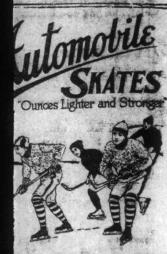
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definite result in the German Polish campaign which is now practically at a standstill, despite daily predictions of an impending crisis and decisive battle. The weather factor, always important, has become paramount in this theatre of war since the whole German invasion of Poland is predicted on the freezing of the soft miry ground, which impedes the transport of heavy guns and favors Russian trench-digging. The ground usually freezes by the middle of September. Thus thwarted by mild weather the

Thus thwarted by mild weather the activities around Mlawa have reached a complete lull and after unsuccessful attempts to cross the Bzura river, the Germans are still resting on the left bank of the River Sochaczew. They have in the meantime shifted their at-tack southward toward the River Pilica, near Rawa, where the ground

The Austrian activity in the Kielce regian and along the rivers Ida, Don-ajec and both sides of the Upper Vis-

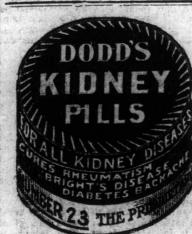
lasts, freezing the Vistula, Bzura and Pilica Rivers, the German attacks in the neighborhood of Sochaczew, and Bolimow will, in the opinion of Russian military authorities immediately recommence and the Austrians again will attempt to cross the Upper Vis-tula, where the river narrows and is shallow. The New Year, it is believed here, will thus usher in the long awaited definite clash between Rus-sian and German armies, upon the result of which may hinge the out-

come of the whole war.

In contradiction to a report that Germany has seventy nine army corps of which about twenty are operating against Russia, it is stated here that Germany's total army consists of fifty nine corps, of which twenty nine are operating on this side and which, with the Austrian forces, aggregates hat tween forty and fifty corps. The Russians expect that the Germans will ring heavy guns from Thorn Kalisz as soon as the ground is hard, but they doubt if this will materially improve the German chances of tak-

CALLY. London Chronicle: In spite of the unexpected checks imposed on them by the heroism of the Belgian resistance, there was a time at the end of August and the beginning of September when their hopes were not far from being realized. They were foiled by the strategy of General Joffre and the splendid conduct of all the forces, French and British, under his suttent, when the sum of them that among the sum of the splendid conduct of all the forces, French and British, under his suttent, where were still five hours of the sum of t preme direction. It is perhaps still not adequately realized that the Allied forces, which drove the Germans back, from south of the Marne to north of the Aisne and Suippe, were numerically far inferior to the forces which they drove; and, indeed, that the Germans have ever since possessed, and still possess, a marked numerical su-periority in the western theatre.

George E. Smith, the oldest fire chief in Ontario, a member of the Barrie brigade for half a century, and chief for thirty years, was seized with a fainting spell at a small fire, and died before reaching home. He was



FURNITURE and UNDERTAKING

Sir Nigel

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But Nigel was not long unavenged. The huge iron club of Belford struck the dwarf Raguenel to the ground, while Belford in turn was felled by a sweeping blow from Beaumanoir. Sometimes a dozen were on the ground at one time, but so strong was the armor, and so defly was the force of a blow broken by guard and shield, that the stricken men were often pulled to their feet once more by their comrades, and were able to continue the fight.

stretch it far enough across, nor could he get away on account of the press of men around him. For a time he held his foemen at bay, but that bare patch of white shoulder was a mark for every weapon, until at last a hatchet sank up to the socket in the knight's chest. Almost at the same moment a second Breton, a young Squire named Geoffrey Mellon, was slain by a thrust from Black Simon which found the weak spot beneath the armpit. Three other Bretons, Evan Cheruel, Caro de Bodegat, and Tristan de Pestivien, the first two knights and the latter a squire, became separated from their comrades, and were beaten to the ground with English all around them, so that they had to choose between instant death and surrender. They handed their swords to Bambro and stood apart, each of them sorely wounded, watching with hot and bitter hearts the melee which still surged up and down the field.

But now the combat had lasted half an hour without stint or rest, until the warriors were so exhausted with the burden of their armor, the loss of blood, the shock of blows, and their own furious exertions, that they could

own furious exertions, that they could scarce totter or raise their weapons. There must be a pause if the combat was to have any decisive end. "Cessez! Cessez! Retirez!" cried the heralds, as they spurred their horses between the exhausted men... Slowly the gallant Beaumanoir led the twenty-five men who were left to their original station, where they their original station, where they opened their visors and threw themselves down upon the grass, panting like weary dogs, and wiping the sweat from their bloodshot eyes. A pitcher of wine of Anjou was carried round by a page, and each in turn drained

a cup, save only Beaumanoir who kept his Lent with such strictness that neither food nor drink might pass his daylight, and much might happen be-

Varlets had rushed forth to draw away the two dead Bretons, and a brace of English archers had carried Nigel from the field. With his own hands Aylward had unlaced the crushed helmet and had wept to see the bloodless and unconscious face of this rowner master. He still breathed his young master. He still breathed however, and stretched upon the grass by the riverside the bowman tended him with rude surgery, until the water upon his brow and the wind upon his face had coaxed back the life into his battered frame. He breathed with heavy gasps, and some tinge of blood crept back into his cheeks, but still he lay unconscious of the roar of the crowd and of that

great struggle which his comrades were now waging once again.

