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Two More Regiments and One Battery From Maritime Provinces; Canada Wants 35,000 More Men at Once

Montreal, June 8.—Thirty-five thousand more men are wanted to go from Canada to the firing line in France as quickly as they can be trained and equipped. Major-General Hughes made this announcement here tonight.

This new force is to be composed of twenty-seven regiments of infantry and six batteries of artillery. With its organization the number of men raised in Canada for war service will total nearly 150,000.

The new regiments are to be recruited as follows:

Four Highland regiments, one from Vancouver, Victoria, and Winnipeg, a second from Ontario, and two from the province of Quebec and the maritime provinces; two regiments from Alberta, two from British Columbia, two from Saskatchewan, one from Manitoba, two from the London division, four from the Toronto division, two from eastern Ontario, (the district between Kingston and Ottawa); four French-Canadian regiments from Montreal and the province of Quebec, including the 57th and 60th battalions, for which recruiting commenced a short time ago; two regiments from the maritime provinces.

The six new batteries of artillery, according to the announcement, will be organized as follows:

One from eastern Ontario and Quebec, one from the London district, two in the Toronto and Hamilton districts, one from the maritime provinces and one from western Canada.

General Hughes stated that the militia department is giving opportunity to officers desirous of attaching themselves to these corps to send in their applications to the district or divisional officers for a course to further qualify them, and that thus no officer will be in a position to state that he has been overlooked. In the meanwhile, temporary commissions in the Canadian militia will be granted to eligible men not already attached.

The corps will be sent overseas, the minister stated emphatically, as they become efficient, and not in order of number.

Girl is Too Beautiful.

A certain girl, obliged to earn her living, was instructed in stenography and was given a good position, but as every man in the establishment promptly fell in love with her, she had to resign. Then she was made a saleswoman in a dry goods store—but there, again, she became a target for Cupid to such an extent that her counter was crowded with men shoppers from morning to night. They bought little and lingered long, in spite of the highly proper deportment of their fair enchantress. Again the poor girl has had to resign. Now she is receiving a training in sewing. It is thought that she may possibly be able to fight off her suitors if she works in the back room of a dressmaker's establishment all day. She is not impressionable, and the man who wishes to marry her must be of an especially high order or she will not fall in love with him. This is no fancy sketch, but a relation of facts—Leslie's Weekly.



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WAR HAS BROUGHT HIM TO THE FRONT

Events Forced Salandra Into Line—light in Italy to Giolitti's Discomfiture

Rome, June 8.—Until last year Signor Salandra was a secondary figure in Italian public life. A brilliant advocate and jurist, he was looked upon as the most promising of Baron Sonnino's lieutenants—Baron Sonnino, the recognized star of the senate, witty and powerful. But that was all. No one dreamed that this political lieutenant was to be Italy's man of destiny, who was suddenly to throw over the steering wheel and alter the whole course of the national policy. When he took the prime ministership not many months ago it was only as Sonnino's agent. Baron Sonnino himself did not enter the ministry probably because it was only a stop gap government, as the parliamentary majority was pro-Giolitti.

Later on the death of the Marquis di San Giuliano, Baron Sonnino came in as his successor at the Foreign Office. By that time the negotiations with Austria and Germany were in full swing. Sonnino's entry meant a change at the helm, and the development of events was at once accelerated.

Two months ago, the parliament gave the Salandra cabinet carte blanche until it reassembled in May. The understanding was that Italy's demands and aspirations must by that date have received satisfaction, by pacific methods if possible, but if necessary by the exertion of Italy's will as a great military power. Matters came to a head toward the end of April. Prince Buelow, minister to Rome had not brought even the minimum satisfaction required by the awakened national sentiment. The Emperor Francis Joseph, ever loath to part with any of his dominions, was slow to yield to the pressure of his more sagacious and far-seeing Teutonic ally. The delay was fatal. All the time the diplomats of the Entente Powers had been busy and on April 26 an agreement is said to have been signed in London by the Triple Alliance and Italy whereby Italy was guaranteed all that she could reasonably hope for in the Tyrol, Trent, Dalmatia, Albania and Asia Minor, and Italy in return pledged herself to enter the European struggle on May 20 with an army of 1,000,000 men.

