

The Bread Line

London ("Express.")
has begun the bread tickets, and a very curious, tragic-comical era it promises to be.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO, Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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.

"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.

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 mob.

1,500

Such was the scene

meetings ever since. It is estimated that fully 15,000

to get into the building, a

noaked. "I was distinctly

Billy Sunday crowd," we are told

the people who have formed

habit of a tending on his ministrations.

trations. Delegations from

ion colleges and high schools give

their yells, from inside to

so that this enthusiasm was never

permitted to la

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 very present menace, not only to Europe, but to world rights and liberties.

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.

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."

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 castles at Koenigsberg.

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

Sir Max Aitken Describes His Vast Machinery, From General French's Headquarters Through a Lane 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

"The Steelhead" the Great Gamy Trout that comes out of the Ocean, is the subject of an article by the well known writer Bonnycastle Dale in the April issue of KOD and GUN in Canada published by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

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 U-29 has not returned from its last cruise. 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 Let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day. —Tennyson,