

SERBIANS SMASH BULGAR SECOND LINE, IN MACEDONIA

THE GREAT HEART OF INDIA IS ABSOLUTELY LOYAL TO EMPIRE

Y. M. C. A. Man Who Has Labored in India for Seven Years Delivers Interesting Address to Local Business Men—The Y.M.C.A. Work in the Indian Army.

Murray A. Brooks of the International Y.M.C.A. committee, arrived in the city yesterday and will leave tonight for Halifax. He is making a tour of the eastern provinces in the interests of the foreign work of the Y.M.C.A., particularly of the work in India where he has labored for seven years.

Yesterday at noon a luncheon was held at which about thirty representative business and professional men of the city were present and listened with great interest to the message which Mr. Brooks brought, not only of the work of the organization he represents but of the loyalty of the people of India to the British Empire.

"The heart of India is absolutely loyal to the British Crown," were the words of Mr. Brooks, on the subject of India and the war.

He said that of course there were some persons in India who had their private grudge against the government and tried to stir up trouble, but that class of person existed in every country and he understood that we had a few of them even in Canada.

As more truly representing the feeling of the people of India for the Empire he read the following extract from a letter which he had recently received from a friend of his, an Indian college student:

"Two days ago we had news that our fellows at the front have been recommended for some distinction. R. Aluwhare Halangoda and Runga Halangoda carried medals across No Man's Land when his company were advancing into a new position; some five or six men who went with him were killed, but Halangoda escaped with a wound. A spoon he carried in his haversack turned the bullet or piece of shell and it passed through a safe part of his body.

Rudra was in some of the hardest fighting and so was Aluwhare. Aluwhare kept on working his machine gun after his second wound; the third one put him out of action and he managed to crawl back to a dressing station.

"Poor Frank Drieberg was killed in this action; that was the saddest news we have had at college. Frank was a great friend of many of us, and we never felt the tragedy of this war so acutely as when he heard this sad news. Drieberg was also recommended for distinction and his parents will doubtless get the decoration whatever it is.

"The Driebergs have taken the blow with great courage; they do not regret that they sent Frank to the front."

Speaking of the army work of the association in India Mr. Brooks said: When war broke out they had only one army secretary in India, today they had over 100 on the Indian staff, including 12 in France, over 50 in Mesopotamia, and 20 in British East Africa, doing work among the Hindus and Mohammedan troops. The first Y. M. C. A. secretaries who were given permission by Lord Kitchener to work in France were from India.

The leader of the secretaries in Mesopotamia was a Canadian, a son of Canon Dixon of Toronto, who had worked so hard during the intense heat of the summer—the thermometer standing at over 130 all the time—that he is now in hospital in India fighting for his life.

When the war started the treasury of the association was empty but as soon as an appeal was made for work among non-Christian troops who were going to fight the battles of the Empire subscriptions began to pour in not only from the missionaries, Christian business men, and government officials but also from the Hindu Marajahs, Rajahs and native Mohammedan rulers and recently nearly \$200,000 had been collected in India for the army work of the Y.M.C.A.

TAKE STRONG VILLAGE IN 15 MINUTES

French Infantrymen Lose no Time in Capturing Important Stronghold of Saillies-Saillisel.

AIRMEN BIG FACTOR IN THE VICTORY.

Victory Gave French Command of Five Miles of the Bapaume Road—Hun Artillery Fire Ineffective.

(From a Staff Correspondent of the Associated Press.)

With the French Army near Comblès, via Chantilly, Oct. 19.—Fifteen minutes of infantry fighting proved sufficient for the French army to capture the strong position of Saillies-Saillisel from the Germans, and to give the Allies command of five miles of the Bapaume road.

The Allies' air mastery deprived the Germans of their eyes; consequently the German artillery fire was ineffective, both in an endeavor to destroy the opposing batteries and in an effort to prevent reinforcement and supplies from reaching the attacking forces through a curtain of fire.

