MOUNTED RIFLES AGAIN IN LIST; KILLED IN ACTION, LATEST WORD OF SERGT. HARTLEY FRENCH

British Lose 425 Officers In Two Days of Offensive

London, July 13—Official British casualty lists from the western front issued in London tonight give the names of 425 officers, 99 of whom were killed.

The last casualty list of British officers issued for the Somme sector was published on July 11. It contained 73 names.

It is again indicated by the casualty list issued yesterday at Ottawa that the Mounted Rifles came in for a great deal of punishment during the latter part of the fighting around Hooge as well as at the beginning.

The news that Sergt. Hartley French, formerly of this city, has been reported "killed in action", will be received with much regret on all sides. Woodstock was plunged into grief yesterday by the report that one of its popular young men had been killed in action, in the person of Pte. Harry A. Jackson.

Mrs. French has received the following letter from Major-General Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia:

Dear Mrs. French,—Will you kindly accept my sincere sympathy and condolence in the decease of that worthy citizen and heroic soldier, your husband, Sergt. Hartley D. French.

While one cannot too deeply mourn the loss of such a brave comrade there is one consolation in knowing that he did his duty fearlessly, and well, and gave his life for the cause of liberty and the upholding of the empire, and again extending to you my heartfelt sympathy, I am,

Faithfully,
SAM HUGHES,

Maj.-Gen. Minister of Militia and Defense for Canada.

Allan Jackson Killed.

A Woodstock despatch of last night said: Relatives of Harry Allan Jackson of this town were notified today

JOHN J. LYNCH,
Killed in Action.

that he was killed in action on June 27. He is a son of David Jackson, and another son is now in the service in England. He was a young man of much promise and general regret is felt over his death.

Moncton Boy Wounded.

That their son Lawrence had been wounded at the front was the news which reached Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy of Moncton on Wednesday last. Pte. Kennedy is at present in the Royal Victoria Hospital in England suffering from a bayonet thrust in the hand and from shell shock sustained during the furious fighting on June 16. Pte. Kennedy was formerly of the 55th battalion but was sent to France in a draft. The letter stated that he was rapidly recovering.

Captain McPeake in England.

John T. Jennings, of Fredericton, yesterday received a cablegram stating that his brother-in-law, Captain Joseph F. McPeake, reported wounded, had arrived in England.

Mother Was St. John Lady.

As before announced, Major Stanley L. Jones, of the Princess Patricias, a brother of Mrs. B. J. Lawson, of Amherst, has died in Germany as a result of wounds he received in the terrific fighting in which the Canadians took part several weeks ago. His wife is doing hospital work in France.

Mrs. Lawson is the only surviving sister, but there are several brothers. Clifford Jones crossed to Great Britain as soon as Major Jones was listed as "missing," and is now on the other side of the water. A younger brother, Private Horace Jones, is with the Canadian construction corps "Somewhere in France." Another, Captain Joseph Jones, is in command of one of the steamers of the Ward Steamship Line plying between New York and Havana. The fourth brother, John Jones, is foreign buyer for Marshall Field & Company, of Chicago, and was recently in Great Britain. Major Jones' father was the late Rev. Joseph Jones, a well known Baptist clergyman, and his mother, before her marriage, was Miss Wiseley, of St. John.

While in France, Major Jones was asked by Calgary Liberals to accept a nomination for the house of commons. He was a lawyer in Calgary before the war, and was also a veteran of Paardeberg and the South African war.

Scarred Veteran Here.

A visitor in the city Friday was Private C. Guy, who went overseas with the 12th Battalion of the first contingent and was later transferred to the 12th Battalion in the machine gun section. He is a Douglastown (N. B.) boy and was wounded at Festubert on May 20, 1915, during the Orchard fight and has been in the hospital ever since. He carries with him an ugly scar on his right cheek stretching from his eye to his chin, which was caused by a flying piece of shell casing. He is still under medical attention and it is expected that his furlough will be extended several weeks owing to the fact that he is not yet physically fit to again take up arms. When that times comes he will only be too ready to get back into harness.

