction came batteries of guns, bound by another route for their position in front of Neuve Chapelle.

The two streams passed one another legions of men and rumbling, clattering, lines of artillery, all moving under screen of the dark towards the line of trenches where the enemy lay. This was no time to risk a block in traffic, and my motor swerving off the paved centre of the road, sank to her axles in the quagmire of thick sticky mud at the side. The guns passed and we sought to regain the paved way again, but our wheels spun round, merely churning dirt. We could not move out of that pasty Flemish mud until a Canadian ambulance wagon came to our aid. The unhitched horses were made fast to the motor, and they heaved the war out of her clinging bed.

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In the early morning I came to the cross-roads. The sign post planted at the crossings, and pointed down the road to the south-east, bore the inscription: "Six kilometres to Neuve Chapelle." This was the road that the legions had taken. It led almost in a straight line to the trenches that were to be stormed, to the village behind them that was to be captured, and to

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of the battle, surveying and reckoning the damage which our guns inflicted, and reporting progress.

Once a German Taube rose in the air and winged towards the British lines. Then began a struggle for the mastery which goes to the machine which can mount highest and fire down upon its enemy.

The Taube rined upwards. A couple of British aeroplanes circled after it. To and fro and round and round they went until the end came, the British machines gained the upper air, and soon we saw that the Taube was done. Probably the pilot had been wounded. The machine drooped and swooped unceasingly till, like a wounded bird, it streaked down headlong, far in the distance.

With British Airmen. I walked over to where a British aeroplane was about to start on a fight. The young officer of the Royal Flying Corps in charge was as cool as though he were taking a run in a motor car at home. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I wanted change and rest. I had spent five months in the trenches, and was worn out and tired by the everlasting monotony and drudgery of it all. So I applied for a job in the Flying Corps. It soothes one's nerves to be up in the air for a bit, after lying down in the mud for so long."

I watched him soar up in the morning sky, and saw numerous shrapnel bursts chasing him as he sailed over the German lines. What a quiet, easy-going holiday was this, going about in the sky a clear mark for the enemy's guns; but to tell the truth the British flying men and machines are very rarely hit. Flying in war time is not so perilous as it looks, though it needs much skill and a calm, collected spirit.

Rushed the Trenches. At length the roar of the gun fire ceased, and we knew that the British troops were rushing from their trenches to deal with the Germans, whose nerve the guns had shaken. Astonished as they had been by our artillery fire, by the rapidity of the infantry attack. The British soldiers and the Indians swept in upon them instantly till large numbers threw down their weapons, scrambling out of their trenches and knelt, hands up, in token of surrender.

The fight swept on, far beyond the German trenches, through the village, and beyond that again. The big guns occasionally joined in, and the clatter of the machine-guns rose and broke off. Now the motor ambulances began to come back—and up the road, down which the finger pointed to Neuve Chapelle. They lurched past, as we stood by the sign post, in an intermittent stream, bearing the wounded men from the front.

The German Prisoners. Presently the cheerful sight of German prisoners alternated with the saddening procession of ambulances. Large squads of prisoners went by, many hatless, with dirt-smear'd faces, their uniforms looking as though dipped in mustard—the effect of the bursting of the British hydrate shells among them in their trenches. The dejection of defeat was on their faces. Some of them were halted and

were questioned by the general. One man turned out to be a Frankfurt banker, whose chief concern later was what would become of his money; which he said had been taken charge of by some of his captors. He was also anxious to know where he would be imprisoned, and seemed relieved, if not delighted, when he heard that it would be in Britain. Another prisoner had been a hairdresser in Dresden. The general questioned him, and he gave an interesting account of his experiences as a soldier.

Got Enough of War. "I am a Landwehr man," he said. "I was in Germany when I was ordered to entrain. Presently the train drew up and I was ordered to get out, and was told that I had to go and attack a place called Neuve Chapelle. So I went on with others, and soon we came into a hell of fire, and we ran onwards and got into a trench, and there the hell was worse than ever. We began to fire our rifles."

"Suddenly I heard shouting behind me and I looked around and saw a large number of Indians between me and the rest of the German army. I then looked at the other German soldiers in the trenches, and saw that they were throwing their rifles out of the trench. Well, I am a good German, but I did not want to be peculiar, so I threw my rifle out also, and then I was taken a prisoner and brought here."

Although I had not been long at the war I have had enough of it. I never saw daylight on the battlefield until I was a prisoner.

The Indians Delighted. Some of the prisoners were brought along by the Indian troops, who had captured them. They complained bitterly that they—Germans—should be marched about in the custody of Indians. They did not understand the grimly humorous reply: "If the Indians are good enough to take you, they are good enough to keep you."

The Indians smiled with delight.

for they are particularly fond of making prisoners of Germans. Most of them brought back their little trophies of the fight, which they held out for inspection, with a smile, crying, "souvenirs." The stream of prisoners and wounded passed on. The fury of battle relaxed. Now and then some of the guns still crashed, but the machine guns rattled farther and farther away, and the crackle of the rifle fire came from a distance. The British army had traversed its triumph those "six kilometres" to Neuve Chapelle.

Zeppelin Destroyers

Toronto, Mar. 23.—The Mail and Empire prints the following New York despatch: "A Zeppelin destroyer carrying a large range rapid fire gun, and speedy enough to overtake the larger craft with ease, will be launched into the air at London in about a week, according to Thomas R. MacMechin, President of the Aeronautical Society of America, who sailed for Liverpool Saturday on the American liner St. Paul. Mr. MacMechin is the expert director who was placed in charge of the factory near London to manufacture the destroyers.

"The Germans undoubtedly will make a Zeppelin attack upon London in the early spring," Mr. MacMechin says, "and when their big craft cross the Channel they will be met by a fleet of destroyers which I feel sure will make short work of them. The first of these destroyers, which are really like small Zeppelins, will be launched very soon after my arrival on the other side. I came back to this country a short time ago for some of the structural material needed for the destroyers, and I am taking it back, with a squad of expert mechanics."

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