The Associated Press correspondent watched the fight from beginning to end from a hill near Comblès. The fire from the British and French guns had continued for a long time. The infantry officers had synchronized their watches, and were ordered to deliver the attack exactly at 11:45 o'clock. The moment arrived; the range of the artillery, which had been battering Saillies-Saillisel, was increased a few hundred yards; the infantry men's heads appeared over the parapets; then, in dashes, the men covered the short open space, throwing grenades, and within a quarter of an hour rockets sent up showed the airmen observing from the clouds that the position had been won.

Germans Shoot Wide of Mark. The airmen flew rapidly to the Field Commandant headquarters to take back the news. Meanwhile hundreds of German cannon opened a double curtain of fire, trying to locate the routes leading toward Saillies. The shells dropped often wide of their mark, except in Comblès, which sustained the heaviest kind of fire for several hours. Then the Germans tried to silence the French and British batteries, but their practice was so poor that the Allied gunners were able to continue their work uninteruptedly.

The Germans had announced that Saillies-Saillisel was impregnable, in an order to troops, and its rapid capture therefore came as somewhat of a surprise to the Allied commanders. One Bavarian and two Prussian divisions participated in the defense, showing the importance of the position. Despite this the French advanced even further, occupying also the shoulders of two hills to the northeast and northwest of the village, giving them virtual control of any counter-attack from the strongly organized positions of Saillies-Saillisel.

It is told that the Germans have made powerful positions at Le Transloy and Saint Pierre Vaast Wood, which intercommunicate by means of deep subterranean tunnels, affording shelter to thousands of men and providing for their rapid transfer in security from place to place.

These tunnels, it is said, have narrow railroad for the transportation of machine guns with ammunition, to cleverly concealed exits, under which elevators bring the gun crews and their supplies to the surface, or permit them to descend and make their way to other positions with the greatest rapidity.

SERBS CAPTURE BROD AFTER HEAVY FIGHTING

Drive Enemy from Surrounding Heights and Also Capture Another Village—Bulgars Retreating with Serbians in Pursuit.

WITH SERBIAN ARMY IN SALONIKI

(Manchester Guardian.) Saloniki, September 7.—Though my first contact with the Serbian army in Saloniki had convinced me that it had made a marvellous recovery since I had last seen it in Albania after the great retreat, I was anxious to come into touch with the army in the field. I could see that the thousands of Serbian officers and men thronging the streets of Salonika had recovered their former strength and energy, but I wanted to see if this apparent return to efficiency stood the strain of actual service at the front.

I therefore left Saloniki four days ago with a Russian colleague for the Serbian position in the fighting line. We travelled first by train to Karasouli, trundling along at about six or seven miles an hour, which seems to constitute express speed in war-time. The country is parched and treeless, thanks to the ruthless deforestation of the former Turkish masters. The train ran between a succession of rolling hills up toward the mountains forming a blue line on the horizon. On all sides military camps could be seen, and round all stations were piled immense quantities of war stores of every kind, which endless lines of army transport wagons were conveying in every direction. It was pitch-dark by the time we reached Karasouli, where we had to stop some hours awaiting a train for Goumendzi, a station about twelve miles further up the line and at present rail-head. At Goumendzi an Army Service wagon was awaiting us to convey us to the headquarters of the army.

The first thing I noted was that the ox-drawn transport of the Serbian army is gone. It is now replaced by up-to-date transport wagons of French construction. The "honorary" or transport drivers, no longer wear their russet-brown peasant clothes, but are clothed in brand-new uniforms, khaki, according to whether they were made in France or England. This may make for efficiency, but it robs the Serbian army of its picturesque quality. The change has, of course, increased the mobility of King Peter's army, as its marching pace was formerly necessarily that of its ox-drawn artillery and transport—that is to say, about two to two and a half miles an hour.

The country had now become very mountainous, and our wagon climbed slope after slope till we reached the army headquarters. These were delightfully situated in a small, shady wood, which gave protection both against the heat of the sun and the enterprise of Bulgarian airmen. After a cup of tea with the officers of the staff, we resumed our upward climb and about midday reached the camp of a cavalry regiment installed at an altitude of about 4,500 feet. The tents were pitched among the clumps of trees clothing the summit, and were admirably screened from observation. Here we lunched, and the colonel having just put horses at our disposal, we rode across the mountains to the village where the headquarters of the division were.

