

TEN MONTHS OF WAR

Under the caption of "Ten Months of War," the Springfield Republican, one of the best daily papers published on the continent of America, sums up the situation. This paper has consistently favored the Allies by condemnation of German tactics, which have brought the name German into disrepute throughout the civilized world. The summary in the main is fair and well worth while. Evidently the estimate of the number of British troops in Flanders (400,000) is considerably below the mark when Premier Asquith's statement is remembered that to the end of May the British casualties totalled 258,069. This includes casualties in other regions besides Flanders and is, of course, exclusive of the navy.

[Editor].

Ten Months of War

June of last year was a momentous month. On the 23rd an English squadron made merry at St. Petersburg, celebrating the entente. On the same day another squadron, not quite so festive, helped celebrate a fact of importance in world history, the completion of the enlarged Kiel canal, through which dreadnoughts could pass. All was ready for the explosion; on the 28th the murder of the Austrian heir lightened the fuse. We shall soon be noting anniversaries, yet only a minority, when the war began, believed that it could last a year. It has entered its eleventh month, and no sign of the end is yet visible; the one thing obvious is that an ending by the complete victory of either side would mean a war long, destructive and terrible beyond what can be imagined even from what has happened.

At the present moment Germany is at what may or may not prove its highwater mark. It has just scored in Galicia the most brilliant victory of the war, and is still reaping the fruits. In the west it holds the allies firmly, and even dares an offensive against all the strength France, Britain and Belgium can put into the field. To the south it looks without dismay at the millions of Italy and only laments the cutting off of supplies from that source. If the rest of Europe should take a hand confederate in the might of the German army would not be shaken. However the war ends, Germany will get more military glory than all the other nations put together. The more foes the more honor, is the Prussian maxim. Germany has taken to itself the proud words of Shakespeare: "Come the three corners of the world in arms, and we shall shock them."

Effective Force Counts
It is a stupendous spectacle, a demonstration of the enormous energy which a compact, warlike, patriotic and highly developed state can bring into play. Compared with what Germany is doing in this war the military efforts of the past are but a war canoe to a dreadnought. While supplies hold out she feels herself invincible, and indeed it is a question whether the whole world could put enough men in the field to rush her frontiers. To calculate odds by counting noses is folly; what counts in battle is the effective force which can be used where it is needed. By thorough preparation, by skill in organizing, by superior military science, by economy of effort, by thrifty use of all the nations resources, whether military or economic, by its highly developed industry and its national habit of seriousness and hard work, by its central position and wonderful network of railways, by its ardent patriotism and its sincere, if mistaken, belief that it is fighting a defensive war against the wicked and envious world outside, Germany is able to put forth energies amazing even to those who knew perfectly its potential strength on paper.

No Sign of Yielding
National spirit is one of the intangibles, but no less potent for that, and never perhaps has a nation showed a more united and courageous spirit; if their cause is not just the Germans at any rate believe that it is, and while they are of that mind the result is much the same. "Vital lies," Huse called falsehoods which inspire to great things; the German press shows that the German people have been systematically deceived into thinking that Germany was attacked, that atrocities were perpetrated by the allies which justified any retaliation, and that against a deliberate plot to destroy the German nation the most heroic sacrifices must be made. A neutral observer lately reported that a change had come over Germany. The junker officers had largely been killed off, and the army had become a people's army. He found the national temper milder, but no less resolute and even more united. In Germany there is no sign of yielding.

Nor is there in Great Britain, though the spectacle there is very different, and in some ways less seemly. A democracy shows at its worst in the first stages of a war, and England is but slowly getting itself into shape. While the censorship of facts is as rigid as on the continent, and less intelligent, discussion and criticism have been as free as in peace and have been indulged in with too little discretion; our civil war gives a parallel. The British have been slow to realize that they had in Germany an implacable enemy, and for their awakening they have in great measure to thank the German Zeppelins and submarines, which have done more than posters to advertise the war in sleepy, pacific England. So suddenly did the crisis come that the national spirit was unprepared, and was disposed to argue while Germany was fighting. With tram strikes, political squabbles and cabinet upheavals almost overshadowing the war in the newspapers, it is not surprising that Germany should add contempt to its hatred. To a naval war England can easily accustom itself; it has been hard to convince the country of the desperate nature of the fighting on land and the necessity of employing all the nation's energy at home as well as at the front.

