

TALE OF DEEDS OF VALOUR BY GALLANT SOLDIERS OF THE KING

The Battle of Festubert—London Writer Tells of Brave Canadians at St. Julien — Work of Vital Services of the Army

(John Bucklan in London Times) British Headquarters, May 26. Flanders just now is full of strange transformation. The children set the key. One hour you will find them in a pleasant old church, sitting with solemn self-control under the tutelage of the priest, and the next they are bounding your car, clanking with impish persistence for souvenirs. One day you meet weary and dusty men returning from the trenches after a heavy fight; and two days later you find the same men washed and shaven and good humoured, taking their ease among the lush Flemish meadows. And there is, of course, the profounder transformation of which I have already written, and which is the result of the mere fact of war. A grimy brigade from whom I asked the way to the battle of the famous heights of Oxford, I met two men, fresh from the last Ypres battle and full of intelligent professional interest who told me they had been London shoppers.

But the change seems to me most marked in the Scotch. The kill is a formal and modern look, suggestive of the Royal tank of the Prince Consort. But watch this company of Cameron's returning from a route march. The famous red tartan of Quatre Bras are stained and faded, the bonnet has a jaunty air, the men have a long loping stride. They might be their 17th century forbears slipping on a moonlight night through the Lochaber passes. Here is a battalion from the Borders. The ordinary borderer in peace time looks like anybody else, but these men seem suddenly to have remembered their ancestry. They have the lean strength, the pale adventurous eye of the old Debatable Land.

The Festubert "Episode." Today I have seen many of the battalions who were engaged in the Festubert battle a fortnight ago. It is hard to know how to name the battles of this war, for often the battlefield is a whole countryside, or the whole length of a river. But in this case we are dealing with a small front, and the action may correctly be named after the point from which we started. In South Africa, looking at the casualties and the number engaged, it would have been a major battle, but in this campaign it ranks only as an episode, one link in the long-drawn chain of the allied attack.

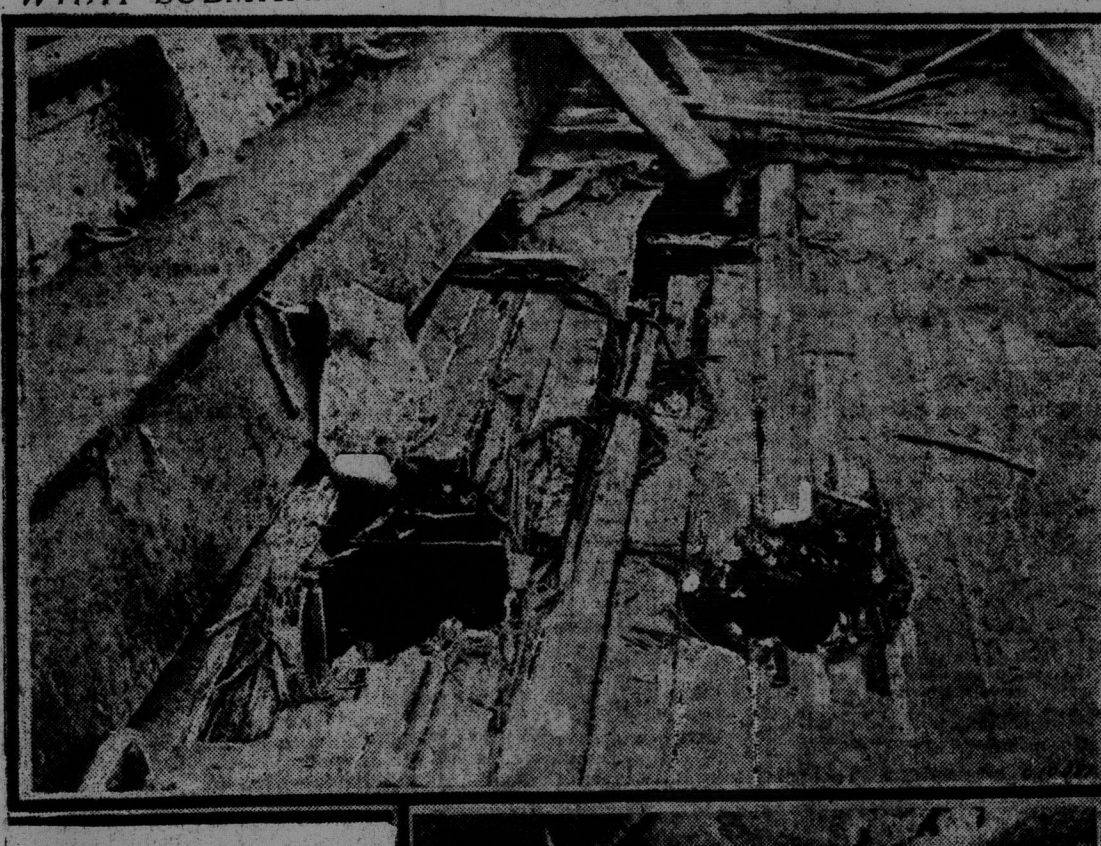
The main details are simple. Late on the night of Saturday, May 16, we made preparations for an advance against the bulge of the German lines which lies between Neuve Chapelle and Ghrenchy. On Sunday morning our right advanced more than a mile. The German trenches here are curiously complicated, and reached what was their main communication trench near the Rue d'Ouvret. Our centre also advanced some distance from La Gueule, but our left was held up. That night, and on the Monday night following, we fought for the communication trench, and endeavoured to disengage our left from the network of German fortifications. The fighting is still going on, and it is well to be clear as to its exact nature.

