

Repulse of the Germans.

PARIS, Sept. 24.—In a series of night attacks, delivered with desperation, the Germans last night failed to break through the French centre. Beyond the bare announcement that the attacks were repulsed in their entirety, no particulars are as yet available. This attack, coupled with usual activity on the French right, proves conclusively the military experts here say, that the Germans are making every possible move to relieve the pressure on their slowly crumbling right.

The German army of General von Boehm, containing practically all of the active army that had been left in Belgium, has reinforced General von Kluck, and now holds the extreme north and west of his line, from Douai fourteen miles east of Arras south to the neighborhood of Soissons through Cambrai and St. Quentin. It is confronted by the French army of General Dammade, while the British forces, supported by another French army, are continuing their turning movement along the Oise and endeavoring to dislodge von Kluck and his supporting reinforcements from the hills and entrenchments. They now hold in the triangle formed by the Aisne, Oise and Lette rivers.

While the movement is necessarily slow the official statement issued at midnight refers to five-eighths of a mile as an excellent day's gain.

General Gallieni's reports indicate that it is sure the allies are endeavoring to drive a wedge through the German line and St. Quentin, which would enable them to surround von Kluck, isolating him from von Boehm's forces and force him to retreat precipitously or face complete disaster. No troops have been withdrawn from the French left to reinforce the French centre and right. They have been aided by several corps from the second line, sent from the Mobilization centres to the south and still maintain their numerous superiority over the enemy.

The losses to the active German armies have been so great that their regular reserves, selected to fill the gaps, have proven too few, and many Landwehr regiments are reported in the line. This is especially the case in the Bavarian army. This army has suffered terribly in the initial fighting in France, fighting with the most desperate courage and enduring losses that must have been horrifying to the troops.

The battle line today extends from the Swiss border to the Vosges Mountains, via Muelhausen, northwest to the neighborhood of Vereun, which is again under attack by a large German force with heavy siege guns, west to the vicinity of Soissons, and then northwest to Douai.

PARIS, Sept. 24.—The formidable force the Germans threw against the allies' left is still flinching, according to the official information, under the unrelenting blows of the Franco-English battering ram. Even the famous Guard, as in the battle of the Aisne, is unable to stand the pressure and are giving a little more ground daily.

The diversion attempted in Lorraine having proved ineffectual, the Germans are now making a fierce drive in the Woivre district, northeast of Verdun. The object, no doubt, is to cut off the army operating around Nancy, but the Germans already had tried to make an opening between Verdun and Toul, besieging Troyon at the same time. It is doubtful that they will succeed any better this time than they did in the former attempt. Nevertheless, the manoeuvre constitutes a grave menace to the allies, who are resisting desperately, and thus far repulsed attacks with heavy losses. That the Germans are losing heavily on their right is also attested by the constant arrival here of prisoners and wounded.

PARIS, Sept. 24.—That the turning movement of the allied left against the strongly reinforced German right continues successfully, was announced this afternoon. The official statement says that the French left, between the Somme and the Oise rivers, continues to advance, pressing the Germans back. The allies have advanced slightly to the northwest in the direction of Roye. A detachment has occupied Peronne. Despite violent attacks between the Oise and the Aisne, the statement continues the Germans have been able to retain their strongly entrenched positions. The attacks of the allies on these positions are continuing with violence. East of the Argonne district and along the heights of the Meuse severe fighting still continues.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—Despite the watchfulness of the German authorities says a despatch from Copenhagen to the London Evening News, syndicate's posters, proclaiming "we want peace; down with the Kaiser," are appearing on the walls of buildings in Berlin. Travellers driving through the city between railway stations are ordered to keep the blinds of their vehicles drawn so that the posters may not be seen.

BERLIN, via The Hague, Sept. 14.—The War Office, in an official statement today, declared that attempts of the allies to pierce the German lines have all been frustrated both in the eastern and western theatres of conflict. It is asserted the German success continues.

"English Gentlemen."

The British Soldier in France

HIS EXEMPLARY BEHAVIOUR

(London "Morning Post.")

