

Chatham Editor Tells of Trip to the Battlefront

Spent a Night in the Fortress at Verdun --- Writes of Underground Galleries Where Munitions and Supplies Are Stored --- The City a Mass of Ruins --- The French Wines of These Days Have No "Kick"

(Chatham World)

Motor cars were in waiting for us at the Bar-le-Duc station, and we proceeded at once to headquarters in a nearby chateau and paid our respects to the commandant.

Mr. Robillard, editor of La Patrie of Montreal, who had been chosen as spokesman for the party made an impressive address, and was replied to in an eloquently expressed welcome. The commandant, at the close of his speech, killed Mr. Robillard on both cheeks.

And then we left the partially wrecked but very much alive town of Bar-le-Duc and its shell-mangled environs behind us and proceeded to Verdun—Verdun, for the possession of which one and a half millions of men were killed and wounded a few months ago. The ancient citadel, built by Vauban 250 years ago, is still in French hands, and is worth all of the blood that was shed so freely in its defence. Its walls show gaping wounds, the effect of shell shock, and the residence quarters of garrison and

WANTED

WANTED—First or second class female teacher, apply stating salary expected to C. L. Grant Secretary School Trustees, Grand View, York Co.

WANTED—Books and magazines for distribution to returned soldiers en route home, in the Military Hospitals, or going overseas. Telephone Mr. A. Murray, care of A. Murray & Co. Tel. No. 159, or leave at store for Military Y. M. C. A.

WANTED—Second class female teacher for school district No. 3. Apply, stating salary, to Charles E. Connors, Secretary, Cork Station, York Co., N. B. 9-18 61

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Dark brown or black mare, about 900, suitable for driving or light work. Apply 135 York street, upstairs.

FOR SALE—Pure-bred and grade Holstein cows and calves, horses, pigs, poultry, turkeys, bees, also incubator and brooder. Apply to Mrs. E. W. Darcus, Fredericton. Phone 3300-62.

FOR SALE—A quantity of useful household articles, including a large ruffled rug, some curtains, a baby's sleigh robe, a child's blackboard, several camp stools, etc., all in good condition. Will be sold at a bargain. Enquire at the Mail Office.

LOST

LOST—From an auto, between Fredericton and Hawshaw, a spring overcoat, dark in color. Finder will please leave at the Mail Office.

TIMBER SALE

The lands which were advertised for sale on the 5th of September, 1918, and postponed, will now be held at the Crown Land Office, Fredericton, N.B., on THURSDAY, the third day of OCTOBER, 1918, commencing at 12 o'clock noon, under the following conditions, viz.:

Berths to be sold on a STRAIGHT STUMPAGE RATE per thousand superficial feet, the upset rate of which will be announced at the time of sale, conveying the right to cut and carry away the merchantable lumber as advertised for the term ending August 1st, 1919.

Ten per cent. of the bid stumpage price on the estimated quantity of merchantable lumber standing on the berth to be paid as each berth is sold.

The lands to be sold embrace in all about four hundred square miles, as advertised in the Royal Gazette September 18th, 1918.

For further particulars, printed estimates of the timber on each block, plans, etc., apply to the Deputy Minister, Crown Land Office, Fredericton, N. B.

