CANADIANS CHEERFUL DESPITE GERMAN SHELLS

USELESS TO SEND A SMALL ARMY TO HELP SERBIANS

Times Military correspondent says it is folly to minimize importance of Teutonic Allies' initial success in Balkans — Concerted attack in East and West opportune while enemy's forces are weakened by withdrawal of men to Balkan theatre.

London, Oct. 11—Nothing can be gained according to the Times' military corerspondent by trying to minimize the fact that the Austro-Germans have achieved a signal initial success in the Balkan campaign. He asserts that unless from 300,000 to 400,000 Allied troops are sent to the aid of Serbia and sent in time the chances for a successful Serbian resistance are not great.

"The despatch of a small Allied force from Saloniki to Serbia," the Times' expert says, "is not a military operation and can be justified on military grounds only if it constitutes the advance guard of a large army or if the Greeks or Roumanians are to take the field. It is by no means certain that we should be wise, even if we could find the necessary men, to submit to German dictation of the initiative and open a great campaign in the Balkans because Germany beckons us thither. Germany's withdrawal of a quarter of a million for an attack on Serbia has made the German campaign in Russia languish and it is for us to take advantage of this fact to push our offensive in the west and for Russia to strive by every means in her power to build up her new armies and complete her equipment."

The Daily Mail points out this morning that the success of Germany in establishing connections with Turkey would mean the solution of Germany's copper problem, as virtually inexhaustible supplies of the metal would be available from the Arghana Maden mine in Asia Minor. This mine though hitherto much neglected is one of the richest mines in the world, the newspaper says, and under German management it would soon be shipping copper wholesale over the new Bagdad railway.

"Turkey," the Daily Mail adds, "could also be very helpful in the matter of cotton, although she would hardly be able to furnish all of this staple needed by Germany."

The Daily Mail warns against sending of any small or insufficient force into the new Balkan theatre.

"To help Serbia inadequately," it says, "is not to help her at all. This is a very big and perilous operation. It requires a very great army and it cannot be begun in a haphazard way. We do not want any new and more spacious version of the "rescue of Antwerp."

SIXTH MEMBER OF BRITISH COMMONS TO DIE IN BATTLE

New York, Oct. 11.—A cable to the Herald from London says: Lord Hillingdon has lost his eldest son and heir by the death of Second Lieut. the Hon. Chas. T. Mills, M. P., who was killed in action in France on Wednesday. Mr. Mills, who was in his twenty-ninth year, was member of Parliament for Bridge and sixth member of parliament to lose his life in the war.

POPE INTERCEED WITH SULTAN ON BEHALF OF ARMENIANS.

Rome, Oct. 11.—Monsignor Dolci, the apostolic delegate at Constantinople, having reported to the Holy See, on the sufferings of the Armenians, Pope Benedict has written an autograph letter to the Sultan of Turkey interceding for the unfortunate people.

PRINCE CHERBATOFF RETIRES AS RUSSIAN MINISTER OF INTERIOR

London, Oct. 11—Prince Cherbatoff, Russian minister of the interior, has been allowed to retire and will be succeeded by Alexei Khvostoff, court chamberlain, according to a Petrograd despatch to Reuter's Telegram Company. M. Khvostoff will be the first member of the Duma appointed to the ministry. He was formerly leader of the Right Party.

Alexander Samarin, procurator general of the Holy Synod, has also retired.

NO BETTER MANHOOD TO BE SEEN THAN IN TRENCHES HELD BY THE CANADIANS

Their Trenches Model of Cleanliness and Order—Men Enjoy Open-Air Life and are Cheerful, but None the Less a Fierce Foe When They Get Into Action—Canadian Journalists Describe a Visit to Men from Dominion.

Two press parties of Canadian journalists have recently been to the front in Flanders and met our Canadian boys in their front trenches. They were indebted for the enjoyment of this much prized experience to representations made by Sir Robert Borden and Sir George Perley to the War Office.

It was necessary, of course, to get passports and permits and it may be observed that the precautions now taken make it very difficult indeed for anyone to cross over without the acquiescence and knowledge of the authorities. If the papers are all in order the crossing is as simple and secure as in peace time owing to the ceaseless care of the Grand Fleet.

A most interesting and extensive programme had been arranged by the authorities for the press party, comprising a visit to three Canadian hospitals, a visit to three Canadian brigades, and visits to various headquarters. The first evening we dined with Colonel Sir Max Aitken in a pleasant house owned by a French notary containing some interesting objects d'art. On the second evening our party was entertained by Brigadier-General Seely at his headquarters and the well-known charm of the ex-War-Minister added much to our evening's enjoyment. General Seely has seen a great deal of the French lines and, speaking to us of the wonderful renaissance of religious feeling in France, he expressed his hope and conviction that this would draw closer the bonds of friendship and understanding between Frenchmen and French-Canadians. As showing the splendid national spirit and gallantry of the French cures, he mentioned that in Brittany out of 400 priests who had joined the army 200 had been killed, in the great majority of cases meeting their deaths through their impetuosity in attack in which they set a constant example.

