

The Bread Line

(London "Express.")

Germany has begun the bread tickets, and a very curious, tragic-comical era promises to be. Even the All-Highest has his bread ticket. The very palace of Potsdam parcelled out into so many human beings, if the same legacy may be given that speaks of the Hohenzollerns in terms of humanity, and each has his bread ticket—rather less or more. If the Archangel Gabriel were to appear—an apparition which would never surprise Wilhelm II.—as a German general, he too, would have his bread ticket. Necessity knows no other law. To the people of Germany the new dispensation, of course, giving, disquieting and exciting. With all this it seems the beginning of a new era.

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Educating People to Temperance

(Springfield "Republican.")

A remarkable temperance meeting in Philadelphia Monday evening, March 22d, was that of the newly-formed National Total Abstinence union—an organization formed by the federal council of churches in America—non-sectarian, non-political and purely personal. This movement, which resembles the old Washingtonian society method, will attack the temperance problem in the old way by getting the people to sign the pledge. The new society will take no action in legislative matters, holding to the doctrine that by decreasing the demand the liquor business will be gradually killed without government action. The striking thing about the initial rally in Philadelphia, where an audience of 20,000 had gathered in the Billy Sunday tabernacle, was the presence of William Jennings Bryan, secretary of state. At the conclusion of his plea for total abstinence he asked how many persons would agree to sign the pledge with him, and fully 15,000 arose. There was a rush to the platform, several thousands signing cards as they ran, and then he gave one of the hardest jobs of Mr. Bryan's life. Let the Philadelphia "Record" tell the story:

"Down on his knees went the secretary and out went his hands. A score of cards were pressed upon him. Still on his knees, he took out his fountain pen and began to sign, using Billy Sunday's much-battered pulpit as a writing table. At first he signed his full name, but soon the crowd became so dense and the cries so insistent that he fast affixed his initials.

The mob surged and crashed against the platform, hundreds climbing upon it until it sagged and cracked. A detail of police was called to push back the crowd, but the secretary kept signing, pushed this way and that. Scarcely a minute had passed when the crowd was again upon him.

1,500
The crowd was again upon him.

Such was the scene at the Billy Sunday crowd. We are told the people who have formed a habit of tending on his ministrations. Delegations from various colleges and high schools gave their yells, from time to time, that this enthusiasm was never permitted to last.

Germans As Neighbors

(Toronto "World")

Germany is a bad neighbor. Ever since her emergence as an imperial federation and infatuation with the same idea of world domination that wrecked Napoleon she has rightly been regarded as a present menace, not only to Europe, but to world rights and liberties. Wherever Germans have gone, they have not been satisfied with the development of their colonies and possessions, but have at once prepared for aggressive war upon their neighbors. This has been notably the case in South Africa, where they have built railways, not for trade, but for strategic purposes, and all through these later years have been carrying on a secret propaganda of rebellion against the self-governing Union of South Africa.

Germans have never tried to learn and appreciate the point of development at which the British Empire has arrived. Their colonies are of comparatively recent date and have not been settled by industrial enterprise. They have been converted into miniature Germanys with their appanage of officialdom, whose every member considers himself a superior being to the men who are building up the colony. In this as in the graver matters of the state, the German idea has been tried and found wanting. With all proven deficiencies, the British principle, learned after hard experience, of freedom and free self-government, brings better and more lasting results.

Almost Napoleonic

(New York "Evening Post.")

The Turkish commander who retreated from the Suez reports that he "shifted the forces from the field," "leaving the enemy nothing but bodies or our revered martyrs." Napoleon's masterly retreat from Russia did no more.

Different

(Ottawa "Journal.")

A cable despatch from Geneva says the German Emperor has ordered the removal to Berlin of valuable paintings and tapestry from his mountain castle at Koenigsberg. This is a little different from gobbling up Paris.

Where Thousands of Men, Friend and Foe, Are Within Hailing Distance Yet Not Seen

Sir Max Aitken Describes Its Vast Machinery, From General French's Headquarters Through a Land of Sand and Mud to Football Field

Ottawa, April 2.—The Government tonight received the second instalment of Sir Max Aitken's reports of his visits to the lines of the British army in Belgium and Northern France. "The business of war" is the captain under which the Canadian record officer, who was with a party of press representatives, writes. His despatch follows.