The roll of the drum beating "La Generale" has died out, and Dumanet, the French Tommy Atkins, has gone to do his duty manfully, even rejoicing over the fact that the prolonged nightmare that has been disturbing him is about to vanish. "War is imminent," says a newspaper. "It has been imminent for 44 years," says a French soldier. "It is better to have done with it once for all. The womenfolk face the ordeal as bravely as he does; there are no 'scenes' although tears well up into the eyes of all of them, eyes through which shines the love-light of motherly and sisterly devotion. The men are off as quickly as they respond to the call to arms, and then eyes are strained towards Albion's white cliffs. "Les Anglais viendront pour sur," spring from many lips.

A few days pass by, days spent in patient and confident expectation. On a certain night the cliffs and the strand of the many villages about Boulogne-sur-Mer are lined with fishermen and others, all intent on watching signals made by "sea-wolves" (destroyers), of which one occasionally sees five, then three. "Ils viennent!" is the exultant and joyous cry one early morn. Yes, indeed, they are coming—they being our troops. Thereupon, all those who can tramp towards the town on a hard, dusty road, under a broiling sun to welcome les anglais, as they speak the word in those parts.

A FRENCH WELCOME.

In a very few days the town itself and its surrounding hillsides are covered with our tents. Steamer after steamer deposits its load of fine, stalwart men and youths, who are welcomed with delight and heartfelt gratitude. "Vivent les Anglais! Vive l'entente cordiale! Vive la reine Marie! Vive le roi George, and vive Lord Kitchener!" An animated scene is to be witnessed daily—nay, almost hourly—alongside the basin. The decks are crowded with men, horses, guns, A. S. C. waggon. &c. It is Aldershot transported. The transport is hardly moored alongside when our gallant men clatter down the gangways, the horses are slung over the side; military automobiles, repairing waggon, and all the adjuncts of warfare, follow in rapid succession. Cheers, waving of French, Belgian and British flags. The cavalrymen unsaddle their horses, and proceed to massage their saddlebacks. The clap, clap, clap of the masseurs makes cheerful music, and a lady remarks to her little son: "Jean, I have always told you that the English were kind to their horses, I saw that years ago when I was at school in their country." The ground is strewn with accoutrements, and our men, after having been kind to their beasts, stretch out on the bare soil in quest of a short rest, for some of them, if no many, are to be entrained very shortly.

WANTED SOUVENIRS.

A little French girl bodily steps up to a British soldier and asks him for a souvenir. "J'aime bien les Anglais, ils ont de si belles têtes," is the old fashioned mite's speech. He does not understand her words, so they are translated for his benefit. With knightly courtesy does this private in the "Darlings" remove the numeral from his left shoulder-strap [the nearest to the heart, I presume], and presents it to the happy and dainty petite demoiselle. She puts up her lips. He understands this time, and he reverently kisses the little creature. "How amiable, how gallant these English soldiers!" exclaims Georgette's overjoyed mother, gracefully bowing to the gallant knight, who salutes her in military fashion and presents her with his regimental badge. The crowd cheers vociferously, and a rush is made for the temporary "camp"; in a few minutes, hardly a badge or a numeral is left. Mothers and fathers lift their

children shoulder-high, and the little ones tug at the numerals and badges, not in vain, for Tommy helps them to detach the coveted souvenirs. Having thoroughly looted the camp, the fortunate ones depart with cries of "Look at what the English soldiers have given us!" Ah, but we must give them something in our turn; they are too polite, too amiable, one can see that they are "des gentlemen Anglais." And English gentlemen they are from beginning to end, and a British subject feels proud of them. None of us had so far heard of Lord Kitchener's recommendations to the King's soldiers, but they have faithfully hearkened to his advice. For ten days did I go into the town, watching them land, march through Boulogne to their respective quarters and about it, wandering about the streets and in the adjacent communes, and English gentlemen they were on every occasion. A French lady kisses her hand to them, and many another does so. Off come caps doffed with a courtly dignity. An Englishman commits the blunder of offering money to one of them for a badge remarking that he wants it for a French lady. The soldier "looks" at him, hands the badge to him, remarking the while: "I am an Englishman, sir, and I don't sell presents to ladies."

MASTERING THE LANGUAGE.

