

# "VICTORY PERCHED ON RIFLES" WINS TRENCH FOR FRENCH

### Corporal Describes Vividly His Emotions in Desperate Charge Which Ended in Capture of German Stronghold in the Argonne.

Under the caption "Impressions of a Corporal," Charles Tardieu, in the Argonne, recites in graphic language the storming by a mixed battalion of French infantry of the line Zouaves and Algerians of a farm and its trenches held by the Germans in the Argonne district. The narrative is a word picture of the impetuous charge of France's stocky red legged "pitu-plus," whose work with the cold steel has struck terror into German hearts every time they have crossed bayonets. Mr. Tardieu writes:—

"An hour before the dawn, we are awakened from our bivouac on the railroad line, and started to our feet still, with stunted muscles, only too glad to leave our rugged couch. We commence one of those night marches, during which one never knows if one is advancing or retreating. For an hour we tramp through bushes, through hedges, over ploughed fields, crossing and passing other silent troops and rattling batteries.

"'Halt!' We throw ourselves on the ground and munch biscuits in the wet grass. The rocky sky betokens a fine day. Under our shelters of oaks and walnuts we are hidden from a Taube that circles, 2,000 metres up, the audacious bird of canvas that is the forerunner of battle. The sun rises as we doze to sleep on our arms.

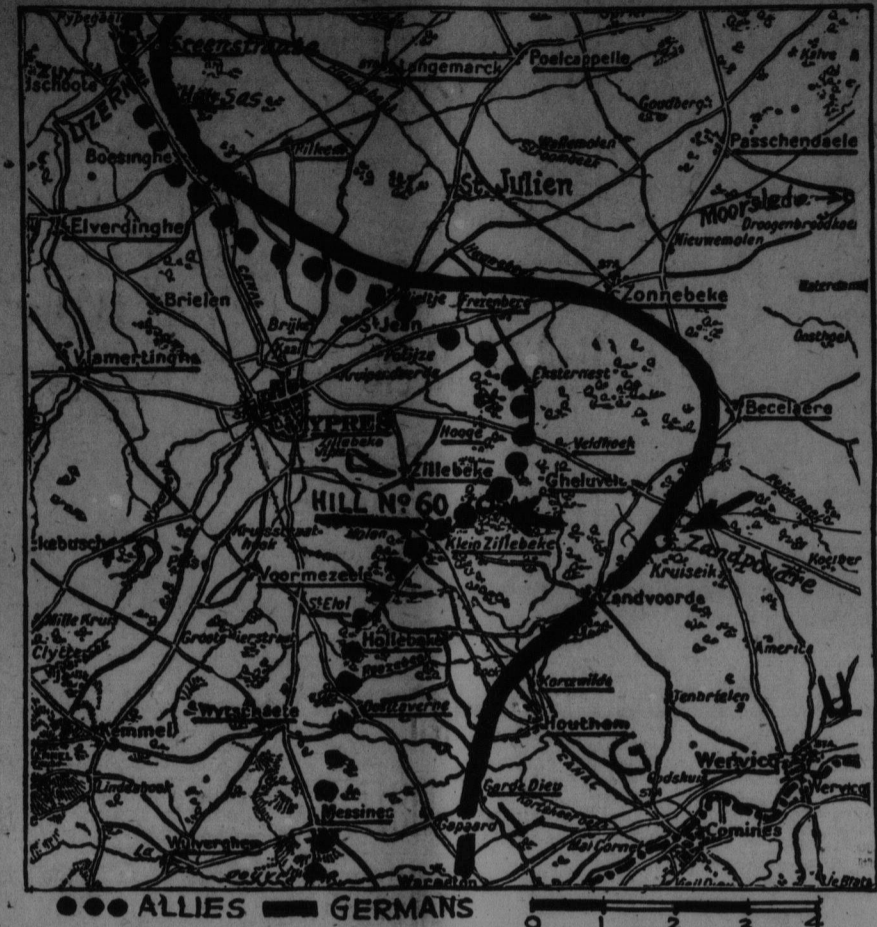
"Seven o'clock. Confused exclamations, the rattling of bayonets. We are awake in an instant. Did we sleep two hours or two seconds? The sun has climbed high and its gentle warmth makes us forget the clammy stones of the railroad bed. We advance in Indian file, treading the muddy and difficult trails, pipe in mouth, jokes on our lips. 'Good hunting to day, boys' shouts one humorous one. 'Don't forget to number your kills. And a laugh runs down the line.