Canadian Divisional Headquarters in Flanders, April 2.—You can picture our army in the field spread out like a fan. The long, wavy edge of the fan is the line of men in the firing trenches, at the very forefront of affairs often within a stone's throw of the opposing German line. Some hundreds of yards behind this firing line lie the support trenches, also filled with men. The men in the firing and supporting trenches exchange places every forty-eight hours. After a four day's spell they all retire for four days' rest, fresh troops taking their places as they move out. At the end of their four days' rest they return again to the trenches. All to avoid the enemy's rifle fire.

Further back, along the ribs of the fan, are found the headquarters of the many brigades; behind these, headquarters of divisions; then headquarters of army corps, then of armies—the groups becoming fewer and fewer in number as you proceed, until, at the end of the fan handle, she reaches the general headquarters, where Field-Marshal Sir John French stands with his hand on the dynamo which sends its impulse through every part of the great machine spread out in front.

From General Headquarters the moves of the entire British army, or rather of the several British armies, are directed and controlled. It is a war office in the field with numerous branches closely co-ordinated and working together like a single machine. Here is the operations' office, where plans of attack are worked out under the direction of the field-marshal and his chief of staff.

Nearby is the building by the "signals" branch which, with its nerve system of telegraphs, telephones and motor-cycle despatch riders, is the medium of communication with every part of the field, and also with the base of supplies and the War Office in London. "Signals" carries its wires to within rifle shot of the trenches, and every division of the army has its own field telephone from battalions' headquarters to the firing line.

Close at hand in the office of the intelligence branch, which collects and communicates information about the enemy from every source it can tap. It receives and compares reports of statements made by prisoners. It interrogates some prisoners itself. It goes through documents, letters, diaries, official papers—captured in the field—and extracts points from these. It collects news from its own agents—it is only your enemy who calls them spies—about events that are happening or are likely to happen behind the screen of the enemy's lines.

At General Headquarters you find the department of the adjutant general, who is responsible for the whole of the arrangements—keeping the army in the field supplied with men and munitions of war, for transfer of all prisoners to the base for the trial of offences, if any, against discipline, and for the spiritual welfare of the troops.

From a neighboring office the quartermaster-general controls the movements of food and fodder for men and horses, and all other stores, other than actual munitions of war.

Still another branch houses the director-general of medical service, who supervises the treatment of the wounded from the field aid post to the field clearing station, from there to the hospital train, and thence to the base hospital in France or Great Britain.

One of the most fascinating spots at general headquarters is the map department. Thousands of maps of various kinds and sizes have been produced here since the war began. They vary from large maps to be hung on walls or spread on great tables down to small slips—with a few lines of German trenches accurately outlined handy for the use of battery and battalion commanders. Remarkable photographs are also printed here—panorama views and photographs of German positions taken

at very close quarters, often under fire. There are officers who specialize in this perilous and wonderful business of photography under fire.

As one goes forward from general headquarters towards the edge of the fan one comes in contact with more and more men, and realizes quickly that in spite of months of trench warfare our troops are superbly fit and ready for any task which the coming advance may impose on them. Their physical condition is so robust as to be astonishing. I saw, for instance, several battalions marching one evening from their new billets towards the trenches—they had beer at the front for months—yet they stepped as freshly as though they were fresh from home, or route-marching in English lanes. Their faces shone with health their eyes were as bright as those of a troop of schoolboys. They were, in fact, tramping down a long, straight, poplar-lined Flemish highway with a misty vista of flat ploughed land on either side. They whistled as they marched.

The complete efficiency of the men is backed by the fact that they are well fed and the army is healthier than any other army that has ever faced war, and typhoid is almost unknown. This amazing record of health is due to the sanitary precautions that are taken. One of the most remarkable of these is the system of hot baths and the sterilizing of clothing.

Bathing establishments have been put up in various parts of the field. I visited the largest of them. It is in a building which before the war was a jute factory. Every succeeding hour of the day a whole company of men have hot baths here. They strip to the skin, and while they wallow in huge vats of hot water their underclothes are treated with 220 degrees of steam, which destroys all vermin.

At first the small towns, the villages and the many farmhouses and cottages within easy reach of the firing line provided all the rest billets. A great many men are billeted in this way now. I found a company of territorials snugly resting in a huge barn, the officers having quarters in the farmhouse on the other side of the yard, but recently a large number of specially arranged wooden huts have been put up, in various places across the countryside, and here the men come back from the trenches to rest and rejuvenate. They are tired when they come "home," but a sound sleep, a wash, a hearty breakfast and a stroll, head erect in the fresh air—cut of range of the insistent bullets—have a magical effect. In the afternoon you find them playing football as blithely as boys, and those who are not playing stand round and cheer. I saw as many games of football one day in the course of a motor run behind the lines as one would see on a Saturday afternoon in England.