Lieut. W. H. Steeves of the dental staff of the province of New Brunswick was in town yesterday conferring with the military authorities on military matters. A member of Dr. Steeves' department in Fredericton is Sergt. R. S. Wilby, son of Robert Wilby of this city.

Five Hard Days.

The following letter has been received from Corp. W. B. Murray, who was the first Pennfield boy to answer the call of empire. He enlisted as a private in the 26th (N. B.) Battalion:

Dear Mother,—We came from the trenches this morning after five of the hardest days I have ever seen, so thought I would drop a line to let you know I am still on top, as you will be worried after seeing the papers.

Maxwell came out safely. He was at one time reported "missing." I told you in my last letter he had never been wounded, but I had forgotten that some time ago he was hit by a small piece of shrapnel but would not leave the trench.

"This is a good place to find a man out. They show what they are made of here. It wants a good bunch of men to take trenches, but it needs better men to hold them. The Huns do not like to have their lines taken from them, so you can bet they make it pretty hot for the men who try to hold them. I pity the poor chaps, though; they are fighting for what they think is right.

A Wounded German.

"One morning just about daybreak I nearly fell over a wounded German. I offered an apology, not knowing whether he could understand English or not, but he looked so young and boyish I could not help but feel sorry for him. When I spoke he only looked up and smiled.

"I am glad to know all my friends are having a good time. Perhaps if it were not for the chaps out here they would not have such a good time. When we come back then our turn will come. We can enjoy ourselves all the more knowing that we have done our duty.

"God only knows how long it will last but our boys are always ready for whatever comes. The people in Canada will never know what they have done. The half cannot be told.

Lead Kindly Light.

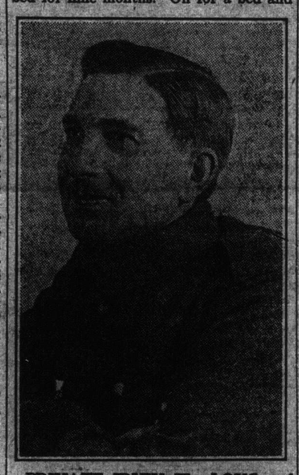
"Just as I am closing I hear singing. Someone is singing Lead Kindly Light. How sweet to know the Light of the world is always with us, turning night into day and making rough places smooth."

Some Hot Times.

Corporal Victor A. Hannan, a former St. Stephen boy, writing to his mother from the trenches recently, said in part as follows:

"Just a few lines to let you know I am alive and well. We are having some hot times. Got a wash and a shave today, the first for four days, so you see we are busy. If you do not hear from me for a while do not worry for we will not get any time to write for a while. Will write just as soon as I can. We are waiting orders.

"This is Sunday. Wish I was home for a little while. Have not been in a bed for nine months. Oh for a bed and



PRIVATE IRVIN W. LONG, of Walton's Lake, member of the 14th battalion who was reported "killed in action" on June 27.

a good feed. It is nearly haying time here. Are having some fine weather for a change.

"I saw Irvin Carmichael a few weeks ago. It is hard to find any of the boys, as we are not allowed to leave our battalion.

Shown Germans Their Steel.

"I suppose you have seen by the papers of the Canadians' big advance. Well, we have had some awful times, I can tell you, and it is a miracle that any of us are alive; but a miss is as good as a mile. We have shown the Germans what we are made of.

"It rained for three days and we had about five inches of mud and water to lay in. We suffered everything a man can suffer; but what of that; we got what we were after. The Canadians have made another name for themselves, but believe me, we had a time of it.

"They all think the war will soon be over. I cannot tell you any more, but do not worry. Hope to come home again, but if not I will have died for a good cause. Give my love to all.

"Your loving son,
"VICTOR."

Royalty's Interest.

Miss Theodora R. McKiel, nursing sister in France has written a very interesting letter dated June 28, to relatives in Fairville. Among the items are the following which shows the kind thoughtfulness of royalty towards the nursing sisters on active service. Miss McKiel writes: "Today we are all decorated, each nursing sister wearing a pink rose for Queen Alexandra. Yesterday was Rose Day in England, the same as Flag Day at home, and so the dear queen mother sent a pink rose to every nursing sister in France and today we are wearing them in her honor."

