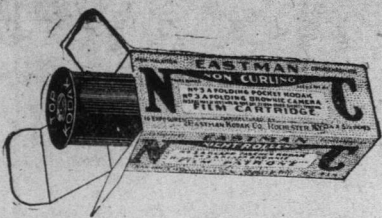


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War News.

Messages Received
Previous to 9 A.M.

BRITISH RECAPTURE TRENCH.

LONDON, April 23. Last night the King's Shropshire Light Infantry recaptured the trench on the Ypres-Lanunck Road, which was lost on the night of April 19th. Our line there is completely re-established. To-day there has been artillery activity about Mametz, Serre, Sochez, Cuinchy and Ypres. There was some mining activity near Hohenzollern redoubt, north of Neuve Chapelle.

IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

LONDON, April 23. The British Expeditionary Force against German East Africa has captured Umbuge and Salanga, according to an announcement made to-day by the official bureau.

GENERAL LAKE'S REPORT.

LONDON, April 23. General Lake telegraphs to-day: Attack made this morning on the Samnanyat position on the left or north flank, failed. The position had been bombarded on 20th and 21st of intervals during each night, and again this morning. Owing to floods it was found impossible for one brigade only to attack a very commanding position. The leading troops of this brigade, consisting of a British composite battalion advanced with great gallantry, and penetrated the enemy's first and second lines through bog and submerged trenches. A few got up into the third line. The brigade was unable to maintain it under the enemy's counter attack. Other brigades pushed on the right and left to reinforce, but were unable to reach their objectives across the flooded ground under heavy machine-gun fire. Our troops on the right bank were also unable to make much progress.

YPRES ANNIVERSARY.

LONDON, April 23. The anniversary of the second battle at Ypres, inspires an appreciative article in the Sunday Pictorial on the Canadian Minister of Militia and Defence. One who knows him tells of fighting-Sam's life work, as the reform of the Canadian militia. Referring to his early days as proprietor of the Lindsey Warder, the writer says: "Sam Hughes was an Imperialist. There were even then many stalwart Imperialists in Canada, but his Imperialism was different. It was practical, full-blooded and having a definite end in view." A summary of his career concludes: "In such fashion has Sir Sam Hughes justified Canada and himself before the bar of history."

REPORTED RESIGNATION OF THE MINISTER OF MUNITIONS.

LONDON, April 23. Reynolds's Weekly says, "Lloyd George will unhesitatingly resign. Persistent Liberal attacks upon him continue, especially as his insistence in getting his own way on 'compensation' has left much bitterness among certain of his colleagues. The account adds that then for the first time the public will learn the real facts underlying the Government's terrible blunders, including shells, the disastrous Balkan development, and responsibility for the Dardanelles tragedy. Reynolds concludes with a declaration that Lloyd George will resign."

Rids Poisons From the Blood,
Clears Up the Complexion

Sallow Skin, Pimples, Pains and Aches Are Soon Gone When Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Are Used.

The doctor feels your pulse and looks at your tongue, but at the same time he is reading your condition in your face. The sallow complexion tells him that your liver is not doing its work, the pimples tell him that the kidneys are not properly purifying the blood, he realizes that the bowels are constipated and the system overloaded with poisons.

You can apply this test in your own case and may be able to add other symptoms, such as headaches, pains and aches through back and limbs, spells of biliousness and indigestion.

If you have not used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills you will be surprised to find how quickly they will rid your system of poisonous impurities and thereby remove the cause of pains, aches and skin troubles.

claration that it is not a secret among his friends that Lloyd George was on the point of resigning when Sir Edward Carson resigned.

ON THE MACEDONIAN FRONT.

PARIS, April 23. Artillery duel along the Macedonian front continued yesterday. The Havas correspondent at Salonika telegraphs no activity on the part of the infantry, except for usual clashes between patrols. The aviation corps is very active. A French aeroplane which flew over Sofia returned unscathed from its 400 mile trip. It dropped four bombs of large calibre on the Sofia-Lanunck Road. Two French aeroplane squadrons bombarded German camps at Petrich yesterday, and another squadron dropped bombs on German troops, concentrating in the region of Doiran. German fliers attacked Grasselet, but did no damage.

GERARD CALLS ON JAGOW.

BERLIN, April 23. Ambassador Gerard called on Foreign Minister Von Jagow this evening and was closeted with him for almost an hour. The discussion was of an informal nature. The Imperial Chancellor, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, will return to Berlin to-day, but a reply to the American note need not be expected for several days, possibly not before Wednesday.

