

A BLACKGUARD BUT A HERO

"Tony Carrigan" is not his real name, but the story of his career is such that were I to tell it with his real name attached I am sure he would want my blood!

It is a true story of the bravest blackguard I have ever met—a man who in peace time would have been a disgrace to the army, but who in these times of "battle, murder, and sudden death" is one of the army's brightest ornaments.

Here goes, then, for the story of red-headed, spirit-swilling Tony Carrigan, wildest of wild Irishmen, his Colonels despair, and his regiment's pride!

BOXED A BOBBY.

When Tony came to the training camp as a recruit last August no one cared much for the slouchy, foul-mouthed individual, who smelled of rum and whiskey ten paces away. The first week he was with us he slept two nights in the guardroom, having picked a quarrel with some of his fellows. The next week he came in to roll-call with a battered face, and got three more days in the guardroom; but the fact that he refused to tell his superior whom he had fought with raised him a little in our esteem.

The day he landed in France he boxed a gendarme at Boulogne, telling him "no copper had ever shoved him around it, and no blank fro-eater would start it. His officer gave him two days in the guardroom for insulting the gendarme, and two more for fighting.

RISKED HIS LIFE FOR A HORSE.

The first day in the trenches my horse broke away from behind the trees. The men were in the trenches and were being peppered pretty badly by the Germans. Everyone was lying as low as possible, and when my horse started off in the open, straight for the enemy's trenches, I expected to see him fall every second. My friend Tony, who has a wonderful brogue, shouted out, "Och, the poor baste!" and, disregarding my orders, rushed out of the trench and—while every German 600 yards off was using him for a target—ran to the horse and led him back. The horse was hit four times just as they reached the trees, and the man didn't have a scratch. I'm no old woman, but I had tears in my eyes when, for discipline's sake, I ordered Tony toward the rear with two days of picket duty.

ON THE RINK OF A ROW.

Somehow or other the man stopped smelling of the spirits then. It seemed as though the continual excitement of active army life, sufficed for him; but he was always on the brink of a row. If he wasn't with the Germans, it was with another of the men. He'd fight the earth he was digging from the trenches, cursing his shovel or the stones he met.

He had made a megaphone of an old gasoline can, and shouted insults at the Germans in their trenches in front of us. No one could start a car engine like he could. When every one had failed, he'd take the crank and turn, swearing and swearing like mad, kicking at the types, and calling the motor all sorts of names in his passion. Withal he began to be liked, always serviceable, ready to cook, wash, divide his tobacco, or fight the Kaiser.

GOES OUT AS SPY.

A month ago we badly needed information as to what was going on in a village held by the Germans, and in which a General and his staff were housed. Our gunners wanted to locate in just what farm the General had his headquarters. Our aeroplanes couldn't inform them, so I called for a volunteer. "Tony" came up with the rest, but first wanted to fight two others who offered to go. They claimed both men had "kids."

He came to me with a story about being "a poor orphan," had no one on earth to care for, was anxious to redeem himself, and made such a fuss that, half-laughing, half-crying, we all shook hands with him, and, togged in old overalls, cap, and coat, with a few

beets wrapped in an old handkerchief to fool the Germans, he started off. He was gone 36 hours, when a German soldier walked boldly up to one of our outposts, dragging after him by the neck a poor unfortunate creature, shivering in a suit of overalls and his face all battered up.

REFUSED RECOMMENDATION FOR BRAVERY.

The German was Tony, who on his way had dodged all the German pickets, save the last sentry, who had tried to make him talk, taking him for a refugee. Tony, who couldn't understand a word of German, had knocked the man down, taking his gun, led him into the woods, where he had changed clothes with him, just to make us laugh, he said.

I made him restore the prisoner's clothes. He had brought back the information our gunners desired, and I wanted to propose him for the medal for distinguished conduct, but he asked me not to, saying, "I'll give you a better chance before the war is over."

A week ago he passed roll-call, and after a few hours his sergeant began to worry seriously. He was gone three hours, and came back with two rabbits he had shot or snared in the woods.

WOUNDED THREE TIMES.

Then came a morning when the man whom we were beginning to look upon as a hero charged with his company against a line of German trenches 300 yards from ours. Half way over he was hit in the shoulder, but kept on. A shell exploded, killing four men near him and wounding him again. He fell, but got up, and limped as fast as he could after his company, which was now right on top of the German trenches.

I was near him when he got there. He was dragging his leg after him, gun in one hand and swearing like a pirate. I roared to him to go the rear, and he shouted back to me, his Captain, "Go to hell!" at the same time jumping on two Germans who were still pluckily fighting in the trenches. One fired just as Tony ran his bayonet through him. Tony was hit in the thigh this time, and fell on his knees in the trench, with the other German under him. When I got there he was putting the German's own revolver out, and a second later had blown the top of his head off.

