

GALLIPOLI PENINSULA NAMED 'VALLEY OF DEATH.'

TORONTO, Oct. 9.—Officers who have been through both campaigns say Gallipoli surpasses in its terror the fighting in Flanders. This is from a letter sent by Lieut. E. N. Coultis, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, with the Expeditionary Force to the Dardanelles, to his home in Agincourt, Ont.

Conversations which Dr. Coultis had with wounded officers of the Expeditionary Force are also referred to in the letter. The letter is dated August 21. Lieut. Coultis says: "A number of officers have been brought in wounded, just arrived from the front on various parts of the peninsula. I have had enlightening conversations with many of them. All my conversations with wounded since I came here indicate one thing—the greatness of the movement we have undertaken in seizing the straits."

"THE VALLEY OF DEATH"
"Every officer I have listened to has paid a high tribute to the valor of the soldiers. They enter the valley of death without flinching. Officers who have been through both campaigns say Gallipoli surpasses in its terrors the fight in Flanders. There is practically no water. It is all supplied from ships—fancy a captain told me that his men had on one occasion been reduced to one pint a day for all purposes in that glaring heat."

"The new landings which I previously referred to were made on Suvla Bay, north of where the Australians landed. After their five mile advance they dug themselves in. At the present time their landings are joined up in a continuous line, but the beach is shelled anywhere except where the Australians have been operating."

"These men are probably the champion fighters of the campaign—fine strapping fellows physically, tough and fearless, spoiling always for a fight. An officer who comes from their midst tells many tales of their ferocious hardihood. On one occasion a whole line of them left the shelter of their trenches, and shouted their defiance and scorn on their enemies, looking like warriors in their rage."

"TWENTY-FOOT TRENCHES
"The Australians know how to dig in. Their trenches are nine feet deep. An officer, however, told me of capturing a Turkish area where the communicating trenches were twenty feet deep. Artillery would not have much effect on men as the bottom of these. We get among our wounded an occasional Turk and a number of Sikhs. These poor fellows, like our own suffered heavily. With regard to the wounded, however, there are

many of our men who will be fit again in a month or two.
"We are located about 150 yards from the water's edge, in the Isle of —, same place to which we came on our first arrival and which I described as containing many big ships and the island belongs to Greece, or rather Turkey, bound by treaty to hand it over to Greece. It is likely that Greece and Britain have an understanding about transferring it later."

AT A GREEK VILLAGE
"It presents a very fine appearance even now, although in the springtime when it is green, it doubtless looks finer. I was up into the Greek village near us lately. The populace is probably mingled with Turkish blood. They are very light-skinned and very dark-skinned. I saw in the village an ancient plow at work. There was no plow share; just a straight wooden projection which tore up the ground without turning it over at all. It has only one handle. There was also a modern-looking plow, which the old Greek was careful I should see and not think him behind the times. We frequently sit out at night after darkness had fallen, and look up into the clear moon and starlit sky or out into the harbor, where may be seen from fifty to two hundred mighty boats all lit up. Our old friend, the Atalanta, where we had such solid comfort along with such hard work with the wounded, is again lying out in the harbor."

German Taube Spoils Movie Picture Film

A curious incident disturbed the filming in Paris of the guillotine scene in "Jean Dore," in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt acted for the first time since her leg was amputated. The large crowd of sightseers had been grouped round the scaffold erected in a Paris suburb, with the soldiers and police and executioner's assistants all in their places, and the signal had just been given to begin turning the film, when the familiar buzz of an aeroplane was heard. It was an open-air scene, and soon everybody, including the condemned man, was looking upwards.

It was a German Taube, which was speeding away before a pursuing French biplane. The cinema actors followed the pursuit with breathless interest until the machines were out of sight. The stage manager then found that the light had changed, and it was necessary to postpone the conclusion of the filming till the next day.

AT THE NICKEL

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FROM OUR NAVAL BOYS.

Ramsgate, England, Aug. 4th, 1915.

My Dear Sister,—In answer to your kind and loving letter which I received last Monday, I wish to say I was charmed to hear from you, also to hear you are well, as I am at present, thank God.

Well, Stella, it is quite a while since I heard from you, or at least, any news from home. I was wondering what the reason was for its lonely not to get letters from home.

I received a letter from mother, saying she received the birthday present. I am very glad to hear she has it. I did not get a chance of sending it for her birthday and sent it as soon as I got settled down. She did not say it cost her anything at the post office here it would only cost a penny so that's all I paid. It's hard for us to find out things. Allright if we had lots of time, but we only have two days out of a week in harbor and only one on shore.

Dear Stella, as your birthday is also drawing nigh, I suppose you would like a book similar to mother's for a present, so I am sending one to-morrow. I have a ring which I am sending. I have been wearing it for three months, so I will send it to you for a souvenir. Its a very good looking and you must wear it all the time.

