

TALES TOLD BY MEN IN THE FIGHTING LINES ON LAND AND ON SEA

THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION.

A member of the French Foreign Legion writes: Possibly it was not fair to make the men go on sentry work the first night in the trenches, after a long march and a game that was completely new to them; but still, there were the lives of the others to protect and—

Well, that night we were five yards apart, each behind a gun hole, with orders not to fire, but to warn the sergeants in case of alarm.

IN THE TRENCHES

It must not be forgotten that trench-advance towards the enemy in zig-zag fashion, while the actual trenches are formed by corrugated paper viewed edgewise. Even the front line, parallel to that of the enemy's, is dug this way, the idea being to arrest the ravages of a shell that falls in the trench itself.

On occupying the post, provided one's work is done conscientiously, with a sharp eye and an alert ear, one always feels that something is going to happen. It is far too quiet for a battlefield, one reflects. The Germans must be creeping up. After straining the eyes in the darkness for a few minutes the shadows begin to dance, the props to which the barbed wires are fixed a few yards before you assume human forms, while the uncollected bundles of hay become corpses or crouching "Boches," and to the right a suspicious beetroot patch arrests the eye with a jerk.

The wet black nights are the "nervy" nights. Impossible to see a yard before one, the least sound to the high-strung nerves suggests a horde of Germans creeping up on their elbows and knees armed to the teeth and ready to leap up to strangle you.

The German practice is to pot at us at close intervals day and night, especially the latter, and suddenly little—at the far end, who was quite alone, started yelling out: "Oh, sergeant, sergeant! I can see a lot of Germans walking about with electric flash lights—they're coming our way!"

over his gunhole. "Can't see anything," he exclaims, after a while. "Yes, look—look there—all those little moving lights," goes on — "Now don't be silly, can't you see they are the fire from the rifles. Don't get excited," and with this he shuffles off to bed again.

For some while—perhaps fifteen minutes—no alarm is given. The sentinels stare over the gunholes into the grey-indistinct void.

Our orders are to call "Haute la qui vive" and if no reply to fire. Suddenly I hear the next sentinel "quivering" in a shaky voice the beetroot patch to the right. But the wind only mools the leaves, so it is promptly ordered to "Haute la." No response.

Five minutes later little — horrifies the others by declaring that he had just seen a Prussian looking through his gunhole.

WHAT ONE SUFFERS

The feet become unbearably cold and numb and one tries to thaw the fingers by breathing on them. One looks at the watch; the hands do not seem to have moved; still another long hour. One thinks with what joy you will wake the next man to take your place. Possibly the poor fellow is unable to sleep, knowing that his rest is to be broken. Then you will walk over the other sleepers with a load of mud clogged round each of your feet, dirtying their blankets and disturbing their slumbers as you creep to your place among them.

A stealthy shadow draws beside you and touches your arm. "Look out there," it whispers in an eerie voice, "those two bundles of hay are moving forward. I can hear someone breathing behind them." One recalls the advancing wood lodge in "Macbeth" and the hair stands on end. Yes, there is certainly something moving there; but before you have further time to reflect your companion lets fire. There follows a hideous yell, the straw quivers and something black hisses past you. The poor old sergeant's cat has had its tail amputated by a bullet! And so for a further hour the old night creeps on.

Then it is yourself who sees a form lying a few yards away. A crouching man without a shadow of a doubt. But no, it must be hallucination. You wait for five minutes and look in a different direction. On turning round the eyes catch it at once. It is still there—lying very close to the earth and hiding its head! You compare notes with the next sentinel and he agrees. He has just seen it himself. A volley of balls are discharged, but the form does not budge.

More assured, one continues the vigil until at length relieved, and the terrors of the night, for you at least, are over. Next morning you look over the trench to verify or explain the mysteries of the yore. The horrible mystery shadow we shot at is still there—the corpse of a soldier left unburied. Let us hope we did not hit him.

WELL FED.

A member of the London Rifle Brigade, writes: We have just finished three days in the reserve when we had a very nice time. Nine of us were put into an old farm house, rather the worse for a few

shells, as a garrison. We had three rooms on the "ground floor," one as a living-room and the other two as bed and armory, etc. In the living room we had a huge log fire going in an open fireplace for the whole time, and of course we cooked all our own grub. Round the fire we built up a huge settee of sandbags.

We fed very well the whole time. Fried eggs and bacon, toast, etc., for breakfast; soup, sausage or other meat mashed potatoes, rice and stewed figs and fruit for dinner; and for supper we usually have Welsh rabbit and hot rum punch, or cocoa. It seems scarcely creditable but we were only three hundred yards behind the trenches.

One day we noticed some pigeons feeding in a maize field, and knowing that no one was allowed to keep them, but thinking more of the flavor of pigeon pie, we decided to try and catch some. We could not rig up a decent snare and we are not allowed to shoot any game, so we hit upon the brilliant idea of soaking some bread and corn in rum and putting it out where the pigeons came to feed.

We carefully watched them feeding round this stuff, and when we thought that they had had enough of the bait to prevent them escaping, we rushed up, but to and behold! they simply flew away as calmly as you like, and I swear they must have had enough rum to make two good old toppers drunk.

THE MARKETS

CHICAGO, May 11.—Alarming reports of damage to crops from the winter wheat belt advanced the price of wheat to-day from 46c to 65c. Seven counties in Southwest Missouri that were reported as having a condition of 90 per cent, were cut down by the last report to 50 per cent., with a prospect that one half the acreage would be abandoned. Corn moved upwards in sympathy with the wheat. Oats also were in demand at better prices. The trade in cereals was decidedly active.

