

**General Brusiloff Reviews Events of the Campaign Along the Eastern Front**

**L**UDOVIC NAUDEAU, The Daily Chronicle's correspondent at Russian army headquarters, writes in a recent article: "I have had the honor of being received by Gen. Brusiloff, who said: "It goes without saying that I felt a deep joy when I heard that Roumania had declared war on Austria. My left flank is now resting on Roumania, with which it has virtually brought itself into contact, and is now undoubtedly secure.

"The Roumanian army is a force with which one may reckon. It is under good leadership, an excellent spirit animates it, and it is submitted to a remarkable discipline. Its officers are well instructed, serious, and competent. Above all, the Roumanian army has a magnificent artillery, which it uses with perfect skill.

"During the past two years Roumania has had plenty of time to accumulate great quantities of ammunition, and that is a capital point, because the artillery plays in the modern war a role not only enormous, but preponderating, and it would be a great stain for any nation to be without artillery. I expect a great military success.

"If you consider, moreover, that Roumania, in taking part in the war, closes automatically her boundaries to the German and Austrian buyers who formerly found in her territory huge quantities of maize and corn, you will admit that the armed intervention of Roumania, who proudly enters our lists, is an event of the first order.

"The hostile army which I had in front of me in June and July, is almost entirely exterminated or captured, but it has been speedily replaced by a conglomerate army in which are to be found units of every origin. It is composed in the first place of the very last soldiers which Austria-Hungary can still put in the line, and of which some have been hurriedly drawn from the Italian and the western front, and finally some Turks.

"That army is more numerous just now than the one which stood in front of me in June. It is, indeed, the supreme guard, the last living rampart of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. That army resists desperately on its strong positions which must be carried one after another by storm. We are advancing step by step, however, and the spirit of our army remains very bright and very high. Soon the co-operation of the brave Roumanians will facilitate for us the obtaining of definite results.

"I follow with the greatest attention the admirable offensive and the efforts carried into effect on the western front by the Anglo-French armies. I fully realize the huge difficulties which you have to overcome. I understand the enormous obstacles which you have to overthrow, but I am nevertheless fully convinced that your efforts carried into effect on the west-German front. It is for me an absolute certainty.

"The offensive by the French and British armies helps us here in that it prevents the Germans from sending against us too heavy reinforcements. They are, all the same, drawing a certain amount of troops from the west and sending them against us, but not to such an extent that they can have a dethroning influence. They may simply delay our moving forward, that is all.

"By the way, Great Britain, by creating in two years a huge army of four million men has accomplished a marvel which most of the military men before the war would have thought absolutely impossible. It is a great credit to her patriotism, her sense of organization, and to the labors of her population.

"We must consider the present war as being, from the Allies' point of view, comparable to a lottery, in which every number has to win, only we must go on till the end and not have the weakness to think about premature peace.

"Now you will ask me when in my opinion it may be supposed that a true peace will be signed, a peace which the Allies will be able to accomplish with the joy of an entirely fulfilled task. I am no prophet. The future is in the hands of God. But if I had absolutely to make a hypothesis I should be inclined to think that the month of August, 1917, should see the end of our able work."

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**ENGLAND'S WONDER FARM.**

**George Caudwell Has 315 Acres of Onions.**

The inundation of the Dutch onion-producing area some months ago and the extremely high price which the vegetable has recently commanded suggested to Mr. George Caudwell, of Spalding, Lincolnshire, the idea of growing onions on a large scale. Hitherto the amount of hand labor required (it being essential to keep the ground free from weeds), and the lack of sandy soil which onions need, has prevented Lincolnshire farmers from growing more than an acre or two of onions, but Mr. Caudwell has planted 315 acres, and is anxiously awaiting results. Failure of the crop means not only the loss of some thousands of pounds, but it means that other Peninsula farmers will be discouraged from taking up onion growing, and at a time like the present, when every possible endeavor must be made to increase our national resources, this would be very undesirable.

In lieu of sandy soil, Mr. Caudwell decided to try his experiment on the silt stratum near the river Welland, which borders his farm. At great expense, for the ordinary price has been about 2s. an ounce, Mr. Caudwell purchased a ton of seed, and then came the labor problem. Not only is the farm in a remote district, but most of the available men had enlisted, and the necessary woman labor was not to be found in the locality. Consequently an advertisement was thrown on the screen in picture houses at Boston, the nearest large town, with the result that today 400 women are taken backwards and forwards from the onion fields, a distance of twenty-four miles, in specially adapted motor lorries, while others are brought from nearer places. The women, among whom are sixty war widows, are paid half a crown a day, and for the most part wear trousers and khaki breeches.

Specially designed cottages for the Irish laborers have been erected, and the method of fixing Pat's standing in the social scale is as simple as possible. Those who have one shirt are assigned to one set of apartments and those who have two to another. Up to the present, Mr. Caudwell's crops have escaped the attacks of the worm which has worked havoc with Bedfordshire onion crops, but the battle is not yet over. The crop has to be harvested. For this purpose Mr. Caudwell has already got into miles of wire netting in place of chitling boxes to expose the crop to the wind and sun, and is constantly trying new implements and materials. Large quantities of London soot are being used to repel the attacks of worms and for medicinal purposes.