Further on, Miss McKiel states: "The Canadian Red Cross have erected a recreation hut for the up-patients, (convalescents) and orderlies. This is splendidly fitted up with piano and phonograph, reading and writing materials, etc., and was very much needed as the orderlies in particular had no place to spend their evenings."

This is but a glimpse of what the Canadian Red Cross is doing near the battle line and friends of the association here will be pleased to hear of this further extension of the work.

As to the first part of Miss McKiel's letter, mentioning Queen Alexandra's gift of roses, the sentiment involved is so choice and thoughtful that publication is almost a duty.

A Canadian Hero.

The fortitude and heroism of a Verdun soldier and his devotion to a wounded comrade are modestly told in letters received by Mrs. Desormeau, of Verdun, from her husband, Pte. Joseph E. Desormeau, who enlisted in a regiment of Mounted Rifles fourteen months ago, and was wounded on June 4.

Writing on June 6th from a field hospital, Pte. Desormeau says: "I have been wounded in the arm and chest by shrapnel, not seriously. I feel a good deal better. It is only my chest that pains me a little. I have had a very narrow escape. We were surrounded by the Germans after they had bombarded us very heavily all day. A lot of us were wounded, so we could not leave them. I have one satisfaction. I accounted for two of them. We had to wait till next morning to leave our position with the wounded. I helped to carry a friend of mine out, but when we got half way they began to shell us again. Shells were dropping all around us. I don't know how it is that I lived.

"After it quieted down we moved into a field and dug ourselves in, and that was where I got wounded in the arm at 6 a.m., and had to wait until about 12 midnight before getting it dressed.

"I don't know when I am going back, but there is no hurry on my part for a little while.

"I am sorry that I have not written sooner, but I could not help it. I was two days in the trenches. I can write when the shells are going overhead, but when they explode too near you, you simply have to put off writing. The wound that I have in the chest is only about an inch above the heart. That is just as near as I want it. I was two days without a bite to eat, and three days without sleep, and so don't feel strong, but don't worry."

After informing his wife that he is getting along all right in an English hospital, Pte. Desormeau writes in a letter dated June 9: "One thing I could not help laughing over occurred two days before I was wounded. One day I told my sergeant, for fun, that I wished I was in hospital for sixteen days. The next morning I changed my mind. I was just making some porridge when a shell came over and upset everything.

Drugged or Drunk.

"About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Germans came over. They were singing, but I believe they were drugged or drunk. We were surrounded by them, and only managed to get out at the break of day the next morning. I was still safe. I carried one of my friends out on my back for about 600 yards, walking over dead Germans and Canadians. I was all in, and could not go further, so I laid my friend under a little wooden bridge and went for help. I had been gone five minutes when an officer told me not to go any further. So I just had to stick there, and that was where I was wounded at 6 o'clock in the morning. I stayed there all day till about 10 o'clock at night. It is the worst experience I have ever passed through. I lost all my equipment, except my Ross rifle. All my clothes were torn to pieces."

Pte. Desormeau explains in a more recent letter that after he had placed his friend in a safe position, and was ordered not to go any further, he was lying in a trench on his back resting when he was hit over the heart by shrapnel.

Horseshoes Failed to Save Him.

The following extracts are taken from a letter written by Private Harry McCarlie, a former St. Stephen boy to his stepmother. He has since been killed in action:

"Yes, you are quite right, it is decidedly risky out here all the time, taking into consideration the general action all the time, when up the line, the long range shelling when in the billets, as well as bombing by aeroplanes, but the only answer is that I belong to the luckiest outfit in the British service; we seem to have horse shoes hung all over us. Other outfits doing the same work that we do (and we are known as the suicide club) will get badly cut up, while we get away comparatively unscathed.

"The other night, we had a very severe action on this front and we, being at our rest billets, were called in for a hurry call. We went in through a heavily shelled district, did our work in some places where it had been a few minutes before warranted as dangerous in the extreme, but came out with only two or three wounded. Other units doing the same work were badly used, how heavily I am not permitted to tell, but this will show you what our luck is like.