We have not only pushed the German front back for a mile or so, but we have made that front assume the character of a string of beads. Each one of these beads is a fortress, and each bead is a further advance, so that it is almost impossible to connect the forward movement. It is possible that what the French are doing in the Arna district, that is the chief characteristic of the present phase of the war in the west. All these thrusts of the allies, small and great, endanger the enemy's lateral communications, so that he is less able to pass reserves quickly to a threatened part of his front.

It is right that people at home should have to wait a little before they get a detailed account of operations which are not yet concluded. But it is also right that the exploits of battalions should be made known as soon as possible for the different localities and they are an invaluable incentive to the new armies. The battalions which carried out the attack held firmly to the trenches they had won. The country was dead flat and seemed very waterless, and it was very difficult to find the points indicated by our air reconnaissance. The

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WHAT SUBMARINE DID TO U.S. STEAMSHIP NEBRASKAN



Below is shown the huge rent torn in the Nebraska's side by the German torpedo. Above, the deck of the steamer, showing holes blown through it by the force of the underwater explosion.

and got them away safely. Many of the Cameron were derelict, skilled in finding cover and this may account for the comparative success of one of the most difficult withdrawals that ever fell to the lot of British soldiers. As it was, the battalion was reduced to half its strength. Its gallant commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser, was killed and twelve other officers. Some were downed in the ditches. When the men returned they were mud from head to foot. The date of Sergeant-Major Ross should not be forgotten. He, when his company had lost all its officers, took command and brought back the remnants.

Work of Vital Services. The kind of fighting we are now engaged in, with its constant enfilading of the enemy's lines, and its services to special prominence. The chief of these is adequate reconnaissance—the need of heavy artillery being taken for granted. Air reconnaissance gives much, but it cannot give everything; it cannot, for example, tell us the depth and nature of a stream, or what farms have been turned into fortresses. Yet, unless we know these things, we shall court disaster in any attack, especially if it is delivered in the darkness. Our scouts worked hard the whole of Sunday afternoon and night, and without their skilled aid no comprehensive attack is possible. They work all the time, let it be remembered, under the enemy's fire.

Another vital service in this kind of war is that of the signaller. Against a front held in pockets any advance must be very close to the communication headquarters. This work was admirably performed. For example, on the Sunday morning, three minutes after the Queen's reached their ultimate point they had a line of communication established in which it is not only easy service. It takes a stout heart to go out, find where a line is broken, and return with a message. In this connection the work of Sergeant Cox of the Queen's deserves to be put on record.