"The Road to Serbia." The road along which we rode, like most of those we had been over the day, was a new one, constructed by the Serbian army. It is 17 miles long, and was constructed in twelve days by the 1st Regiment. The men had evidently worked with an enthusiasm of which we found an explanation when half-way to our destination. This was a huge bonfire, painted white, on which was the inscription, "The Road to Serbia—constructed by the 1st Regiment." A few miles away was the cloud-capped mountain range beyond which lies their beloved Fatherland. The thought that every spadeful of earth was bringing them nearer their stricken country had evidently fired the men with patriotic energy.

At the divisional headquarters we were received with true Serbian hospitality. Among the officers of the staff I met many old friends I had not seen since I left Scutari eight months ago. It only required a few minutes' conversation with them to realize that the Serbian army had recovered all its military virtues. All were convinced of the coming victory, and were impatient for the hour to strike for the great offensive all along the line. During dinner the colonel commanding the division, one of the ablest soldiers in Serbia, explained to me the position. His division was on the right of the French and British forces which were operating in the direction of Lake Doiran. His action was necessarily subordinated to the progress of these operations.

There was little doubt, he informed me, that a certain amount of demoralization was beginning to be visible among the Bulgarians. Their attacks were less vigorous and were seldom pushed home with their former energy. Desertions were also numerous.

It was noticed that they no longer dared to send out patrols of four to five men. If they did they would probably not come back. Their patrols consisted always of 15 to 25 men, the Bulgarian commander evidently thinking that they would watch one another and that an understanding would be more difficult to reach, between 25 men than between five.

Another example of Bulgarian methods was seen in their treatment of the inhabitants of the village of Nante, situated about six miles from where we were and just behind the Bulgarian lines. The inhabitants of this village are Turks. The Bulgarians began by disarming the whole population. They then selected a number of men whom they ordered to go out to reconnoitre the Serbian lines. If they did not come back or if they failed to bring information the hostages were shot. These unfortunate spies against their will were between the devil and deep sea. If they were caught in the Serbian lines they would be shot on sight; if they returned without information the Serbian awaited them at the hands of the Bulgarians.

The Bulgarian artillery ammunition, the colonel informed me, was not as good as formerly. Fully 8 per cent of the shells failed to explode. Whether this was due to over-hasty manufacture or a shortage of skilled labor in the munition factories he did not know. Though there was no evidence of an actual shortage of ammunition, the Serbians had the impression that the Bulgarians were hoarding their supplies and that they confined their fire within the strictly necessary limits.

The following morning at half-past five we mounted to accompany the colonel commanding the division on his daily visit of inspection to the Serbian lines. On account of the altitude on which we were the temperature before sunrise was distinctly chilly, and we were glad to push forward at a sharp trot toward the Bulgarian position. It was a steady climb nearly all the way. The colonel informed me that the Serbians during the night had carried the village of Loundzi and a line of Bulgarian trenches at the point of the bayonet.

When we reached the summit, in the centre of the Serbian line, a magnificent panorama burst upon our view. In front of us the Mala Rupa towered to the clouds, its precipitous sides masses of grey rock denuded of any trace of vegetation. To the right ran a succession of smaller mountains—the Skrada, Legen, the Gouchet Balkan, and the hill above the village of Ghevghel, which marked the limit of the Serbian line and where the Franco-British lines began. Right in front of us lay the village of Nante, which the colonel told me he was going to attack at dawn the following morning.

October Strawberries. Ralph Coleman, news agent on the C.P.R., picked a bunch of strawberries at Wolford on Wednesday. This is unusually late for the delicate fruit. The fruit showed no effects of the cold weather.

Local Man Bags Forest Monarch. Garfield Snyder of Hawthorne Ave. has been spending a few days at Nerepis on a hunt for game. He was successful in bagging a good-sized specimen of the moose family, and will return to the city today with his prize.

Arrested for Assault. George School was arrested on a warrant by Detectives Barrett and Briggs yesterday afternoon, and is charged with assault. He obtained his liberty by leaving a deposit of twenty dollars for his appearance in the police court this morning.