U. S. TROOPS IN MEXICO.

WASHINGTON, April 23. General Funston recommended the repositioning of American troops in Mexico on lines approved by Secretary of War Baker, after a conference yesterday with President Wilson and Gen. Bliss, acting Chief of Staff.

Sneezing Colds, Bad
Coughs, Irritable
Throat All Cured.

Just think of it, a cold cures in ten minutes—that's what happens when you use "Catarrhzone." You inhale its soothing balsams and out goes the cold—sniffles are cured—headache is cured—symptoms of catarrh and gripe disappear at once. Its healing pine essences and powerful antiseptics in Catarrhzone "enable it to act so quickly. In disease of the nose, for irritable throat, bronchitis, coughs and catarrh it's a marvel. Safe even for children. Beware of dangerous substitutes offered under misleading names and meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhzone which is sold everywhere, large size containing two months treatment costs \$1.00; small size 50c; trial size 25c.

R. C. CHOIR ENTERTAINED.—As is customary for about forty years, the Choir of the R. C. Cathedral were entertained at the Palace yesterday morning after last mass. Mr. F. J. Morris, senior member of the choir, proposed the health of His Grace the Archbishop, which was responded to by Rev. Mons. MacDermott, who announced to the gathering that the health of His Grace had been almost completely restored, which was very pleasing news to all. Mr. Hutton, organist, proposed the health of Mons. MacDermott, who briefly replied.

A BIG CARGO.—The s.s. Stephanos is now discharging probably the biggest cargo she ever brought to this port. She is expected to get away for Halifax and New York to-morrow night.

Good Cheer For Men.

COUNTRESS OF LIMERICK TELLS OF FREE BUFFETS.

Sight of the First War-Worn Soldiers Home From Flanders With Never a Soul to Welcome Them Nearly Broke Her Heart, She Says, and so the Free Lunch Counters Came Into Being.

First time how the free buffets for soldiers. The Countess of Limerick in an article in London Tit-Bits tells for the first time how the free buffets for the soldiers at British Railway stations originated. The lunch counters which are exclusively for incoming and outgoing soldiers have proven a blessing to the men, and are one of the most remarkable features of the war.

It was soon after the start of this terrible war, she says, when Belgian refugees were flocking to this country, and when some of our first wounded soldiers were returning to their native land.

The scene: Victoria Station, late at night, over a year ago when I was helping my good friends Mrs. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Clapham, and Miss Hillard, who worked for the Belgian refugees there.

I shall never forget that night when some of our soldiers came back from the front on their first leave. Men who walked like machines, with wide-staring eyes gazing in nothingness and cheeks, oh! so horribly grey and drawn, and the mud of Flanders still upon their khaki.

No voice was raised to give them welcome, there was not a note of music, not a solitary cheer. It was terrible, ghastly. I could not bear it. It nearly broke my Irish heart. I wept. I could not help it, and the third night I could stand the strain of the numbing silence no longer. I walked over to them. I put my hand on the shoulder of first one and then another, and said, "God bless you! Welcome home, you splendid fellows!"

Oh, how grateful they were for the little refreshment that I was able to obtain for them, and oh! how a word of cheer welcome home made an instant and electrical difference in their wearied bodies and their wan faces; how the light came into their eyes and their tongues found utterance.

"We've only done our little bit, lady," they said, "and we're going out again to do a bit more," and they laughed merrily.

From that moment I did not pause until free station buffets had been established for the men, and to-day they are all over London at the great railway termini.

My own special one is at London Bridge, and I have a band of willing lady helpers in this labor of love. Often and often from 1,000 to 1,500 men have been served in a day; and you should see them. They are so pleased, so grateful, and the welcome home they get or the speeding words on departure bring the joy into their eyes when they realize how much they are appreciated. What we strive for and what we have succeeded in securing is the real "human" side in our enterprise.

It is not just demanding "What will you have—tea or coffee?" but the putting the question with a smile. It is our pride and honor, as we tell them often, to wait upon our glorious soldiers who are doing so much for the women of England.

What exists to-day has grown to my delight out of what happened that night at Victoria Station. The men are just wonderful—that is the only word for it—whether they are back from the trenches or returning to them—wonderful! simply wonderful! I have never seen anything like it, and it rejoices my heart.