The Battle at the Farm  
"We halt once more, and now the engagements open. Our heads are and our seventy-dives take up their song. Peering through the branches we are able to see the ground we are to traverse. Great fields of beets, with here and there clumps of trees extending to the road from R to St. M. On our left, on the horizon, the road, two big buildings—the farm of M. which gets its name from the neighboring forest. It is there the Germans lie, and we must dislodge them.

"The batteries are hunting for one another. Above our heads many Taubes circle. Have they discovered us? Soon their heavy guns begin searching the woods systematically. Happily their range is too long, and their shells burst 300 yards or our rear.

"Agents of communication papers in hand, go from one end of the line to the other. One approaches. 'Are you the Third, Captain B—?' 'Yes.' 'Where is he?' 'Down there.' 'Thanks; then as he runs off, you are going to advance with the Zouaves and the Turcos.' 'A moment later the chiefs of sections are summoned to the captain. It is about to begin. We look at each other, a bit nervous. Each one undoes his packages of cartridges, sees that his breach-bolt slides easily, that his bayonet is firmly fixed, adjusts his suspenders and haversack. It is an old story, this preparation for action, but

## WHERE THE ARMIES ARE ENGAGED IN THE HARD FIGHTING.



After the Germans crossed the Yser Canal at Steenstrate and Het Sas, north of Ypres, the French troops fell back to the canal in the neighborhood of Boesinghe. The British further south were obliged to readjust their line to keep in contact with the French and withdraw nearer to Ypres. The Germans then advanced from the direction of Poelcapelle and captured the village of St. Julien and the Solart farm, which is a little to the southwest. Advancing from the canal, they also captured Lisserne, from which they now have been driven out by the Belgians. The fiercest fighting still continues from the region of St. Eloi in a curve through Hill No. 60 and back to the Yser Canal, which positions are held by the British, on the west of the canal to Boesinghe, where the French are stationed, and further north, where the Belgians are holding the line at Lisserne and beyond.

hind. Some one else shouts their names, their home towns. It is the usual oration. Happily our seventy-dives are still chanting, without pause, and their well-known voices give us heart. They must be doing good work—they are preparing for us a fine salami of Boches! Now come our supports, debouching from the woods behind us. Forward! We force our way through the brush, uniforms twisted, hands torn by thorns, and arrive at the end of the wood.

"The farm is in plain view, at a distance of 1,200 metres. Its shutters are closed, there is no sign of life through its open court yard doors. A helmeted head appears. A German, a pall in each hand, followed by two others also carrying palls, runs around the corner of the farm and suddenly disappears in the ground to the right. Then we perceive for the first time a long mound of earth in the midst of the leaves, and to the right another one. Trenches! It is there they are, then, and we will not obtain the farm without a struggle. But at least we will be fighting in the open and the certainty gives us joy. Two Taubes pass over our heads and down flutters a long string of tinsel that glitters in the sunlight. It is a signal. A moment later a battery of twenty-one centimetre guns huris six great shells that tear up the vegetables one hundred metres in front of us.

Crash of Bursting Shrapnel.  
"The Zouaves enclose their gait! We follow, with the Turcos close behind. Crash! Three German shrapnel burst over our heads and actuated by a common impulse we all throw our selves on the ground. But too late. Shrieks of pain, a comrade who writhes, covered with blood and mud, other bodies that do not move—all these remind us on this fine morning that we are not at manoeuvres.

Into the Hall of Bullets.  
"Forward! shouts our captain, and jumps out in front. The command takes us unawares, and by the time we have adjusted our haversacks he is nearly ten yards in front of us. A hail of bullets whistles past him as he turns to us, sword in hand, with face pale and resolute, with gleaming eyes, and cries 'Come on my friends.' We are already beside him. With heads bent we rush through the storm. With the shriek of a thousand steam whistles six more shells fall just where we were the instant previous, and we hurl ourselves to the holes that the first ones made—lucky holes! From the shelter we open fire on the helmets and fatigue caps that appear from time to time back of the trenches while the captain, with a wound in his arm, curses because his orderly holds him by main force and gives him first aid.

