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ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1916.

"We are fighting for a worthy purpose, and we shall not lay down our arms until that purpose has been fully achieved."—H.M. The King.
TO THE PEOPLE OF THE EMPIRE—Every fighting unit we can send to the front means one step nearer peace.

OFFICERS AND APPOINTMENTS.

In his excellent book, "The First Hundred Thousand," Ian Hay devotes a chapter to a somewhat humorous description of the system prescribed by the Olympian Deities in control of the war office. This description is excellent—which is natural in a novel—but at the same time it conveys to the reader a reasonable impression of what may be expected through the red tape prevailing.

What is said of the War Office in Britain is equally true of the Militia Department in Canada. In the conduct of a great war Canada plays a somewhat important part and in the administration of this department, little though it may be, there are many details which require careful attention. Also in the administration it is impossible that every person in Canada interested in the war should be satisfied, and equally impossible that officers, directing the affairs of the department should be able to give their attention to every individual request made.

The Militia Department at Ottawa is deluged with requests from officers, or would-be officers, for service at the front. In the earlier days of the war it is true that there was a very marked demand for qualified officers, and those who were qualified were sent forward as speedily as exigencies of the service demanded and as the facility of transportation permitted. During the latter months, as has been noted by press despatches and other reports from England and from the front, it is apparent that there have been in England many officers who have not found to their hand opportunities awaiting them such as their merits would require. There are at the present time in Canada and in England more than two thousand qualified officers who have nothing or very little to do, and who are waiting opportunity for appointment to positions in active service which will enable them to fulfill the duties to which they were called on enlistment.

Many battalions from Canada have been needed for reinforcing purposes at the front. They have necessarily had to be broken up in England, and this has left a surplus of senior officers there, many of whom are of excellent capacity. Again, battalions are expected to go overseas at the strength of practically 1,140. This is the number which constitutes a full battalion, and which calls for a full list of battalion officers. Owing to the accommodation of senior officers on the other side, it is not feasible to send battalions that have been unable to recruit up to strength with more than the proportionate number of officers, and the military authorities at Ottawa, with regret, have had to reduce the establishment before sailing overseas.

At the present time there are upwards of two thousand qualified officers without employment. This includes men who have already seen service and others. Service in the militia entitles them to consideration in capacities in which they have previously been employed. There is also this fact to consider, that many very fine young men who have gone to the front as privates have naturally been looking forward to promotion, and they as well as commissioned officers overseas desire the earliest opportunities of appointments. Altogether the matter of appointments or promotions is a difficult one for the consideration of the militia department at Ottawa, and so far no really satisfactory solution of the problem has presented itself.

There are on file in Ottawa hundreds of applications from men who want commissions, some of whom have been invalided home, and others who have not yet been overseas, as well as those who have served in inferior rank and believe they are entitled to some favorable consideration. As a matter of fact all the regiments now on service are fully officered, and there are thousands waiting in Canada and in England who have very little to do, and who are maintained in the hope that opportunities for active employment may be afforded before very long. The Militia Department, from an economic standpoint, very properly objects to giving positions to men if those positions involve no work or if the men cannot be of service. Commissions in new battal-

ions are given as a rule on the recommendation of the officers commanding these battalions, and the few opportunities afforded to others than those so recommended are given on the merits of the men who have already seen service.

In view of these conditions, Canadian officers who have qualified but have not yet received appointments would be well advised to cultivate patience or, better still, avail themselves of the first opportunity that offers to serve their country. To complain or criticize will not avail for the existing situation is one that cannot be remedied except by time.

MAP MAKING.

The remaining months of 1916 are likely to witness momentous events in the Near East, including the elimination of Bulgaria as a factor in the world war and the complete check-mating of Germany's ambitious Oriental policy.

Already some of the newspapers are publishing maps showing the probable division of Turkey in the war settlement. One of these gives Turkey in Europe (embracing Constantinople and Adrianople), also Greater and Lesser Armenia (the latter embracing the Gulf of Alexandretta, in the Mediterranean), to Russia. This would give Russia two new windows on the sea, by Cyprus, which faces the Gulf of Alexandretta, is now in the possession of the British, she could not use her ports there for any extensive naval enterprise. The division further gives Syria to France, Mesopotamia to Great Britain, Kivia and Rhodes to Italy and Smyrna to Italy or Greece. Persia is divided into Russian and British spheres, the latter embracing the Gulf of Persia. Turkey, in this division, is confined to a comparatively small part of Asia Minor.