FIGHT HIS OWN MEN.

After the fight they brought Tony back unconscious, and when he came to his senses I told him, trying not to smile, that I would punish him for insults to a superior. Do you know what that confounded hero of a liar answered?

"Oi niver sid it, Captain. Oi remember phwat Oi said whin ye told me to go to the rear Oi said, 'Oi'm too ill!'" Tony is in hospital now and rapidly getting better. He hopes to return to the front before long. I shall get the Distinguished Conduct Medal for him this time. I'd like to recommend him for a sergeantship too, but that would be no use. Why, he'd fight his own men!

FINDING THE RANGE IS AVIATORS' TASK.

"We saw a hostile aeroplane soaring above our position and hastened to dig in, for we knew what was going to happen. Sure enough, in a few moments, shells came plunging in upon us. These lines are familiar in battle reports of the European war, because the co-operation of the aeroplane and the big gun has come. Range finding by aviators is a recognised part of modern warfare, as carefully worked out as any other branch of the service.

The big gun's range is estimated in miles nowadays, instead of in yards, as formerly. More often than not, the gunners do not see the target at which they are aiming, and the men in the target do not see the spot whence destruction is being pumped at them. High hill and broad valleys probably intervene. But circling about in the air is the busy aeroplane which is establishing contact between the gun and its objective point.

It is essential, of course, that the man in the airship and the man at the

gun have a constant system of communication. Seemingly difficult, this is a feat that is simplicity itself. The airship carries certain lights or smoke bombs with which it can convey information to the watchers on the ground. The gunners have great strips of white material which can be formed into letters of the alphabet and can be seen from the airship.

The rest is merely a matter of codes and mechanics. If the letter X means "Observe for range," and the letter V means "observe for effect of fire," the airman can convey to the marksmen whatever information they may desire.

The first thing, of course, is to locate the target. The airship goes up to a pre-arranged altitude and scouts about until he finds it. When he is directly over it, he drops various lights in some understood combination of numbers of colours. The distance between the gun and the target becomes a simple problem of triangulation.

The location and distance being known, as well as the proper direction, the aviator gets the signal: "Observe for line of fire." A shell or so is thrown in the general direction of the target. As soon as the correct line is found, the aviator gives the proper signal and then gets the signal: "observe for range." The first shell falls short. The second, perhaps, overshoots. The third, perhaps, reaches its mark. The aviator's signal "range," and the real bombardment is on.

If the gunner wishes to know whether his shells are timed to explode at the right place, he signals to the aviator, "observe for fuse." If he wishes to learn the effect of the cannonade, he signals "observe for effect of fire." In this way a complete check of all that is going on is obtained.

Rarely, except on the preliminary scouting expedition, does the aviator attempt to fly over the enemy's position. Once he has located the target, that part of his work is done. It is naturally the riskiest part, for his appearance is certain to make him the target for defensive aeroplane batteries and probably for a duel with a hostile aeroplane. So he flies back into a safer zone.

His subsequent position is decided largely by weather conditions. When the sun is shining he tries to keep from being behind the target and the sun, because if the gunners have to face the sun to find him it is hard for them to read the signals accurately. If the sun is shining toward the target, the aviator gets behind his battery. If the sun is behind the battery, the aviator gets between it and the target.

In the early manoeuvres, when he is signalling the line of fire, he tries to fly in a regular eclipse at a stated altitude. When "observing for range," he flies in an elongated figure 8. The purpose of this is to enable him to move toward the target in his turns. In this way fire can be observed at every moment.

It is obvious that to insure the effectiveness of all this, scientific and mechanical knowledge must be required. Modern shells are so constructed that they can be exploded at any desired height or distance. A shell that bursts too soon is practically valueless, while one that bursts too late loses much of its efficacy. An error of a few feet in the calculation of the aeroplane's height or in the target's distance would seriously impair the effectiveness of the fire. It is for this reason that observers have declared that "it takes a ton of metal to kill a man." Practice is enabling the gunners to cut down a great deal of the waste of material.

The captive balloon is used for similar observation purposes, but it is not nearly so valuable as the aeroplane, because of the latter's greater mobility and its ability to get right over the target and then get away again.

Such scouting as this and making general scouting observations have proved the principal functions of the aeroplane in the war. The value of the machines in offensive tactics is still rather problematical. In the opinion of many observers, the use of aeroplanes in dropping bombs upon fortified places is valuable more for the moral effect than for the amount of destruction accomplished.

STILL A DARK SECRET.