The Cossacks. The millions of Cossacks that serve Russia are divided into eleven voivods or groups, among which the principal ones are those of the Don, Kuban, Orenberg, Astrachan, Oussouri, Transbaikalie, and Terek. These groups have a double hierarchy, one side being civil and the other military. Established by a royal edict upon the territory which they occupy, they are always ready to vault into the saddle for the defence of the country. Their stanzas or villages are their ostroghi or citadels of defence. There are no nobles among the Cossacks, as it is forbidden to anyone to acquire property apart from the possessions of the horde. Certain voivods are practically communistic. Between the Cossack villages and the Russian peasants the division is complete. Ethnically the peasants and the Cossacks may be of like origin. The peasants conscientiously till the soil. The Cossacks pass their lives on horseback in the service of the Czar and discipline the labors in the fields. The number of sotnias or squadrons of Cossacks was fixed in time of peace at 894, with about 100 men in a squadron, a total of 89,400. But this number has been greatly augmented since the war began.

German Casualties. German casualties in the war during the month of August, according to a compilation from the German casualty lists, totaled 240,900. This brings the German total since the beginning of the war as compiled from the same sources, to \$3,375,000. These figures include all the German nationalities, but do not include the naval and colonial casualties.

The detailed figures for the month of August follow:

Killed	42,700
Prisoners	1,800
Missing	42,900
Wounded	153,500
Total	240,900

Detailed figures for the period of the war to the end of August, 1916:

Killed	832,000
Prisoners	165,000
Missing	234,000
Wounded	2,144,000
Total	3,375,000

Will Modify Taste of Water. Lieut.-Colonel McCammon, camp sanitary officer, is arranging for the installation of a new system of injecting chlorine into the water of Barfield's Camp. At times the chlorine has become so harsh that the water is almost unfit to drink, but experiments have improved matters. The latest, and what promises to be the best innovation, is the use of chlorine gas instead of the solid. A specialist from New York is here for the work and new apparatus will be installed, which promises to completely take the taste of chlorine out of the camp drink.

**Earl of Selborne Leads Campaign to Increase British Farm Production**

**O**NE of the effects of the war will be seen in a great revival of agricultural life in England and the United Kingdom. The outbreak of the conflict caught the British Isles dependent on foreign commerce for four-fifths of their food supply, barring



THE EARL OF SELBORNE.

meat, of which between 60 and 70 per cent. is produced at home. The motto of a few years ago, "Back to the land," thus has given way to the slogan, "England must feed herself." Lord Selborne, the leader of the crusade, declares that the attainment of this object is the country's sacred duty, and he emphasizes the point that the farmer can do as much for the country as the soldier in the trenches.

The Real Huns. Historians are not agreed as to the origin of the Huns, those migratory military savages from Central Asia, whose exploits the Kaiser was not ashamed, on a certain historic occasion, to publicly urge his troops to imitate. Probably they were of Tartar stock for they are first heard of as ravaging China, and warfare between the Tartars and the Chinese was constant in those early far-off days. A hundred years or so after having captured and sacked Peking, they burst into Europe, and carried fire and sword over the greater part of Europe. They gave their name to Hungary, where a considerable proportion of them settled, after exterminating or enslaving the original inhabitants of the country. But the bulk of the Hunnish armies, under their great leader Attila, known as the "Scourge of God," travelled slowly westward, destroying the country as they went, and leaving it a blackened and depopulated wilderness.

Their weapons were bows and arrows, sabres, javelins, and spears; but with these they succeeded in defeating some of the best troops in Europe. Eventually, however, they were overthrown and practically exterminated in a great battle fought near where now stands the town of Chalons, in France.

Repairing War's Damage. If anyone imagines that there has been exaggeration in the estimates of the probable extent of post-war rebuilding operations, says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, he should consider the havoc in Northern France, Poland, Belgium, Serbia, and East Prussia also have suffered much devastation. But to show the magnitude of the destruction caused by the war it is sufficient to consider only what is taking place in Northern France.

The destruction of Verdun is philosophically accepted by the French as an unavoidable evil. But it is not so easy for them to view calmly the wrecking of historic and beloved towns and villages by the advancing British and French troops. The Germans report that the Allies' heavy artillery is laying waste the country on the Somme front to a depth of twelve miles behind the German lines. Peronne and Bapaume lie in ruins. A large number of French villages have been wiped out. Systematically and relentlessly the Allies' guns have destroyed every German supply basin and concentration camp.

Food and the Soldiers. Have you any idea of the space food occupies in the mind of the man at the front? asks Capt. Keene, writing in Cartoon's Magazine. Yesterday I was chasing a bullet-swept orchard with another officer, when I noticed plums! Terrified lest my partner should see them, I suggested that we leave quickly, as the place was too unhealthy. So we crawled away. That night, in the light of a big moon, my cook and I stole into the orchard and gathered two sand bags full of plums. The bullets whistling through the trees hurried the picking.