"Yes, I have at last had my vacation in England for ten days and enjoyed myself immensely, but you can get all the news about that from Louise's letter. The principal feeling of joy I experienced was in being able to eat a few good meals, sleep in a regular bed again and see all the pretty girls of our own kind again. Enjoy myself, well you bet I did.

"I have heard that opinion about two years more of the war from Ray but I cannot see it that way at all. I look for the end this Christmas, sometime, and if not, next spring at the latest. But next spring is the extreme limit. Anyway, here's hoping my luck stays with me, and that I can come home soon to see you all.

"HARRY W."

Not Killed But a Prisoner.

A report received last night from Ottawa by The Telegraph said, "Private Ralph C. Gale, is reported in casualty list as, 'Previously reported missing, is now unofficially reported prisoner of war at Dulmen.' Must have been mistake in press report." Yesterday's report gave Private Gale as "accidentally killed."

Not Killed, But Wounded.

The report in the casualty list yesterday morning that Sergeant R. E. Spense of St. Croix (N. B.), had been killed in action, was in error and should have read "wounded." Sergeant Spense received a slight wound in the eye and his condition is not at all serious. He went overseas with the first contingent and has since that time been through all the big battles on the western front.

Lance Corporal J. H. Boyd who was reported wounded a short time ago, and a former Chipman lad sends a post card to his parents as follows: "Just a card to let you know that I am a prisoner of war and safe. I am only slightly wounded. Don't worry, I am sending my address.

Yours truly,
F. H. BOYD.

John Lynch, West Side Boy.

John Joseph Lynch, aged thirty-two, formerly of West St. John, has given his life in the great cause for which the Allies are fighting. The word came Thursday to his sister, Mrs. James Hilland of 8 Waterloo street, and to his father, Timothy Lynch, Lancaster. It was that he had been killed in action. The date is believed to have been June 27.

The gallant soldier had been living in Montreal for some seven years, and was employed with the Grand Trunk Pacific, when the call for soldiers came. He enlisted in Montreal and had been through some of the big battles. Only on last Monday Mrs. Hilland received a letter from him telling about a severe fight in which they had been engaged. Besides his father and his sister, Mrs. Hilland, there is one brother, Gerald Frances, in the United States. The sympathy of many friends will go out to the bereaved ones in their great loss, for it is great, though tempered with the knowledge that he died in performing well his duty.

French Hero Returns.

Another sturdy Frenchman, Auguste Boedo, passed through the city yesterday morning en route to his home in St. Pierre, Miquelon. When asked whether or not he had any medals, his face brightened, and he answered with a smile: "Well, not yet, but I have been recommended for the La Croix de la guerre." This is a much coveted military medal in the French army. He was cled in the French uniform with top boots and peaked cap, and was every inch a soldier.

He went overseas with the 1st Colonial infantry, which left in September, 1914, and fought through the famous battles of the Champagne and Argonne. He was wounded on September 25, 1915, in the right shoulder and spent eight months in the hospital at St. Leonard's. He was accompanied as far as New York by another Frenchman from St. Pierre. Pte. Emile Forget, who was wounded on September 29, 1916, crossed with the twelve colonials.

Bravest of the Brave.

Mrs. John Ryan of 287 Chesley street, received the following letter of condolence from Sergeant W. Lewis Gifford of No. 16 platoon, to which her son, Corporal Joseph Campbell, was attached when killed on June 18. The letter follows:

"It is with sincere sympathy that I write you of your son's death which you have learned e'er this by official communication. Joe and I have been in the same platoon from the start. Besides losing one of my best N. C. O.'s I have lost the best chum a man could wish. He was one of those men of sterling qualities who went quietly about his work, but whose influence for good was always felt.

His platoon and company and all who knew him will miss him very much as we all thought the world of Joe. He was hit by a piece of shrapnel and lived only twenty minutes. We buried him with some of his chums in the rear of the trench. It was the best one pal could do for another in these war times.

Joe was the bravest of the brave and always did his duty like a man. It was a bad trip in and the platoon seems lost without the boys we lost. I am sending his watch, one note and a ten shilling note that he had with him that I thought you would like to have to remember him by. His pay book will go through the battalion with his other personal effects.

