

LIFE IS NOT EASY FOR THE STRETCHER BEARERS

(Chicago News.)

London, England. — The battalion was resting in a village far behind the trenches and Fenton, newly out, discovered that a rest is a period of sweat and hard labor. Then, the month of May, the sun shone as only the sun of France can shine. Of course Fenton roared. He got up in the morning at 6 o'clock, brigade time, and formed up with the other men outside his billet. These men were generally inclined to take a gloomy view of things at that hour, and vowed that brigade time skipped two hours at night and found them again when on parade. That was the beginning of a day which might be called fairly strenuous, and Fenton, who was still new to things, wondered what it was all for—since it wasn't fighting—and whether everybody worked as hard as he did.

Now, among others who lived in his billet there were two men, and these men seemed to labor little. They had not bayonets to burnish, no rifles to clean, no ammunition to carry. When other men went out they stopped inside, and they were in when Fenton returned from parade. Once when he was engaged in a mimic attack on a wood he came across these two men in company with several others and all were lying in the shade of the trees smoking cigarettes and listening to an address which the M. O. was delivering. Fenton had been hard at work all morning. His legs were tired, his shoulders ached, the sweat poured down his face in tiny rivulets. He had no time to lie in the shade. How he envied the stretcher bearers!

They Had an Easy Life.

It was Fenton's first spell in the firing line and the trench in which he found himself was a comparatively quiet one, but in bad repair; so no end of work had to be done there. Parapets had to be built, saps had to be strengthened, wire entanglements had to be laid, and so on. In addition to tasks like these, there were water fatigues, ration fatigues and fatigues for carrying up ammunition and tools. Fenton was a good, willing worker, and while he labored he watched the

two stretcher bearers and decided that they had a very quiet life. One of them was a thickset man of medium height who seemed to be always laughing and smoking cigarettes. His name was Rogers.

"An easy job, yours," said Fenton to him on the afternoon of the second day.

"Not so bad," said Rogers with a smile. "Next time there's a vacancy I'll let you know."

On the following day the British attacked, captured a German trench and held it. Some men, a few of the most reckless spirits, went a bit beyond the trench, but were forced to fall back again leaving a number of wounded behind them on the ground. It was then that Fenton, ensconced in the trench, saw the stretcher bearers at work, saw them going out into the open field of danger, tending the wounded and carrying them in, not only to the trench, but back to the dressing station at the rear.

The way was one of peril, but the men, knowing their duty, never hesitated. Once, twice, three times, Fenton saw Rogers and his mate pass across the trench carrying the limp figures of the wounded on their stretchers. And Rogers always bore on his face a good natured smile. He seemed to be enjoying his job.

When darkness fell Rogers came into the trench, but his mate was not with him.

Wanted a Volunteer!

"I've lost him," he said, "and I want somebody to take his place, a volunteer. There's only one more wounded man out in the front now, so I want to get him in. Who'll come with me?"

"I'll go," said Fenton. And he went. Rogers seemed to be very weary. On the way out he came to a halt several times and once even, he sat down. "I'm a bit tired," he said, "but I'll soon be back up. This man's the last; and then I'll have a rest."

They reached the wounded man and in the dark it was impossible to distinguish his features. He was breathing heavily and his face looked very white.



Old Dutch

Fruit Jars and other Glassware

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Old Dutch

And remember, this cleanser never harms your hands



"He's unconscious," said Rogers. "He's on the stretcher. My mate helped me on with him, then he got hit."

"Is he dead, your mate?" asked Fenton.

Rogers pointed at something dark which lay on the earth near the stretcher.

"My mate," he said in a low voice. Then, "You take the head, Fenton, and I'll take the legs; they're lighter, and I'm a bit weak."

The journey in was tortuous. The bullets whistled round the men's legs and once or twice the handles of the stretcher slipped from Rogers' hands. Then both men would halt for a second, draw breath, and without speaking a word continue their journey.

They got into the dressing station about midnight, and then Fenton discovered two things that caused him to open his mouth in wonder. The man on the stretcher was a German. They had risked their lives to succor the enemy. And Rogers was wounded. When his mate got killed, he, himself, had got hit in the shoulder with a shrapnel bullet.

AGITATORS SIDETRACKED

Douglas, Ariz. July 13.—Citizens of Douglas today were prepared for a return of the 1,197 members of the Industrial Workers of the World and their sympathizers, who were deported yesterday from Bisbee. Reports received early today indicated that the special train of freight and cattle cars which carried the men from Bisbee had been sidetracked 20 miles west of Columbia, N. M., after the train officers at the latter place had refused to permit the guards who accompanied the train to unload their prisoners there.

A message received by the chief of police from the special officer who accompanied the train, said the deported men were threatening to return to Douglas on the first passenger train and it was feared that they would arrive here during the day.

The chief issued a call for 200 special policemen to report for duty, fully armed, to handle the expected invasion. Reports from other sources said that it was considered probable that the deported men would stop a west-bound train and compel the crew to carry them back to Bisbee.

THE REASON WHY.

