

LIFE IN TRENCHES OF BRITISH NEAR BATTERED YPRES

Captain Simson Writes of The
Modern Battle

MAN WELL NIGH UNSEEN

Only Smoke and Sound Tell of
Conflict—Officers of Heavy Ar-
tillery Tells of Long-distance
Combat

(New York Evening Post.)
Daily life in the British trenches, near
the places where the Germans delivered
their fiercest attacks, at Ypres, are de-
scribed in a letter from the front, writ-
ten by Capt. Noel Simson, R. G. A., of
the 48th Heavy Battery, Third Division,
on active service, and published below.
The letter was written to J. S. Simson,
of Monterey, California, a brother. Cap-
tain Simson was not allowed to name
the place from which he wrote, but was
able to date two sections of the letter.
It is as follows:

At present we, the British army, are
practically stagnating in front of the
German line. After very severe fight-
ing—the fiercest of the whole war so far
—the Teutons have apparently given up
their attempts to break through to the
coast ports, Calais, Dunkirk, etc., and if
reports prove correct and they do make
further attacks to sever the allies' line
it is probable they will occur in the
vicinity of Arras and Bethune.

After several weeks of terrific attack-
ing on the part of the Germans with
vastly superior numbers, they seem to
have worn themselves out and all we
have to do is to hold the line in which
we are entrenched until the order comes
that we are to push forward. Whether
that will be tomorrow or next month
depends upon Joffre, who has conducted
the campaign so successfully so far and
will without doubt continue to do so.
His is the policy of deliberation, taking
no risks, and since we have to face the
allies and militates against the chances of
German success, we do not much mind.

Nearly a week and my leave which
appeared so certain was cancelled the
day before I should have gone. I need
not add that every one was in the same
boat; all leave was stopped, and if you
were sitting beside me at this moment
you would know the reason. A fierce
attack is proceeding at this moment by
ourselves and the French on our left
with the object of capturing a ridge and
village (I am sorry, but I must not
mention names; you must be content
with the fact that it is in Flanders),
which has been causing us some annoy-
ance and which in addition forms a bit
of the German salient into our line. I
got up at 8 a. m. with another officer,
came up the hill from which I am now
observing, fixed two strong dunnies
in a shallow trench, and then came on
to our point of vantage, from which we
have a wonderful view over the sur-
rounding country, also a deep shelter
trench. I might add that the spot
where we fixed the dunnies is unen-
tered by any living soul within several
hundred yards. By the time we reach-
ed our trench, dawn was just breaking
away over the enemies' lines; the view
extends for fifteen or twenty miles and
more than half round the horizon, so you
can imagine what a spectacular sight the
artillery bombardment presented.

At seven sharp the artillery bomb-
ardment began; the sun had not yet
risen, of course, and the brilliant flashes
of shrapnel bursting in the trees and
among the houses of the village, with
the puffs of pure white smoke drifting
away, looked extraordinarily pretty.
Here, on the hill, we might have been
watching a mock artillery, for there
is nothing to disturb one's peace of
mind—except the constant booming
of cannon, to which we have all become
thoroughly familiarized long ago. A
modern battle viewed from any position
where a general idea of the proceedings
can be gained appears to be noise, smoke,
and flashes (at night)—the human ele-
ment is absolutely invisible. Every
variety of noise can be heard, from the
sharp crackle of rifle fire and the busy
tap-tap of machine guns through the de-
scending scale of "bangs" to the "boom"
of heavy guns throwing 120-pound
shells and over.

Colors of Shell Smoke.
The smoke, too, presents many varie-
ties. Shrapnel gives a puff of pure white,
lydite bursts indifferently black—if de-
tonation is perfect—or if imperfect, all
shades from bright to greenish yellow.
I have also frequently seen clouds of
pink smoke, but have never been able to
decide whether it is the real burst or
clouds of fine brick dust, for I have never
noticed it except among buildings.

The peace of mind of which I spoke
was not to last continuously, however.
At 7.40 the hum of an approaching shell
told us that the enemy had realized
something was "up" and was not going
to let us have it all our own way. It
was a light field-gun shell and burst in
the grass about twenty-five yards to our
left; another one a few moments after
sailed overhead and fell the other side of
the hill, and having seen plenty of the
bombardment, I retired into my trench,
at the bottom of which I am now sitting
on a comfortable seat of straw.

The shells are falling over and to our
left in some numbers now, but in a good
trench one feels wonderfully snug, and
unless they start with their high explo-
sive shells on us, my peace of mind will
not suffer any disturbance. The combina-
tion of a deep trench and the knowl-
edge that the enemy are ignorant of one's
exact whereabouts is very reassuring.
I have been fired upon by artillery
in the open and exposed to their view
and I don't mind telling any one I don't
like it, but that was months ago during
the now historic retreat, and we have
learned a thing or two since then. But we
will leave the attack for the moment.

