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SECOND SECTION

GERMANY MUST NOW ECONOMIZE

Near End of Heavy Striking Powers, Says French General.

STOPPAGE AT COMPIEGNE

MARKS VERY DEFINITE CHECK TO GERMAN WILL.

Hun Losses Enormous—Gains Were Out of All Proportion—Enemy Nearer Exhaustion Than Generally Believed.

Paris, June 18.—The battle of the Oise which began Sunday, is considered here as finished. "Looking at the situation as a whole," said an eminent French general this morning "I'm certainly going to unstrap my trunks."

"This general, although not now on the active list, is usually looked upon as a sound judge, whose opinion is worth listening to. In his opinion and that of most of the military critics whose articles appear in the newspapers to-day, the latest German drive is regarded as stopped, in spite of the fact that it was directed against what the Germans believed to be the hopelessly weak French army on the ground themselves had chosen. The Germans have advanced nowhere more than five miles during the five days since the battle began, and they achieved this measure of success only at the cost of at least thirty—some experts say thirty-four—of their best divisions; (\$75,000 to \$125,000 men).

"The sudden stoppage of this formidable battle for Compiègne," says Maurice Barres in the Echo de Paris, "makes a very definite check to the German will. The results of battle may be summed up as follows: First, the enemy's gain of territory is out of all proportion to the losses he has suffered; second, Compiègne has been saved; and third, our reserves are intact, if by reserve we mean the manœuvring forces which the commander-in-chief regards as indispensable to meet any unforeseen events."

Germany is Exhausted. "They haven't got Compiègne and they will never get Paris," is the feeling of the French capital this morning. The sense of relief is indisputable. One curious feature is that, unlike what occurred after the two previous great drives had been brought to a standstill, there is no speculating as to what the next German move may be. The feeling is

gaining ground that the exhaustion of Germany in available men has gone much further than was generally believed. Evidence of this is found in the comparative decrease in the duration of the successive German drives. The battle which began March 21st lasted a fortnight, and that for Arras, which began on April 9th, continued for ten days. These two battles were in close relation one to another and were followed by a series of important and vigorous local actions. The battle on the Aisne which began by the overrunning of the Chemin-des-Dames on May 27th, lasted between eight and nine days, and then came the battle of the Oise, which began on Sunday and was finished on Thursday.

Must Economize. The conclusion is drawn that the enemy was already himself obliged to economize with his men. Color is given to this view by the growing light which is being thrown on the extent of German losses in the present battles. It is announced here that one Prussian regiment which fought at Reims-sur-Matz was reduced before the end of the day to between sixty and seventy men. Repeated blows which the French resistance has compelled the enemy to level first on the right and then on the left, without any appreciable result except in his own loss, has caused the German reserves to crumble away rapidly. According to one account published here, the French, in their brilliantly successful counter-attack which won back the Mery Plateau captured six 77 millimetre guns, and four of "large calibre," which proves into German lines. The 1,500 prisoners secured by the French in this offensive belonged to twenty different companies of picked troops distributed among three of the enemy's best shock divisions.

NORTHERN NEW YORK HAY SELECTED BY GOV'T.

Chamont Man Gets Large Contract—Difficulties of Transportation Removed.

Watertown, N.Y., June 18.—Jefferson County hay is going to feed the army horses and mules in camps throughout the eastern department. Alonzo Diefendorf of Chamont, one of the leading hay dealers in the county, has a contract to supply many carloads of food to the army horses. Mr. Diefendorf expects to ship some thirty or forty carloads of hay within the next few weeks. An announcement that the Government is buying Northern New York hay is pleasing to farmers and hay dealers generally. Large quantities of said hay have been held because of the shortage and the shipping embargo. Prices continue good, and with the Government taking the product the difficulty in transportation is removed.

This old world is full of people who quit before they really commence. It is after we have got caught that we are judged by our actions. A faith that grows strong in adversity means much to the possessor.

DEFENDING A BREWERY

A HANDFUL OF MEN FIGHT A SMALL BATTLE.

One of War's Eerie Horrors, Illuminated by Irish Humor, Described By a Fighting Literary Man Who Has Been Through Many of the Most Thrilling Episodes of the Big War.