E. A. SMITH,
Minister of Lands and Mines.
Crown Land Office, Fredericton, N. B.,
September 13th, 1918.

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officers are tangled twisted and splintered ruins. The iron gate was wide open, the sentry asked not for a pass and no one disputed our entry. It is a lofty and massive structure partly on the top of a hill and partly under a hill, and the forts of Souville and Douaumont are its chief outposts—forts that are wholly underground and proved themselves to be invulnerable under the fire of hundreds of great guns—a fire that would have destroyed any structure of stone or concrete. Col. De Hay gave us a cordial military welcome and we were escorted to our underground quarters in the galleries. Each man was assigned a narrow iron cot, separated from neighboring cots by wooden partitions and having screened entrances. Between the brick walls and the excavated rock is a ventilated airspace that is supposed to keep the cells from being damp. It was my first night in a cell! We dined at the officers mess, and the dinner was excellent. The common soldiers of France get a litre of wine (something more than a quart) a day, and of course the officers mess is supplied with all that is required. But these red and white wines of France within sight of the vineyards from which they came, have no kick in them—are mildly stimulating and are not thirst producing. A soldier servant was assigned to each guest and saw that he had hot water in the morning and anything else he required. It was, indeed, the height of hospitality that we enjoyed underneath the ground, 70 ft. below the shell torn top of the citadel. A captive balloon swayed and pirouetted in the air, but one saw little evidence of precaution against attack. Sentinels, if any were mounting guard, were invisible, and in the daytime at least only one man was at the outer gate, a soldier who killed time by manufacturing some article (I forget what) while half a dozen lounged around the wide open door of the main entrance to the interior. It looked as though a raiding party, having slipped past the outer forts might easily capture the great historic citadel for the possession of which rivers of blood have been shed. There are miles of underground galleries for the accommodation of munitions, stores and the garrison. I found my way through electric-lighted ways to the commandant's office, next day, guided by an officer, and was granted the privilege of going to the top of the structure. A soldier, a sergeant who talked some English, was given me as guide, and I found the wrecked buildings that once stood there, the great guns behind the parapets and at ports, and the other features of the fortification very interesting. With my binoculars I had a great view of the battle fields over which Germans and French struggled in the great German drive that failed to capture the citadel. There are hundreds of thousands of graves each marked with a small black cross, where brave men were laid to rest after they had given their all, their lives, for their beloved country.

Souville and Douaumont were visited, most of the party going through some of the underground passages, and it was found that these forts are wholly underneath the surface, only the guns looking forth from their steel and cement emplacements. There was a lively exchange of big projectiles the second night of our stay at the citadel. The great guns roared loudly and the air was lighted up by the flames from their mouths. 'It is a coup-de-main,' said one of the garrison. 'We are strafing the Boche,' said another. 'It is a barrage to cover a raid we are making on the enemy trenches,' said a third and this was probably the correct reply.

Verdun in Ruins

But what of the city, for Verdun is a city as well as a citadel, or it was a city before the great German assault. But there is no city there now, nothing but a mass of ruins. Thebes was, Herculaneum was, and Verdun was. Its residences, warehouses, workshops, churches, cathedrals, palaces, schools and colleges are heaps of brick, stone, mortar and charred timbers. It is a desolation of desolation. One solitary person, a police sergeant, wanders through the ruins and rescues, from time to time, articles of furniture and sends them to a depot in the rear where they can be recovered by their owners. One of the ruined edifices was once the residence of a

Pope (Julius II) and another, called the Princesse, was built by a prince of the blood royal who was Bishop of Verdun diocese. We wandered through these ruins, some of us with bared heads, and thought long, long thoughts. Not a building of the city was inhabitable.

Asked for Autograph

A countess who had turned her chateau into a hospital, with one of her nurses, visited the citadel and graced the dinner table the last evening we were there, and the orators of the party excelled themselves in the after dinner speech making. The underground gallery with its bare brick walls become a palace banquet hall with the ladies at the table. One of them Mlle. Lucienne, sent an officer to me for my autograph, and I got hers in return. I drink your health again fair Lucienne, but now I drink it in water instead of wine.

After dinner the guests and garrison were entertained at a cinema show that had been supplied orchestral music also, by the fair countess. Soldiers delight in such entertainments, and those who provide them are philanthropists indeed. Every garrison and every rest-camp warmly welcomes the moving pictures when they get the opportunity.

Train Was Crowded

The next morning, after taking a formal and affectionate leave of the commandant, we motored to Bar-le-Duc to take the train for Paris. An hour's wait was spent in walking through the streets and visiting the shops. Business as usual was evidently the motto of Bar-le-Duc, though many of its buildings had been wrecked by shells and bombs.

The train was behind time and got farther behind as it proceeded. The cars were literally packed with men and women, soldiers and civilians. They filled the seats, sat on grips, roosted on seat-arms squatted on the aisle floors, and stood up. It took me just an hour to work my way back from the dinner to the car in which I had a compartment seat, and I got there only by patient, persistent, and insistent work supplemented by hundreds of placating pardonnez mois. We were eight hours on the road; and it was the first and only time I was thoroughly weary during my trip abroad. Paris was more beautiful than before when I got there that evening.