I shall not be able to tell you whether
it proves successful until tonight, more
probably tomorrow, for it takes time for
news to filter through from the infantry
to their brigadiers, and from them to the
divisional generals and so back to the
artillery in the shape of a narrative
of daily events. In this form of fight-
ing with a line 250 miles long, the
artillery does not move about, taking up
new positions daily, any more than the
infantry makes or takes trenches ex-
cept at intervals—sometimes of days
and even weeks' duration. Our guns

AT 10:30 SATURDAY NIGHT THIS SALE WILL ABSOLUTELY AND POSITIVELY CLOSE.



EVERY FLOOR IS JAMMED.

This TREMENDOUS Stock Must Go!
Now For the Grand Wind-up—This Tremendous Sale Closes Saturday Night. Let
Nothing Prevent You From Being Here. This is the END.

ONLY 15 MINUTES TO A CUSTOMER

The limit of time given to any customer will be 15 minutes.
The store will be jammed Saturday. Planes will sell as fast as we
can wait on the customers. Buy quick. When you see the Piano
You want. "Nail it." A positive guaranteed saving of \$100 on any
Piano.

DON'T STAND IN ONE PLACE

Keep moving. Do your part to handle the mob that will be
here. Seats will be provided for customers. We will consider it a
special favor if you will sit with us. We have taken on addi-
tional salesmen and will wait on you as soon as we possibly can.

PLEASE KEEP TO THE REAR OF STORE

Keep back to the rear of the store. We have a competent man
charge of the floor and he will instruct you when your turn arrives.
But as the time limit is fifteen minutes you will not be compelled
to wait an unreasonable length of time.

DON'T CONGEST THE TRAFFIC IN THE MAIN ENTRANCE

The main entrance must be kept clear to allow the people to
come in and the Pianos to go out. Come early and in that man-
ner you will have a large stock to select from. But in any event
we will ask you to keep back. Your turn will come and you will
be waited on in a competent manner.

HANDBAGS MUST BE CHECKED IN THE MAIN OFFICE.

All hand bags must be checked in the main office. We have pro-
vided a space to accommodate several hundred articles. You will
receive a check for same and in that manner we will be respon-
sible and guarantee safety to the article checked. Please bear this
fact in mind and be governed accordingly.

DON'T CROWD. DON'T PUSH

We expect the greatest demonstration on these floors today
that has ever been witnessed, and why not? We will sell Pianos
as low as \$10 each if it becomes necessary. Do not crowd. Don't
push. Nothing can be accomplished by it. Every customer will be
treated exactly alike. One man's money is as good as another's.

BUY QUICK

When you see the Piano you want and the price and terms are
satisfactory, "Nail it." Don't hold back. The Piano you want may
be taken while you are hesitating. You will not need a salesman to
wait on you. Every Piano is marked in plain figures. Quick sales
is the motto for today.

THIS IS THE END OF THE BIG PIANO SALE.

This tremendous stock must be sold. We will not take "NO"
for an answer. When the doors close tonight at 10.30 o'clock we
will not have a single instrument of this stock unsold. Even if
we have to give them away. We will then resume business under
the old methods that we established here.

MR. WORKMAN READ THIS

We have been laughed at for selling New Pianos, \$10 Down
and \$150 a Week. But there is many an honest man and woman
in St. John who can not afford to pay cash for a piano or pay the
tremendous price asked by small dealers. Come to this store—
Come today—Bring along whatever amount of money you can
spare. The man or woman with a two dollar bill looks just as
good to us as the millionaire. This is the foundation of this busi-
ness. COME DOWN, MR. WORKMAN; bring along the wife and
kiddies. You will be well received and courteously treat-
ed.

A LAST WORD!

This is the last call. This is here. It is only a
matter of hours now and this great mammoth, sweeping
and tremendous sale will be history. Come here under
any and all circumstances. Come and name your own
price and terms. Can we say more? Is there anything
in the English Language that will make this propo-
sitive more attractive? This sale will go down in history
as the most remarkable of any kind or character that has
ever been introduced in the history of this country.

R. R. Fares and Freight Paid to
Out-of-Town Purchasers

Three of the World's Best Pianos — PRICES AND TERMS SLAUGHTERED

These three Pianos are only a sample of the many that must be sold here today. Come in and look at them. Bring along any professional musician
of your acquaintance. Come prepared to buy. This is your last chance. Get your Piano now.