Many French ladies speak English fairly well, and on one of them inquiring of a cavalier to which regiment he belongs he replies that it has the honor of belonging to Queen Mary, and he adds: "Her Majesty was very kind to us when we left. She gave us each a pipe and plenty of tobacco." "Vous avez une bien bonne reine," says the lady, forgetting to speak English in her admiration of her Majesty's kindly thought. On another occasion a "Madam," as Tommy soon gets to call her, asks a tall "Blankshireman" what

he thinks of his French fellow in arms, and she gets her reply in French, English French, not French French; but she understands him, and is much gratified. "Pettit soldat, but bonne," is how he gives his opinion. English residents and visitors are very proud of the demeanor of the soldiers of their country. To them the clanking of the spurs of our smart cavaliers sound like music as these well set well-groomed young fellows walk along with a swing that delights an English girl to such an extent that I hear one exclaim: "What lovely swank!" to which "soldiers three" reply with a "Thank you, Miss." Tommy is generous. He brings with him huge pots of jam and marmalade, rips off the cover of one, spreads some on a slice of bread, and then hands over the whole pot to a crowd of ragged urchins, male and female. "That's jam," he informs them. They understand that. French people supply the bread, and the urchins are as happy as a mast-maker's dog curled up in shavings. A neighboring shop is quickly bought out, and fancy bread (the baking of it has not as yet been prohibited), buns, and chocolate are handed over to the Tommies. One lady presents them with a bottle of champagne. It is dexterously uncorked, and all are pleased except a braw laddie who prefers a "wee drappie" to "sweet wine." He is spoiling, so are his comrades, for a "fecht," and they would like to "cure a sight of Germans". "There'll be no work for us to do if we let the Belgians do it all. That is the spirit that animates all our men who have been temporarily "left behind."

SCOTS IN FRANCE.

A killed regiment from the North is literally cooped up in an old barracks, and people are hanging to the rails, as Londoners hang on to those of the barrack-yard in Lirdcage-walk. One of the Scotsmen comments on this curiosity in the following fashion: "They are taking us for the monkeys at Corstorphine" (the site of Edinburgh's magnificent "Zoo"). They have marched in with a piper. The fishermen know them, and explain that they have seen them at "Abberdine" and at "Leet" [Leith] but that in these places they wear "de bell-jupes." "Why don't they show us their inbred taste for color, and not fancy khaki. They insist on seeing the 'vraie jupe,' and Jock obliges them by removing the khaki covering. Then, woman-like, they speculate as to the price of such magnificent cloth. E're long every Tommy is sporting the French, the Belgian, and the Russian colors, and picking up French. A body of the Ambulance Corps march down the Grande Rue, headed by an unmistakable Cockney playing 'The Cock of the North' on a mouth-organ. This extraordinary regimental band provokes the following comment: "All the same, they have a funny music, those English." "You understand, mon chou, that it is only in war-time that they play like that. Oh, they have fine bands, as

good as ours. I have heard them in Heed Parc." One more humorous incident. A number of Victoria nurses arrive "one fine day." "Ah! here are the wives of the soldats ecossais." An explosion of laughter follows this assertion. I explain to my neighbors that they are nurses, and am thanked by a lady, who adds: "Mais, monsieur, avec de si belles toilettes elles ne soignent que les officiers, sans doute." Again I explain that there is no doubt about the matter; they nurse officers and men. "C'est admirable."

That the Kings soldiers will fight as they always have when their turn comes there can be no doubt. But they will always be remembered as "English gentlemen." I was a good deal among them at all hours of the day, but never did I see one intoxicated, and they were ever generous, kind hearted and polite.

"Ils n'ont insulte personne." Ce sont de braves gens. Nous les aimerons toujours, are the words I hear coming unmistakably from the heart as well as from the lips of a Frenchwoman as a train-load of British soldiers is conveyed towards the path of glory. May many of them come back as the prayer of those who witness them as they leave Boulogne-sur-Mer. The "gentlemen anglais" will never be forgotten. They have done much to cement the Entente cordiale. C. E. R.

Divine Leaders.