"Dear Sir," writes a man to his dentist, "the tooth you extracted for me had been giving me a great deal of trouble, and I hesitated for that reason to have it out."

Vinegar and fruit stains upon knives can be taken off by rubbing the blades with raw potato.

SUSPICIOUS OF SOME OF THESE GREAT BARGAINS

How Was the Doctor to Know the Horse Once Belonged to the Fire Department?

(Chicago News.)

"Twilliger has more than his share of luck," observed the druggist. "and everything seems to come his way. For a long time I've been looking for a snap in the way of a second-hand automobile, and never found anything that looked good. Yesterday Twilliger paid \$300 for a car that looks worth \$1,000. I offered him \$100 for his bargain and he turned me down with disdain."

"I wouldn't work overtime congratulating Twilliger," said the horse doctor, "until he's had his car long enough to find out what's the matter with it. I expect it will develop the blind staggers or seven-year itch before long."

"It's a safe plan to look with suspicion upon these great bargains in second-hand goods. If a man goes around offering a car, or a cow, or a building lot at some ridiculous price, the chances are he's asking more than it's worth. Twilliger may quit exulting as soon as he takes his boat out on the road. He may have to sit up with it, feeding it colic medicine."

"You can't tell what you are getting when you buy old machinery, any more than a man can tell what he's getting when he buys a horse at a rummage sale."

"Old Pete Pointer used to be a good friend of mine, and I valued his friendship. We lived next door to each other for years and never had a misunderstanding. Finally he decided that he wanted to have a good quiet family horse. He said he knew one that looked good to him, but as he knew nothing about nags he wished I would look the animal over and give an expert opinion."

"So we went together to look at the horse—a rather venerable animal and somewhat stiff, but otherwise it seemed serviceable. I thought the price asked was low. So, after seeing it was gentle and manageable, I advised Pete to invest, and he bought the horse there and then."

"Then he got a surrey and harness and for a few days he had the time of his life, jogging around town, hauling his friends and neighbors with him, and he used to come over and tell me he would not take \$1,000 for that horse."

"One evening he started off for a drive, his surrey filled with old ladies. He was pirooting along calm and

SEVEN YEARS TORTURE

Nothing Helped Him Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



ALBERT VARNER

Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915.

For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe Headaches and Indigestion. I had belching gas from the stomach, bitter stuff would come up into my mouth after eating, while at times I had nausea and vomiting, and had chronic Constipation. I went to several doctors and wrote to a specialist in Boston but without benefit. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. Finally, a friend advised "Fruit-a-tives". I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. I am grateful to "Fruit-a-tives", and to everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take "Fruit-a-tives", and you will get well!"

ALBERT VARNER.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

peaceful, when suddenly the fire whistle sounded. The lines were hanging loose and before he could gather them up the horse hoisted its tail straight up and let out a sort of yell and made a beeline across lots in the direction of the city hall.

"It slammed right through a picket fence and into a back yard, where there was a clothes line strung between two trees, and that line ripped the top off the surrey and the passengers with it. They all landed in a clump of blackberry bushes and such bushes have thorns about half an inch long and Pete and his passengers were a sight to be seen when they climbed out. Old Mrs. Spry, one of the passengers, picked up a piece of stove wood and batted Pete over the head with it, and the other women pulled his hair and whiskers and he was glad to get away alive."

"He's been sore at me ever since. He seems to blame me for the business. How was I to know his horse had spent its youth in the fire department?"

CHAMBERLAIN'S RESIGNATION

London, July 12.—J. Austen Chamberlain, secretary for India, resigned, as a result of the revelations of the commission which recently reported after investigation of the first British Mesopotamia expedition.

Mr. Chamberlain was one of the group of civil and military officials on which fell the most scathing criticism in the report of the commission.

The report found that the India office in London was responsible for the policy pursued, although the report attaches less blame to Mr. Chamberlain's part in the enterprise than to that of the others concerned.

It was announced yesterday that all the officers involved had ceased to exercise any function in connection with the government and that no judicial inquiry into their conduct would be made.

BIG PROFITS BY PACKERS

Ottawa, July 13.—In view of the tale of big profits by certain packers, the suggestion is heard today that the government may amend the powers of the food controller in such a way as to ensure that in future the same conditions would not apply as have been established in the report of the commissioner on the cost of living.

CONVINCING REASON.

"And why are you in prison?"
"I'm the victim of ur-belief, ma'am."
"Unbelief?"
"Yes, ma'am. I couldn't convince the jury that I was telling the truth."

SAVE THE CHILDREN

Mothers who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house may feel that the lives of their little ones are reasonably safe during the hot weather. Stomach troubles, cholera infantum and diarrhoea carry off thousands of little ones every summer in most cases because the mother does not have a safe medicine at hand to give promptly. Baby's Own Tablets cure these troubles, or if given occasionally to the well child will prevent their coming on. The Tablets are guaranteed by a government analyst to be absolutely harmless even to the newborn babe. They are especially good in summer because they regulate the bowels and keep the stomach sweet and pure. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Women gate tenders are employed by the Lehigh Valley Railroad.



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