

GERMAN POPULATION ON VERGE OF REVOLT, SAYS LETTER FROM TRAVELLER

Prices Beyond Conception and Very Little at That—Women Give Wedding Rings to Add to Gold Hoard of Government—Our Own Boys Tell of Fierce Struggle on Western Front; Indomitable Spirit Shining Out of Their Letters.

For anyone who doubts that victory is not assured for the Allied arms, let him listen to this first hand information of conditions in Germany, and compare them with the state of things in Canada and other parts of the British Empire.

This information comes in a letter to a prominent St. John man from a friend in the United States. The letter tells the story of an intimate friend just returned from the Fatherland. The material is new, too, because the person referred to left Germany not more than a month ago.

"Every wife has given her wedding ring to the government. This is only one of the many sacrifices that the people are making, and which will come out later, probably after the war."

The whole population of the country is on rations. She writes: "All any person is permitted to eat per week is one egg, one-half pound of meat, piece of butter, enough to fill an individual platter, two and one-half pounds of bread and one and a half quarts of milk."

Even this itself is sufficient to keep the fire of life burning, although flickering. A person without means has not a very fair chance of existing at all, as may be judged by the prices of food, which she gives:

Butter, \$1.20 per pound.
Lard, \$1.35 per pound.
Pork, \$1.50 per pound.
Beef and lamb, \$2.00 per pound.
"And even at these prices one has to wait four and five hours to get the material."

The letter also gave intimation of much more serious and incredible sacrifices being made by the population—not willingly, necessarily, but an imposition of the autocracy in order that the war may be continued. The economic pressure is becoming more keen as time goes on. From a military aspect Germany and her allies are hard pressed; from an economic aspect they have arrived at a stage where the population is on the verge of revolt. The horizon is gloomy for her, indeed.

What the ultimate conclusion will be is obvious.

General's Death Gives Inspiration.

The following letter is from Corporal Harry Dixon, to his sister at Deep Brook (N.B.). He has been at the front for a year and a half and although passing through many battles has so far been unscathed.

"My dear sister—Your very welcome letter received and glad that you are well. I am in fine condition myself—I had a fine time and just got back to my unit in time for the big drive in which the boys again covered themselves with glory. But the events were terrible, lots of the boys went out never to return again. The worst of all was to hear of the death of our general. But as he died one of the noblest deaths possible it has filled the boys with greater inspiration. He fought to the last and died in the front line trenches."

During the awful bombardment that took place the rain came down in torrents and everybody was up to the neck in mud. We were kept busy night and day with ammunition. The Germans suffered frightful losses and in some places the boys had to walk over dead bodies they were lying around so thickly.

"Well I am sure I'll be all right and will return home safely. I have been lucky right up to now and I feel sure I will pull through. I am sending you a paper published in the trench. It will show you the spirit of the boys."

A story of the "Big Push."

A wounded young company commander who has come home to "Blighly," England, gives a vivid description of one of the incidents of the "Great Push." He says:

"My adjutant came along about 7 o'clock, checked up watches and gave us divisional time. Mine was all right; never stopped once from the day I bought it till that left wrist mine was hit. It registers my first hit. I'll keep that souvenir. But I'm afraid it's done as a timekeeper."

"Just before 8 I got my position, right in the middle of my company. We were going over at 8.25, you know. The trench was deep there, with a hell of a lot of mud and water, but there was no parapet left. Just gradual slope of mud, as though car loads of it had been dropped from the sky by giants—spilled porridge."

"I wanted to be out first if I could—good effect on the men, you know—but I couldn't trust myself in all that muck, so I'd collared a rum vase from a quartermaster and was nursing the blooming thing so that when the time came I could plant it in the mud and get a bit of a spring from that. Glad I did, too."

"I passed the word along at a quarter past to be ready for my whistle; but it was all you could do to make a fellow hear by shouting in his ear. Our heavies were giving it lip then, I can tell you."

"I was in a devil of a stew lest some one of my chaps should get over too soon. They kept wriggling up and forward in the mud. They were frightfully keen to get moving. I gathered from my sergeant that one of our fellows was that we couldn't soon get going—our artillery would have left us in a lather for us to do. Little they know their Boche if they thought that."