Best in the War
If the war lasts, Britain will have powerful armies on a continental scale at work. At present it can at least be said that its creation of an armed force has never been equalled in so short a time, and that those portions of the new army which have reached the front have fought gallantly. It is likely that the original expeditionary army of professionals was in some ways the best that has been or will be engaged in the war; it was like an army of non-commissioned officers, one German put it. The quality must deteriorate as green troops are put in, but the stuff is good, and in a continuous war like this veterans are quickly made. Britain may have 400,000 men in Flanders; when the number reaches a million the balance will perceptibly be changed.

For the present England is less concerned with driving the Germans out of Belgium than with checking an apprehended German drive for Calais. Joffre has burned much gunpowder in the "labyrinth," but neither there nor at the famous St. Mihiel salient has the "ribbing" policy achieved much as yet. To sympathizers with the allies the meagre results attained by the French have been a disappointment, yet long ago in "The Future of War," Bloch wrote very wisely, "France must above all avoid losses of men, as losses would be greater for her than for other states." Thus the birth rate must affect strategy; wealth can more easily be re-created than population. Heavily as French industry suffers, it would be better to pay the price of a war of economic exhaustion, which is what Germany most dreads, than to win a costly victory against German trenches. Shells, Joffre will expend without limit, but he must be tender of his men, for they are the future of France.

Russia Able to Sustain Long War
On the east Russia's outlook after ten months war is darker than at any time since the war began; yet it is too soon to think that she is at an end of her resources. Much depends upon the national spirit, and as to that little trustworthy information is available. Some months ago there was confidence in Germany that Russia was done for, that her munitions were gone, her armies demoralized, and the pro-German party in the ascendant. That war material is scant has been shown in the present stupendous struggle in Galicia, which has been won by an overwhelming superiority in artillery on the Austro-German side. But though driven back with great losses on both sides, the Russians thus far have kept their line intact, and their resisting power is by no means destroyed. By its great natural resources Russia is better able than any other European state to sustain a protracted war, and while its armies are intact the most brilliant exploits of German strategy are not decisive. Unless Russia can be crushed or disheartened into a separate peace, Germany still faces the dread specter of a war of economic exhaustion.

This is the real menace of Italy and the Balkans. While any number of fees may be beaten back from the frontiers when they only get in each other's way, it is otherwise with economic resources. If Roumania, through which Russian grain has entered Hungary, joins Italy, the central powers will be completely cut off on that side, while the economic energies of the entente will be immensely strengthened by the release of Russia from blockade. Great as Germany's resources are, they have their limit, and she is poor in raw material, save for making guns. If she cannot crush her enemies in the field they may stifle her in a stubborn war of endurance, and this is why Germany rages—she feels that valor is entitled to win that to checkmate military conquest by economic pressure is a crime which justifies any fury of retaliation. That other nations have any right to meet her kind of strength is what no German will accept, and this exclusive militarism may yet be Germany's ruin. The more foes the more honor—for the soldier, perhaps, but not for the diplomat. Even the Lilliputians were able to bind Gulliver, and no possible foe should be disdained. When Austria menaced Serbia, Sir Edward Grey gave warning that "The consequences would be incalculable." The hostility of Italy is one of the consequences, and perhaps after ten months their end has not yet been reached.

CONTROL OF EQUITABLE SOLD BY MORGAN ESTATE
New York, June 17.—Control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States has passed from the hands of the estate of the late J. P. Morgan to General T. Coleman Dupont. The price paid for the Morgan interests in the Equitable is being withheld for the present, but it is understood it was about \$3,500,000.