"GLORY me!" this isn't much for a brewery!" said Gabey, the Irish soldier, in a whisper as he dragged a dead German out of the shell hole and made room for himself. "I've seen breweries, but never a thing like this. There was a sort of brewery in Ballyrudden and all the drink that came from that was duty free."

"Hold yer tongue, ye big bloomin' red-headed Irish bouncer," said a man in khaki, who lay beside Gabey in the crater. "Maybe there's a boche listenin' to ye. Wot's that, anyway?" A shadowy form showed in the darkness in front and came toward the two men. Gabey, longer in reach than his mate, was the first to touch the newcomer with a bayonet. "Who are ye?" he whispered. "That you, Gabey?" was the reply. "Is Spudhole with you?" "Come and sit down, Bowdy," said Gabey. "We thought that ye were lost. Spudhole, the limb, is here. In a bad temper, he is, too." "No wonder," said Spudhole as the soldier, Bowdy, sat down beside him. "This damned Gabey is talkin' about a brewery when there's not a drink within ten miles of us."

"Well, that's a brewery, anyway," said Bowdy, pointing his finger at the ruined building, a mere shell, which stood in front. "Poelcapelle brewery or all that remains of it." The hour was midnight, dark and heavy, with a sullen rain falling on Poelcapelle, its ruined streets, shattered houses and gutted chateaux. Away on the left, in the night, was the forest of Houthulst, and to rear was the town of Ypres with the buildings afire, the flames reddening the night. All day long the men had been fighting around the brewery of Poelcapelle, which had been twice captured and twice lost. It was in the British hands now, however, but a German counter-attack was expected and the men were waiting ready for the foe.

"It's down the road that they will be comin', if they're comin' at all," said Gabey, pointing to a streak of dull white that lost itself in the distance. "That's the road leadin' to their lines." The other two men, comrades who had shared many dangers with him, did not answer. Probably they were falling asleep, for the day had been a very trying one and the light, not yet at an end, had commenced with dawn. It was very dark and it was impossible to distinguish objects quite near at hand. At one side of the road Gabey noticed something standing and it seemed to be coming toward him. A German probably. "Who are ye?" he called in a whisper, but received no answer. "He got to his feet, lunged at it with his bayonet and the steel stuck in something hard, a tree trunk, beveled almost white with shrapnel. He pulled the bayonet out with difficulty and returned to the crater. None of his mates moved. They were asleep. He listened. There was nothing to be heard, save the hiss of star shells rising and the rattle of artillery. When the surrounding country was lit up, nothing could be seen save the pitted levels and ruined houses, and the limp lifeless figures in field grey and khaki which lay on the roadside. The brewery showed its wall broken and its tortured chimneys twisted out of shape, a fitting emblem of the weary night. Not a soul was to be seen. The whole stricken village looked deserted and forsaken. "Who are ye, mate?"

Gabey's bayonet shot out toward the shadow form which rushed up to the shell-hole and Gabey's finger fumbled at the trigger of the rifle. "I'm your officer," said the shadow. "The German are coming down the road. Get ready!" Gabey shot at his feet and kicked off to the next shell-hole. Spudhole and Bowdy got to their feet and gripped their rifles. "Wot's wrong now?" Spudhole inquired. "Stand to!" Gabey whispered. "Get one in the breach, for the Jerry's are comin'!" "Thank Gawd!" said Spudhole. "It bodes me stiff when there's nuffin' doin'."

Bowdy, a Devon man, drew the pin from the shoulders of a bomb and stood waiting, his thumb on the lever. An officer came over to where Gabey stood. He was not the man who had been there before. "Do you hear anything?" he inquired. "No, sir," Gabey replied, but even as he spoke a concentrated fire broke out from ahead. Flashes of light dabbed at the darkness, rifle bolts clicked. The Germans were close at hand. "Ready!" called the officer. "Two rounds! Fire!" Even as he gave the order a mass of men approached, shouting madly. "Hurrah! Vorwärts!" they yelled. They could be seen coming down the road, their heavy boots rattling on the cobbles. "Vorwärts be damned!" Gabey called and flung his bomb into the press of surging figures. Spudhole was lying in the shell-hole, his rifle over the lip, barking spitefully. "You swine!" Bowdy shouted, as a dark shadow tried to jump past him. He caught it on his bayonet and it fell, mortally stricken. Half a dozen figures rushed up, and were met by a bomb which burst right in the middle of them. With long strangled cries they dropped to the ground. A machine gun opened fire on the