"On the stroke of the twenty-five I got a good jump from my rum vase and fell and first into a little pool; whizz—bang bang—I suppose something small—something didn't matter to my front teeth pretty much. I'd my whistle in my teeth, you see. But I blew like blazes directly I got my head up. Never made a sound, while full of mud."

"But it didn't matter a bit. They all saw me take my dive, and a lot were in front of me when I got going. But I overhauled them and got in front."

"We were going hell for leather. You think you're going strong and—woosh! You've got your face deep in porridge. Fallen in a shell hole. You trip over some blame thing and you turn a complete somersault and you're on again, wondering where your second wind is. Lord, you haven't a notion whether you're hit or not."

"I felt that smack on my left wrist, along with a dozen other smacks of one sort or another, but I didn't know it was a wound for an hour or more."

"All you thought about was trying to keep your rifle muzzle up, and I guess

the fellows behind must have thought a bit about not sticking us with their bayonets more than they could help. I was shouting '—' the local name of the regiment, you know. The boys like it. But my sergeant, who was close to me was just yelling, 'Down 'em, boys!' and 'Stick 'em! Stick 'em!' for all he was worth."

"I'm sorry I cannot give you details of our doings, but secrecy is the only method for this work, and for this reason a strict censorship is put on all outgoing letters. Some of the boys, however, try to tell you a few things face to face."

"Since writing you a few weeks ago, we have experienced another term in the trenches. It is some time, believe me, that I'm lying around during much of each day. Separated from regular civilization by miles, in a devastated land, breathing an atmosphere akin to an upheaved cemetery, with whistling bombs and machine-gun and rifle causing trouble and grief most of the time, one feels that he has been in more congenial regions. It is a desolate panorama. I lost one of two friends, who meant much to me, in this time, and had experienced and saw sights I shall never forget. Sid and I were together again and had a time hot enough to materialize any literary conceptions of hell we have ever held. However, we came through quite well, and are thankful to be out of it for a time. We may possibly have a rest for a week or two now."

The British army is certainly a great organization, although, of course, it might be improved. In the same respect, I hate militarism, but am glad to have had an active part in this struggle, and being a soldier by moral necessity, I am proud to belong to the Princess Pats. Unfortunately, in particular, are fine soldiers. Unfortunately, they are not so many of them left now, but many of their successors who have been with them a number of months have imbibed much of the spirit of the originals."

Acknowledges Gift.

Mrs. J. V. Anglin, Lancaster, has received the following self-explanatory letter:

No. 3 Canadian Stationary Hospital, To the Ladies in Charge of the Red Cross and Friends in St. John.

On receipt of your most generous gift of \$218.12 francs, I cabled: "Grateful acknowledgment received; desire to confirm the same by letters, as well as to more fully express my gratitude."

At any time it would have been a generous gift, but when I take into account the sacrifices already made by those who subscribed, their gift begins to assume its proper value. I am ever made to feel that the dispensing of the same cannot be less than a "sacred trust." I shall ever prize this voluntary effort as a token of trust and kindly feeling among fellow citizens.

I am a generous man, and I have deposited it in the Credit Lyonnais Bank, to be drawn upon as necessarily arises so long as I am in France, and it can be transferred whenever my duty may call.

The boys are deprived of every bit of comfort and appreciate and kind thought and action on their behalf. I wish you could get a glimpse of their courage, endurance and sturdy independence. However, we can see whether one's eyes moisten at seeing their sufferings, or at pride at their patient, manly endurance. Perhaps it is a compound cause.

The character of our patients changes. One day we get a lot of wounded from the South Africans, then Australians, and these again followed by those of the motherland—English, Scotch, Irish each in the order of their arrival. An adjacent exposition of spiritual life is the front. The letter follows:

"St. James the Apostle Day."

"My Dear Wardens,

"This is the patronal festival of our dear church, and I am thinking much of you all. I have kept the date here, and remembered all the loved ones at home, wondering where your second wind is. Lord, you haven't a notion whether you're hit or not."