Of course it is unlikely that the Allied plans have been divulged to any of the map makers but such a dismemberment of the Sultan's empire as outlined above would pretty effectively dispose of Turkey and would utterly blast all German hopes of establishing an Oriental Empire in that part of the world.

Russia, apparently, is to get the lion's share of the divided territory, but France, in addition to Syria, will have her provinces of Alsace and Lorraine restored to her, while Italy will get the Trentino from Austria.

Great Britain would also be recompensed by the extension of her sphere of influence which would make the Persian Gulf virtually a British sea and further safeguard her interests in India. She would also naturally benefit most largely in the settlement in regard to Germany's African possessions, or such of them as may not be restored.

"The Retreat from Mons," by Major A. Corbett-Smith, R.F.A. (Cassell 3s. 6d., net.)

Mons!

It sounds a very long time ago. Lifetimes of suspense, of doubt, and of hope have been lived through since those days of the Great Retreat. It is well that they should be recalled to us, and re-called as they are by Major Corbett-Smith in this human, moving narrative, this series of glimpses into the blood and welter of one of the great heroic epochs of our history.

Where can you rival the human foolishness of this beautiful little incident?—

One man, at least, I knew (I never learned his name) who, at the tears of two tiny mites, clambered into the ruins of a burning outhouse, then being shelled, to fetch something they wanted, he could not understand what. He found a terror-stricken cat and brought it out safely. No, not pussy, something else as well. Back he went again, and after a little search discovered on the floor in a corner a wicker cage, in it a blackbird. Yes, that was it. And oh, the joy of the girl mite at finding it still alive!

"Well, you see, sir," he said afterwards, "I've got two kiddies—the image of them. And it was no trouble, anyway."

How They Came In.

The retreat was far from an orderly procession. "You picture, perhaps, the various units retreating along routes carefully assigned by skilled staff officers," says Major Corbett-Smith. This is the reality as it occurred in one village:—

Four soldiers—two Scots, a Dorset, and a Bedford man—black with grime, three days' growth of beard, hollow-eyed, and limping painfully, appeared in front of Pierre, and asked where they were to go. A captain of the Guards riding a tired farm horse, with a colonel walking by his side, one hand on the horse's flank, came behind, and, tackling the A.S.C. captain, asked for something to eat.

"We've been on the trudge for twelve hours," said the colonel, "and could get nothing. No one knows where any one is. The regiment? Badly cut up last night and all scattered, heaven knows where."

Later in the night more troops straggled in:—

Here marches a battalion of the Guards. Two days ago it went into action perhaps 1,100 strong. Uncover your head once again as it passes, for these men, too have looked death in the face.

At the head there paces slowly an ammunition mule. On it, wearing a peasant's slouch hat, with breeches cut off above the knees, and with left arm held close by a rough bandage, rides the colonel. Count the men as they march past in fours: 80, 120, 160, 180, 220. No, that is the next regiment you are counting in. Just 200! That is the tale of them.

Blackened by dust and powder bearded, breeches cut short like those of their commanding officer, the few puttees that are left to them wrapped round their feet for boots—otherwise bits of sack or cloth, bloody bandages round heads or arms, some with hats like the colonel's, most with none at all, slowly they limp by. And as they pass, the A.S.C. drivers silently offer such biscuits or bread as they have. God, how they wolf the food!

The colonel turns round on his "charmer," and in a hoarse shout:—"Battalion! Tention! Pull yourselves together, ladies! A French village!"

The clink of rifles coming to the slope runs down the ranks. The fours line by magic as the men straighten themselves; it is a new regiment, marching into action, which the French villages see pass before them.

The Last Defender.

The strange tale of St. Quentin, never fully told yet, is touched on by Major Corbett-Smith:—

It was a little curious in St. Quentin—the attitude of the inhabitants. No one seemed to take any interest in the British movements, and certainly no one appeared to bother himself one atom about the German approach. St. Quentin is a big garrison town, with fine open places and streets, excellent shops and stately buildings, and the wealth of the place must be great. Yet there was never a hint of an exodus, and the people accepted the whole situation with astonishing sang froid. I believe that when the Germans did arrive a little later in the day, they surrounded the town and marched in from all sides at once, to find that actually every enemy opposed by one British soldier. This man had got lost or left behind in a house, and now turned out with his rifle to defend the town. The German division had to open fire with a machine gun upon the gallant lad before he fell, face to the enemy, riddled with bullets. The war can have witnessed few more remarkable episodes.

