

## GALLANT CHARGE FOURTH CAMERONS

Germans Did Not Wait to Face Bayonets, But Scampered From the Trenches.

Private A. Mackenzie, C Company, 4th Cameron Highlanders, who is a native of Ardee, Scotland, sends the following thrilling account of his experiences to a friend in Forres:

Perhaps you'll have heard by this time about the 4th Cameron's recent heavy casualties. On the 17th, about mid-day, we were informed that the 4th Camerons were to charge a certain position. Everyone got ready, water bottles filled, and equipments ready to sling on. About 5 p.m. the battalion left their billets for the trenches. We passed through three lines of our own trenches and forward to the German trenches, which had been taken by some of our men a few days before. On arriving there we were lined up behind the parapet. C and D Companies were to do the charge and A and B the supports. At 7.35 p.m., on the word of command, we fixed bayonets, leapt the parapet, and charged at a wild dash across the open, which was swept with shell and rifle fire, towards the Germans. We had some eight or nine hundred yards to go before we reached the trenches, across ditches which were impossible to jump. One had to make a dive the best way they could, and not a few I saw were up to the neck and scrambling to get a hold of the grass on the other side. Men fell on every side of you. It was awful. I had a very narrow escape. One bullet passed through the pack on my back, and I could see them knock the dust out of the ground in front of my feet as I ran on. By the time we reached the trench it was getting dusk. The Germans did not wait to get bayoneted. They left the trench and scampered away. We kept up a rapid fire as they retreated. One chap gave himself up. He said, "Main brother in England," and the guard in charge told him that there were too many of his brothers in England. In the trench lots of helmets, packs, and rifles were left. It was then we found we had been up against the Prussian Guards. Before the charge we were informed that the Wilts were to advance on our left and the Bedford on our right, but obstacles met them and the tide turned.

However, we held the trench all right and when it got clear in the morning we could see the Germans held a strongly fortified position on our right and on our left. Luck did not seem to be in our favor. We were caught like rats in a trap, and they started to bomb us out. We gave what resistance we could, but as our bombs gave out it was useless. One Hun was about to throw a bomb at us, and his hand was up, when one of our fellows shot him through the head and he fell back. A good few of them got the same dose. We were forced to retire. Some went back over the open, but only to be shot down like rabbits. I shall never forget the screams and moans of the poor chaps as they got bowled over. By this time we lost our gallant colonel, I saw him fall. He must have been killed instantaneously, for he never moved. He was loved and esteemed by all of us and had a straightforward kind way of talking to his men. I am sorry to say he is gone, and his shoes will be hard to fill. There was a deep ditch, or rather a small canal, leading back to our own lines and it was by running into this that a few of us saved ourselves. It was so deep that at some points we had to hang on to the grass at the side to save ourselves from drowning. One after another we swam or waded along, for we knew that death was at hand. We must have been in the water an hour and a half, for we had 900 yards to go. I am glad to say I came out alive. Thank God for it, but I regret we lost 226 brave comrades and 13 officers, a toll which will cast a gloom over the Highlands of Scotland. I must now draw to a close as I hate dwelling on these happenings. It was nothing better than a glimpse of hell and butchery. We are back now, and are doing their best to reply. I write at the dug-out at the entrance to the trenches where the wounded wait for us. Batteries are around us and along the road we follow to the hospital. One is some fifty yards from the dug-out and the Boches are trying to find it—not entirely successfully, for about fifty yards from us there has just fallen a shell. I don't believe Catullus ever thought of any one being shelled this way. In order to find the pearl in his oyster, we have three groups of four cars out on this work today; the others are doing the regular evacuations and service de garde. So we are furiously occupied.

## BEHIND GUNS AT BATTLE OF ARRAS

Richard Norton, commander of the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps, which is attached to the second French army, has sent the following letter dated June 7, describing the fighting around Arras, to his brother, Elliot Norton, New York:

"The biggest battle I've yet seen is under way, and we are in the thick of it. It is now 8 a.m. and I've been here since 4. The French are pounding the bottom out of the world in front, and the Boches are doing their best to reply. I write at the dug-out at the entrance to the trenches where the wounded wait for us. Batteries are around us and along the road we follow to the hospital. One is some fifty yards from the dug-out and the Boches are trying to find it—not entirely successfully, for about fifty yards from us there has just fallen a shell. I don't believe Catullus ever thought of any one being shelled this way. In order to find the pearl in his oyster, we have three groups of four cars out on this work today; the others are doing the regular evacuations and service de garde. So we are furiously occupied.

wanted to scalp him. We are under a tree now surrounded by a group of some twenty women of the village stretcher bearers, and the doctor who manages our dugout.