The Visit to Paris

There was something doing the next day in Paris all the time. We called on Mr. Roy, the Canadian Commissioner, and he presented us to Mr. Clemenceau, Premier and War Minister of France, an old but vigorous man, who made us a speech in English. After this we motored through the city, visiting the ruins of the church where so many worshippers were killed by a German shell; the Hotel des Invalides, where Napoleon reposes in his low placed tomb where all have to bow their heads in order to look upon his grave; and to many other places of historic interest. We also called upon Lord Derby, the British Ambassador and were escorted by him to the residence of President Poincare and presented. The President bears no resemblance whatever to the typical Frenchman. He looks more like a Canadian gentleman farmer or trader. He was plainly

(Continued on page 7.)

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BAD EXAMPLES SOMETIMES ARE A GOOD INFLUENCE

(New York Sun)

Mrs. Finch and her mother sat knitting by the window and talking animatedly of all the things that mothers and daughters who have seen separated for a long time do find to talk of. Just outside Mrs. Finch's eight-year-old girl was playing dolls with one of the neighbor children. Their voices floated gayly through the open window. After a while the game palled and there was a moments discussion of what they should do next.

"Oh, I know," suggested the neighbor child. "Let's go up to the drug store and get some ice cream cones."

"I can't," replied Janet Finch. "My mother doesn't allow me to."

"Pooh," said her friend. "You don't have to mind your mother all the time. I don't."

Mrs. Finch, just inside the window, smiled. Her mother looked at her aghast.

"But, daughter," she protested, "you don't mean to tell me that you permit Janet to play with such a child?"

"Indeed, I do," replied Mrs. Finch. "You've no idea what a good influence she has on Janet."

"Good influence?" gasped the older woman.

"Yes, good influence," replied her daughter. "Did you really bring up that Janet would have to play with in this neighborhood I set myself to finding ways to turn it to her advantage. I knew that I couldn't reform the neighborhood, at least not all at once, and so long as we had to live here I knew it was up to me to make

the best of it. So when Janet came in a few days later to tell me that Jimmie Earle was a horrid little boy who used bad words and that she wouldn't play with him, I replied that he wasn't a horrid little boy at all, but an unfortunate little boy who had never been taught any better, that it would be very sad if every one who did know better refused to play with him, forcing him to play only with other children who knew no more than he did, thus never giving him the opportunity to learn better ways. She grasped the idea at once and the result is that Jimmie Earle is a greatly improved boy through her influence, while Janet herself has a most desirable aversion to the sort of language he used."

"But I should think that the feeling of superiority would make Janet an awful prig in time," suggested Janet's grandmother.

"That was the great danger I had to guard against," said Mrs. Finch. "and I flatter myself that I've done it successfully by simply instilling into Janet's mind a constant gratitude not for her superiority but for her opportunity. She feels as I do that all children are created equal and that it is lack of opportunity that makes some less good, as we express it, than others. And her spirit is simply that of a desire to share her advantages with the less fortunate, a spirit and a desire which will also be desirable in her adult life. So from what might have been the 'bad example' Janet has acquired not only the sympathetic, non-critical attitude toward the less