KEEP GERMANS FROM BALKANS

British and French Operations on Somme Prevent Teutons Sending Men Against Rumania.

London, Oct. 19.—The Germans on the Somme front are being prevented from sending men to aid in the Austro-German attack against Rumania, according to Major-General F. B. Maurice, chief director of military operations of the war office, who today discussed with the American correspondents the objectives of the Anglo-French offensive.

This provides a temporary feature of the Entente's objective in the west, as the Entente commanders feel that while the situation in Rumania cannot be considered a crisis it is serious, and that the best assistance the western armies can give is to prevent, as they have done thus far, the despatch of any reinforcements to General Von Falkenhayn.

General Maurice declared that Bapaume and Peronne cannot be considered objectives, in the usual sense of that term. The capture of these cities, he said, may be expected as a result of the present offensive, but their fall could not be called a decisive feature of the operations.

It is planned to drive such a wedge into the German lines that attacks can be made in three directions against the expanded battle front.

Ultimately it is hoped to carry these advances so far that a breaking point will result. The Germans, said General Maurice, may shorten their lines before this happens, but such an outcome is always kept in view by the Entente staffs in planning future advances.

NORTH SHORE LAD SHOT. Newcastle, Oct. 19.—Lance Gulliver, of Douglstown, a boy of 15, son of Mrs. Clarke Gulliver, accidentally shot his brother, Karl, aged 13, with a 22-calibre rifle yesterday afternoon. Lance was cleaning the rifle and his brother was making a ram-rod a few feet away when the weapon was discharged, the bullet entering the abdomen on the right side.

Dr. McGrath of Newcastle attended the injured lad and had him removed to the Miramichi hospital where where the X-ray was applied. The boy's condition is serious.

Goes to Quebec. Major Good, G. S. O. of the New Brunswick Command and formerly of the 140th Battalion, C.E.F., has been given a special appointment at St. Agathe, Quebec.

OBITUARY. Arthur L. Palmer. The death of Arthur L. Palmer took place suddenly from apoplexy yesterday at Campbellton, where he was in the employ of the Shives Lumber Company. He was a son of Ada L. and the late C. A. Palmer of this city, but has resided for some time at Campbellton. He was about thirty-five years of age and unmarried. He is survived by his mother who lives here but is at present in Campbellton, having left for there Wednesday evening when she heard of his illness. His mother is the only near relative surviving him. The body will be brought here for interment.

Canadians Important Cog in Britain's Great War Machine on Somme

(Continued from page 1) Allies Dominate Air. In this respect the British and French domination is almost absolute. Here all day long we watch our planes circling above our heads. Closely they come and go, with speed and alertness of engines; far off they seem to hang a flight of five or six, occasionally a flight of five or more planes, intent upon some special mission, go over high up and disappear into the distant mist. So rarely do the German machines appear that some men who have been here daily for a month have not seen a single one.

The Canadian corps is only a unit in the great drama. Its movements depend not upon its own volubility but upon the intricate web of the great scheme of battle. Let any essential portion be checked in its allotted task, and a rearrangement of the whole fabric must be made.

The ultimate aim is never lost sight of. The mesh may be reweoven again and again, but the same grim intention remains. There is an inexorable purpose apparent in all this confusion in the forward areas where so many units come and go, where khaki figures, lumbering lorries, cars and carts move along the road, where bare, rolling plains and valleys are alive with the ceaseless restlessness of a multitude, and where, from innumerable unexpected placements, there is a constant flash and din of artillery fire. Yet in reality everything is the most ordered perfection to the smallest degree; every movement is ordained and co-ordinated. Behind it all lies the directing control of the military organization, and behind that again the will of a great people.

Canada Playing Its Part. In this mighty organism the Canadian army is playing its part. It has taken and given its share of blows. This battle has nowhere a counterpart for the slow, small grinding of the military machine. Never has human agency controlled such engines of destruction, nor has war ever so profoundly impressed itself upon the face of nature. No plague could be more ruthless, no natural blight more devastating. This is a region of contrast even for the heavy-troled infantry, who must march from one place to another.