You have my deepest sympathy as I know what for was to you.

Mrs. Ryan is also in receipt of letters of condolence from Sir Sam Hughes, Hon. J. D. Hazen and other members of parliament.

Harry W. Hayward Killed.

Fredericton, July 13—Word has reached here that Private Harry Webb Hayward, a former Fredericton Junction boy, has been killed in action.

The official telegram was received at Bridgetown (N. S.), this week by his mother, Mrs. Gilbert Hayward, and contained the information that her son had been killed on June 27. Private Hayward was the only son of the late Gilbert Hayward, who was a merchant at Fredericton Junction, and was in his thirty-sixth year.

He was a student a few years ago at Acadia College, later going to Bridgetown in 1910, where he was interested in a gentleman's furnishing business in Edmonton (Alta.) Private Hayward sailed for England June 8, 1915, and on October 9 went to France, and has been in the trenches ever since, having taken part in all the important engagements of the past few months.

In his last letter, dated June 5, he remarked that after the big drive of June 3 his colonel had said, "Boys, we were decorated for bravery before, but this time we have covered ourselves with glory." During ten months of active service, he had only received a slight wound, a shrapnel shell bursting near him and one piece going through the sleeve of his tunic and another through his puttee, so that it rested against the bone of his leg. The last he removed himself, and a comrade dressed the leg for him.

He is survived by one sister, Miss Myrtle A. Hayward, domestic science instructress at Claresholm College, Alberta, and his stepmother, Mrs. Gilbert Hayward, of Bridgetown (N. S.) Among his immediate relatives are his uncles, Henry Webb, of Fredericton, and Abner Hayward, of Blissville. He was of a bright, lovable disposition and much sympathy is extended his relatives.

CASUALTY LISTS.

Ottawa, July 18—The casualty list issued today follows:

ENGINEERS.

Wounded.

Sapper Arthur W. Murdock, St. John.

Previously Reported Missing, Now Unofficially Prisoner of War at Dulmen.

Sapper John R. McLeod, Thorburn

INFANTRY.

Previously Reported Wounded and Missing, Now Returned to Regimental Duty.

Private Wm. J. Brennan, St. John.

Previously Reported Missing, Now Officially Killed in Action.

426219, Private Jos. Arnold Chambers, Amherst (N. S.)

MOUNTED RIFLES.

Previously Reported Missing, Now Officially Prisoner of War at Dulmen.

D. W. Machum, St. John (N. B.)
Sergt. W. J. Plaster, Beaver Dam (N. B.)

INFANTRY.

Died of Wounds.

Private S. H. Clarke, Mosher's Corner (N. S.)

Wounded.

Private J. B. Stapleton, Millville (N. S.)
Private G. Thompson, Summerside (P. E. I.)

MOUNTED RIFLES.

Accidentally Killed.

Private Otis F. Swift, Waterville (N. S.)
Private Ralph C. Gale, Youngs Cove (N. B.)

ARTILLERY.

Killed in Action.

Sergt. R. E. Spence, St. Croix (N. B.)

MIDNIGHT LIST.

The midnight casualty list follows:

INFANTRY.

Killed in Action.

Corporal George T. Gowan, Newfoundland.
Wm. Dunphy, North Sydney (N. S.)
Harry A. Jackson, Upper Woodstock (N. B.)
John Lynch, St. John (N. B.)
Wm. Nerts, Yarmouth (N. S.)

Missing.

Sergt. Henry M. Meades, Springhill (N. S.)

Previously Reported Missing, Now Killed in Action.

J. A. Chambers, Dorchester (N. B.)

Ottawa, July 14—Casualties:—

Infantry.

Missing, believed killed in action—14926, Pte. Arthur W. Hutchinson, Lockville, N. S.

Previously reported missing, now killed in action—68461, Pte. Frank Fortune, Sydney Mines, N. S.

Wounded—Pte. G. G. Singer, Georgefield, N. S.; Pte. Guy W. Chapman, Cookville, N. B.; 678880, Pte. G. Goodwin, Baie Verte, N. B.; 478754, Pioneer James, Dominion, N. S.; 488144, Pioneer Jos. Mawsley, Halifax, N. S.

