

GROUND HEAVED LIKE FLOATING BOG, WRITES GAGETOWN SOLDIER IN DESCRIBING GREAT BATTLE

Sergeant Allen Otty Writes Again in Same Graphic Style With Flashes of Bright Humor

Refers to Shooting Tragedies, and Says Hunters Would Be Safer in Trenches—One Soldier's Letter Home—The Comforts Needed.

Well, those who do not come now will be fetched later," writes Sergt. Allen Otty, of Gagetown, of the 1st Battalion, formerly of the 55th, from the trenches, where he has seen terrific fighting.

Sergt. Otty was one of those who underwent the terrific artillery duel of October 13, when the 1st battalion was so heavily shelled, and the earth rocked under the staggering concussion of the shell-fire.

October 13. We are out of the trenches now, having a rest after a certain "activity" about which you will no doubt read in the papers of this date. I cannot give you any details, but we were in action, and got the best of it, without a doubt. You can see the whole thing in the papers, so I won't dwell on it.

I came through O. K. Jimmy Banks was killed, and Bert Edwards wounded. Pat Drummy is sent out with good feeling. Makes me think of close shave. The concussion was so great that it flattened the buttons on his greatcoat, where he left it, only a little way from him. The whole thing was artillery from start to finish. I had heard old chaps, and in the first lot, tell about the ground rocking and swaying, in a big artillery duel, but never thought it was as bad as it really was. The ground heaved, just like walking on a floating bog. We did well, considering, and attained our object. I enclose one of Alfred's buttons. Nothing touched it, but the force of the explosion of a "Johnson." I took charge of the gas party, and had an exciting ten minutes—your bet.

We are in an old house away back now, and although I have charge of the guard yet, have had a good wash this morning, and a shave—the first for a good many days, and believe me, it's good feeling. Makes me think of close shave in London, where we washed every day—and shaved too! We get well looked after, and we never have a kick coming. Anyone who is sick or wounded gets A. 1 attention. All the boys are well, and in good spirits. Those men I brought from the Mounted Rifles are bricks, everyone. Old Peter Jackson was in the whole of the bombardment and got partly buried once, and lost his leg, but he was gangled. Well, folks, I must close now. Don't worry! We are doing fine, and making Canadian history as fast as we can. I pity the poor kids about 1925, who have to get all these French, Belgian and Russian names down pat.

Going Strong Like Johnnie Walker." October 31—Sunday again, and almost November again. Eleven months in the harness, and "still going strong," like Johnnie Walker. We are back having a rest, but our time is nearly up, to take to the land of dugouts, and again take a pot at "Fritz." We have the privilege of a Y. M. C. A. here, and if you are lucky to get in early, it's a good place to write. Percy Murray is at the same table with me—looks like old times. He is in "C" company. Bert Edwards is in England, and I hear he will lose his hand. One hears so many rumors, and not always are they correct. However, he is not with his company, and I know he got hit in the wrist.

It has rained for some days, and the roads, fields, etc., are in bad condition for walking. The weather hasn't been cold, but it's very raw and rains a lot. We got a big raincoat that covers us from head to foot—more like a tent, and very light, too.

We went to church this morning. We had a band and sang, "Holy, Holy, Holy" and "For Those in Peril on the Sea." Our chaplain is a fine-looking, gray-haired, old chap. He often comes up in the trenches to see us.

The papers are coming along O. K. I pass them along to the other New Brunswick boys. That piece in The Telegraph by the Canadian journalists was all right, and describes the life exactly. The chap that wrote that piece was through our lines, and describes our situation just exactly.

I suppose by the time you get this, the river will be closed for the winter. It has been a short summer for us, though, of course, the climate is different here, but not too hot, like in Canada—seems like fall all the time.

Safer in Trenches. Well, they are sure shooting up each other in our country. I know the exact place that Upton was killed—have laid there for Mr. Bull Moose many a night. Why, there are more casualties on Big Meadow than in one battalion in a week! Some of the bastards had better come out here, if they don't want to get shot up!

November 4. It's now about 5.30 p. m., and am in my dugout after a good supper of "Machonies" (canned fish stew), "Belge" bread and tea and condensed milk. Of course, there was a good bit of clanders and mud in the making, yet all grub tastes good out here. Our officers let us do our own cooking here, and we appreciate it as it breaks the monotony of trench life.

