

## HOW "THE RAT" FROM PARIS SEWERS RESPONDED TO HIS COUNTRY'S CALL

(By Mary Boyle O'Reilly.)

London, Nov. 13.—A helmeted captain of sappers just back from the French front, tells this story:

The indispensable man is he who can do one thing superlatively well; school systems turn out mere jacks-of-all-trades. General Gallieni (the savior of Paris) said that first. How well he could tell the story of "The Rat."

Our division holds the grimmest sector of the Somme. Loopholes in the parapet show as in little framed pictures vistas of shot torn villages held by the enemy. Five hundred feet away the Germans were building a bridge-like platform for quick-firers and outposts. They were so near we could hear their cough.

One evening a stock, emileless soldier came to me warily, the position being a hushed place of danger.

"Captain," he whispered, "command me to blow up that erection!"

I knew the lad—a gamin named by his comrades "The Rat," called by the officers "Mon Enfant!"

"To destroy that gun bridge requires a picked man," I told him.

"Monsieur, I was mobilized by Gen. Gallieni for Les Morts" (the dead ones) he returned.

### France Has Not Forgotten.

Now France has not forgotten that suicide squad. When German armies swept through France, Gallieni, determined to defend Paris, called up a corps who knew the underground city. He asked of them no character references. He confided to them an ultimate plan. When the tocsin tolled, they, without further orders, must blow up certain subterranean salients. The plan might save the capital—but it afforded no escape for the sappers.

"My post was beneath the Gare du Nord sector," observed the Rat.

Ten minutes later our commanding colonel gave him instructions for dynamiting the German outposts. Orders for the approach were minute; no arrangements were made for the Rat's return.

The Rat divided his possessions among his comrades.

"You are my only friends," he explained.

Then, oiling his body with wheel grease, he belted on a bag of explosives, crawled through our wire entanglements like a thief in the night.

Beyond lay a marsh saturated with rotten water. Noiseless as a weasel, the Rat and his heavy burden sank beneath the slime. Once we saw him hauling across a hummock, but two hours' progress was terribly slow, for he ran a gauntlet of mines and electrified wires an dsunken man-traps.

### Was Arrested at Seven.

Bars trained to every acuteness, eyes to see through the dark, the gamins from the sewers of Paris avoided squeaking vermin and swinging search lights. Hawk-eyed comrades, bearded

like cavemen, lined our parapet to listen. The colonel commanding stood beside them.

"Poor Rat," he said to me. "Gallieni told me about him. Arrested at seven years old for a folly, locked up at 10 for being an orphan, set aside for 'reformation'—at 13 made bitter, and desperate, and shameless—according to law. His every talent ignored, a citizen spoiled in the training; only Gallieni could have called out his best instinct."

"The state has much to learn after the war."

Five hundred feet across the dark the furtive Rat, gauging distances to an inch, rose through the slime beneath the German gunbridge. Sentinels and star shells failed to find him, a shadow motionless amidst the shadows.

### He Was an Apache.

A minute to clear his eyes of muck, to loosen the sodden strap confining the explosives, to press a bomb knob which would explode the charge in 20 seconds—then drawing a deep breath, he dived and swam furiously under water.

A thunderous roar as the gunbridge an outpost sprayed skyward, told that his work was done. The sharp, barking click! click! click! of French 75's gave response to that clangor.

An hour later some of the grimmest fighters in Europe disputed which of them should wrap a shivering comrade in blue greatcoat. The gray colonel commanding greeted the daring sapper with grim satisfaction.

"Bravo, mon enfant, I salute a soldier of France. Judgment and skill proved perfect. Your training before the war was—"

"That of an Apache, mon colonel," answered The Rat.

It's surprising how quickly a man recovers from what he imagined was a fatal attack of love.

The millenium will be due when women are paid wages that will enable them to support husbands as they should be supported.

The man who has gone through all the varying stages of a love affair has travelled around the universe with stop overs in heaven and purgatory.

## HEAD AND NOSTRILS STUFFED FROM COLD

Don't stay stuffed up! Quit blowing and sniffing! A dose of "Tape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end gripe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.

It breaks open clogged-up nostrils and air passages; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves sick headache, dizziness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Tape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only 25 cents at drug stores.

## PIMPLES AND BOILS ALL OVER FACE AND BODY

When the blood becomes impure you will find that pimples and boils will break out all over the body, and although they are not a dangerous trouble, they make you appear unsightly both to your friends and yourself.

Burdock Blood Bitters will cleanse the blood of all the imperities and poisons which cause the skin to break out in these eruptions.

Miss Sylvia Swanson, Theodore, Sask., writes: "I am letting you know what great value your B.B.B. has been to me. A year ago I started to grow pale and weak, the cause being bad blood. I got so many pimples and boils all over my face and body that I would not let strangers see me, and I used to avoid company. I tried many remedies, but all seemed a failure. I read about how good your B.B.B. had been to thousands of people, so I got a bottle and after I had finished the second one my pimples and boils had all disappeared. People thought it a miracle how well I looked."