British Trade Grows. Figures given out by the British Board of Trade for the month of August show that imports during the month were increased by \$6,716,000, while the exports were increased by \$15,281,000.

The principal increases in imports were: Cotton, \$2,000,000; and oils, seeds and fats, \$2,250,000. The export increases were made up principally of manufactured articles. Of these cotton textiles increased \$3,000,000, iron and steel \$2,500,000, and coal, \$1,500,000.

**STRICKEN IN THE STREET**

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50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

**AN ANCIENT CHURCH.**

**It Has Been In Use In France For Over A Thousand Years.**

Before dinner we walked for a little in the gray evening and came to an old church—one of the oldest in France, it is said, built in the ninth century and called St. Michael's. (At Nantua, in the French Juras.) It is more than a thousand years old and looks it. It has not been much rebuilt, I think, for invasion and revolution appear seldom to have surmounted the natural ramparts of Nantua, and only the storm beat and the erosion of the centuries have written the story of decay. The hand of restoration has troubled it little.

We slipped in through the gathering dusk and tiptoed about, for there were a few lights flickering before the altar, and we saw the outlines of bowed heads. Presently a priest was silhouetted against the altar lights as he crossed and passed out by a side door. He was one of a long line that stretched back through more than half of the Christian era and through most of the history of France.

When the first priest passed in front of that altar France was still under the Carolingian dynasty—under Charles the Fat, perhaps, and William of Normandy was not to conquer England until 200 years later. Then nearly 400 years more would creep by—dim, mediaeval years—before Joan of Arc should unfurl her banner of victory and martyrdom.

You see how far back into the mists we are stepping here. And all those evenings the altar lights have been lit and the ministrations of priests has not failed.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper's Magazine.

Drying an Umbrella. An umbrella should never be opened in order to dry it, as the ribs get sprung, and it will never roll up neatly and tightly after once dried in this manner. Doing this will also spoil the cover by straining the weave unnaturally. The correct way to dry an umbrella is to stand it on the handle that the water may run off at the points instead of gathering at the ferrule and thus rotting the material.

Selecting a Husband. I would warn maidens of marriageable age to exercise due caution in the selection of husbands. Choose a real man, not the kind that slaps himself on the wrist and wants to be called Jack instead of John and insists on addressing you as Margaret instead of Maggie or Christina instead of Tiny. Get a man whose masculine actions entitle him to wear trousers.—Zim in Cartoons Magazine.

Fifteen Cent Lunches. A cashier in a Newspaper row lunch room told me that the average Bostonian spends but 15 cents for his lunch. The fifteen cent key on the cash register is worn smooth and the number "15" entirely rubbed off. Other keys on the machine show little sign of wear.—Boston Post.

Delicacy. A woman went into a country bakery one hot, sultry summer day. "I'll have some of that nice currant cake," said she to the baker. "That ain't no currant cake, lady," said he, waving his arm gently and to fro over the delicacy.—New York Post.

A Poor Retriever. Wigg—I hear you've sold your bird dog. He was a good retriever, wasn't he? Wagg—I thought so, but he didn't bring much when I sold him.—Philadelphia Record.

Drove Them Out. Miss Howler—Did my voice fill the drawing room? Mr. Rood—No, it filled the refreshment room and the conservatory.—Boston Transcript.

**\$1,000.00 REWARD.**

For information that will lead to the discovery or whereabouts of the person or persons suffering from Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Mouth and Throat, Blood Poison, Skin Diseases, Bladder Troubles, Special Ailments, and Chronic or Complicated Complaints who cannot be cured at The Ontario Medical Institute, 263-265-Yonge St., Toronto. Correspondence invited.

**REGAINED HIS CASTE.**

A Rich American's Bluff in a Land Where Horses Represent Wealth. "The bal is so rich," said my host of the Siberian steppes (bal is the Kirghis word for lord and master), "that what we have must seem very small to him. But he has seen our herds; does he think our horses beautiful?" I replied that we admired his horses very much, and that, although they were not so large as ours, their conformation was very fine.

"I have a thousand horses," continued Koorman. "How many has the bal?" I stammered that I owned five. This information produced a most depressing effect.

"The bal is so rich," he said, "and yet he only owns five horses. I do not understand it. Sultan Djingir has 4,000 horses. Sultan Djumabek has 2,000 and Adam Bai is said to have 3,000, and you say that you have only five! How many sheep does the bal own?" "I regret to say that I own no sheep," I replied.

"Ah! Probably the bal owns large herds of cattle?" "I have two cows," I said.

The conversation was assuming a most unfortunate turn, and I felt that I was losing ground every minute; something desperate had to be done. I remembered that I had in my pocket a colored photograph of a gorgeous hotel at Palm Beach, which I had lately received from a friend in Florida.

"It is true, my friend," I said, "that I do not own any cattle or sheep or horses, but see the house in which I live when I am in my own country," and I showed them the brightly colored print. The effect was magical; the card was passed from hand to hand with every expression of amazement and delight; my stock bounded upward and never after that fell below par. May I be forgiven for my deception!—E. Nelson Fell in Outlook.

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