"I felt that smack on my left wrist, along with a dozen other smacks of one sort or another, but I didn't know it was a wound for an hour or more."

"All you thought about was trying to keep your rifle muzzle up, and I guess

Temple of God when "two or three are gathered together" in His name. The passage in Genesis, where Jacob discovered a barren place to be the house of God and the gate of heaven, takes on a new meaning to us as we meet around our rude altars. Indeed, much of the Bible has been reinterpreted and many of its oldest and oft-forgotten chapters shine with a new light as we read them in these new circumstances. We have been particularly impressed with the apostolic-ness of Habakkuk to our present distress, and the dear familiar psalms have become our songs of hope today as the heart overflows with its cries to God. I think I could preach a new set of sermons on the old Book now—it has proved itself a rich treasury of spiritual consolation and strength.

Power of Sacrifice.

"The talk about the failure of Christianity seems to me the more foolish and ignorant as I move about my duties here. What is the cardinal central idea? Surely sacrifice! And is not the world now learning some of its redemptive power? We may have to change our conception of prayer, but there is little doubt that with the aid of its power, they are immensely helped by the thought that intercessions are being made daily for them at home. I have seen men's eyes fill with tears at the bare mention of the praying folk in far-away Canada. And how often do they ask for prayers when they are writing to loved ones at home! Every thought and loving sympathy, every cry of the soul Godward, every wish of good to those that are tragically cut off for the moment and here—all these help beyond the power of my pen to exaggerate. So struggle on, our dear friends, and keep strong the ties of spiritual life in St. James, for these bear men on towards victory and peace."

"Do you recall the incident in the Gospel for St. James' Day—the request of the two young men, the Master's question: 'Are ye able?' and their confident reply: 'We are able.' What appropriate it has today! Are we able to drink of the cup, to stand the long strain, to endure the long agony, to make the sacrifice necessary for victory? Are you able, my dear parishioners, to carry the burden, to share the cross, to continue to continue instant in prayer, to sweep with those who weep, to tarry at the altar until the Lord answers the prayer and gives unto the people the blessing of peace? I know your answer will be: 'We are able.' Let us name your name. So I take up my task cheerfully, and abide the hour when the dear Father leads me back again to my place in the parish and to my home in the reality."

"With dearest love to you all, very faithfully, your friend and rector,

"ALLAN P. SHATFORD."

British Army "Great."

Private Joe W. Bainbridge, of the 5th Private Company, Princess Pats., has written the following. He and his brother Sidney, whom he refers to as "Sid," were theological students in the Alberta Methodist College, Edmonton, and came out in December with a large number of their fellow students, to join the Pats' reinforcements. They are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bainbridge, of Carlisle, England. The boys made many friends during their time in the trenches. Their mother writes:

"I am sorry I cannot give you details of our doings, but secrecy is the only method for this work, and for this reason a strict censorship is put on all outgoing letters. Some of the boys, however, try to tell you a few things face to face."

"Since writing you a few weeks ago, we have experienced another term in the trenches. It is some time, believe me, that I'm lying around during much of each day. Separated from regular civilization by miles, in a devastated land, breathing an atmosphere akin to an upheaved cemetery, with whistling bombs and machine-gun and rifle causing trouble and grief most of the time, one feels that he has been in more congenial regions. It is a desolate panorama. I lost one of two friends, who meant much to me, in this time, and had experienced and saw sights I shall never forget. Sid and I were together again and had a time hot enough to materialize any literary conceptions of hell we have ever held. However, we came through quite well, and are thankful to be out of it for a time. We may possibly have a rest for a week or two now."



Austrian Crown Prince Carl, who, like the ancient king, has tried to make the Russian tide stand still—and with just as much success. He is in command of the Austrian forces in Galicia.

The Jews and the War

To the Editor of The Telegraph.