THE BUSINESS WOMAN

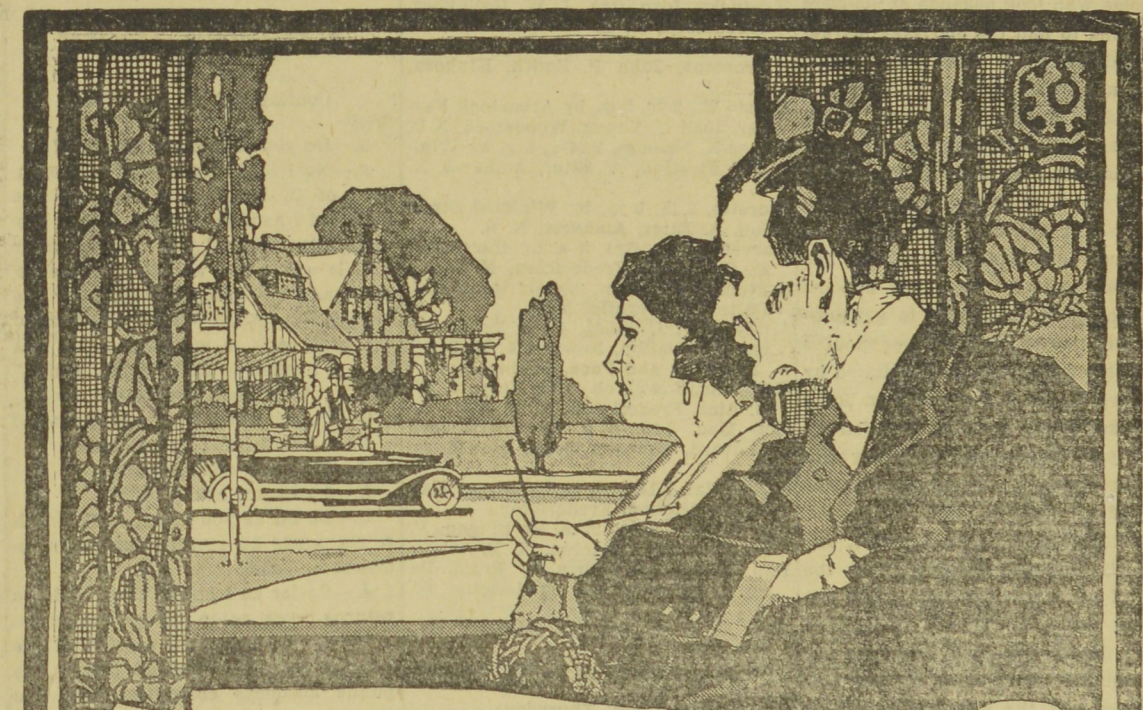
Today, more than ever before, is woman's opportunity. Many new occupations are now opened to her, which, before the war she was deemed unfitted to fill. And truth to tell she has risen to the opportunity and now shares many business responsibilities in former times confided to men. But as women are subject to more frequent fluctuations of health than men many will be handicapped early, if they regard their health requirements too lightly.

The nervous strain, long hours and prolonged mental or physical fatigue thin the blood and weaken the nerves. Such conditions as women are now called upon to undergo can only be endured by a full-blooded constitution. This is as true for men as for women, only weaker women suffer sooner. The woman worker, in any line, requires her blood replenished frequently. She needs new, rich blood to keep her health under the trying conditions of business life, and to fortify her system against the effects of overwork. This applies also to the woman in the home, who, perhaps has more worries and anxieties than usual. So let all girls and women take heed and renew their blood promptly at the first approach of pallor, lack of appetite, head ache or backache. This can be best and most effectively accomplished by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which make new, rich blood and thus help womankind so perfectly. No woman need fear failure of health if they take these pills occasionally to keep them well, or give them a fair trial if they find themselves rundown.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

fortunate but also the wonderful knowledge of what not to do and say. I really think the neighborhood and its 'bad examples' have been a splendid opportunity for me and a 'good influence' for Janet."

"And still my contemporaries insist," smiled her mother, "that you modern women don't make good mothers!"



Keeping up with the Joneses

One great bar to the practice of thrift to-day is the tendency to let others set for us our standards of living.

MRS. Jones appears on the street in a new gown and at once her neighbour vows she'll have one like it. Or if a new motor car is delivered to a certain home, a nearby family, not to be handicapped in the social race, plan to discard their old car for a new one. And so it goes from one thing to another—a ceaseless, senseless competition which often ends in debts, distress and disaster.

Such silly rivalry is bad enough indeed in normal periods. It is positively unpatriotic in times like these when the country needs all available labor and material

and every available dollar with which to carry on the war.

It is perhaps difficult for us to appreciate that the purchase of things we do not really need may be the direct cause of loss of life on the firing lines.

But you can't escape the fact, no matter how unpleasant the thought, that millions of individual selfish demands at home may prolong the war by causing a shortage of the very things essential to our success at the front. For the money we spend in satisfying these desires represents equipment, clothing, shot and shell that are so urgently needed for our boys in France.

Remember that when you are tempted to spend foolishly in an effort to "keep up with the Joneses."

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