We have had a desperate wet time lately. It has rained heavily for a week. All hands are mud from head to foot, but no one minds. However, it's a marvel to note the cheerfulness of some of those fellows who have always known good homes. They were around in the mud, up to their knees, and laugh at it. Today was fine and things are drying up a bit.

Harmless When Noisy. About shells. Today they were sure thick. However, the ones you hear generally don't come near enough to lift you. It's the ones you don't hear that do the damage. You may not believe it, but you can see a six-inch shell about

TO HELP THE PRINCESS PATRICIAS



The officers of No. 4 Universities Overseas Company, of Reinforcements for the Princess Patricia's, which has been raised by Capt. A. S. Eve (third from the left). The officers are: Front row, reading from left to right—Lieut. C. C. Robinson, Lieut. J. R. Mitchell, Capt. A. S. Eve, Lieut. F. C. Higgins. Back row—Lieut. P. K. Heywood, Lieut. H. W. Cheney.

ESCAPED CANADIAN OFFICER WALKED ALL OVER GERMANY

Ottawa, Nov. 29.—Escaped from a German prison camp, after being captured at Ypres, and after wandering all through Germany disguised as a German, Major P. Anderson, of Edmonton, who was attached to the 3rd Battalion, has returned to London with a thrilling story of adventure and an interesting account of German conditions at the present time.

Word of Major Anderson's escape and report to the war office was received by the minister of militia today, in a letter from Major General Carson. After telling of some of Major Anderson's adventures, the letter states that he reports that the German people are absolutely muzzled, and that nothing is allowed to reach the people either directly or indirectly, but a never-ending record of victories with absolutely nothing of any set-backs. In consequence, says Major Anderson, the German people are still full of optimism but are growing very reckless and all are "heavily sick of the war."

After being captured with some of his men of the 3rd Battalion at Ypres, Major Anderson was interned at Gelsen, Saxony. He had a fair knowledge of the German tongue, having been born in Sweden, and determined to escape if possible. He spent some months' preparation for this move which had to be begun at night in full view of the strong camp lights. However, he got away safely. For the first five days, he walked all night and slept in concealment all day. The work was gradually getting easier, using a small handkerchief for the first five days, when he thought the coast was clear and pursued evaded. He walked boldly into small villages and slept at the village inns. He paid his way out of 500 marks which he had saved up before leaving the camp. Some of the time, he rode on the government trains and had long and interesting discussions with German officers and men. After working his way to the extreme south of Germany, he turned and walked back again to the extreme north, where he managed to cross the boundary into Denmark. At Copenhagen he reported to the British ambassador and arrangements were then made to send him back to England via Sweden and Norway.

General Carson reports that Anderson has now arrived in London and has spent two days with officials of the war office, giving them a full account of the conditions which he found in Germany. In his message to the minister of militia, General Carson says that Major Anderson has had a marvellous experience, and has shown a wonderful courage, a wonderful fund of assurance and common sense, combined with a marvellous amount of good luck.

more letters like that, life would be more like living. Out here a letter looks as big as a "new barn door." I must tell you how our mail arrives. Along in the night, at a certain hour, we hear someone say: "Rations up!" and all those who are not on duty beat it for the platoon sergeant's dugout, where the letters and mail are divided up among the different sections. You can picture the eager faces, glowing red from the cold air, looking for letters from the dear ones at home. As the names are called off, the letters are passed out through the door to those who may have gathered there. Some get one letter, some two, some four, and some only a paper. Quite frequently, some get parcels from England, and Scotland and Canada. These come, invariably, in Woodbine cigarettes, cans of condensed cocoa, bars of chocolate and a cake. I have been very fortunate in having been invited to partake of the division of several of these parcels. Boys in our company, who have friends or relatives in Scotland or England, get all kinds of boxes. I have been very fortunate, too; for you have sent me so much, and "C" sends me cigarettes and chocolate, regularly. Those are the things we really need, and I appreciate all your gifts so much.

You must be doing some Red Cross work in our town. You people back home have the right spirit, all right, and we out here appreciate all you do, so much. It's all in the cause. They Wait to Be "Fetched."

That must have been some recruiting meeting in the States, if they only got two! Well, those who do not come now will be "fetched," later. When I was in London, they used to hold a recruiting rally each day at 4 p. m. on the steps of Nelson's monument, in Trafalgar Square. They usually got about a dozen each time out of the two thousand who were there. I used to go by there at noon, and listen to the band. It was very good. We are quite a way back from the firing line where we are now, and get lots of English papers, and see that recruiting is going on everywhere now. So you met Lieutenant Teed, who was at Ypres. He was in the 1st Brigade but I don't know his battalion, probably the 3rd.