On our last night in France we dined with Brigadier-General Currie who comes from Victoria, British Columbia, and with whom it was a pleasure to talk over old times in that delightful city and recall mutual friends and acquaintances. General Currie has already won well-deserved distinction in this war, being decorated with the Commandership of the Bath and the Medale Militaire of the second class. We lunched that day with Lieut.-General Alderson, who commands the Canadian Expeditionary Force in France.

It was not possible to carry out our programme in its entirety in spite of the speed of our cars and the skill of our military drivers, but a great deal was crowded into the time, which was all too short for an inspection of such absorbing interest. The arrangements made for the press party by Colonel Sir Max Aitken were admirable; nothing was left undone to enable us to see everything possible in the time at our disposal.

Quiet Orderliness of the Troops.

After an early breakfast we started off on a perfect September morning towards the Canadian lines, and the nearer we approached to our destination, the more our amazement increased at the entire absence of the brusqueness of war. Except for the long lines of motor transport and the passing motors with their khaki-clad drivers and scarlet-collared officers, there was nothing whatever to show in the early part of our journey that we were in a land which was engaged in holding and driving back an invader and that invader the mightiest and most perfectly equipped that in human history has yet taken the field. One associates a certain boisterousness with troops. This was entirely absent in everything we saw during our short trip. The vocal vivacity of the French, both in the citizens and the military, has gone. They are all too seriously engaged in this life or death struggle to have time to waste in words or gesticulation. Our own troops, too, have nothing of the noisy roystering cheerfulness which one was accustomed to expect in years gone by from British regulars in camp or on the march. In the old days a civilian visitor in a military camp or passing among moving troops might have felt that he was regarded as an outsider who could be expected to have little or nothing in common with soldiers. Today among citizen soldiers there is no trace of such feeling. The civilian is just one of themselves who is for some reason debarred from being with them in khaki. The quiet orderliness of these great masses of troops, and of the miles of motor transport, was most remarkable. There is no hectoring sergeant, no loud-voiced commands, no visible show of authority, but every man is just doing his job quietly and contentedly, on the best of all possible terms with the people of the country, with his comrades, and with his officers.

Apart from these impressions which one gathered as we tore along the pavee of the main roads, we noticed that the grain had all been harvested, hops were being picked, and the countryside bore that appearance of industry and high cultivation so typical of France, but men of military age were very seldom seen either in the fields or in the towns. Even as we approach within a few miles of the front trenches there were no obvious signs of desolation or damage of war, and as we looked across the dip in the country to the rising ground occupied by the enemy it bore just the same appearance as the lands round us. The fields had all been cultivated, the crops gathered in, and there was nothing to show without the aid of much stronger glasses than any of our party possessed that in the enemy's country much serious damage had been done to the countryside. No doubt the town's just behind the enemy's lines would show the effects of British shells, but that could only be seen with advantage from an observation balloon or an aeroplane.

At last we drew near to Brigade Headquarters. A small painted sign at a side road pointing to a little house was all that told us where the Brigadier had taken up his quarters. There are no flags at the various headquarters and anything less ostentatious than the residences of these brigadiers would be difficult to imagine. Very much of the pomp and pageantry of war has been destroyed by the advent of the scouting aeroplane.

Brigade Headquarters marked the limit of motor car conveyance so we were handed over to an officer of the brigade we were visiting, and it was not long before we came to the commencement of the communication trenches. Stepping down into a trench some eight feet deep, boarded on the bottom with wooden slats, we soon found ourselves in a maze of passages in which it would be only too easy to lose one's way. Most of the trenches are named with little sign posts and we recognized many familiar names, such as Seely avenue, Toronto avenue, Leckie avenue, Currie avenue, Gas Trench, Health Trench, Grand Alley, Medicine Hat Trail, and each little ruined farm building which lay between us and the front line of trenches had been re-named by the soldiers with such names as Stinking Farm, One Shell House, etc.

No Better Type of Manhood than Canadians.

The progress from the commnication trenches to the firing line is by no means a direct procedure, and, although your objective may be only half a mile from where you first step into a trench, you may be a long time winding in and out before you at last see the fixed bayonets and the upright periscopes watching the enemy's front trench. To drive a stubborn enemy out of such a maze of winding trenches must be a difficult job, and when one reads of some gallant fellow who has received military distinction for killing or capturing so many Germans in a trench one can appreciate the gallantry and the extraordinary risks he had to take, for every angle in a trench offers an opportunity for defence, and there are angles or side trenches every few yards Perhaps at the end of the war some industrous statistician will compute for us how many tons of French and Flemish soil have been moved by British troops and he may even transpose into terms of horse-power the vast amount of energy expended. It is a pity that all these miles of excavation will have no subsequent industrial value.

Trenches, of course, must vary enormously according to the character of the soil and the district, but in the light brown clay through which we passed, the hot dry weather of recent weeks had made the trenches as cleanly and comfortable as could be possibly desired. The quiet time on this portion of the front has enabled the Canadian boys to improve the trenches, and it is difficult to believe that they could be put into a much greater state of efficiency.