I've had all sorts of curious incidents with the "Tommies" at London Bridge. One man insisted on bringing us flowers, another was not contented to depart until I had spoken to his dear mother, who had been told all that the buffet had done for himself and his comrades. "She treated me like a mother, mother," he said.

One man said, "I never believed this was true. I was told, 'Oh, these society ladies do nothing at all but just look in during the day.' Now I know to the contrary." He was right, for even Queen Alexandra and the Princess Victoria helped Tommy Atkins to tea and cake and cigarettes one Saturday afternoon, and on that day a civilian was so delighted that he wrote out a handsome cheque and handed it to Her Majesty to help our funds.

This war is shattering class distinctions and removing old prejudices. I had a curious experience of it. A man—educated, too, one who could quote Virgil in the original—a soldier, told me that he appreciated so much what had been done here that although he was a Socialist at heart, and had never taken the hand of "a lady" in his life he would like to shake hands with the superintendent of the buffet. I shook hands with him and he asked my name. I told him that did not matter. I was just a "helper." He insisted, and I at last gave way, and then his answer, mingled with surprise, was: "I've been

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out to the front, I've been wounded twice, and I'm going back to the front again. For years I've denounced your class—lords and ladies—although I've never met one. I've denounced your class from the platform and in every place where I've been, but when the war is over and I'm back again in England, please God, I'm going to do all in my power to undo the harm I've done."

Sand.

By GEORGE FITCH.

Sand is composed of tiny bits of rock, nibbled off the face of the earth by the relentless tooth of time. It is also a mysterious substance in the human economy which makes some men get up after they have been knocked down and go after another wallop with vim and devotion.

Sand is hard and gritty and indestructible. When it is put on a railroad track it enables a locomotive to climb a steep grade. When it is put in a human being, it enables him to get up at the bottom of the toboggan slide of trouble and walk back.

When sand is mixed with cement and made into concrete, it will withstand heat, cold, strains and hammer. When sand is poured into the human disposition, it enables him to endure anger, frosts, hard work and knockers without showing even a dent.

When sand is made into mortar and placed between stones, it holds them together for hundreds of years. When sand is put into a man's courage, it enables him to keep on racing after his legs have quit, keep on fighting after he has been licked, and keep on working after the sheriff has carried off his desk.

Sand is in reality the fragments of ancient mountains, carried down into the valleys by the rushing rivers. And it is also bits from the lives of fine old heroes carried into human minds to-day by history and romance, poetry and drama. Some men have some of the sand which Paul Jones used when he kept on fighting after he should have been hunting for a life preserver. Some men use the sand with which George Washington held off the British at Valley Forge. The sand which Andrew Johnson the tailor used when his wife taught him to read and he started out for the presidency keeps our night schools full of young men. The sand of Sir Walter Scott, who began paying a wagon load of debts at sixty, is a blessing for many creditors to-day, while fragments from the granite backbone of old Samuel Adams are woven in the fabric of many a modern insurgent who maps out a new advance in government, and cheerfully tells the opposition to begin the club swinging.

Young men in search of sand will not find it in pool halls, or on the street corners, or in dance parlors, or around the side doors of "the theaters, or in dime novels, or in taw shops, where their fathers have plenty of credit.

GOOD WORK.

Proper Food Makes Marvelous Changes.

Providence is sometimes credited with directing the footsteps by so simple a way as the reading of a food advertisement.

A lady writes, "I was compelled to retire from my school teaching because I was broken down with nervous prostration. I suffered agony in my back and was in a dreadfully nervous condition, irritable, with a dull, heavy headache continually, had no appetite and could scarcely digest anything. I was unable to remember what I read and was, of course, unfit for my work."

"One day, as if by providence, I read the testimonial of a lady whose symptoms were much the same as mine, and she told of how Grape-Nuts food had helped her, so I concluded to try it."

"I began with Grape-Nuts, a little fruit, and a cup of Postum. I steadily improved, in both body and mind. Grape-Nuts has done more for me than all the medicine I have ever taken. I am now well again and able to do anything necessary in my work."

"My mind is clearer and my body stronger than ever before. There's a Reason. Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

HOUSE CLEANING GOODS.

Alabastine, Marbleine,
Maple Leaf Paint, Varnishes,
Brushes of all kinds, Vacuum Cleaners
Carpet Sweepers,
Curtain Stretchers
And all the other needful Articles for this important work

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GOOD ADVICE!

To one and all we say, that before making your purchases for the coming season, be sure and see the charming lines we are showing in

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