WINNIPEG, May 11.—The prices of all cereals have advanced slightly, wheat from 2c. to 2c. a bushel, oats and barley a half cent. There was plenty of enquiry for feed oats and grade barley.

TORONTO, May 11.—The wheat market was highly sensational to-day, advancing from 5c. to 6c. Cash prices at Bay ports are up 3c. These advances are based on the large quantity being done the winter wheat and on the strong enquiry for export. No. 2 Western brought 65 1/2c. and No. 2 Ontario 62c. to 63c.

MONTREAL, May 11.—The local market for coarse grain was without any new feature, except the feeling for higher prices. There was a better enquiry for round lots of oats for shipment from Fort William. Canada Western feed quoted at 66 1/2c. and No. 2 local white oats at 66c. per bushel.

The baled hay market remains unchanged. There is a steady demand for local consumption, and car lots are bringing \$19 per ton ex-track.

Live Stock, Toronto: The cattle market continues strong and active, and prices are beginning to reach the highest levels since Christmas. Three extra choice steers today brought \$9 per hundred lbs., while the average run were firm at \$7.50 to \$8.50. Stockers and feeders were strong while calves were weak. There was no development in the Hog situation. The tone of the market is very firm and high prices may be established tomorrow.

Eggs: There is no change in the egg situation to-day. The tone of the market is still very firm notwithstanding the liberal supplies coming forward. The quality is better than average at this period of the year on account of the continued cool weather. The local demand continues good. Wholesale prices to the trade are 22c., while stamped selected stock is selling at 24c. The receipts to-day were 4,710 cases as against 4,528 for the corresponding day a year ago.

The market for potatoes is without further change. The demand for car lots of Green Mountains is quiet at 42 1/2c. per bag of 90 lbs. ex-track.

GERMANS IN CANADA WILL BE MORE CLOSELY WATCHED

OTTAWA, May 12.—German treachery emphasized anew by sinking of the Lusitania has brought forth a strong demand from various parts of the country for the internment of all Germans, regardless of whether they are naturalized or not. The authori-

ties here are not disposed to go as far as that but a close surveillance is being maintained and any suspicious individuals are being taken into custody. The situation is more especially acute on the Pacific coast where yesterday 181 Germans were interned in Vancouver and the surrounding district. Forty-five thousand of whom are Germans are now out on parole. While allowed their freedom they are to report regularly and establish their good conduct to the registrars appointed for the purpose. Where there is any violation of the parole is revoked and internment takes place. The number of aliens now in the internment camps is 2,800. Only about a fourth of them are Germans of German extraction.

STREET RAILWAY STRIKE IN DETROIT

DETROIT, Mich., May 13.—Not a city street car was being operated in Detroit at 7 o'clock this morning as the result of a strike called by Detroit United Railway conductors and motormen because of the company's refusing to reinstate a motorman who had been discharged for alleged careless handling of his car. The strike vote was taken during the early morning hours and was practically unanimous.

Conductors and motormen of the Detroit United Railway voted early to go on strike at 6 a. m. Their action resulted from the refusal of the company to reinstate a motorman who had been discharged for alleged reckless handling of his car.

SAVED TEN BRITISH IN FOES' MIDST

PARIS, May 12.—Seventeen year old Charlotte Mitis is the Joan of Arc of the present war. She saved the ten "Tommys" from capture or worse, at the hands of the Germans. For a whole month she secreted them in the centre of a German hospital, which in its turn was in the centre of a German occupied town. During that month there was not a single moment when one of the "Tommys" suffered for food or even lacked tobacco, and when Germans evacuated the town and 10 English troopers were turned over in spick and span condition to their own regimental commanders for further service at the front.

PROMISE TO TELL KING

That King George himself will hear the story from Charlotte's own lips at the end of the war is the promise of the "Tommys." And the chances are they will make good, for one of the King's messengers, a relative of the King himself.

Early last September ten English soldiers staggered up to the door of the young ladies' seminary of "Le Louvencourt," at Roye, before the advance of the Germans. Every person had fled except 17 year old Charlotte Mitis, and an aged stewardess. They begged a place of refuge and Charlotte led them to a cave at the end of the garden. Scarcely an hour later the officers of a German command dashed up to the seminary. They announced that it must serve as a military hospital. Forty of their wounded were installed in the seminary chapel and Charlotte cared for them so well that she was installed as a nurse.

SMUGGLES FOOD TO REFUGEES

That night she guided the ten Tommys from their cramped quarters in the cave to a garret of the deserted seminary building. Then for days she smuggled enough food to the garret to feed the ten troopers, who sat peering out through the shutters at the enemy's soldiers below.

Then the German system clamped down on the food supply. Food was apportioned exactly in accordance with the number of wounded at the hospital and there was danger that the Tommys would starve.

Charlotte solved this problem, too. She solicited food contributions from her friends and relatives in Roye. To German officers who questioned her she said she was taking the food to the wounded in the chapel. They saluted her and called her "la bonne dame."

In October when the allies drove the Germans out of Roye the ten Tommys came down out of their place of hiding, swore solemn vows that they would never forget their "Joan of Arc" and marched off with their regiments. Before the Germans again entered Roye, Charlotte fled to Paris. She learned the other day that a French weaver named Chalergire in

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MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS. Marble and Granite Works. A large shipment of Marble Monuments of the 1915 designs in different colors, were purchased from the Vermont Marble Co. at their works in Proctor Vt. This selection was personally selected by the Company and have been shipped and will arrive by the Winter Boats any day, and will be placed in our show rooms Revere Hotel Building, Kent Street, lately occupied by Acorn & Brown.