left where bombs were dropping and exploding with a vehement clatter. Star shells rose in the air and the brewery stood out, clearly defined. "No bloomin' beer when this comes to an end, though," said Gabey, who was now giving a good account of himself with cold steel. Lunging and backing at the enemy, he stood out a splendid figure on the lip of the shell-hole, Bowdy and Spudhole at his side. "Blimey, they're givin' way!" shouted Spudhole, following a man who was retreating from the attack. "Out o' it, ye swine, out o' it!"

The Germans backed away and presently they disappeared. The three men dropped to earth and fired into the darkness. Shrieks, groans and curses could be heard. "We've chased them back," said the young officer, who gave the first order. "They'll not face us again to-night, I'll bet."

"The worst of it is that we can't have a smoke," said Spudhole, in a morose voice, as he squatted on the ground and buttoned the collar of his overcoat. "Or a drink iv beer," said Gabey. "We've defended this damned brewery and we can't have a wet when the job is finished."

"This war is no bong," he added, philosophically. "I'm sick iv it," Patrick McGill.

Useful Parasites.

"Bz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z"—the buzzing sound comes nearer. It is produced by the vibrations of the wings of a most peculiar-looking insect. Its body is about two and a half inches in length, with transparent wings marked with dark spots. Hanging straight down from the rear end of the slender body is a thin, hair-like something, above five or six inches long, which seems to interfere with flight. Clumsily the insect circles around the trunk of the big elm tree. The buzzing ceases. The insect crawls around the trunk for some time before it stops. Without further preliminaries the queer insect raises its threadlike appendage straight up, then curves it in form of a loop over its back, so that the sharp tip at the end of it comes to rest on the bark. The appendage, which seems to have the rigidity of a steel wire, is planted perpendicularly upon the trunk and is drilled a small hole into it with surprising rapidity. At last the drilling ends. With unerring instinct the insect has located the burrow and another insect, the large Pigeon-Tremex, belonging to the insect family known as Horn-Tails. The female has drilled through bark and wood with its slender ovipositor until it reached the burrow. It deposits one egg in it. The Ichneumon Fly is a parasite. It deposits its eggs in the burrows of the Tremex and its larvae, which develop from the eggs in a short time, feed upon and kill the larvae of the Tremex which they find in the burrow. It is the female of the Tremex which drills the tell-tale holes into the bark of our shade trees and deposits eggs in them. The larvae which comes from these eggs burrow into the heartwood of the tree unless their career is cut short by an Ichneumon larva. — Popular Science Monthly.

Hun Irony. The irony of it! The Germans, after destroying the art treasures of Louvain, Ypres, and Rheims, are about to undertake the work of preserving the artistic treasures of the French and Belgian territory now in their possession! The "All Highest War Lord" is said to have promoted the scheme, and to have given directions for properly classifying, indexing, and photographing his newly acquired prizes for the benefit of posterity. In this action that the German guns are to be more useful in the future? Meanwhile, the world will doubtless prefer the unostentatious French way of expressing its love for the beautiful and artistic, for once again, as in previous springs, the historic parterres of the Tuilleries Gardens, with their wealth of color and fragrance, are being planted, and will stand forth as an example of the inspiring courage and faith which war cannot destroy.

Disease Thrives in Dirt. If we cover with black paper one-half of a petri dish (a small circular glass tray with cover) in which bacteria are growing and then place the dish in a light warm place, for a few days, the growth of bacteria in the light part of the dish will be found to be checked, while growth continues in the covered part. It is a matter of common knowledge that disease germs thrive where dirt and darkness exist and are killed by any long exposure to sunlight. According to George W. Hunter's "Civic Biology" this shows us the need of light in our homes, especially in our bedrooms. — Popular Science Monthly.