It was said the new owner of the Equitable has formulated plans which he will carry out, calling for the complete mutualization of the society. Thirteenth battalion—Sgt. S. Hammett, Pte. J. O'Brien.
Fifteenth battalion—Pte. R. Cootes, Princess Patricia's—Pte. F. Williams.
Strathcona's Horse—Trooper F. King, Trooper J. Cave.
Engineers—Sapper H. Bowden.
Army service corps—Driver L. Chambers.
Sheffield, Eng., June 18.—The following Canadians have just been admitted into hospital here: Lee-Corp. H. W. Diamond, Seventh, slight; Pte. A. Fowles, Sixteenth, severe; Pte. A. Lloyd, Second, sick; Corp. F. Melville, Royal Canadian Dragoons, sick; Pte. P. McCallum, slight; Pte. J. W. Smedley, Seventh, severe; Lee-Corp. G. W. Smith, Sixteenth, sick; Sgt. H. W. Diamond, Seventh, slight; Pte. E. West, Third, slight; Pte. W. J. Wood, Third, severe.

150 RECRUITS WANTED FOR 45TH BATTALION; MUST BE FULL STRENGTH

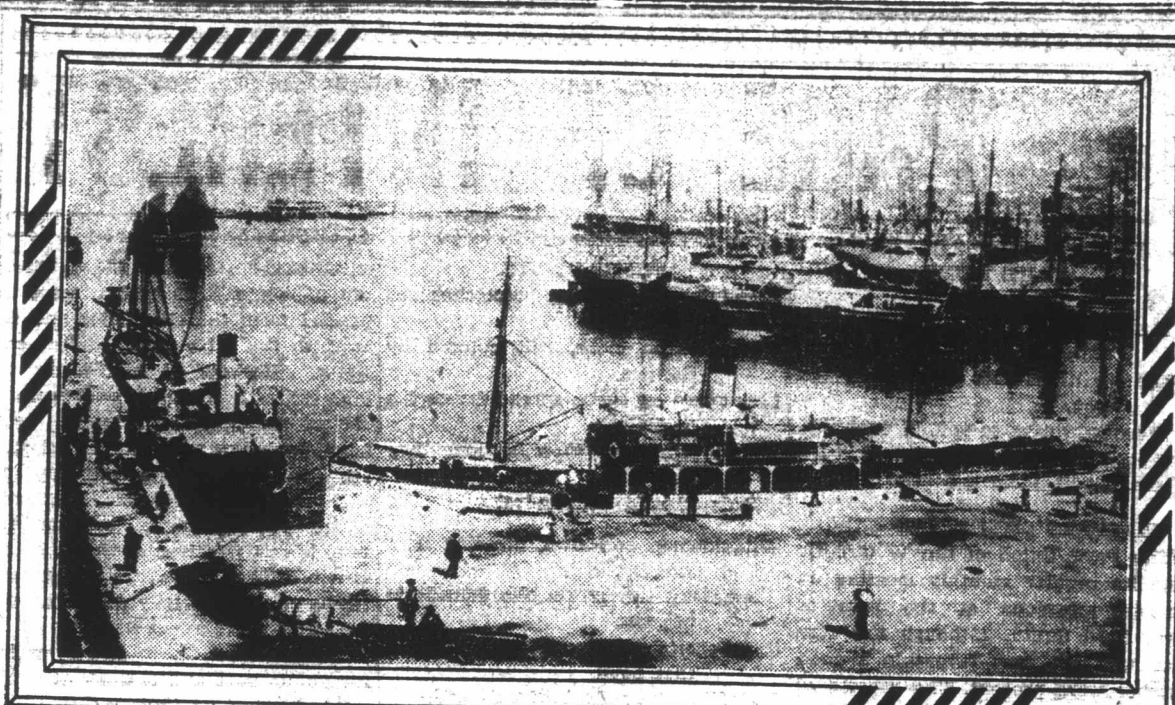
One hundred and fifty men are still required from this district to bring the 45th Battalion up to its full strength again. Like the other infantry regiments at Sewell, the battalion has received orders to recruit up to full strength, which means the addition of the above number of men to the ranks. Recruiting officers came up from Sewell Friday and they will be at the arena until the number required has been obtained. The regiment expects to leave Sewell about the middle of next month but this will not be possible unless the regiment is brought up to strength by that time.