There used to be a member of the Dominion Parliament—the dead one now—who spoke at great length and with much force on whatever subject he chose to discuss; but his style of delivery was somewhat involved, not to say intricate. And sometimes, because of this, he spent some time in getting at this meat of his topic.

One night, during a heated campaign, he spoke in Toronto. A business man who had a profound admiration for the statesman was late in arriving. As he hurried up the steps, panting hard, he met a York County farmer just emerging from the hall where the meeting was staged.

"Has so-and-so begun speaking?" asked the new arrival.

"Yep," said the departing one.

"How long has he been speaking?"

"'Bout 20 minutes," said the farmer.

"What is he speaking about?"

"He didn't say!" answered the truthful farmer, and passed on.

WHAT A BOY DID.

The story of how John B. Kendrick, the new Democratic Governor of Wyoming and a native of Texas, battled his way from an orphaned boy and cow puncher to a governor of a great western commonwealth, contains an

inspiring lesson to every American boy. Commenting on his career a writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch says:

"What pessimist said romances had been banished, and the poor boy's chances abolished by a corporation-controlled civilization?"

"It was a mistake, John B. Ken-

drick, a penniless orphan boy, trailed a bunch of cattle from Texas to Wyoming, got a job riding herd, because ranch foreman, saved some money and borrowed more, bought a few cows and cared for the increase, learned to trade shrewdly, became a millionaire, and now has rounded out his career, by an election to the governorship of

his adopted State. "There is, we are assured, 'no taint' upon a single dollar of his. "An honor graduate of the College of Hard Knocks, which contains no football team, omits the courses in tango dancing, cigarette smoking and spats, but still turns out some highly creditable young men."



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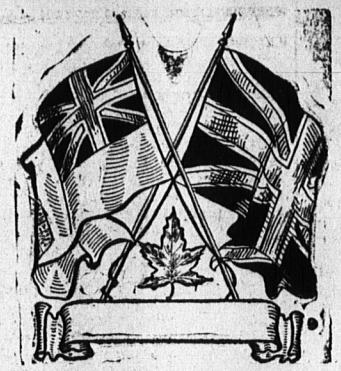
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Who Will Enlist Today for Overseas Service ?

The 55th N. B. and P. E. I. Regiment requires from six hundred to seven hundred men. We must have seventy men a day to make up the required number within the time limit.

This Regiment is commanded by Lieut. Col. J. R. Kirkpatrick of Debec Jct., N. B., with the following staff:—

Second in Command, Major H. S. Jones, Apohaqui, N. B.; Jr. Major, T. C. Donald, Chatham, N. B.; Chaplain, Capt. Rev. H. E. Thomas, St. John, N. B.; Paymaster, Capt. J. D. K. McNaughton, Miramichi, N. B.; Medical Officer, Capt. A. E. Gardiner, McAdam Jct., N. B.; Adjutant, Major S. S. Wetmore, Clifton, N. B.; Quartermaster, Lieut. Kirkpatrick, St. John, N. B.

Officers commanding double companies:—

- A. Co., Major J. J. Bull, Woodstock, N. B.—Capt. C. E. Williams. B. Co., Major Osborne—Capt. Woodbridge, Fredericton, N. B. C. Co., Major F. H. Rowe, Moncton, N. B.—Capt. Campbell, Charlottetown, P. E. I. D. Co., Major E. C. Weyman, St. John, N. B.—Capt. W. E. Forbes, Richibucto, N. B.

Recruiting officers will be found at all the principal points including Charlottetown and Summerside. Men will on application be submitted to a preliminary medical examination and will be furnished at once with transportation to Sussex, where the 55th Regiment is now in camp. On reaching Sussex they will undergo the final medical examination and will if satisfactory be placed immediately upon the pay roll.

The conditions are as follows:—

THE VOLUNTEERS
The Period of Enlistment is for the duration of the war and for six months after termination if required.
The Rate of Pay is \$1.10 per day and found for seven days a week, equal to \$33 per month.
If Disabled, the soldier will receive a pension at such rates as may be fixed by the Government.
If Wounded or Ill, the soldier will be well cared for and sent back to his home at the proper time.

THEIR FAMILIES
Soldiers May Assign any portion of their regular pay to wives or others, and such sums will be paid regularly to the persons so designated.
Wives of Volunteers will receive twenty dollars per month separation allowance from the Canadian Government over and above the soldiers pay.
The Patriotic Fund will supplement this with an additional allowance as described hereafter.
Should any of the Soldiers be Killed their wives and children will become wards of the Canadian Government, and generous provision will be made for them.

Who Will Enlist ? Please Apply at Once to the Recruiting Officer Nearest Your Home
T. EDGAR McNUTT, Captain, Charlottetown
L. R. ALLEN, Lieut., Summerside

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