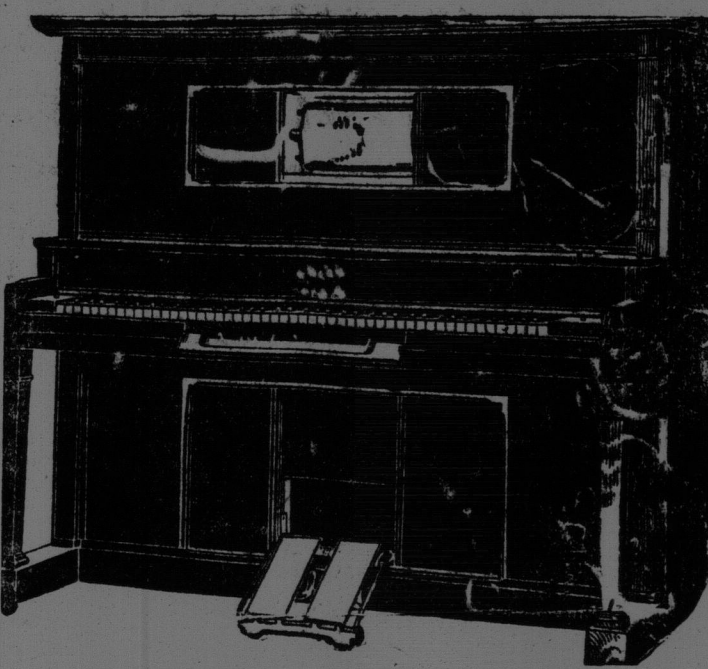
This Piano will be sold for the above price.
Can you afford to lose this opportunity? This
is a bargain if ever there was one.



This Piano must go. This price will buy it as
a last resort. Come and see this Piano. If the
price is not low enough you can name it your-
self.



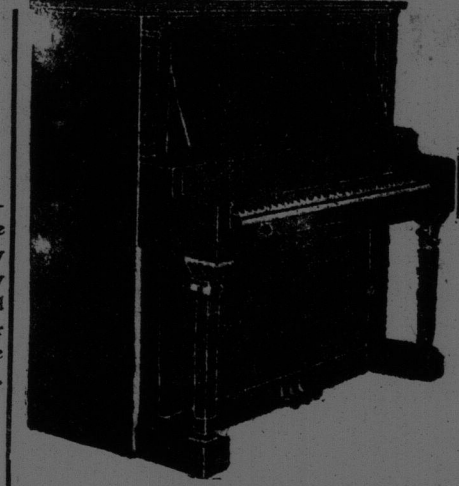
Here is a Piano that will be cleaned out for
\$125. As low as \$2.00 down and \$2.00 a week.
Stool, scarf, delivery and tuning free.



THE WORLD FAMOUS CREMONA TONE!

Choice of the leading musical
critics, built of native
material, in an ideal factory
under expert supervision, by
the best artisans that cold, hard
cash can hire. This Player
Piano is made in the Maritime
Provinces. The price is right.
The terms are right.

Tuning and
Free
Delivery



A
Spot
Cash
Special
\$114
This is a
Beautiful
Piano
Stool Free

TIME PIANO BUYERS, READ THIS

Buy your Piano on Time. Pay for it according to your
own ideas. This morning at the stroke of eight we will cut
loose and throw every Piano Player, Piano and Organ on the
market at prices and terms that will startle the Piano buy-
ing public. Be here bright and early today. We are open this
evening till 10.30 o'clock. This is your last chance. This is
your opportunity. Take advantage of it. Be here. This is the
end.

YOUR LAST CHANCE

Give the kiddies a Piano. Buy them their Piano NOW! Prices and terms are torn to atoms. Read every word of
this advertisement. Bring it with you and ask the salesman to show you the Pianos advertised in this paper today.
Can you ever hope to buy a Piano at this price, again? REMEMBER THAT THIS SALE WILL CLOSE TO-
NIGHT AT 10.30 O'clock. Every Piano in the entire Building must go at some price. Be here today.

We Will Positively Close at 10.30 Saturday Night.

We deliver
pianos to
any R. R.
Station in
Canada

J. A. McDonald

Piano & Music
Co., Ltd.

Stores Open
Evenings
Until 9
O'clock

We Will Deliver
Pianos
Until Midnight
Saturday

Any Piano selected now can be left with
us (without any extra charge), and we
will deliver it FREE.

chance. I happened to have ridden into
a town about five miles in rear of our
position for some things for the bat-
tery and was in the street through which
he passed in his car. The next day he
came to within one-half mile of our bat-
tery, and we sent an spare man
(Continued on following page.)