

GIBBS TELLS HOW FAMOUS PRUSSIAN GUARDS WERE BROKEN IN AND ABOUT CONTAMINAZION

Taken Prisoners in Miserable Batches, the Famous German Fighter Mutters "God Send a Quick Ending to This War"—Ugly Customers Routed Out of "Jaeger Trench" by Enfilade Fire.

(By PHILIP GIBBS, to the London Chronicle.)
With the British Armies in the Field, July 8.—After the first four days of battle there was something like a lull for twenty-four hours, a lull filled with the great noise of the guns, which was then broken by fresh assaults made by our troops in the direction of Mametz Wood, and Contamination. For two days now, on Thursday and Friday, there has been severe fighting in that territory, and although we lost Contamination last night after taking it in the morning, it is, I am sure, only a temporary setback, for our position is strong in its neighborhood, and great loss has been inflicted upon the enemy. The battle of Contamination is not yet finished. It will be a distinct and important episode in the history of this campaign.

I have been able to see something of the battle, all the fierce pictures of our shell fire, but at the time with no accurate idea of what really was happening beyond our guns, and with that sense of confusion and mystery which all soldiers have when they are on the battlefield, knowing very little of what is going on to the left or right of them; not knowing what is happening to themselves or why they stand where they do, or what order will next come to them or whether our men are doing well or badly.

It was early in the morning, I went out beyond many of our batteries and watched the bombardment that was to precede the infantry attacks of the enemy's positions in front of Contamination and to the right on Mametz Wood, where some of our men held the southwest corner. There were large bodies of troops about the high ground where our trenches are, and bunched about in groups beyond the slope leading to the line from which our attack was to be made. They seemed to have nothing in the world to do except to hang about in a casual way. Many of them were lying on the grass or along the roadsides asleep. Not all the roar of the guns made them turn uneasily. They had been there all night waiting to go up in support, and now, dog tired, they were taking the chance for rest. It was not quite a safe spot for sleep.

Nobody Worried.
Although the enemy's guns were busy on different places there was no knowing whether they might not shift a point or two this way at any moment. The roadway had already tempted some of their shells earlier in the morning. Tall beech trees, here and there, had been cut clean in half, and a litter of branches and foliage lay below broken stumps.

There were new shell craters in the field, over the way, just where a company of R. A. M. men had sat down on their stretchers waiting for work, but nobody seemed to worry.

The captain of the pioneers spoke to me, asking: "Any news?"
I was profoundly asleep, keen looking man, with a humorous look in his grey eyes, which were shaded by a steel helmet, khaki covered. He was as maddly as a scarecrow, and shivered a little after a night in the rain.

"Dashed if I know what's happening," he said. "One never does. Our fellows are supposed to be going up, but no orders have come along. There's our adjutant waiting for news."
I looked across the road and saw the adjutant. He was lying on his back, quiet straight, at full length, with his head on a pack and a waterproof coat over him. He was profoundly asleep.

The pioneer captain pointed to a little mass of men below the crest of rising ground, beyond which were hills. "I thought they would go up in this ago, but they're still waiting, poor lads. I expect they'll go in all right."

Mametz village was under a pall of greenish smoke and not a minute passed without a big German shell bursting over it and raising a black cloud.
"Nasty kind of a place," said the pioneer. "I thought I should have to spend the night there. I never saw anything like it. It was exactly like hell, only worse. The sky was full of shells and lights, bustling like blazes."

"Hello! Some 'em are going up!"
The men, who were in small bunches on the lower ground, were getting into a new kind of order. They were moving up toward the crest in extended formations.

A German shell was coming our way. I heard its high, gobbling note and shifted my steel hat a little, hoping it might serve. There was a nasty crash fifty yards away, below the road, where some of the men were bunched. A whistle sounded, and the R. A. M. C. men, who had been squatting on their stretchers, sprang up and ran, carrying their stretchers, down the track. They had found some work to do.

Two other shells came closer, and we changed our position a little. It was getting rather hot, but not so hot as other places, compared with what our ground was paradise. Mametz village was behind our lines, now, and was being shelled heavily by the enemy. It was a very ugly spot, but even that was a health resort as the soldiers say, compared with any of the German positions in the neighborhood of Contamination.