CANADIAN OFFICERS NOW PRISONERS OF WAR

Ottawa, June 18.—The Secretary of State for Colonies Rt. Hon. Bonar Law has forwarded to the Canadian government a list of twenty-five Canadian officers who are held as prisoners of war in Germany. All these officers are at Bischofsferda, in Saxony. The list was given to a representative of the United States embassy by Major P. Byng, D.S.O., of the Seventh Canadian battalion, the senior officer of those held at the camp. It was forwarded by United States Ambassador James W. Gerard, at Berlin to the United States ambassador in London, Hon. Walter Hines Page. The list includes the names of five wounded and is as follows: Major P. Byng, D.S.O., Seventh battalion; Major P. Anderson, Third battalion; Major A. E. Kirkpatrick, Third battalion; Captain J. E. L. Streight, Third battalion (wounded); Captain J. E. Osborne, Fifteenth battalion (wounded); Captain T. V. S. Scudamore, Seventh battalion (wounded); Captain C. Fryer, Tenth battalion; Captain F. J. Locke, Seventh battalion; Captain G. M. Alexander, Fifteenth battalion; Captain R. S. Coy, Fifteenth battalion; Captain R. McKessock, Fifteenth battalion; Captain E. L. Johnson, Third battalion; Lieutenant E. D. Bell, Seventh battalion; Lieutenant V. A. G. Macdonald, Seventh battalion; Lieutenant H. A. Barwick, Fifteenth battalion; Lieutenant V. A. McLean, Sixteenth battalion (wounded); Lieutenant F. W. MacDonald, Fifteenth battalion; Lieutenant P. V. Jones, Fifteenth battalion; Lieutenant C. V. Fessenden, Fifteenth battalion; Lieutenant F. J. Smith, Fifteenth battalion; Lieutenant J. C. Thom, Seventh battalion; Lieutenant R. P. Steeves, Seventh battalion; Lieutenant G. A. Caldwell, Tenth battalion (wounded); Lieutenant G. E. D. Grene, Third battalion; Lieutenant D. G. Allan, Third battalion.

CANADIANS ADMITTED TO ENGLISH HOSPITALS
London, June 18.—The following Canadians have just been admitted to the military hospital at Cardiff:
First battalion—Pte J. Shea, Sergt. C. Ware.
Second battalion—Pte. F. Emmerson.
Third battalion—Pte. W. Broder, Bugler G. Carill, Pte G. Clarke, Lee-Corp. E. Davidson, Pte. R. Poulton, Pte. T. Vigns.
Fourth battalion—Pte A. Clements, Pte F. Dolan, Pte J. Denver, Lee-Corp. J. Lee, Pte. S. Weaver.
Fifth battalion—Pte. F. Godfrey, Corp. V. Hogan, Pte. C. Stout.
Seventh battalion—Pte. J. Carter, Pte A. McConnel, Pte S. Proctor.
Eighth battalion—Pte. G. Allman, Lee-Corp. A. Bagnall, Pte. E. Stebbings, Pte. T. Williams.
Tenth battalion—Pte. G. Bowerman, Pte. W. Touche.
Thirteenth battalion—Sgt. S. Hammett, Pte. J. O'Brien.
Fifteenth battalion—Pte. R. Cootes, Princess Patricia's—Pte. F. Williams.

FATHER OVERTAKES ELOPERS' AND IS WON OVER BY GIRL'S SMILE
Sioux City, Iowa, June 18.—After the father of Colon Clinton Ankeny of Creston, age twenty, had followed his son and Miss Lura Reid of Cornish, with whom the young man roped to elope, through several counties, the elder Ankeny gave his consent to the marriage and sided the young people. Ankeny never had seen the girl and when they met it took her just seven minutes to win him over.



HARBOR OF TRIESTE—Austria's most valuable seaport, and the goal of Italian advance.

GRAPHIC PICTURE OF LIFE AT FRONT

Continuous Narrative Gives Good Idea of Everyday Happenings

DON'T FORGET THE LUSITANIA, BOYS

Clergyman Was First Out of Trench When Charge Was Sounded

A REAL BANQUET

Writing from Somewhere at the front," Corp. D. J. Robertson of the R.A.M.C., who is a Brandon man, gives a most interesting account of his experiences. He was an employee of the Manitoba Govt. Telephones here and left on the outbreak of war for the old country where he found a medical unit going direct to the front. He writes to his brother here, Mr. P. Robertson of the C.P.R. freight office, and his letter in part reads:

May 26th, 1915.
Being on guard, and having little to do but loaf around, I thought I could not do better than commence that long letter I promised you. In your last letter I promised you expression of a desire to know a little of the exact nature of my duties. As you perhaps already know, a Field Ambulance is divided into two divisions, viz.: the Tent Sub-division and the Bearer Sub-division. The former organizes their dressing station, generally about three miles from the trenches. The latter advance, sometimes to within two or three hundred yards from the trenches to an advance dressing station and to this station they bring the wounded from the trenches. The work in which I am engaged forms the connecting link between the advance dressing station and the dressing station proper—that is the transport of the wounded from the firing line.