Every day brings its letters and newspapers, every railroad has its little travelling letter office shunted into a siding. Here the letters of a division are sorted. They average more than one letter a day for every man in the field. That is another reason why the army is in good spirits. No army in the world before ever got so much news from home so regularly and so quickly. Besides this, drafts of men are sent home—across the Channel—for a day or two leave.

The firing line is not much further from the base than London is from the sea. One passes on through the region of rest billets and headquarters of sections of troops and you arrive behind the firing line. The British forces hold a front between twenty and thirty miles long, running from Ypres on the north, where the seventh division made its heroic stand against the Prussian Guards to Givenchy on the south, near the scene of the recent victory at Neuve Chapelle.

This stretch has been held ever since the British troops made their swift unexpected dash from the heights of the Aene in Belgian Flanders into this low-lying Flemish land of mud and water where they dug themselves in as they arrived, and here, they have held their ground. They have lived and fought in seas of mud. The water has been pumped out of the trenches with hand pumps only to ooze back again through the sodden soil. Plank platforms have

been put down and straw has been piled in. Yet the mud smothered everything. The men stood in mud, sat in mud and lay in mud. Often it was as much as they could do to prevent the mud from clogging their rifles. They crawled through mud to the trenches, when it was their time to relieve those in the firing lines. They had to hide in the mud of the trenches to escape the German bullets. It was a choice of mud or death. Recently conditions have improved. There has been less rain and the winds have begun to dry the ground. On fine days there is even dust on the paved roads, although the quagmire of mud each side of the centre strip of granite setts remains. The trench mud is becoming firmer. With the change of weather the spirits of the men, always doggedly cheerful under the vilest conditions of winter sleet, snow, and slush, have become quite buoyant, and a happier, more efficient and more confident army never stood in boots.

The line of trenches is nearly everywhere down on the low-lying ground, intersected with watery ditches and small streams; the land is so level and the atmosphere is so heavy that it is difficult as a rule to see even as far as a rifle bullet will carry. The nearer you approach the firing line the more difficult you find it to set eyes on men. Thousands of men are almost within hailing distance, but no men are to be seen. Friend and foe are hidden in the trenches.

Some of the most famous trenches are in a wood that is known to all the army as Plug Street, although it is spelled a little differently on the maps. To reach them you have, of course, to come within rifle shot of the enemy, for in most places the German and British trenches are no more than 250 yards from each other and here and there they are only forty or fifty yards apart. One creeps and crawls at dusk along paths which months of experience has told the soldiers are the best means of approaching and one eventually scrambled into a communication trench, which with a number of zig zags leads you to the firing trench, where the men are waiting, rifle in hand, in case of attack or are taking an occasional snapshot through a loophole in the trench parapet.

The trenches in Plug Street Wood are like all the other trenches—very exciting to think about before you reach them—and unless you happen to arrive when shells are bursting overhead, comparatively dull and matter-of-fact when you are there. It is only the chance of death that gives them their peculiar interest over other holes excavated by men in clammy earth. The bee-like buzz of an occasional bullet overhead reminds you that death is searching for its prey. Plug Street has a fame which will endure. All winter the men quashed about in its awful mud making quite a number of slimy, ankle-deep or knee deep lanes from point to point among the trees. In course of time each of the muddy woodland alleys received its nickname from the men in the ranks.

"The Steelhead" the Great Gamy Trout that comes out of the Ocean, is the subject of an article by the well known writer Bonycastle Dale in the April issue of KOD and GUN in Canada published by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont. "The Wise Fish" by Wilfrid Hubbard, is a humorous ichthyological dialogue in which Sol Pike, Jerry Minnow, Bill Tench, Peter Perch, Johnny Roach, Tim Gadgion, Jimmy Grayling and others of their ilk take part. The Forest Fire Problem in Algonquin Park is dealt with by W. L. Wise and the fishing department and Guns and Ammunition department are of special interest this month. In addition to those named there are many other stories and articles of interest to the readers of an outdoor magazine.

GERMANS ADMIT LOSS OF SUBMARINE U-29

Berlin, April, 7, via London, April 7, 4.55 p. m.—The German Admiralty has given out an official statement in which the loss of the submarine U-29 is expected. The text of the communication is as follows:

"The U-29 has not returned from its last foray. According to the report of the British Admiralty of March 26, this vessel with her crew, was sent to the bottom. She, therefore, must be regarded as lost."

More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of therefore Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

Tennyson,