Artillery.

Previously reported missing, now unofficially wounded prisoner of war:—114815, Pte A. H. Forbes, Argyle Head, N. S.

Mounted Rifles

Previously unofficially, now officially prisoner of war—Capt. Morris A. Scovil, Gagetown, N.B.

Previously reported missing, now unofficially prisoner of war at Dulmen—Pte. T. W. Allen, Halifax; Pte. J. A. Anderson, Halifax; Pte. Alex. M. Hoare, Halifax.

Pte. B. T. Hutchings, Halifax.

Previously reported missing, now unofficially prisoner of war: Driver Wilfrid Hand, Woodstock, N.B.

INFANTRY.

Wounded—Michael Muzeral, Chatham (N. B.)

MOUNTED RIFLES.

Previously Reported Missing, Now Unofficially Prisoner of War—Thomas I. MacDonald, 180 South street, Halifax (N. S.); Charles McRae, Rodney street, West St. John (N. B.); John E. P. Tracey, 42 Richmond street, St. John (N. B.)

Saturday's List.

Ottawa, July 14—

Infantry

Killed in action—Arthur F. McDougall, Halifax.

Wounded.—Pioneer John MacDonald, Newfoundland; Neil McKinnon, North Sydney; Francis H. Purcell, Milltown, N. B.; Albert P. Doucett, Collett's, N. B.; Vernon Earle, Canso, N. S.

Dangerously ill—Jas. R. Edwards, Annapolis.

Previously reported missing, now unofficially prisoner of war—Douglas McPherson, Cape George, N. S.

Mounted Rifles

Previously reported killed in action, now unofficially prisoner of war—Alfred McKinnon, Ohio, N. S.

Previously reported Missing, now unofficially prisoner of war—Otta N. Garson, Indian Harbor, N. S.

Engineers

Died of Wounds—Sapper Charles H. McDonald, Sydney, N. S.

Morning List.

Wounded—Sapper Chas. H. McDonald, 65 Argyle street, Sydney, N. S.; Capt. Allan Leavitt, 45 Holly street, St. John.

Thursday's official casualty lists contained the name of Private Ralph G. Gale, of Young's Cove (N. B.), as reported accidentally killed. Mr. Gale informed The Telegraph Saturday that he had received a card from his boy early in June saying he had been taken prisoner and the card had been written from Germany shortly after that. Mr. Gale was inclined to think that some mistake had been made in the official report and Ottawa was queried last evening in hope of ascertaining the exact facts.

LETTER FROM PENNFIELD BOY.

The soundest philosophy we get these days comes from the blood-besmirched fields of France and Flanders.

"This is a good place to find a man out," writes a Pennfield boy now with the Fighting 26th. "They show what they are made of here," he continues. "It wants a good bunch of men to take trenches but it needs better men to hold them. The Huns do not like to have their lines taken from them, so you can bet they made it pretty hot for the men who try to hold them. I pity the poor chaps, though; they are fighting for what they think is right."

In the same letter he sounds a note of warning to the slackers when he says: "I am glad to know all my friends are having a good time. Perhaps if it were not for the chaps out here they would not have such a good time. When we get back then our turn will come. We can enjoy ourselves all the more, knowing that we have done our duty.

"God only knows how long it will last, but our boys are always ready for whatever comes," he says in closing. "The people of Canada will never know what they have done. The half cannot be told."

HUNS LEFT IN CONTALMAISON KNEW THEY HAD FORLORN HOPE

Hemmed In on All Sides, Garrison Fought Grimly to the Last—All Prisoners Speak of Terror of British Artillery Fire.

By PHILIP GIBBS, in the London Chronicle.)

With the British armies in the field, July 10—The village of Contalmaison has been taken by the British again. Whether it was ever held before by more than a handful of men, who went in and out, is doubtful.

I have already described in previous despatches how the British concentrated fire on positions in front of the village and then upon the village itself with terrific intensity. I saw the beginning of this bombardment and watched the men going up to the support of the attack which was to follow.