Monkeys Pick Tea. In a well-known restaurant in New York city's Chinatown tea is served at various prices, from ten to fifty cents a cup. The fifty-cent tea is called "Vos Ban, Yeh." A Chinese waiter in this restaurant, on being asked the reason for the high price of this particular brand, said: "Him high up on rocks. Have get monkey pick him." It would seem that the high cost of living has affected even the monkeys' rate of wages in China to warrant this price for a single cup of tea.

Lutheran Missions. To inform the women of the neighborhood of the approach of the hour for worship is one of the objects of a vigilance committee organized in certain Lutheran mission stations in India, a land where clocks are few. Another object is to see that the women are properly dressed for the service.

The Olive Crop. The 1918 olive crop in the maritime Alps promises to be a good one. Estimates place this year's production at 4,000 metric tons, compared to the average yield of 2,500 to 3,000 metric tons. The quality of the oil is said to be good and prices are high.



HERE IS THE DAY YOU REGISTER

ON June 22nd, Saturday, every man and woman, resident in Canada, who is 16 years and over, must attend at one of the places provided for registration, between the hours of 7 a.m. and 10 p.m., and there truthfully answer all the questions set forth upon the registration card.

Upon signing the card, vouching for the accuracy of the answers, the man or woman will receive a Registration Certificate, as shown below, which must be carried upon the person thereafter.

Why the Certificate is so Important

For failure to register a maximum fine of \$100 and one month's imprisonment is provided, also an added penalty of \$10 for each day the person remains unregistered after June 22nd. Persons remaining unregistered cannot lawfully be employed, and cannot draw wages for work done after June 22nd. Employers who keep unregistered persons in their employ will be liable for fines equal in amount to those recoverable from the unregistered employees.

Unregistered persons cannot lawfully purchase transportation tickets, and may find themselves barred from traveling on railroads, steamboats, etc. Similarly they may be denied board and lodging at any hotel, restaurant, public house or boarding house. In a word—All persons remaining unregistered, and all persons having dealings with unregistered persons, knowing them to be such, incur heavy penalties under the law.

REGISTRATION IS LAW—Don't Fail to Register

Advertisement for the Canada Registration Board. It features a sample registration certificate with fields for name, address, and date of registration. The text reads: 'This Certificate is YOUR Protection. Get it and Carry it.' The certificate is issued by the authority of the Canada Registration Board.

Advertisement for THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA. It lists the head office in Toronto and the Kingston Branch. The manager is J. F. ROWLAND. It highlights 'TRUST FUNDS' and 'Our Savings Department gives you a guarantee of absolute security and interest at current rate.'

Advertisement for THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA. It features 'The Young Man's Best Recommendation' and a 'Savings Account' with a 'mark of character'. The head office is in Montreal and the Kingston Branch is managed by G. E. HAGUE.

Advertisement for THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE. It lists Sir Edmund Walker as President and Sir John Aird as General Manager. The head office is in Montreal and the Kingston Branch is managed by H. V. F. JONES. It states 'CAPITAL PAID UP, \$15,000,000' and 'RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000'.

Careful attention is given to the banking requirements of farmers, with whom an important part of the business of this Bank is transacted. Farmers may rely upon prompt and courteous service. Kingston Branch—P. C. STEVENSON, Manager.

Advertisement for Comfort Lye. It features a testimonial from a 'Loyal Hyphenate' who says 'It is fine for cleaning cans—says the dairyman.' The ad includes a list of agents and a coupon for a free sample.

Advertisement for ZAM-BUK. It describes it as 'the best remedy known for sunburn, heat rashes, eczema, sore feet, stings and blisters, a skin food!' and provides contact information for agents.

Advertisement for THOMAS COPLEY. It features 'We are Ready for the Summer Season' and lists various products like 'Tennis Shoes for Men, Women and Children' and 'Canvas Pumps and Oxfords'. It also advertises 'The Model Shoe Store'.

Advertisement for HUDSON BAY Insurance Company. It lists 'W. H. GODWIN & SONS' as agents in Kingston, Ontario.

Advertisement for The Telgmann School of Music. It lists piano, violin, and other stringed instruments, and provides the address '216 Frontenac Street, Phone 1610.'