Sir,—Reading in The Telegraph a day or two ago of the appointment of Hon. E. S. Montagu to succeed Lloyd George as minister of munitions and how it must be gratifying to Jews as it must be beneficial to England's interests; and also being reminded in the same item that the Jews of the British Empire may take pride in the unique distinction they now hold among the Jewish peoples of the world—for now at the head of the world's greatest empire stand strikingly the figures of three Jews, the home secretary of England, the chief justice of England, and the new minister of munitions, Samuel, Isaac, Montagu respectively, a paragraph in Diarrail's Coningsby, by came to my mind. I read it again, and in the light of present day facts and circumstances it became increasingly interesting. The paragraph to which I refer says: "You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy, which so alarms Western Europe is organized and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of the Jews, who almost monopolize the professional chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of spiritual Christianity, and who is regius professor of divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Weil, the Arabic professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. But for the German professors of this race, their name is Legion. I think there are more than ten in Berlin alone."

When Diarrail won a seat in the house of commons Lord Melbourne accented him: "Well, Mr. Diarrail, what is your idea in entering parliament? What is your ambition?" The young Jew replied: "To be prime minister of England, my lord." He worked on until he won the coveted prize. Let us hear again what this Jew had to say about Jews:

"I told you just now I was going up to town tomorrow, because I always made it a rule to interpose when affairs of state were on the carpet. I hear of peace, and war, in newspapers, but I am never alarmed except when I am informed that the sovereigns want treasure, then I know that monarchs are serious. A few years back we were expelled by Russia from the court of St. Petersburg and my family, I had Dutch connections, which have generally supplied it, and our representations in favor of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most

NO COMBATANT RECRUITS WEDNESDAY; ONLY TWO MEN LEFT ON AMBULANCE CORPS

General High in Military Service Expected in St. John in a Few Days on Inspection Tour

Memorial Service for Departed Soldier at Long Reach—Start Recruiting for Foresters in Montreal—Officers Oppose Conscription—Only 50 of Princess Pat's Left—Other Military Items.

Thursday, Aug. 17.

The slump in enlistments that perturbed recruiting officials on Tuesday assumed a more depressing nature yesterday. Not one man was signed on for the combatant units and only two were enlisted with No. 3 Field Ambulance Corps. This was by far the most discouraging day experienced for some time and unless the situation is redeemed within the next few days the city will make an exceedingly poor showing in the provincial returns for the week. Two men made application at the Prince William street office yesterday but they were physically unfit. The American Legion has been without recruits for two days and on Monday the unit only got one man.

It is rumored that a general of high military authority in the dominion will be in the city during the course of a few days on a trip of inspection. It is said he will also visit other points in the province where soldiers are located and will then go to Nova Scotia.

Lieutenant-Colonel P. A. Guthrie, O. C. N. B. command, returned to the city yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Guthrie and children. Major and Mrs. C. G. Giggie were also with them on a motor trip to St. John from the capital. The party will return to Fredericton today.

Lieutenant-F. E. Groves, A. A. G. N. B. command, returned yesterday from St. Andrews where he inspected the records and accounts of the 4th Pioneer Battalion.

Sergeant I. D. Appally of Petticoe was in the city yesterday and he is to go before a medical board. He has not yet been able to return to the front. The time spent in convalescence may soon fit him to return to duty.

Two carloads of clothing were sent yesterday by Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Anderson, ordnance officer, N. B. command, for the members of the 26thth Kiltie Battalion at Fredericton.

Today a party of 140th men who have been at home for some days on furlough will return to Valcartier under Sergeant Major J. H. McWilliam, who has been instructor at Halifax. It is expected will soon be sent to Fredericton to instruct the Kilties. Sergeant Major Ford of Halifax, who is at present instructing the 4th Pioneers at St. Andrews will soon return to Aldershot, where he was formerly one of the chief instructors.

Memorial Service at Long Reach.

A memorial service was held at St. James' church, Long Reach, on Sunday afternoon last in memory of Private Irven Long, who was killed on June 27. The church was crowded, many being unable to find seats. The service was conducted by Rev. Henry Waterton, rector of Kingston, who preached from the text 2 Tim. 4: "I have fought a good fight. In the course of the sermon the rector spoke of the late soldier, his having enlisted in the 14th Battalion, being one of the first to go from Kingston parish. He left home on August 15, 1914, and went to Valcartier in October. From there he went to England and was sent to France in April, 1915. Private Long was there fourteen months and was wounded at the battle of Langle-marck. He recovered and returned to the firing line. He was reported missing on June 8, killed in action on June 27. The clergyman expressed the sympathy of the congregation for the parents of the departed hero, both of whom are above eighty years of age. They were present at the service.