The war seems to be heading for the Balkans now. Maybe it will end there—even as it started there.

Yours, ALLEN.

CONFIRMS NEWS OF DEATH OF CAPT. MOORE AT FESTUBERT

Hopewell Hill, Nov. 29.—The latest and most reliable intelligence received by relatives here confirms what has been feared, that Capt. Donald M. Moore, formerly of Hopewell, who was officially reported as wounded at Festubert in May, was killed in action in the famous Orch-



CAPTAIN DONALD M. MOORE, 16th Scottish. Formerly of Hopewell Hill, Albert county. First Albert county man to be killed in action in the present war.

ard fight, when so many of the brave Canadians lost their lives. After Capt. Moore was reported wounded on May 31, further word was anxiously looked for and relatives here hoped against hope, as the months passed by, that some favorable news might come. With the latest information received by his brother, Sir James Moore, and Boston and by his sister, Mrs. J. E. Rogers, here, all hope has been abandoned and there appears to be no doubt that Capt. Moore met a hero's death on the fatal Orchard field.



LANCE-CORP. FRANK THOMAS, killed with 26th.

"Frank Thomas was fearless and brave," wrote Lieut. Sturges, his platoon commander, "and we miss him very much. He died the death of a gallant soldier and suffered no pain for his death same within ten seconds after a bullet had pierced his heart."

Verdict of \$100 for Plaintiff.

Dorchester, N. B., Nov. 29.—The case of Alice Roberta Trueman vs. Major C. Oulton, John N. Oulton, Seward Oulton and Ainsley Oulton, a Westminster land trial, came to a conclusion this afternoon. The case has been occupying the attention of the circuit court here for the past six days, and a large number of witnesses were examined. The jury, after two hours' deliberation, brought in a verdict of \$100 in favor of the plaintiff, James Friel and A. B. Copp, M.P., for the plaintiff, H. A. Powell, of St. John, and R. Triton, of Sackville, for the defendants.

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GAGETOWN PRIVATE WRITES INTERESTING LETTER FROM FRONT

Gagetown, N. B., Nov. 30.—The foreign mail, several days delayed, arrived late last week and brought with it many noble and inspiring letters from the battle line in Flanders, and from the 55th Battalion, now settled in Bramshot Camp. One of these letters, describing the artillery duel of Oct. 13, well illustrates the wonderful coolness with which our men adapt themselves to life on the firing line, a coolness all the more wonderful in a young soldier without previous military experience. The writer, Pte. Percy A. Murray, went over with the draft from the 55th, and is now in the 1st Battalion. Some time ago he was unofficially reported wounded while carrying a wounded officer to a place of safety. He writes:

"I am afraid there has been a little mistake somewhere in that report about me being wounded. There are so many rumors going around here, I suppose Bert Edwards heard it that way. I didn't see him for a while after that affair, so I suppose that had something to do with it. We are in different platoons now, and it is hard to keep in touch with one another. I helped to carry the officer back, but I escaped that time without a scratch. The lieutenant was hit in five places and died the next day."

"I will not forget the horrors of that day for a while. Men were torn to pieces and buried alive in the debris. We couldn't hear ourselves speak. Those 'coal-boxes' just put me in mind of a big freight train coming along. The ground fairly rolled and I expected to see the trench fall in on us any minute. I was so busy trying to get a place like that, I didn't notice the time passing. I often wonder how a fellow does escape, sometimes. It is a great nerve tonic! Some poor fellows went crazy altogether. Well, I won't talk about this any more—no doubt you are tired reading about it in the papers."

"I have seen all the boys but Kingsley Shells now. He is in the trenches; the other four are in the D. A. C. It is raining hard today—rained all last night. It was very miserable doing sentry work, the trenchers are in such a bad state. I am writing this in my dugout. I have just cooked my dinner. There are four of us in a dugout, and we take turns at cooking. A rifle grenade has just dropped close to us and nearly upset our dinner. There is nothing like a few iron rations once in a while."

"I am sorry for the boys who do not enlist; I know that they will never feel satisfied. A fellow has to go through a lot of hardships, but it is well worth it, when you see the result of the Germans cowardly work over here. I was through a village the other day and there wasn't a whole house in the place. Part of the church tower was still standing and, strange to say, the clock was still hanging to a few bricks."