It was begun with fresh troops, who had been brought up to help the tired men who had been fighting in this part of the line under heavy fire for several days, and they advanced under cover of the guns to the left and right of the village. It was already hemmed in on both sides, for other British troops were in firm possession of Bailiff Wood, to the left, and during the evening, by a series of bombing attacks, Mametz Wood, to the right, had been almost cleared of Germans.

The Germans in Contalmaison knew the position was hopeless. When the British guns lifted they heard the cheers of the British infantry on both sides of the village, and many of them streamed out of the village in a disorderly retreat, only to be caught behind by the extended barrages between Contalmaison and Pozieres and Bazentin-le-Petit, so that their rout became a shambles.

The British were quickly in the village, and having learnt the lesson by experience of other troops at other places, made a thorough search of machine gun emplacements and dugouts, so there would be no further trouble with this wasps nest.

The men left in Contalmaison were in a dreadful state. They suffered to the very brink of human endurance and beyond. They were surprised to find themselves living enough to be taken prisoners.

One of these men with whom I talked this morning told me a tragic tale. He spoke a little English, having been a cabinet maker in Tottenham Court Road some years ago before he went back to Wurtemberg, where, when the war began he was taken and put in a uniform and told to fight. With the other men of the 122nd Bavarian regiment he went into Contalmaison five days ago. Soon the rations they brought with them were finished. Owing to the ceaseless gunfire, it was impossible to get fresh supplies. They suffered great agonies of thirst and the numbers of their dead and wounded increased speedily.

"There was a hole in the ground," said this German cabinet maker, whose head was bound with a bloody bandage, and who was dazed and troubled when I talked with him. "It was a dark hole, which held twenty men, all lying in a heap together, and that was the only dugout for my company, so there was not room for more than a few. It was necessary to take turns in this shelter while outside the English shells were coming and bursting everywhere. Two or three men were dragged out to make room for two or three others, then those who went outside were killed or wounded. Some of them had their heads blown off, some of them had both legs torn off, and some of them their arms, but we went on taking turns in the hole, although those who went outside knew it was their turn to die very likely. At last the most of those who came into the hole were wounded, some of them badly, so that we lay in blood.

"There was only one doctor there, an under-officer. He bandaged some of us till he had no more bandages; then last night we knew the end was coming. Your guns began to fire altogether the dreadful trommelfeurer, as we call it, and the shells burst and smashed up the ground about us. We stayed down in the hole waiting for the end. Then we heard your soldiers. Presently two of them came down into our holes. They were two boys and had their pockets full of bombs. They had bombs in their hands also and they seemed to wonder whether they would kill us, but we were all wounded, nearly all, and we cried 'Kameraden,' and now we are prisoners and I am thirsty."

Other prisoners told me in effect that the fire was terrible in Contalmaison, and at least half their men holding it were killed or wounded, so that when the British entered last night they walked over the bodies of the dead. These men who escaped were in a pitiful condition. They lay on the ground utterly exhausted, most of them, and that was strange, with their faces to the earth. Perhaps it was to blot out the vision of the things seen.

I shall remember the cabinet maker of Tottenham Court Road. In spite of the clay which caked his face and clothes, and the bloody rag round his head, he was a handsome bearded fellow, with blue eyes, which once or twice lighted up with a tragic smile as when I asked him when he thought the war would end.

"In 1915," he said, "when I was wounded at Ypres, I thought the war would end in a few months, and a little while ago I thought so again." Then he muttered something to himself, but loudly enough for me to hear the words: "Surely we cannot go on much longer."

I left these men and further down the road I saw many more prisoners there, nearly 800 of them marching down the side track between some ripening corn under mounted escort. Most of them were young and healthy men, who walked briskly, and it was only the few behind who limped as they walked and looked broken and beaten men.

It was a good day in prisoners, for about 500 have come down from Contalmaison, Mametz Wood, and Trones Wood, as living proofs of the advance in all thse places.

Quite Shut Off.

All the prisners speak of the terror of the British artillery fire and the documents captured in their dugouts tell the same tale in words which reveal the full horror of the bombardment.