Then Giolitti suddenly intervened. His intention was to be "the god in the machine." In sudden flight Austria had at last been persuaded to increase her offer enormously. Prince Bulow, instead of communicating Austria's proposals to the government handed them over to Signor Giolitti. With Austria's surrender in his pocket and counting upon his faithful majority in the Chamber, the dictator came to Rome. He had carefully chosen the most dramatic moment for his descent upon the capital. The suddenness of the coup was designed to add to his prestige. But events had run ahead of the dictator, who suddenly found his dictatorship gone. Signor Salandra presented him with the fait accompli—and resigned. Had Giolitti taken office he would have found himself in an impossible dilemma; on the one hand Italy's honor pledged, on the other the certainty of a terrible revolutionary outbreak in the northern cities. The king, too, was in no less difficult a position. A Giolitti government was out of the question; the only course open to the crown was to decline Signor Salandra's resignation. Italy's fate was decided; her dreams were to be fulfilled; her long and anxious period of indecision was over; the hour of Italy's self-realization had arrived, of her definite entry upon the world's stage as a great power.

SAW BRITISH SINK TURKISH TRANSPORT

Made Short Work of Prey—Panic Among Those Aboard Prevented Any Attempt to Save Lives

Constanta, Roumania, June 8.—An eye-witness, who has arrived here from Constantinople, gives a vivid account of the recent attack by the British submarine E-11 on Constantinople. My informant early one morning intended crossing from Pera to Stambul, and instead of walking over the bridge, took a small boat.

"The sea," he said, "was beautifully smooth, with hardly a ripple on it. I suddenly noticed, about 50 yards from the landing place, what appeared to be a stick floating upright in the water and moving toward the bridge. The sight amazed me as the contrary direction. I looked hard and saw a white train gliding swiftly through the blue-green water.

"It instantly flashed through my mind that the object was a torpedo; I rose hastily and in my excitement nearly upset the boat. I could clearly follow the course of the deadly engine as it made straight for a big Turkish army transport called the Stambul. There was a shattering explosion, an enormous quantity of water was flung up and the wounded ship settled down by the stern. A second explosion followed amidships of the transport, and in a few minutes nothing was to be seen but a tangled mass of half-submerged wreckage. A third torpedo hit the custom house quay, without, however, doing any damage.

"I took out my watch; it was 8:40 a. m. There was a terrible commotion on shore. The boatmen dashed

tempting to save the lives of others, ran as if for their own. The bridge was suddenly teeming with police and soldiers, rushing distractedly about, some firing rifles.

"The submarine meanwhile lay on the surface, shining in the sun with an officer on the lookout. The craft then sank beneath the water, and with only the periscope showing moved rapidly down stream. Shortly after there was a deep booming and the splash of shells bursting all over the surface of the water.

The batteries on the hill behind Kasim Pasha and St. Sophia showered shells unintercepted for half an hour. It was a perfect waste of energy and ammunition, as the submarine was invisible.

"The artillery fire caused a terrible panic among the population, who thought that the Allied fleets had arrived. The incident, indeed, has greatly shaken the morale of the Turks, this effect having been increased when the news spread, with incredible swiftness,

that the submarine had sunk two other transports in the Sea of Marmora.

Picnic season is coming on. Don't forget Ingersoll Cheese, the best cheese for sandwiches.

On Duty Again

Once more the optimist will greet 'Who when the rain in torrents drops And you come dripping from the street. Remarks: "This weather's fine for soap."

"Noy, boys," said the school master. "I want you to bear in mind that the word 'star' at the end of a word means the place of. Thus we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can you give another example?"

Nobody appeared very anxious to do so until little Johnny Snags, the joy of his mother and the terror of the cats, said proudly:

"Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellistan—the place of umbrellas."

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