We heard some time ago that the Kaiser had gone himself to the Belgian frontier to assume the management of the campaign. Later we heard that he had taken personal command of the army in France. That statement coincided with news that the advance to Paris had been checked, and that the great army of invasion was giving way. So we were not long in hearing that the war-load was off to the eastern frontier in the hope that his appearance there would be marked by a reversal of the terrible Russian advance. His hopes rested on this in any case, for should that advance continue and the pathetic faith of the nation in the absolute wisdom or the army administration and in the invincibility of the army give way, the throne of the great prophet of brute force, which is built on a high pyramid of Krupp guns and dreadnoughts and Zeppelins, and human sacrifices would lose its very foundations. The Kaiser probably thinks that such stories will hearten the soldier just as the presence of Bonaparte was an inspiration to his men. We should rather expect them to break the heart of the nation and of the much-taxed soldiers. They know it was the Kaiser who sent them to war and to slaughter. They may believe—no doubt many of them do—that the Emperor, being divinely appointed to his high office by his birth in the Hohenzollern family, is divinely inspired for the high office of ruling. He thinks so himself. But it will be a severe strain upon that faith to imagine that, because he is descended a long way from a brother of Frederick the Great he must be the ablest tactician in his army. No doubt he is by virtue of his position the commander in chief, just as the President of the United States is commander in chief of the armies of that country. In fact he is more so than the President, not because the President is not absolute in that capacity, but because that office is only an incident of the President's position, whereas, as Emperor, if truth were told, William is war-lord, and almost nothing else. That is what makes war so much of his being. That is what has made his whole career one continuous propaganda of the doctrine of force and of the rights of the strongest. If the Germans mark the date of their war-lord's personal presence as that of the beginning of retreat, it will take the heart out of them. As for the still more self sufficient Crown Prince they will have still greater misgivings about him, whether he begins with victory or defeat. —Montreal Weekly Witness.

Hohenzollern Presumption.

The Hohenzollern motto. "God with us" is a noble one when its effect is to make those who use it want to be on the side of the God who is love, who is the father of all men, and who is the God of peace. But to imagine that God, being on our side, is therefore against those whom we wish to subdue to our will, that being on our side, he is the approver and a better of any crime against our fellow men we may wish to commit in his name, is to be mistaken as to which deity we are paying homage to. Here are the words with which William inaugurated this war as remembered by certain of the



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soldiers to whom they were addressed: "Remember that the German 'people' are the chosen of God. On me 'as German Emperor the spirit of God' has descended. I am his weapon, his 'sword and his vice regent. Woe to 'the disobedient! Death to cowards 'and unbelievers!' It is only fair to say that this may not be the precise wording of this speech, but it is of a piece with the character of the Emperor as commonly understood. Similarly unsubstantiated, except by a like verisimilitude, are the words attributed to one of the sons of the Emperor when similarly addressing his troops. 'The French are savages, therefore strike hard.' Those troops burned villages, shot in at cellar windows and pointed their guns at women for amusement. We do not state the charges as they come to us, only what seems to be free from over statement.

A soldier found killing the wounded, said such were his orders. That is in itself poor evidence; but here is a saying of the German Emperor which has been, according to a correspondent, circulated through German on post-cards. It is part of the memorable speech of the Emperor to his brother Henry when sending him forth to seize a portion of China with the small shadow of an excuse: 'When you meet the foe you will defeat him. No quarter will be given; no prisoners will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy.' His Majesty told his sailors they were to act like the Huns, those most lustful of ancient hordes whose name has become a byword for the extremes of destructive savagery. Here is another popular imperial speech: 'Our people' (a people assumed to be votaries of the diabolic religion which the Emperor ascribes to Germans) 'will be the granite block on which the good God may complete his work of civilizing the world.' Then will be realized the word of the poet who said, 'the world will one day be saved (sic) by the German character.' These are we presume verbatim transcriptions from the emperor's veritable words.

—Montreal Weekly Witness.

Trawler Blown in Two; Work of North Sea Main.

(Canadian Press Despatch.)

London, Sept. 23.—The Grimsby trawler Kilmarnock was sunk by a mine in the North Sea yesterday. Only three members of her crew were saved. The trawler was blown in two and went down instantly.

FAITHFUL NUN NURSES.

Six nuns in the Convent of St. Charles, at Nancy, are mentioned in army orders for the splendid devotion they displayed in nursing over a thousand wounded soldiers in their establishment, despite the incessant and murderous bombardment. The sisters struck to their post while the civil population completely abandoned the town.