As we walked through the narrow and twisting communication trenches we soon found that the apparently unpopulated landscape which we had gazed upon from our car a short time before, had really got a very considerable population who were in tip-top health, brimming over with cheerfulness and good humor, and only too ready to attack the Boches so soon as the word was given. The men are just magnificent; there is no better manhood to be seen than in the trenches held by our Canadian boys. Such clear, kindly eyes, and healthy skins, such cheerful looks and laughter But these big good-tempered fellows who are so tolerant and seem so carelessly happy and contented show another aspect to the enemy and are the fiercest since they have seen their dead. These men are in the pink of condition, and in this fine weather they undergo no hardships; they are well fed and clothed, and are living a natural open-air life.

In the trenches it was almost like a little town below the surface of the ground; all kinds of supply depots, cupboards, dug-outs, store-rooms, appeared as we passed through. Neat piles of sandbags wherever the trench wall required it, and, at some places, huge blocks of sand bags forming little bastions. It was very noticeable what an excellent condition these trenches were in. There were no old and frayed sand bags to be seen, and everything was in apple pie order. As we got nearer to the front trench we saw rifles with fixed bayonets and more evidences of arms, bomb cupboards, ammunition depots, rifle racks. In the front trench itself we came upon the periscopes and loopholes and the sides of the trenches were plentifully equipped with ledges and cupboards so that everything was in the right place and ready to hand. The wires of the field telephone had been snugly hidden. Loose wires must be a great nuisance in the trenches at night when bringing up supplies or relieving parties, and a good indication of the keenness of officers is supplied by the condition of their trenches. Wooden slats are put down at the bottom of many of the trenches so that in rainy weather the water can run away underneath. So long as the slats are kept in good repair it makes very easy walking, but when there are bad gaps in them it must make them difficult to negotiate at night.

For all our gazing through periscopes or peering through loopholes, we could see no sign of movement whatever in the German trenches in front of us, and we might have been inclined to think that all the Germans were asleep if it had not been that at one place behind the front trench, where the ground sloped, we stopped to look across at the enemy's trenches, and a sniper sent a shot over to show that somebody was awake.

The extreme cleanliness of the trenches was very noticeable, no litter or paper, and generally no smell of any kind, except towards six o'clock when the odour of fried onions met us everywhere as we passed out of the trenches. The men are most ingenious in lighting their fires; in a small recess cut in the wall of the trench they will put a few small sticks and make a bright fire which enables them to make a savoury stew in their ration tins. We were told that ration biscuits make excellent fuel for that purpose! Bully-beef is not used when fresh meat is available, and piles of tins were noticable here and there.

As you approach the front trench the number of dug-outs increased and here we saw men resting or sleeping, who had probably been on duty all the night before. These dug-outs are really shelves cut in about three feet from the bottom of the trench and large enough to accommodate two men lying down. The roof is generally strong enough to offer sufficient protection from shell splinters. Every now and then as we come around the corner of a trench we found a man sitting down with his shirt off "hunting." It is, of course, impossible for men to be quite free from vermin in the trnches, but they are now supplied with various vermicides which are fairly effective. In quiet times there is very little activity in the trenches; during daylight many of the men are sleeping, others are smoking and reading, others are on duty watching through periscopes. There is a general air of quietness which will give place to alert activity as soon as darkness sets in. We received a cheery smile from everyone as we passed, and it was a pity that we had too little time to stop and chat with these fine fellows and get some notes of their various experiences.

On our way back to tea with the Brigadier we were taken to a post of vantage but could see little owing to the heat haze. Our guns behind were firing over us and the air concussion is very noticable when in front of guns even though a long way off. The whinnying of the shells as they pass over to their mark and the staccato drumming of the machine guns are sounds which once heard are not likely to be forgotten.

W. L.

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HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT FOR TWO DAYS IN BELGRADE STREETS

Capture of City completed only after desperate battle with bayonets, Teutons paying terrible toll of life for every foot gained from Serbians.

Budapest, Oct. 11.—The Austrians and Germans encountered desperate resistance from the Serbians at Belgrade, and for two days a terrible battle with bayonets raged in the city before the capture of the city was completed. Describing these operations Azest says:

"Our gain of ground and the breadth of our march into Serbia continue to increase. Despite all efforts of the Serbians, in whose ranks are British officers and British artillery, the river crossing has been accomplished according to the plan made.

"The enemy attempted with all means at his disposal to hold his line of defence. Though he subjected those of our troops who crossed the river to a murderous fire, the latter nevertheless succeeded in attaining Serbian territory.

"A severe battle raged about Belgrade where the Serbians offered particularly bitter opposition. Nevertheless we succeeded in reaching the newly installed connections over the Save and invaded the northern portion of the city which our troops retained until reinforcements arrived.

"A bloody battle followed in the alleys. In the northern part of Belgrade a terrible encounter with bayonets raged for two days and nights. The Serbians were pushed back step by step in these fights, and finally had to surrender the whole city."

Miss J. Gertrude Powers has returned to the city from Halifax. She will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. W. A. McGinley, 74 Mecklenburg street.

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