During an attack, all roads leading to the trenches are more or less shelled continuously by the enemy, so to prevent our people getting reinforcements and food into the trenches. As we have to use these same roads we are therefore more or less subject to shell fire during an attack. Up to the present our ambulance wagons have been lucky, but our bearers have suffered heavily, especially during the last attack. One of our drivers was killed and one wounded. So much for that question, which I hope is quite clear.

Hair Turning White
I have no doubt you would notice quite a change in me. I have acquired a rather heavy moustache and my hair is almost white on my temples. During damp weather I can feel rheumatism knocking at every joint, the effects of one winter's campaigning. Heaven knows what I shall be like if we have to spend another such five months. I like many others, have visions of such a possibility and in preparing for the same I am going to take the liberty of suggesting my next Christmas present. A good heavy sweater. One of these would have been greatly appreciated last winter, but I did not think of it until too late in the season. However, we will still live in hopes that I shall be able to wear that sweater in Brandon and not in France. As regards my store of notepaper, you inquired about it, I might say that my little stock is carried in my pocket. I used to carry a small supply in my haversack but there it became damp and spoilt the gum on the envelopes, and even if I carried too large a stock in my pocket the heat from my body causes the flaps of the envelopes to adhere.

Regarding the manner in which we keep track of the days and weeks, I keep a little notepad which I purchased in Lyndhurst for that purpose. For each day I make a little entry, not about military matters of course, for that would be dangerous, especially if I had the misfortune to

be captured, but just some remark about matters in general. For instance: April 11th. Received letter from Peter. April 13th. Posted letter to Peter. I must now close for tonight. Its time to call the roll and see lights out. Tomorrow I will continue my little book and I trust that so far I have not wearied you. Good night.

One Good Supper

May 27th, 1915.
Once more to resume my tale. After I left off writing, last night, I enjoyed, about nine p.m. a supper of fried chipped potatoes purchased at the small cost of (six sous—3d.) from one of the women who live in the row of brick cottages adjacent to our billet. How's that for an active service supper? We think a lot of it, for as a rule we have to content ourselves with hard biscuits and cheese or jam. The people around here charge very moderately for anything we purchase, although we have struck places where they simply robbed us. Our present billet is an unfinished brick house, without even as much as window panes in it, much less the windows themselves. It is very comfortable, however, during this very hot weather, but I imagine it would be a little draughty in winter.

Last night, while I was enjoying my "chips" on the sidewalk, I met an old chum of my Gibraltar days. He told me he had walked ten miles that day to see the effects of some bombs which were dropped from a Zeppelin on to a neighboring village. Lucky fellow. This is the nearest he has been to the firing line and has not yet seen a shell burst, much less heard the whizz of a bullet past his ear.

Reviewed by Joffre
This afternoon we have been reviewed by the great French commander, General Joffre, and I am really feeling very tired after my long march and the waiting about. My chum has just brought along the tea and we are going to feed sumptuously on bread, cheese and jam. A pancake, an apple tart or even a lemon pie would go down very well for a change, but I suppose it isn't much good withering for those things and the thought of pancakes and apple tarts always makes me homesick, so I'll change the subject.

Don't Forget the Lusitania

The clergyman who has been looking after the spiritual welfare of our brigade since we left Lyndhurst, was wounded in this last battle. He had three wounds but none were mortal and every hope is entertained that he will fully recover. He was the first man out of the trench when the charge was sounded. In view of the fact that he is a non-combatant and carried no arms with which to defend himself his conduct is all the more noble. The same troops charged with the shout "Don't forget the Lusitania, boys." This same chaplain, in the battle previous to the one above mentioned, while our trenches were being subjected to a terrific shell fire by the enemy, walked up and down the trench with his mackintosh carefully folded over his arm and coolly swinging his cane "just as if he were in the strand," as an infantryman described it. Conduct like this from the chaplain will, I think, do more good than a year's sermons. It is interesting, too, that he bore the name of and was a descendant of the great Sir Robt. Peel.