Brilliant, too, was the work done by the stretcher-bearers. Private Williams, of the Queen's, under machine gun and shell fire, carried back wounded, and when it seemed impossible for him to return he refused to take cover and went back to the firing line. Similar feats were performed by Corporal Tilton of the Warwick's, and by Corporal Coleman, of the Border Regiment. The latter, although the colonel's servant and exempt from duty, was seen crawling back no fewer than fifty men.

Optimism of The Army. The impression left upon me after visiting many battalions at the front is one of strenuous optimism and unshaken confidence. Some of the men are very weary; many are rightly and properly home sick and fight all the better for having much to love, but all—even the remnants three days out of a desperate battle—are optimistic. It is the right kind of optimism, too, the kind which is more merciful than any pessimism, for it knows the difficulties far better than critics at home, but is perfectly resolved upon victory. Our countrymen have rarely any passion for fighting for its own sake, but they have a passion for finishing a job, and on that they will never weaken.

Let me record another impression, the most vivid of all. Flanders is no longer a foreign country. Flanders is no longer one's own land than England, from which most of one's friends are absent. Here you realize that you are living with a British army, but with the British nation, with all that is best in all the ranks of our manhood. And such a nation! It is something to be humbly and thankfully proud of, for it has found its soul and recovered its heritage.

Mrs. Samuel S. Mayes. Many friends in the city and particularly West St. John will read with regret the death of Mrs. Samuel S. Mayes, at her residence, 215 Winslow street, at an advanced age. She had, however, been ill for a long time and the immediate cause of death was heart trouble. Besides her husband, her condition of health is also a cause of grave concern, Mrs. Mayes, who was born in St. George, but had lived here nearly all her life, is survived by four sons, (Genshon S., George F., Herbert S. and Gilbert J., all of the city and Miss Hettie Mayes, the only daughter, at home. The funeral has been arranged for Wednesday afternoon at 2:15 o'clock from 215 Winslow street and will be private.

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THE OLD HORSE AND THE OLD MINISTER

Editor Times-Star. Sir—Fancy a man devoting all his best days to the service of the church, say forty or more years, on a salary of \$800 a year, and now receiving \$200 for his year's income. Fortunately he has only a wife besides himself to support. This is true of more than one minister in this province. In this connection the following story from a denominational paper is of more than passing interest.

Horse Story. Rev. R. H. Cooper, of St. Louis, Mo., writes to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch as follows: "I had a neighbor, a brother preacher, Rev. J. Brown, who owned a horse he had in service for more than twenty years. In his prime this horse was ideal. Color, style, spirit, action were faultless. To sit behind him in a buggy was a dream. A more faithful servant never served master. But time and his brother Care, that touch all things fair and beautiful, causing them to fade, came to old Tom, so that he could say with Bobbie Burns: "When I was young, a wonderful when, There's a mighty difference 'twixt now and then."

"When Brother Brown was appointed to a new charge, the aristocratic members objected to his driving such an old, dilapidated horse. They made up a purse and presented to their pastor a new and up-to-date roadster, in harmony with his surroundings. The new horse was given old Tom's place in the barn, fed and groomed, while poor old Tom was turned out upon the commons, without shelter and about one-fifth enough to eat.

"In earnest tones he protested to his master against such treatment, but his prayers were unavailing. Forsaken and alone, death came to his release after much suffering. "Rich and prosperous churches license young men to serve at their altars as preachers, enjoy their ministries in youth and in the strength of manhood, giving them meager salaries, out of which they can get only a living; then when old age comes and they can no longer serve, superannuate them, turn them out without shelter, often with no means of support except a few dollars put into their hands at the annual conference. "Railroads and other business corpora-

tions are making ample provision for their faithful servants. Mr. Carnegie has pensioned school-teachers. It is now time the churches made provision for their old and indigent preachers. Ed. Note in denominational paper: "Our readers will please take notice that the superannuated fund of the eastern conferences is only paying about eighty per cent. of the claims of the superannuated and widows of ministers." Yours, FAIR PLAY.