FRENCH REBUILDING ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN BY BRITISH GUNNERS AT SALONKI

The French authorities have removed the wrecked Zeppelin to a convenient position on the sea front near the famous White Tower, where it is being rebuilt by them. Great numbers of the residents of Saloniki gather about the monster German Zeppelin used by the Bulgarians in an attempt to raid Saloniki, to watch the progress of reconstruction. A number of bombs which were removed from the wreckage are added curiosities to the show.

LESS THAN 3,000 MEN RECRUITED IN FOUR MONTHS

Westmorland Leads Province Since March 1, With St. John Close Second—April the Best Month.

During the past four months, April holds the championship for recruiting in this province, no less than 1,141 recruits being secured during that month in New Brunswick for overseas service. March is in second place with 1,078 recruits, the month of June is in third place with 427 men, and May made a very poor showing with but 360 men.

The returns from the different counties of the province for the past four months are as follows:

County	June	May	April	Mar.
St. John	68	51	160	177
Kings	17	1	61	44
Queens	2,219	2,219	2,219	2,219
Charlotte	14	25	83	51
York	29	24	172	78
Carleton	24	50	100	76
Victoria	21	37	50	284
Restigouche	85	7	32	52
Gloucester	43	5	32	64
Northumberland	26	38	100	86
Kent	10	18	19	54
Westmorland	75	79	188	170
Albert	28	22	22	27
Total	427	380	1,141	1,078

Westmorland leads with a total of 516 and St. John second with 461.

Drop Cops. So we are in a sound position for further attacks.
A large number of prisoners were taken, and they came straggling back over the battlefield in miserable little groups. Some of them carried our wounded on stretchers or on their backs, and our men carried their wounded.

Famous Guards Broken.
They were the remnants of the Third Prussian Guards division, which had been so utterly broken that it no longer exists as a fighting unit. Those who did not fall into our hands have been withdrawn from the line. The morale of the men, as well as their fighting force, has been smashed. Even the officers admit that. They have no more stomach for the fight and several men with whom I spoke today were frank in saying they were glad to be prisoners, to be safe at last from the frightfulness of this war. Some of them told me that after leaving Valenciennes a few days ago after our attack started, they were brought to Cambrai, and while the officers were sent on by motor cycle they marched a long distance through an unknown country to the front. They did not know the names of the villages they passed. Their officers had no maps, and they had an ominous feeling that they were going to their doom, but the strength of our artillery and its deadly accuracy of aim surprised them. They did not know the English had such guns.

Still more were they surprised by the dash of our infantry, as they heard they had against them the men of the new army. The Prussian prisoners belonged chiefly to the Lehr Grenadiers and Fusiliers, the All Guards division, the 7th Jaeger and the 10th, 14th and 19th regiments of the line. Some of them I spoke to were Poles from Silesia. They are tall men, of good physique, well fed and some of them middle-aged and fathers of families. They correspond to the French territorials. They spoke of their wives and children, and their dashed eyes for they were just down from the field of fire, lighted up at the thought of going home again after the war.

"God send a quick ending to the war," said one of them, and he spoke the words as a prayer with hands upraised.
(The foregoing was penned at the front. Contamination was again stormed by the splendid British infantry and is now firmly held within the zone of British guns.)

OTTAWA SAYS NO CANADIAN NICKEL CAN GO ON DEUTSCHLAND

Ottawa, July 13.—The government is not worrying over the prospect of Canadian nickel going to the enemy by the submarine route, it has been so heavily shelled by our guns that much damage had been inflicted upon the Germans inside, some of whom had escaped to our lines. We are now holding the outskirts of Contamination in, or in the neighborhood of the Cemetery, and I believe Acid

THEY DID DO COURAGE CANADIANS SHOWN AT HOOGUE "HOW THEY COULD DIE"

It is full eighteen months since Field-Marshal French wrote of how the defence of the "bastion of Ypres"—the gateway from the German front to Calais, Dunkirk and the narrow sea-way to the shores of England—would go down in history as one of the brightest stories in the annals of the British army.
Today that story is magnified; for last month at Hooze and Ypres the Canadians, who first made their name dreadful to the enemy on the field of Ypres, are the heroes of the great onset. Many of them have fallen; yet (as Captain Grenfell wrote just before he fell at the second great battle of Ypres), still:
The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings,
But Day shall clasp them with strong hands,
And Night shall fold them in soft wings.