"We are quite shut off from the rest of the world," wrote a German soldier on the day before our great attack. Nothing comes to us, no letters. The English keep such a barrage on our approaches it is terrible. Tomorrow morning it will be seven days since the bombardment began. We cannot hold out much longer. Everything is shot to pieces."

"Our thirst is terrible," wrote another man. "We hunt our water and drink it out of shell holes."

Many of the men speak of the torture of thirst which they suffered during the bombardment.

"Every one of us in these five days has become years older. We hardly know ourselves. Bechtol said that in these five days he had lost ten pounds. Hunger could easily be borne, but thirst makes one almost mad. Luckily it rained yesterday and the water in shell holes, with the yellow shell, sulphur, tasted as good as a bottle of beer. Today we got something to eat. It was impossible to bring food before up into the front line under the violent curtain of fire of the enemy."

One other out of hundreds tells all in a few words: "We came into the front line ten days ago. During this ten days I suffered more than at any time during the last two years. The dugouts are damaged in places and the trenches are completely destroyed."

Today we made good progress toward it. Yesterday I wrote of a position we attacked on July 1, as a great German fortress with a chain of strongholds linked by underground works. In ten days, by wonderful gallantry of the men and the great power of the guns, the British have smashed several of their forts as strong as any on the western front and defended as stubbornly by masses of guns and troops, and have stormed a way in so deeply that the Germans are now forced to fall back upon the next line of defence.

The cost has been great, but the German losses and the present position in which they find themselves prove the success of the main attacks. For the first time since the beginning of the war the initiative has passed to the British, and the German Headquarters Staff is pushed for reserves.

Frank Magee To Command Brigade

Saturday July 15.

Captain Norman P. McLeod of this city who went overseas with the 2nd Divisional Ammunition Column, has been transferred to Major Magee's battery. In writing home to friends here, he says "that Magee's battery is recognized as the second best battery in the British army, and also says that Major Magee is to be given command of a brigade and is due for a promotion to the rank of Colonel.

Construction Corps

Sixteen recruits wre secured in the province yesterday for the No. 1 Construction corps. Out of the sixteen only one was secured in St. John.

That the 115th Battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wedderburn, will sail for England in a very few weeks is the report which was current yesterday in military circles.

The big effort that is planned to fill up the ranks of this battalion would indicate that this report is correct. It is further stated that the 140th Batalion, under Lieuenant-Colonel L. H. Beer, will follow in the footsteps of the 115th at very short notice, as this unit is already up to strength and making rapid strides in its drill at Valcartier.

It was reported last night that the men of the 140th at present in St. John doing guard duty will leave in a few days for Valcartier Camp and the guard will be taken over and maintained by the returned soldiers who are in this city. This latter report has, however, not been confirmed by the military authorities here.

One of the most important events in military circles promised for next week is the visit of Major-General T. Benson, O. C. of Military Division No. 6, with headquarters at Halifax. Major-General Benson will visit several towns in this province, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Guthrie and members of his staff. While in New Brunswick he will look into the recruiting situation.

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

The following song was composed by Private J. B. Rainsford of "The Fighting 26th," who is at present in the Parks' Convalescent Home:

TAKE ME BACK TO OLD NEW BRUNSWICK.

Tonight my thoughts are turning
Back to my dear old home,
To the wild-woods of New Brunswick
Where my sweetheart and I did roam.
The trench is wet and muddy,
and the scrap is tough and long,
But when the war is over,
You will hear this happy song:

Chorus.

Take me back to old New Brunswick,
It's the place where I long to be;
Take me back to old New Brunswick,
The land of the Maple tree.
I hear the Whip-poor-will calling
In the wild-wood so blythe and free,
Take me back to old New Brunswick
Where my sweetheart waits for me.

I know you're waiting for me
In the cottage by the way,
And your thoughts are ever longing
To have me home to stay.
Just wait a wee bit longer,
And you won't have long to wait,
For we'll surely lick the Germans,
And I sure will keep my date.

Atlantic Highlands, N. J., July 14—A 250-pound shark, eight and one-half feet long, was captured and killed here today. The big fish became entangled in the net of Paul Tarnow, a pound fisherman, and was only killed after a struggle.