One of our men who was killed in the battle had nearly completed his course, prior to entering the field, as a medical missionary. A fine fellow he was, too, and we shall miss him very much. Although highly educated and very refined, he was "just one of the boys."

Hurry and Get Wounded

May 28th, 1915.
Well, it was very cold last night and our windowless house proved anything but cosy. The cold north wind easily penetrated our sole blanket and when I woke up once, shivering, I fell to thinking, not of apple

tarts or pancakes, but of my old sea blanket, which would have been so acceptable at the time. However, the more I thought of the blanket the colder I grew, so I dismissed the subject as unavailing in producing warmth. Like the tarts and the pancakes, there is not much consolation to be had from them when they are thousands of miles off.

Today we had a letter from one of our boys who was wounded in the last battle and who is now in a hospital in Manchester. He advises us all to hurry up and get wounded, and proceeds to describe his pretty nurse of nineteen who sits by his bedside for an hour at a time. One regret he has, however, is that the nurse always sits on the side farthest away from his good arm, and from what I remember of him perhaps it's as well that she does avoid that good arm.

Now that the Huns have adopted a new device in the form of gas, it has in consequence necessitated the invention of a kind of defence against such attacks and the latest addition to our equipment is a mask fixed around the cap in a position from where it can easily be pulled over the face. Less than two hours after the notice that gas was being used, was issued, we were all supplied with the necessary masks. Up to the present we have had no reason to use them, but one never knows, does he? and so we must always be prepared, for I suppose that sooner or later they will use it all along the line. Fortunately they have to wait for a favorable wind before they can make use of it.

Wash Day

Today has been washing day, and I certainly dread it. It is a necessary evil, however, and must be done and when we are resting like this we make the best of our opportunities, for when the division is in action washing is almost out of the question. I darned some socks, today. I must say they are standing the hard wear well, for when I tell you that since last August I have worn out five pairs of boots you will understand what I mean by hard wear. During that time I have also worn out three suits of Khaki. Of course in the winter these boots really didn't wear away. They simply rotted away, as they were never dry from the time we put them on till we cast them away. Well, I reckon I'll have to close for another day.

Great Ornament

May 29th.
Good morning! Another cold night, last night I do wish this wind would change. Rumors are persistent this morning that we are to be on the move again at an early date. The time or the destination is, however, unknown, so I suppose we must wait and see. I have no doubt it will be some part of the firing line again for another spasm. During the time I have been out here, I have had many opportunities of picking up curios, such as German helmets, rifles, etc., but unfortunately we are not allowed to send them home and these articles are much too heavy to carry about for a few months, so that so far I have had to content myself with a few small articles, such as pieces of "Jack Johnson's," German bullets, etc., which I could easily carry in my haversack. A German helmet, especially one with the eagles on it, would make a great ornament.

I suppose you have heard of the bomb-throwing in this war. The throwing of bombs by hand has become quite an art and nowadays so many are attached to each battalion of infantry. They always go into action with a large supply of bombs and in the last battle our bomb-throwers came upon a roofless farm barn where a number of Huns had taken refuge. The bomb-throwers called upon them to surrender, which they did without any hesitation.

Best wishes and kind remembrances to all.

DAVE.



FORMER DICTATOR OF MEXICO BUYS A COUNTRY HOME ON LONG ISLAND.

General Victoriano Huerta, former Provisional President of Mexico, has evidently no more desire to rule over the destinies of the Mexican people. All the attention that he formerly devoted to the cares and worries of state he now applies to his family, his lawn and his garden. The group which posed exclusively for this picture in front of the Huerta residence shows, standing, left to right: Luis Fuentes, Mrs. Fuentes, Mrs. Victoriano Huerta, Victoriano Huerta, Jorge Huerta, and a friend of the Huertas. The children are Huerta's grandchildren.