(By Philip Gibbs.)
With the British Armies in the Field, June 8.—(Correspondence)—The attack on the Canadian front of the Ypres salient, beginning on the morning of June 2, and still being held in check by great gun-fire, is a battle more fierce and bloody than any action in which we have taken part since Loos. The full brunt of it has fallen on the Canadian divisions, and the unforgettable courage and self-sacrifice of the western men who fought in the second battle of Ypres thirteen months ago, has been repeated.

Yesterday I spent some hours with the Canadian officers and men who faced the fire.
These men had been holding their ground for forty-eight hours under shell-fire more severe than any bombardment that has been seen upon our front except at Vimy, and as I listened to their stories of the battle, I stood in the presence of men who had escaped from the very jaws of that hell which has been invented by human beings out of the earth's chemistry, and yet had kept their reason and their courage and their pride of spirit. That was wonderful.

The enemy's bombardment began suddenly with one great crash of guns at half-past eight on Friday morning. Generals Mercer and Williams had gone up to inspect the trenches at 6 o'clock in the morning.
It had been almost silent along the lines when the enemy's batteries opened fire with one enormous thunderstroke, which was followed by continuing salvos. The shells came from nearly every point of the compass, north, east and south. The evil spell of the salient was over our men again.

Canadians in the front trenches held on to the enemy's guns until the sky seemed to be opening above them and the earth below them. Gen. Williams and Col. Usher were last seen going into a deep trench called the Tube, a few minutes after the attack began. "They took it all," said one of the officers, and in that phrase, spoken simply by a man who was there too, lies a great spirit of pride and sacrifice. They took it all, and did so with a heroism that the enemy seemed to be opening above them and the earth below them. Gen. Williams and Col. Usher were last seen going into a deep trench called the Tube, a few minutes after the attack began. "They took it all," said one of the officers, and in that phrase, spoken simply by a man who was there too, lies a great spirit of pride and sacrifice. They took it all, and did so with a heroism that the enemy seemed to be opening above them and the earth below them.

MEMBER OF 104TH IN HOSPITAL IN ENGLAND

A telegram has been received by Harold Young, proprietor of the York Hotel at Fredericton to the effect that Guy McBean of the 104th Battalion has been admitted to hospital in England suffering with diphtheria. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McBean, of Taymouth (N. B.), and was employed in Fredericton prior to the outbreak of war.

William Kelly Safe and Well.
A report from Gagetown says that Private William Kelly, who was thought to be missing after the big battle of Loos, is now reported as being well. His many friends in Gagetown will be pleased indeed to learn that the first report which gave rise to grave fears was unfounded. Recently his relatives received news from him written at the front in which he said that he was well and had come through the fight unscathed. Private Kelly is with a "killing" battalion.

Gunner Charles Whitcombe of the 88th Howitzer Battery came down from Camp Pelawawa on Saturday last and is spending a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Whitcombe, Upper Gagetown.

Private Dunn Improved.
Private Frank Dunn, of Gagetown, who was wounded at Hooze, is now very much improved, and is at a beautifully situated convalescent home in Berkshire, England. These hundred wounded soldiers are at the present time enjoying the hospitality of this old English mansion.

Corporal Powers Wounded.
J. M. Power, of 28 Dorchester street, received a leg wound, dated June 26, from Chaplain Kuhring, informing him that his son, Corp. H. Milton Power, was in hospital suffering from a wound in the neck. Chaplain Kuhring says that Milton was made of the right stuff like all the Canadian boys and would rather be on the firing line than in a hospital.

The following letter was received from the hospital authorities saying the wound was severe.
The following letter was received from Corporal Fred Breaux of the Grenadier Company of a N. B. Battalion, by his mother. Corporal Breaux, who is a Northumberland county boy and a brother of Mrs. Stanley H. Taylor of this city, has been through the thickest of the fighting with his battalion from the first, but was wounded in the right hip from shrapnel in the heavy fighting in

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