Your grand old remedy sure has been as good as gold and better to me."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured for the past forty years by The T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont. See that our name appears on the wrapper.

## GERMANS TO ORGANIZE AN ARMY IN POLAND

London, Nov. 16.—The Morning Post Budapest correspondent says:

"The Polish army, which is to be raised during the next two months under the administration of the army department of the National Council at Warsaw, is expected to supply another half million men for the army, while many thousands of workers who have not yet been forced to do war work will be available, these having already been sent to Germany in small parties, not by the military governor, but by the Polish national provisional government, which began work the week before the independence proclamation appeared."

"According to the Nephzave, the organization of war industries in Poland has been going on for months. The Polish army, according to the same journal, will be formed on the basis of Polish legions, which will now be placed under command of German officers and all men between 18 and 55 years of age will be called up within a few weeks time."

"The calculation is that the new troops can be converted by the coming spring into as perfect soldiers as were their brethren in the legions which were only units, where women were also fighting."

"One of the company commanders of the Austrian legion of Poles is a woman. She even wears the iron cross."

### VON MACKENSEN IN RETREAT.

Petrograd, Nov. 16.—The War Office announces today that Field Marshal Von Mackensen's army is in retreat in Dobrudja, burning villages as it falls back.

## THE A. B. C. OF RAILWAYS

### WHAT IS A REFRIGERATOR CAR?



A REFRIGERATOR car is the diametrical opposite to a house refrigerator. The latter is expected to stay in one place—the refrigerator car is built specially for the purpose of moving as quickly and as often as the railway companies are permitted to move it with loads of perishable products. True, a freight car is sometimes diverted from the life for which its parentage designed it, and remaining stationary filled with goods, performs the wrongful purpose of a storage warehouse to the serious harm of other shippers and consignees who are clamoring for more cars to move freight and are blaming the railway companies instead of the public, but that happens almost entirely to its brother, the box car, and while, as Kipling states, "that is another story," its life history would differ in several essentials if the box car were always moved with the celerity with which C.P.R. refrigerator car 284966 travelled and worked usefully for twelve days in

August. The following notable performance of C.P.R. brine tank refrigerator car 284966, Toronto to St. John, N.B., loaded with fresh meat; St. John, N.B., to West Toronto, empty; is an illustration of quick handling:—  
August 18.—Order for car given by Gunns Limited.  
" 18.—Car fully iced, placed for loading.  
" 19.—10.00 A.M., loading commenced.  
" 19.—4.00 P.M., loading completed.  
" 19.—8.30 P.M., car left West Toronto on train No. 902.  
" 20.—In transit including usual periods of  
" 21.—cupled in icing during transit.  
" 22.—4.35 P.M., arrived St. John, N.B.  
" 23.—Car unloaded.  
" 25.—Car, empty, left St. John.  
" 29.—Car, empty, arrived West Toronto.  
3 Days' transit:—321 miles loaded.  
5 Days' transit:—321 miles empty.

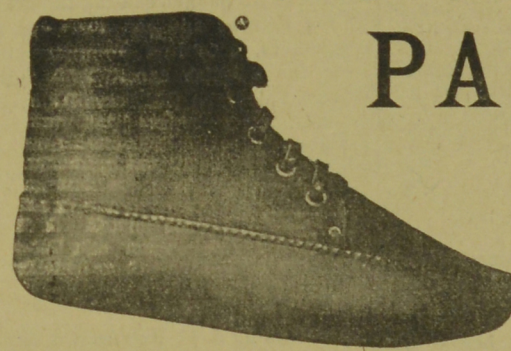


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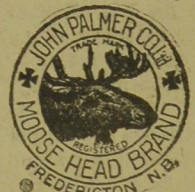
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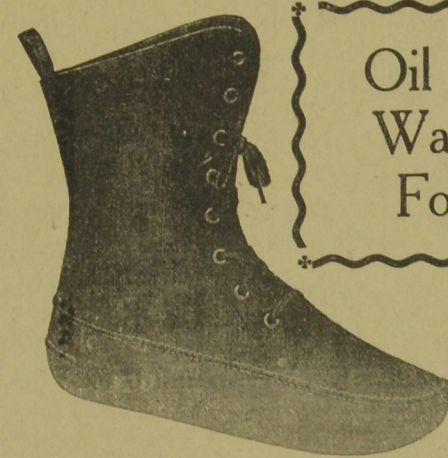
Acknowledged by all to be the leading goods of their kind.

The manufacture of Oil Tanned Waterproof Shoe Packs, Moccasins, Sporting and Trench Boots is our one and only line of business. This specialization is the surest guarantee of quality. We must stand or fall accordingly as our product maintains its reputation and popularity. Unsolicited testimonials and repeat orders from officers and men at the front substantiate what we claim—unsurpassable excellence for real service. Insist on goods of our manufacture.

## John Palmer Co., Ltd.

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Makers of "Moose Head",  
"Palmer", "Mohawk" Brands



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