So to change the subject—
We are all enjoying life pretty good over here. Win. is not with me now, but living in hopes of being with us before long. He wishes to be remembered to all and sends his best love to Annie. The weather is fine and lots to amuse anybody. We just came in from a meeting. We had a jolly time as to-day is just a year since war started and Britain is as strong as ever, thank God. Everything is as quiet as ever. I am living in hopes of being home for Xmas, if God's willing.

Well, sister, my eyes are opened, if they were not before, and this is the best year I ever spent and I have had no trouble whatever. I sent my photos, three times. You did not say if you had them. I am sending more next mail. Let me know if Mary received Win's photos. Please send me a group of mother, father and family.
Well, Stella, I haven't forgotten you yet, or yet a while. I would have sent you a present, but could not get any news from home. Give my best love to all. Tell Annie I'll write her soon and all brothers and sisters. You spoke of sending me a present. Send me some tobacco, if you care to. I will close my short letter. Don't worry a little about me, for I am safe while God is with me. I seem to feel him nearer every day, and if I don't return, bear in mind I am safe with God and will meet you all on a happier shore where sorrow is not known. Love to mother and all. Good-bye.

From your Loving Brother, to Loving Sister Stella.
My thoughts shall be of you at home, When seas are raging high.
So farewell dear, remember me,
Your Brother Sailor Boy.
Good Night.

Ramsgate, Kent, England, Sept. 7, 1915

Mr. L. Rose.
Dear, Sir.—Just a few lines to say I am quite well. Thank God for it. You told me that going out into the world would make a man of me. Well, I tell you it has opened my eyes enough that I know where I was wrong—playing in misery for the

sake of sin; but, thank God, Mr. Rose, I am once more a mission servant of God, for there stands by me this night the Angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve, saying: "Fear not, God hath given thee all the strength thou needest to resist temptation." Wherefore, I will be of good cheer, for God is my captain and "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep me and that which I have committed unto him against that day."

Well, Mr. Rose, as for your kindness towards me while I was under your care, I can only say it was more than I deserved, for I should have been a better man than I was. If you hadn't been so good to me, I mightn't of been where I am to-night. I'll never regret the day I joined the Navy, for in it I have found the blessing of life.

I am not able to write much this time, for I am just beginning to practice writing. So excuse this. In a few weeks I will be able to write better. I will write a long letter next time, and I will send you my photo, to see if you will know me, for I am changed a lot, not much outwardly, but a big lot inwardly. If we are spared, we shall meet again, if not on earth, then in Heaven, where there is no war, but peace, joy and happiness for evermore.

Remember me to all the officials. God bless you all. I can't say anything good enough about you for you treated me like a father. Tell all that if they listen to your words as I did, they won't go wrong.

With love, I remain,
Yours sincerely,
WALTER J. HYNES.

H.M.S. Frodo Oliver, Naval Base, Ramsgate, Kent, England.

This poor chap who wrote this letter to his sister and another to a friend, Mr. Rose, Warden of the Penitentiary here, has since made the supreme sacrifice of his life for King, Empire and Liberty. He was blown up by a mine explosion and killed, to the great grief of his parents and many friends.—Editor.

Russians Met Germans With Heavy Machine Fire

LONDON, Oct. 12.—A Petrograd despatch to the Daily News by Frederick Rennit, says:

THE CRESCENT PICTURE PALACE.

"ASIREN OF CORSICA"

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Good Music, a Comfortable & well Ventilated Theatre

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The stubbornness of the troops of General Rusky is still a match for the attempts of the Germans under General von Buelow to secure Divinsk and the line on the Dvina. A new German offensive is noted northward at Gorbunovka, were in order to protect the approach of the river, the Russians met the Germans with machine gun fire of such terrific violence that whole columns were flung back unable to carry the assault. Similar fruitless attacks were made in the Somorgon region 100 miles south of Divinsk. These attacks were all repulsed. Heavy fighting is continuing here. It is reported that in the marshes of Pinsk, bands of German deserters are plundering to the left. Local peasants are forming flying commands and armed with rifles are conducting successful guerrilla war against these German irregular troops.

After a fortnight's halt the Russians have renewed their offensive in the region from Sty to Sereth. Infantry forces by energetic attack dislodged the enemy from the right bank of the Sty and occupied their position at Koshistchi. More important still is the Russian offensive in the direction of Lutsk. On both sides of the Ravno Kovel railway the enemy was thrown back a distance of twenty miles.

Near Lutsk the Russians captured 3500 men besides numerous trophies. Successful aeroplane raids have been made on the enemy's railway at Czernovitz. This station has always played an important part in the German offensive operations in the south. Masses of troops and munitions have been brought there. Reliable sources state that the raid caused extremely damage to the his plans.

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The famous big game hunter, Mr. P. C. Selous, recalls the days when he might have bought for \$5 an acre as much as he pleased of the South African veldt under which, though no one then dreamed it, hundred of millions of gold were lying hidden. One single acre would have made him "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." A London workhouse, not many years ago, was the refuge of a man who once sold a hundred share in the Devon Great Consols Company for a pound a share, and had the mortification of small holding valued at \$400,000 when the shares rose to \$4,000 apiece.

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