

# INTERESTING STORIES OF THE GREAT WORLD WAR

## Startling Adventure of Two British Aviators--Escaped to Their Own Lines After Their Machine Had Been Shot Down--Warm Praise for the British Tommies--When They Get a Job to do They go at It in a Business Like Way.

"Two of our fellows had rather a startling adventure the other day," said a wounded pilot. "They left the aerodrome for a patrol stunt over the Boche line. They saw something doing in the rear of the Hun lines and flew down to have a closer look, and they came under the fire of some 'archies.' Of course they paid little attention to the fire until a direct hit smashed the engine and the pilot had barely time to turn the 'bus' for home when most of the engine fell clear. He didn't lose control, but planed down as much in the direction of the British line as he could. They came to earth with a bit of a crash inside of the Boche lines, but neither the pilot or his observer was hurt. They nipped out of the ruined 'bus', pretty quick and started running like blazes in the direction of the British trenches.

"There didn't seem to be any Boches about where they came down, and after running for some time they dropped to have a breather. While they lay on the ground out of breath, they spotted a sort of erection affair, banking and that sort of thing, covered with camouflage—looked like a big gun-pit. They crept closer to the pit and got near enough to hear the Boches talking, but not near enough to be spotted. It was a gun-pit and a jolly big one at that, so they squatted there and then made a sketch of it, with a bearing or two to get the proper range. After that they crept and ran and crawled until they got to the bank of the — canal. They had to swim for it and they took off as much dunnage as they could—stripped to their shirts; one of them stuck the sketch in his tobacco pouch to keep it from getting soaked. Then they started off to swim for it. As they left the bank a couple of Boche snipers got bead on them and they had just time to locate the beggars hiding in sunken barrels before they dived for it. They swam under water, coming up for a breather now and then, with the Boche snipers blazing away all the time.

"When they got to the other side, there was a bit of a slope to get up and then one of our own sentries started to fire at them. They didn't want to kick up too much of a row and be pipped by the Boche after getting so far, but they managed by signals to show that the sniper chap had made a mistake and they got through all right.

"The first thing they did while still dressed only in wet shirts, was to get on the 'phone to our heavies, and by the help of the infantry O. C.'s map to give exact location that big gun-pit, as well as to the barrels. Next thing that happened was a series of direct hits on that gun emplacement, and the two snipers' barrels sent sky-high. It was a complete wash-out for the Boche."

A Canadian on English Regiments.

"I don't know how far back my family dates in Canada," said a Canadian soldier, "but I know that my

grandfather was born there and his father before him. I reckon that I'm a real Canadian, all right, and naturally I'm glad when I hear my own place cracked up. But I'm getting kind of sick at hearing the Canadians being praised to death, while the English troops get so little said about them. It isn't that our fellows don't fight all right, but when you get down to it I reckon we don't fight any better than any other of the British troops. In a way I know it's the fault of the English themselves that they don't get any advertisement. They're too quiet.

"It's the same over in France. If the English troops get a job to do, they just turn up the cuffs of their tunics, screw on their tin helmets a bit, and walk into it, sucking their teeth. They never seem to get hotted up like us. We Canadians and the Australians always seem to know when we're in on a big scene, but the English troops play the same way all the time. You can put them into the most awful hole, give them the most heart-breaking job, and they just do the business in that same reflective sort of way, never realizing that they're doing anything out of the day's work. They're like nothing so much as a lot of terriers and bulldogs — terriers for quickness and bulldogs for grit and aptitude.

"That's the wonderful thing about the home troops; they've got the unbreakable limit for patience. I always like to see them clearing a Boche trench. They just go along it and clean out every funk-hole quiet and business-like. If they've got to hold a bit of line against Boche counter-attacks, they'll hang on by the skin of their teeth. There isn't a quiver in the whole mob. Then look at the length of the line they hold. Why the little bit that the overseas troops hold is only the tiniest little fraction of it. If you ask me, I say that the what you call 'English Line Regiments' are the backbone of the army, and its ribs, too. You can go where you like, France, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Egypt, Africa, Macedonia, — you'll find that the English are there doing the main part of the business in the same quiet, reflective kind of a way. No fuss; just quiet, patient work.

English "Some Scrappers."

"The English people are taken with the idea of us fellows coming all that way to fight—and it is kind of romantic when you come to look at it—and they can't see the romance that's under their noses. It's always the way. People seldom see that their own brothers are worth while pitting into a book—the're 'only Old Jim' or 'Old Harry', that's all, nothing particular about them.

"I once saw a couple of fellows have a scrap. One of them took off his jacket and rolled up his shirt sleeves—very impressive, just like a book. The other chap got rather white at that, but he just buttoned up his coat and stood quiet and square. He won, though the other fellow was the best scrapper. I always think of that chap when I see the English troops—only, they can scrap, none better."

## READY NOW FOR AIR REPRISALS

(Canadian Press direct wire.)

London, Oct. 12.—The morning newspapers suggest that the government is ready to begin carrying out reprisal air raids on Germany.

This is believed on the announcement of Lieut. General Henderson, director general of military aeronautics, to special work, and the sending of Major General W. S. Branker, director of air organization for the army, abroad.

WHY DRAW THE SALARY?

(Chatham World, Cons.)

Food Controller Hanna, when asked why he doesn't do some food price controlling, virtually says he can't. Then why continue to draw a big salary and play at controlling? His only achievement so far is to set into active production operation still another circular factory in addition to the censor's, the live stock commissioner's, the fruit commissioner's, and half a dozen others—all of them expensive and more or less useless.

The woman who has ceased to weep is no longer young.



## "Let Me Help You Carry the Burden, Mother"

*"If Canada fails us in October, we must curtail many of our activities."*

Sir ARTHUR STANLEY,  
Chairman, Executive Committee,  
British Red Cross.

It now costs \$300,000.00 a week to carry on the work of the British Red Cross, or \$16,000,000.00 a year.

Every minute of the day and night it costs \$30 to minister to the sick and wounded and dying.

Last year Canada's magnificent contribution paid for the entire work of the British Red Cross for nearly seven weeks.

This year, in view of the greater need, it is earnestly and confidently hoped that Canada's contributions will be as great proportionately as the magnificent offering of last year.

Our trust is, that the Citizens of Canada will give generously to this noble cause on—

## "OUR DAY", OCTOBER 18th

### A Few Facts about British Red Cross Work.

The British Red Cross Society is the only institution which carries voluntary aid to the Sick and Wounded of the British forces on land and sea in every region of the War.

Its work is therefore the concern of all classes of British subjects, whether living in the British Isles, in the Dominions and Colonies beyond the seas, or in foreign countries.

### IN GREAT BRITAIN

57,000 Hospital Beds found in the United Kingdom.

30,000 of these provided with Nursing Staff.

2,000 Trained Nurses working at home and abroad.

7,500 V. A. D.'s helping in Army Hospitals.

\$220,000 spent on equipment of King George Hospital (1,850 beds) and

\$130,000 a year contributed to cost of its maintenance.

\$225,000 spent on building and equipping Netley Red Cross Hospital (1,000 beds); and

\$625,000 spent on maintenance.

\$175,000 for Orthopaedic Curative Workshops and Training Fund.

\$185,000 for Facial Injury Hospitals.

Best for liver and bowels, bad breath, bad colds, sour stomach.

Get a 10-cent box.

Sick headache, biliousness, coated tongue, head and nose clogged up with a cold—always trace this to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels, or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet, breath right, complexion rosy and your liver and bowels regular for months.

Send contribution to Local Treasurer or to Lady Tilley, Organizing President Canadian Red Cross Appeal, St. John, N. B.