One day they may billet in a snug French village, with its shady trees and its gardens bright with roses; the next they will plod along the straight white roads, marked by the regular rows of poplars on either side. Stretching as far as the eye may follow are the undulating plains, all so carefully cultivated as the best kept kitchen garden at home.

Fields are only distinguished by the difference of the crop, or the direction of the furrows. There are no fences, there are no waste places, there are no ragged groves, no idle clumps of trees on half-cleared land. Every inch of earth does its patient happy labor; every tree grows for a purpose; cattle do not wander aimlessly, they are pegged in a field of rich fodder, and each may only eat its allotted share. This ordered thrift appears mechanical or smoothly self-supporting, unless the farmer's life is known—his long untiring work, the faithful ser-

vice of his brave women, the healthful labor of children. Very deep and very sincere is the admiration of the Canadian soldier, not only for the skill and courage of the French army, but for the brave, silent industry of the women, the old men and the children of the French farms.

War-Scarred Fields. The transition from this scene of beauty, peace and ancient prosperity to the utterly distressing fields are given over to the trampling rows of tethered horses, and are disguised by a variety of encampments from orderly white tents to huts of rusted biscuit tins and low discolored bivouacs. There is a certain inevitable litter of material, salvage heaps and smoking incinerators; there is an obnoxious of a lottering military. The houses are all occupied by uniforms more or less cleanly; a few civilians are engaged in selling eggs, candles, or embroidered linens, other things, and jam with a ceaseless procession of army vehicles or marching units. Either the dust rises in a choking cloud or the mud spreads and splatters everywhere. This area of active occupation thins and abuts on a region of more sinister appearance. Here iron have broken bodies, and the houses seem in pain, for their roofs are rent, their windows gone, their walls scarred and pierced. Grass-grown trenches appear ringed with depths of rusted barbed wire entanglements, and shell holes fresh or old, be- fore La Boisselle, there were the original German and British lines on July 14. This was the outer wall, the stoutly resisting shell of the defense, through which the indomitable English had fought their way and so permitted those who followed, other English, Australians, South Africans and Canadians to come and deal their blows.

La Boisselle there is more upon a map than on the ground. A few shattered trunks, here and there a splintered beam, perhaps a corner post or two, some cellars roofed with wreckage. Otherwise only the upheaval of tortured earth, mine craters, heaps of rotting white sandbags, half-choked trenches and a greasy litter of old wire, cans, and human rubbish remain.

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AROUND THE WORLD PATRIOTIC FAIR WILL BE CONTINUED THIS EVENING Your Last Chance to Have One Big Time Get Your Lottery Tickets After 10 o'clock Dancing Door Prize Will Be Drawn Tonight

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE ALL KIDNEY DISEASES BRUISES RHEUMATISM BILIOUSNESS DIARRHEA NEURALGIA

GERMANS Belgians at Tattered R London, East Africa, glass operati have inflicted 10 to 22 the feated at Tab Along the in clearing th this work wa. General the Rufiji Val glon. The remm ward and sou tion with the The bulk are now confi colony, of whi preach are he the Delta are declared likel rains" durin A CHILD D LAUGH If peevish, give "C of Mother! You cross and peev coated; this is stomach, liver cleaning at When tireless cold, breath be eat, sleep or a ache, diarr shea liver should always given. Nothing equa Figs" for child spoonful, and foul waste, so food which is passes out of have a well a All children L melous "Fruit it fails to effect ing. Direction of all ages and on the bottle. Keep it han little given to tomorrow, but your druggist "California Syste and see that fo fornia Fig Syr REVIEW C NEW (McDOUG New York, strong impress the railroads c reased freight whear thus be continued in be a law for which will pr wages as well state Commes federal contron yearly to the an expert. It w in wages Gre to be earning quarters of th important ad The stock ha all recessions ests according closely associ Chicago Gre to be earning nearly 8 per stock, which strongly as a all recessions of worth are tion among cording to ou Considerable by the streng Predictions an national finan Cotton pre tations. The bought by str to our report Laro rail placed with a steel compan from Pittsbou crowded comm resulting from R. B. C. Lac stand for ste the war in, a to be on a tr Commission seem to adhe stock market until after e time speciali features. RED CROS "All Red Cr must be red rooms by Gat