"The cannon roar ceaselessly and the shrapnel is tearing up the best field. The Zouaves on our left come running up like rabbits, laughing under the deadly hail and shouting defiance to the Prussians. To the right the Turcos with gleaming black faces and strange guttural cries, arrive on the line. All at once, not twenty yards from the farm, two, three, four shells burst in a space of a few yards.

"It's all right now," cries my neighbor. "Our seventy-dives are getting the range." "You'll see them dance in a moment," chimes another. "The second volley falls short on the edge of the trenches, and we cheer as we see helmets and arms fly into the air. But volleys are still coming in our direction, cooling our curiosity a bit. The captain with his good arm has trained his glasses on the German trench.

Creep up on Trenches  
"Great spouts of earth and flame rise from the German trench as the netz rattle of shells from our battery—all four of them—drop neatly into the trench. Their fire diminishes for the moment.

"Forward! The Captain rushes out as he shouts, only to fall as three balls hit him. He rises to his knees, turns his agonized face to us, calls out 'Forward! France!'—and dies. The

# RUSSIANS DRIVE TURKS FROM POSITION IN PERSIA

Paris, April 29.—The following official communication was issued by the War Office tonight: "The day has been calm. During the night of April 28-29 two German attacks, the one against the Belgian troops to the north of Ypres, and the other at Les Eparges, were easily repulsed."

Petrograd, via London, April 29.—The following official communication has been issued here: "The army of the Caucasus reports that in the province of Azerbaijan, Persia, our advance parties have dislodged the Turks from Kotur, 110 miles north-west of Tabriz on the boundary between Persia and Turkey."

ment leaves the woods on the run. Only 200 yards now! Stopping, we direct a careful fire upon the trenches where our shells are dropping. Then forward again. Only 150, only 100 yards now. Still their machine guns are silent. We crouch in the beets. Will our artillerymen never cease? Have they not seen us, so close to the Boches? Are they going to fire into our backs. Our comrades are running behind us. The seventy-dives do not stop!

Victory Perched on Rifles  
"A sergeant of Zouaves, standing upright in the deadly hail, waves his cheeks frantically on his bayonet. For two seconds he stands there before he is riddled, but as he falls our artillery fire ceases. He has accomplished his work.

"Only 200 yards behind us now the reserves are running, and we hear their officers urging them on the line. Ah, pardon, that honor is for us! Shouting like madmen, the Zouaves, their haversacks thrown off, hurl themselves forward. With one twist we, too, free ourselves of encumbrances and rush on shrieking with rage.

"From each end of the enemy's trench comes the deadly clacking of the 'coffee mills,' those terrible machine guns that spray us with their deadly hail. They are firing low, and the stricken, hit in the legs, turn somersaults like shot rabbits. But we are started now and we seem to have wings. We feel that victory is perched on our rifles! Some of the Boches, terrified, rush away, abandoning arms and baggage. We hurl ourselves into the trench, now a river of red, and with bayonet and rifle butt complete our horrible job, until only a handful of defenders are left, imploring mercy.

"The machine guns are silent, their servants bayoneted beside them. To the farm! cries a Sergeant, and a handful of men rush inside to find a group of Germans in the stable, who hold up their hands. 'Pas kapout, camarades Français! Pas kapout!' they shout, begging for their lives.

"The Zouaves and the Turcos, pushing on to the road, have taken cover back of the hedge and are firing upon the retreating Germans. But already the enemy has shifted the range of his artillery and shells are falling fast into the captured trenches. Seizing such tools as we can find in that hor-

## SELECT MEDICINE CAREFULLY

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## SEVENTY-ONE HOTELS IN MONTREAL GO OUT OF BUSINESS

Montreal, April 29.—Seventy-one hotels will close their doors at eleven o'clock tomorrow night, not to reopen them as licensed places, this coming in accordance with legislation passed at Quebec some time ago, calling for the reduction in places licensed to sell liquor until the minimum of 400 was reached.

Wheat in Elevators  
On the 15th of April there were 318,646 bushels of wheat in the West St. John elevator.

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