The church was draped with flags and a photograph of the departed soldier was draped and placed beneath the pulpit. The hymns sung were Nearer My God to Thee, Forever With the Lord, Fight the Good Fight, and Abide With Me. The dead march was played at the close of the service.

Recruiting Foresters.

Recruiting for the 242nd Overseas Foresters' Battalion started on Monday in Montreal. The officers have been selected from the ranks of Canada and already include six who have seen service in the present war.

Only Fifty "Pats" Left.

Fifty original members of the Princess Patricia's Regiment are still fighting, according to the statement of Sergeant-Major Samuel Peterson, D. C. M., with Sergt-Major J. McKay, also an original "Pat," in Ottawa.

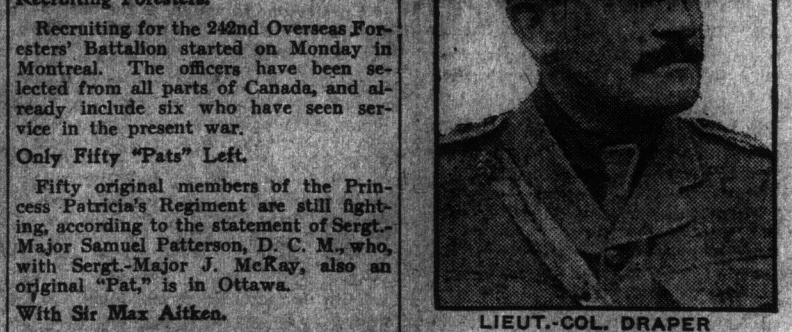
With Sir Max Aitken.

Honorary Lieut. Ltms. of the unattached reserve of the Canadian forces, has become attached to Sir Max Aitken's London staff, with rank of honorary captain, without pay or allowance, according to official announcement made in London.

Colonel Draper joined the 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles as captain, and was soon promoted to major. When the officer in command of the regiment, Lieut.-Col. H. G. Baker, was killed in action in the first week of the recent drive in France, Col. Draper took command. Col. Draper was wounded and awarded the D.S.O. for his conduct in action.

A number of Montrealers were in the 8th C.M.F., which was recruited at Sherbrooke, Que. Among them, W. G. Cuttle, of Westmount, has been awarded the Military Medal.

Mabel—Was your husband a success? Gladys—Yes, indeed; the minister will have cause to be grateful. Mabel—How much were the profits? Gladys—Nothing. The expenses were more than the receipts. But ten of us got engaged, and the minister is in for a good thing in wedding fees—Stray Stories.



LIEUT.-COL. DRAPER AWARDED THE D.S.O.

King George Spends Week at Front

With the British Army in France, via London, Aug. 15, 7 p. m.—King George has been at the front for a week. He left today for England, and his departure was the first information that the majority of the troops had of his presence. As a matter of precaution, the visit was kept a secret, and there was no display or big reviews, as on the occasion of his visit last fall.

The Prince of Wales was with the king all of the time. The monarch was dressed in khaki, with the crossed batons of a field marshal on his shoulders, and the prince wore the uniform of a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. Neither wore any decorations, and but for their features, they were immediately recognized everywhere; they might have been taken for two of a party of officers making a round of inspection.

A dramatic moment occurred as the king was walking across a field swept by a British charge. He came to a grave at the bottom of a shell crater with a cross bearing the inscription: "Unknown British Soldier." Both the king and the prince halted and saluted the cross.

When the king visited the men of the Scottish division, which had seen such desperate fighting at Deville or "Devil's Wood," the survivors of the South Africans gave him their usual war cry. He managed to see something of all kinds of the soldiers fighting under the British flag, from the Scotch, English and Irish, to the troops from overseas.