EIGHT PIECES OF SHRAPNEL HIT LIEUT. TINGLEY

"I was hit with shrapnel and got a pretty good dose of it," writes Lieutenant Frank Tingley, nephew of Mrs. George Freeman, of Albert, in a recent letter from Boulogne, France. "There were eight pieces of shell in my left knee but only two of them remained in and they were taken out at the hospital. On large piece went through my left hand and one through my right arm. When the doctors saw my knee they told me it would be stiff permanently as the knee cap is broken and a piece of shrapnel lodged in the fracture; but it has been making such good progress that this morning they said I would probably recover the full use of the knee."

In a letter written from a London hospital a few days later, Lieutenant Tingley says: "My hurts are getting along nicely, with the exception of my knee, which was proven by X-ray, both at Boulogne and London, to have a broken knee cap. It is still in splints and will be for probably three more weeks. My right arm is healing very fast and will be all cured in a couple of weeks, but my left hand will probably take a month. "Think I had better write to old Von Hindenburg and get him to court martial that gun crew because they missed my right leg altogether. My doctor says it must have been an oversight. "Before the Battle of Ypres they say that it was hardly safe to admit you were a Canadian around London on account of the devilry our fellows kicked up while on the (Salisbury) Plains; but now, the Canadians own this little hamlet. They are certainly using us great."

WAR DEMANDS CUT DOWN HEAD CATTLE BY 4,000,000

France, the war has cut down the number of head of cattle by 4,000,000, and it is estimated that at the end of the year the deficit will be about 10 per cent. It is therefore necessary to buy cattle on the hoof, and the Bulletin of the Central of the French farmers advises buying these cattle in Canada and in the north and central portions of the United States. The cattle, the Bulletin urges, are in good condition and have never been attacked by infectious diseases which have come to our citizens in the days which they have stood beside their murdered fellow citizens.

WILD BEAST LOOSE IN THE WORLD

The New York Tribune, in an editorial dated May 11, says:—"Let no German mistake the temper of the American people; let no German high on low misrepresent the new vision which has come to our citizens in the days which they have stood beside their murdered fellow citizens. Whether we now join in the war, whether we now draw the sword henceforth and until the destruction of those who today dominate Germany, the American people will look upon the nations who are fighting the Germans as doing America's part in the battle to defend civilization. Let none mistake this fact. A wild beast is loose in the world, a creature combining the ferocity of the animal with the lust of the degenerate human. The struggle is not a struggle of nations; it is a battle between civilization and barbarism. A German victory would mean the destruction of all we hold best in our national life."

HON. ARTHUR MEIGHAN'S POLITICAL MISSION

(Halifax Chronicle) Hon. Arthur Meighan, Solicitor General in the Borden government, is campaigning in Quebec, and Ontario, delivering a series of partisan harangues, in which he is bitterly attacking Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal party. In an address at London, Ontario, the other day, he gave another ministerial hint of an early election and sought to place upon the Liberal party the entire responsibility for the continuance of political controversy in Canada. Mr. Meighan has chiefly distinguished himself in politics as an adept in making black appear white. When he accuses Sir Wilfrid Laurier of the responsibility for political controversy in Canada, he knows well that the responsibility rests not with Sir Wilfrid and the Liberal party, but with the government of which he is a member. Personally he is not free from responsibility. On the eve of the last session of parliament, he delivered a series of partisan harangues, throughout the west, which were intended to prepare the public mind for the general election, that it was then intended to hold immediately after the conclusion of the session of parliament. Mr. Meighan also knows that from the very moment that war was imminent, Sir Wilfrid Laurier cancelled all his political engagements and that the Liberals in parliament have given their unanimous and hearty support to measures proposed for the prosecution of the war. He also knows—no member of the cabinet excepting Sir Rogers knows better—that at least three times since last autumn the government were ready to spring a general election, and that a contest in June was only averted

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