The English had lain for a space bleeding and breathless, in no better case than their rivals, save that they were still twenty-nine in number. But of this muster there were not nine who were hale men, and some were so weak from loss of blood that they could scarce keep standing. Yet, when the signal was at last given to re-engage there was not a man upon either side who did not totter to his feet and stagger forward toward his ene-

mies.

But the opening of this second phase of the combat brought one great But the opening of this second phase of the combat brought one great misfortune and discouragement to the English. Bambro like the others, had undone his visor, but with his mind full of many cares he had neglected to make it fast again. There was an opening an inch broad betwixt it and the beaver. As the two lines met the left-handed Breton squire, Alain de Karanais, caught sight of Bambro's face, and in an instant thrust his short spear through the opening. The English leader gave a cry of pain and fell on his knees, but staggered to his feet again, too weak to raise his shield. As he stood exposed the Breton knight, Geoffrey Dubois the Strong, struck him such a blow with his axe that he beat in the whole breast-plate with the breast behind it. Bambro fell dead upon the ground and for a few minutes a fierce fight raged round his body.

Then the English drew back, sullen and dogged, bearing Bambro with them, and the Bretons, breathing hard, gathered again in their own quarter. At the same instant the three prisoners picked up such weapons as were scattered upon the grass and ran over to join their own party.

"Nay, nay!" cried Knolles, raising his visor and advancing. "This may not be. You have been held to mercy when we might have slain you, and by the Virgin I will hold you dishonored, all three, if you stand not back."

"Say not so, Robert Knolles," Evan Cheruel answered. "Never yet has the word dishonor been breathed with my name, but I should count myself

to their feet once more by the fight.

Some, however, were beyond all aid. Croquart had cut at a Breton knight named Jean Rousselot and had shorn away his shoulder piece, exposing his neek and the upper part of his arm. Vainly he tried to cover this vulnerable surface with his shield. It was his right side, and he could not stretch it far enough across, nor could he get away on account of the press of men around him. For a time he foemen at bay, but that bare houlder was a mark the houlder was a mark the work and that is the three kings of Almain! I can te you what is better than an old and spropheries, and that is the secondary of the propheries.

ed, while the Bretons ran forward as before to meet them. The swiftest of these was a certain Squire, Geoffrey Poulart, who bore a helmet which was fashioned as a cock's head, with high comb above, and long pointed beak in front pierced with the breathing-holes. front pierced with the breathing-holes. He thrust with his sword at Calverly, but Belford who was the next in the line raised his giant club and struck him a crushing blow from the side. He staggered, and pushing forth from the crowd, he ran round and round in circles as one whose brain is stricken, the blood dripping from the holes of his brazen beak. So for a long time be ran the crowd laughing holes of his brazen beak. So for a long time he ran, the crowd laughing and cock-crowing at the sight, until at last he stumbled and fell stone-dead upon his face. But the fighters had seen nothing of his fate, for desperate and unceasing was the rush of the Bretons and the steady advance of the English line.

For a time it seemed as if nothing

For a time it seemed as if nothing would break it, but gap-to-thed Beaumanoir was a general as well as a warrior. Whilst his weary, bleeding, hard-breathing men still flung themselves upon the front of the line, he himself with Raguenel, Tentiniac, Alain de Karanais, and Dubois rushed round the flank and attacked the Enghish with fury from behind. There was a long and desperate melee until once more the heralds, seeing the combatants stand gasping and unable to strike a blow, rode in and called yet

But in those few minutes whilst they had been assaulted upon both sides, the losses of the English party had been heavy. The Anglo-Breton D'Ardaine had fallen before Beaumanoir's sword, but not before he had cut deeply into his enemy's shoulder. Sir Thomas Walton, Richard of Ireland one of the Squires, and Hulbitee the big peasant had all fall-en before the mace of the dwarf Raguenel or the swords of his compan-ions. Some twenty men were still left standing upon either side, but all were in the last state of exhaustion, gasping, reeling, hardly capable of striking a blow.

It was strange to see them as they staggered with many a lurch and stumble toward each other once again, for they moved like drunken men, and the scales of their neck-armor and joints were as red as fishes' gills when they raised them. They left foul wet footprints behind them on the green grass as they moved forward once nore to their endless contest.

Beaumanoir, faint with the drain of

his blood and with a tongue of leather, paused as he advanced. "I am fainting, comrades," he .cried. "I must drink."

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