General Joffre came over from his headquarters, and President Poincaré came from Paris to take lunch with King George and St. Douglas Haig. On Sunday morning King George junched with King Albert of the Belgians. Throughout the week a moving picture man was doing his best to keep up with the king, while the diffident Prince of Wales was noticeably proficient in slipping out of the picture just as the operator began turning the crank. Not the least of the many scenes with dramatic appeal during the king's visit was that on the quay when the king landed. He was received by a guard of honor from a battalion of the King's Royal Rifles, 75 per cent of whom had been wounded.

London, Aug. 15, 8:45 p. m.—After his visit to the front, King George today issued a general order to the army in France expressing his appreciation of the splendid condition and cheerful confidence of all ranks, and, through personal visits to the scenes of later desperate struggles, his understanding of the demands made upon the courage of the men and the physical endurance required to assault and capture positions prepared during the past two years, which were stoutly defended to the last.

GUSTAV A. KUHRING, Capt. and Chaplain, No. 8 C. S. H.

A New Blood-Food Has Been Discovered That Works Wonders

SAID TO PUT NEW LIFE INTO PEOPLE THAT ARE RUN-DOWN.

For years doctors have been searching for a combination that would enable them to inject into thin blood the elements it lacks, and create one week's use of this wonderful blood-food will prove how nourishing and strengthening and flesh-building the treatment is.

Just think of it—Perrozene uplifts the entire nervous system, removes the blood, makes it rich and red, gives a sort of aid that's needed in throwing off weakness and languor.

Tens of thousands enjoy the advantages of renewed health through Perrozene—If you'll only use it, you'll surely grow strong too; its beneficial action is noticed even in a week. You see it goes right to work, removes the causes of the trouble and then quickly makes a cure.

For those who sleep poorly and have nervous appetites, Perrozene is a boon; it is a specialist in such cases.

Where there is paleness, poor appetite and languor, Perrozene makes the patient feel like new in a few days.

In "tiredness, nerve exhaustion, spring fever and debility, the power of Perrozene is known from coast to coast and universally used with grand results.

Let Perrozene build you up, let it win you back to robust health—it will do so quickly if you give it the chance. Sold by all druggists for 25c per box or six boxes for \$2.50. Remember the name Perrozene.

Perrozene is a combination of iron, phosphorus, and other elements that are essential for the health of the blood. It is a powerful tonic and is used by millions of people all over the world. It is a safe and effective remedy for a wide variety of ailments, including anemia, weakness, and nervousness. It is a true blood-builder and is highly recommended by medical professionals.

CHIPMAN

Chipman, Aug. 14—Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Richardson and daughter, Margaret, are spending the week in Halifax, guests of Mrs. F. Lawson and Miss Ida White, who have been guests at the Chipman House for some time, returned to their homes in St. John this week.

Miss Ida Hay is spending some time at the Cove, with Mr. and Mrs. P. Farris.

Mrs. Jas. Hennessy and Miss Laura Hennessy are visiting relatives in the village.

Miss Eva Hutchinson spent the week with friends in St. John.

Miss Maude LaFerry, Miss Rose Martin and Miss Mildred Meredith, of Boston, are spending a few weeks here with Mr. and Mrs. John McInnis.

Mr. W. Orchard for a few weeks, returned to St. John on Monday.

A party of girls, among whom were Miss Vera King, Miss Margaret Porter, Miss Marie Hay, Miss Margaret Price and Miss Helen Baird, chartered by Mrs. G. K. White, a most delightful week camping out at "Kamp Kamford."

Mrs. Phillip Eastman and her brother, P. Fraser, of Milford (Me.), are visiting Mrs. J. C. Fraser.

Curtis Langdon, who has been in British Columbia for several years, returned home this week.

Miss Annabel McCollum, and little Miss Marion MacDonald are spending a week with friends in St. John.

Miss Sadie Langin, of Boston, is spending her vacation with her mother, Mrs. J. Langin.

Miss Kathleen Blizard, St. John, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Orchard.

Miss M. G. Langin, who was a guest of Miss McCollum, returned to her home in St. John on Thursday.

Friends here were interested to hear of the marriage at Lynn (Mass.), on (Continued on page 7, sixth column).