"I would be glad to get The Telegraph out here, especially the Gagetown notes. I am always anxious to get news from the old town. I was surprised to hear that a while before he finds a place like Gagetown. I got your card, the photo of the old church. It is a very good picture. It reminds me of the good old times."

Pte. James McNeill, of the 26th Battalion, who was wounded about two weeks ago writes from a hospital in France that he was wounded in the left arm and will need some weeks to recover. His brother also of the 26th was wounded in the hand, and is in the same hospital. Private McNeill's father is also at the front in a Scotch battalion.

Lance Corporal "Bert" Edwards, of the 1st Battalion, who was wounded Oct. 13, writes from the hospital at Wimereux that his arm is improving and that he hopes a short time will put him right again.

Pte. James Keen, of the 104th Battalion, was here last week for a few days and returned to Sussex on Thursday.

Miss Edith J. Casswell, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Casswell, and a recent graduate of the Montreal General Hospital, has volunteered for nursing service overseas and is hoping to get to the front soon. She is at present in Montreal, engaged in her profession.

Soldiers' comforts' work is going on most successfully and a good supply of comforts is now on hand and will be sent to St. John early in Christmas week. A parcel of knitted goods was sent to St. John by Miss Bulley last week and contained one dozen pairs socks, one dozen mittens and eleven pairs wristlets.

Miss Mary Scott returned on Tuesday from Boston, where she has been spending some weeks.

Telephone communication between Gagetown and Gagetown was established on Thursday afternoon and messages are now coming across the river by the new cable most satisfactorily. This telephone between Gagetown and Gagetown fills a long-felt want, as it enables all with points of view to be kept in touch. The Bible Society meeting held in last week was very largely attended. The speaker, Rev. Dr. Heine, told in a most interesting manner of his experiences in Bible Society work on the Valley railroad, and with the New Brunswick battalions, to whom Testaments were presented. Dr. Heine is an excellent linguist, and sang several selections in Russian and other languages.

Leo Mahoney has returned from spending a week with relatives in St. John.

H. MEEHAN AND E. MELLOR OF ST. JOHN, KILLED IN ACTION; DALHOUSIE MAN ALSO FALLS

Ottawa, Nov. 29.—The casualty list issued at midnight contains no names in the 26th battalion, but two in the 55th battalion are reported seriously ill, namely, Lance Corporal Edgar S. Weston, of Jarvisville, Kent county (N. B.), and Holly J. Leet, of Millerton (N. B.). H. Barstow, of Halliburton (P. E. I.), is reported wounded in the 15th battalion.

The midnight list follows:
FIRST BATTALION.
Killed in Action—Wm. Fox, England. Wounded—Thomas Pengelly, Wales.

SECOND BATTALION.
Seriously Wounded—Corporal William Sheppard, Peterboro (Ont.).

FIFTH BATTALION.
Previously Reported Missing. Now Wounded and Missing—Henry J. Norris, England.

SEVENTH BATTALION.
Killed in Action—A. Adams, Fernie (B. C.).

TENTH BATTALION.
Died of Wounds—Sergeant George H. Evans, Scotland.

ELEVENTH BATTALION.
Seriously Ill—Wm. Yarett, Brandon (Man.).

FOURTEENTH BATTALION.
Wounded—Frank Damon, Princeton (Me.); Sergeant Origene Gauthier, Actonville (Que.).

FIFTEENTH BATTALION.
Wounded—H. BARSTOW, HALIBURTON (P. E. I.); James Rankin, Spokane (Wash.).

Killed in Action—Fred. Brown, Scotland.

TWENTIETH BATTALION.
Killed in Action—George McLeod, Scotland.

TWENTY-FIRST BATTALION.
Wounded—H. W. Ballard, Peterboro (Ont.).

TWENTY-SEVENTH BATTALION.
Wounded—Harry Marr, Keewatin (Ont.); Harry Walker, Winnipeg; Jacob A. Mancktelow, England.

Killed in Action—Richard McMahon, Scotland; Benjamin Sutherland, Scotland.

TWENTY-NINTH BATTALION.
Wounded—Lieut. Francis E. Grosvenor, Vancouver.

FOURTY-SECOND BATTALION.
Died of Wounds—Richard Smith Marshall, Scotland.