"The bombardment is lessening and there are no wounded for the moment. A couple of batteries of big guns (220s) are booming, and their shells shudder over our heads. It's curious to note the different sound, different size shells make. These 220s sound exactly like a big Catherine wheel when it begins to revolve—the same jerky whirr. If you are sufficiently near, you don't notice this, as I perceived this morning when one that was hidden not fifteen feet from the road I was travelling went off exactly as I passed. I thought the Boches had got me.

"Taken all in all, it is the most tremendous and interesting and horrible spectacle one could imagine. Overhead the aeroplanes surrounded by the beautiful, long-lasting puffs of heavy white geyers of smoke, according to the sort of shell that explodes, and nearby the volleying, booming, whirring batteries, the ambulances, the stretcher bearers, the wounded, the magnificent cool, patient, heroic doctors. The devil take the Boches, but I feel man is a pretty fine piece of work.

"10 p.m.—Back again to our home camp at Baisieux, all safe and sound, rather to my surprise, as we had a decidedly sultry time this afternoon. As a memento I have a large hunk of a shell which exploded just over the roof of the dugout while I was inside. For some hours the shells were going off all around us, making us dive for the dugout if near enough, and do a powerful lot of trying to shrink up if we were too far off to do the rabbit trick. One of the cars got hit by a bit of splintered wood. That was the only real casualty, though some of the cars suffered from being kept going too much without a stop.

### TESTED RECIPES

#### Cornish Cuddles

This is a good luncheon or supper dish. Trim slices of cold meat into good shape. Season with salt and pepper and a bit of chopped parsley. Also add a few drops of ketchup. Season mashed potatoes nicely, add a beaten egg and a little lemon juice or grated nutmeg. Spread over the meat slices, dip in beaten egg and then in crumbs.

## Landing Troops On Gallipoli Peninsula A Decidedly Creepy Job

Sidelights on the landing of the British troops on the shores of the Gallipoli Peninsula are given in the following letter, dated May 5, received from a British naval officer by a New York man:

"You will no doubt have read all about our landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula and the terrific scrap that is at present going on. For the first five days (i.e., from the 24th to the 29th) I had a pretty lively time of it, being away from this ship and working under all sorts of conditions in destroyers, transports, lighters, tugs, trawlers, boats, on the beach, and in fact everywhere. I assisted in the landing of the first covering force which landed just before daylight on the 25th (at Baba Tepe), part of it being landed in boats sent in from battleships and the remainder in boats from destroyers. I was on one of these destroyers, and a very creepy sort of job it was closing up on the enemy's coast in the dark, and expecting every minute that the beggars would open fire, which they eventually did when we were a hundred yards or so off the beach.

"Then the game started in earnest. From all along the beach and up the hillside rifles and Maxims blazed away at us, and the hiss of bullets around one was none too pleasant. We had our boats full up and off for the beach as quickly as possible, and mightily glad I was, too, when we reached the beach and our fellows were able to get at the blighters, which they did with a rush and an almighty cheer, which did one's heart good. The Turks ran like the devil, of course; a lot of our fellows got laid out on the way in, and I'm still wondering how it was I didn't stop something.

No Turkish Guns Here  
"It was a great piece of luck for us that at that particular spot the enemy had no guns; had we tempted a landing about half a mile further south, I think it extremely likely we should have been wiped out to a man, as these ruddy Turks had the beach there one mass of wire entanglements and were heavily entrenched with guns etc. Of the landing at Cape Helles you probably know more than I, but I hear they had a jolly bad time to start. However, a few days saw both landings pretty well established, but those first few days were strenuous, old boy—and no error—no sleep or rest at all for the first forty-eight hours, and then darned little. I shifted all over the place landing troops, guns, and stores, etc., my job being that of a 'naval transport officer,' with duties too numerous to mention. Anywhere near the beach one got shrapnel bursting overhead and outside occasionally heavy shells from enemy's ships in the straits firing over the land. I was jolly glad to rejoin this ship and get a 'stand easy'; reckon I lost many pounds in weight over that job.

wonders how it's all going to end. One thing is certain, at any rate, and that is, we have darned strenuous times ahead of us before all this game is finished. Have had no mails for about a fortnight now; last mail brought me letters and a small electric torch from you which is very useful; thanks, dear old stick; you're darned good to send me all those things, and you can yell 'selfish pleasure,' till further orders if it pleases you. Lord, what a racket all this business is, and how infernally glad we will be when it's all over and one can settle down to a more or less peaceful occupation once more; still I wouldn't have missed this show for worlds."

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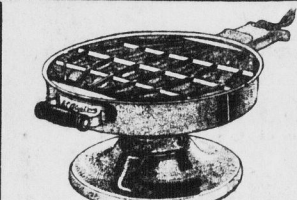
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