There is also the legend of the great motor-omnibus charge against the advancing Germans—a legend that Maj. Corbett-Smith cruelly demolishes. He tells us, however, that some sixty-odd lorries did actually enter themselves after the mix-up at Estrees:—

The park was, however, actually lost for nearly a week. They had vanished as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed them. They were eventually heard of by the merest accident, when a sergeant came in to one of the towns on the line of retreat to get provisions. But even then they could not be found, for the sergeant had gone again without leaving his address. So for days staff officers scoured the country in swift cars and thus the park was eventually run to earth. No one was more surprised than the C.O. to hear that he had been lost. They had not seen a single German, and they had had such a jolly time, thank you, seeing the pretty country.

No Muddle.

One other legend he demolishes also—the legend of British muddling when beginning any undertaking. He de-

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Little Benny's Note Book

Ma made catsup yesterday, boiling it in the wash boiler and small-grate, and us fellows was setting out on the front steps enjoying the smell, and my cousin Artie sed, Lets have a sniffing perrade, lets wawk up the front steps and down the back and out agen, going sniff sniff, sniff, sniff, like a fife and drum core.

Being a pritty good idee, and we all got up and started to do it, being 5 of us, marching up the front steps in Indian file and down the back steps into the dining room, going sniff sniff, sniff sniff sniff, sniff sniff, sniff sniff, all the way, doing it louder the neerer we got to the catsup and the better it smelled, and wen we got into the dining room ma looked out of the kitchen door, saying, Benny, wat is this? A sniffing perrade, I sed.

Well is it over? sed ma.

Yes mam, I sed, and ma sed, Its a good thing for you, now take all those boys rite out agen.

Wich I did, and we sat on the front steps agen, and pritty soon Skinny Martin sed, I know a good one, lets play board of helth and ring the bell and tell your mother she cant use the catsup on account of sumthing being in it. Skinny being the board of helth officer on account of it being his idee, and he pulled his cap away down over his nose and turned his coat collar up and rang the bell and ma came out, saying, Well? well?

I represent the board of helth and you cant use that catsup, sed Skinny.

Well I never, sed ma.

We have bin notified that a dead mule fell into it, and you cant use it, sed Skinny.

Benny, you either come into the house immedittly or take all those boys on sumbody eles steps, sed ma.

So we all went and sat on Puds Simkinses steps.

scribes very fully the departure of the Expeditionary Force, and gives the following instances of good organization:—

I believe it is a fact that every train left five minutes ahead of its scheduled time. The London and South-Western Railway was given sixty hours in which to send to Southampton 350 troop-trains. They did it in forty-five hours.

Outside the dock gates (at Avonmouth), by all the approach roads leading to the little town, there were streaming in hundreds upon hundreds of great motor-lorries.

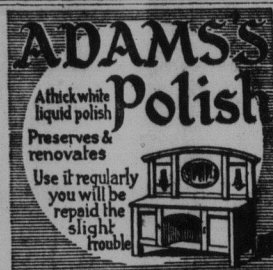
From all parts of England and Scotland dozens were arriving every hour. The organization of it! Here was the third or fourth day from mobilization, and there were a couple of thousand ready for transportation.

An A.S.C. motor transport unit was detailed to embark upon a certain ship. Next day's sailing had been given to the C.O. The lorries were driven to the dock-side and were just being got on board. The embarkation officer, who was standing quietly by, suddenly informed the C.O. that his ship was not that one but another due to sail from another dock.

The C.O. had barely time in which to get his lorries across, and the ship sailed the moment all was reported clear.

An incident trivial enough, and how un-English it seemed at the time. But after the secret landing of the 9th Army Corps at Smyrna, and the subsequent evacuation of Gallipoli, it would appear that we have nothing to learn in the art of ruse.

Major Corbett-Smith promises us further books on the war. If they are as human, as graphic and as unpretentious as "The Retreat from Mons" they will be more than welcome.



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Accident at Long Wharf.

George Ramsey, of Brussels street, while assisting in unloading the steamer Frieda at Long wharf, yesterday morning, was struck on the head by a bucket, and received a bad scalp wound. He was taken to the General Public Hospital and is being detained there, but it was stated by the hospital authorities last night that his injuries are not serious.

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