FIFTY-FIFTH BATTALION.
Seriously Ill—LANCE CORPORAL EDGAR S. WESTON, JARDINEVILLE, KENT (N. B.); HOLLY J. LEET, MILLERTON (N. B.).

PRINCESS PATS.
Wounded—Lieut. John C. Bebalinhard, Yorkton (Sask.).

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS.
Wounded—Lance Corporal Wm. M. McIlwraith, McGregor (Man.).

FIFTH CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.
Seriously Ill—John Mulholland, Ireland.

CAVALRY DEPOT.
Seriously Ill—Lance Sergt. D. A. Higgins, Winnipeg.

THIRD FIELD COMPANY CANADIAN ENGINEERS.
Seriously Wounded—Sapper R. A. Eadie, Scotland.

DIVISIONAL CANADIAN SIGNAL COMPANY.
Died of Wounds—Sapper William H. North, England.

Ottawa, Nov. 30.—The midnight list follows:

THIRD CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS.
Wounded—Sergeant-Major Ralph Stewart Young, Winnipeg.

SECOND BATTALION.
Killed in Action—Geo. L. Wellsford, Buckingham (Que.).

Died of Wounds—Henry Kerr, Ottawa; Sergeant George A. Clarke, Ottawa.

THIRD BATTALION.
Killed in Action—Oliver M. Robertson, Scotland.

Wounded—Walter L. Sampson, England; Corporal Arthur Nottingham, England; Peter G. Fraser, Scotland.

Suffering from Shock—Arthur F. Price, England.

FOURTH BATTALION.
Killed in Action—Thomas J. Shepherd, Kingston (Ont.).

FIFTH BATTALION.
Killed in Action—John R. Johnstone, Elphinstone (Man.).

Died of Wounds—Duncan McKenzie, Prince Albert (Sask.).

SEVENTH BATTALION.
Killed in Action—John Meade, South Wales.

Wounded—George A. James, England; Francis L. Daly, Calgary.

Died of Wounds—John Scott French, Scotland.

EIGHTH BATTALION.
Wounded—Charles Albert Mitchell, Listowel (Ont.).

FOURTEENTH BATTALION.
Wounded—Sergt-Major W. Bonshon, England; Robert James Woodwards, Toronto.

FIFTEENTH BATTALION.
Wounded—Harry Atherton, Simcoe (Ont.).

NINETEENTH BATTALION.
Killed in Action—George N. Constable, Toronto.

TWENTIETH BATTALION.
Killed in Action—Frederick Thomas Lowe, Niagara Falls (Ont.); Kenneth Gallinger, Stamford (Ont.).

Severely Wounded—Edward J. Marston, Victoria Harbor (Ont.).

AGENTS W

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MARRIA

SAUNDERS-DANN Rev. R. P. McKim, Dana, of Midland, Saunders, of Quispamsis.

DEATH

MALONEY—In this inst., J. Leo Maloney, two children to Mrs. SMITH—Mrs. Isabel (Mass.) on Nov. 28, later and one son to LLOYD—In this d Mary, widow of Thoma one son and four da CHAMBERS—On N denly, at her home, avenue, Mrs. C. S. Samuel E. Chambers, d

IN MEMOR

CURRIE—In loving A. Currie, who passed 1, 1914. A devoted hus The ours to miss the And tender memories Thine in the d "He giveth His belo

WARD OF T

The family of the la Cline wish to thank for their kind sympath floral tributes in their reavement.

SYDNEY BO

OF TRADE

HALIFAX

Sydney, N. S. Nov. the board of trade was rooms this evening to quest of the Halifax operation of Sydney in this against British m past Halifax trade r resolution, moved by passed unanimously: "Whereas, the withd ships from the trade, an acute condition to Atlantic shipping; and "Whereas, the unce even a single hour m ceased, immensely th therefore

"Resolved, that this with alarm any attempt any body of men that the transportation of steamship lines in the crisis."

Roadway

One road leads to One road leads to One road leads to To the white dip

One road leads to As it goes singing My road leads to Where the bronze

Leads me, lures m To sail to great to A road without c Is the right road

A wet road hea And will with sea A mad sea-wa The salt spray in

My road calls me West, east, south, Most roads lead m My road leads m

To add more m Of gray miles left In quest of that God put me here

—John Macfield in "Round House and O

COULD MY HEALTH NOT BE MUCH BETTER?

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