

## SERGEANT JACK SEARS TELLS OF VISIT TO OLD LONDON TOWN

Describes sights and sounds of British city, also gives account of Zeppelin raid on the great centre of the world.

Postmaster Sears has received from his son, Sergeant Jack Sears, now with the 6th Canadian Mounted Rifles, on active service overseas the following interesting letter containing a graphic account of a visit to London and incidentally of a Zeppelin raid which he witnessed in the heart of the Empire. The letter is as follows: "Dear Mother, South, 2nd Oct., 1915. It was a happy day for Sergeant Sears, Corporal Hicks and Trooper Doyle, when they left camp bound for London city. For many days I have hoped that an opportunity would offer that I might tell you of this trip, fraught with so much of interest to me and my two chums. It was Sunday, September sixth, I think, that we walked into Shorncliffe Station and bought our tickets, some three hours later we were in the city of our desire. All soldiers on this side are entitled to travel third class, return, on payment of fare one way. By some inexplicable turn of fortune and much to our surprise we learned (after we had started) that we were in a first class coach. However, we decided to make the best of it, so consequently the management of the railway have never complained. Anticipations that upon arriving at the end of our journey we would have to make up the additional fare, proved erroneous.

In due course our train pulled into Charing Cross station and away went we. Some wise person had told us that the Y.M.C.A. was not a bad place to sojourn, so consequently we headed in the direction of Tottenham Court Road, where this den of iniquity was stated to be. Whilst thus pleasantly employed in the city, our attention was attracted from time to time by subdued salutations, to wit: "Hullo Canada" which came forth from the lips of fashionably dressed sires, but we refused to alter our purpose of course. One of our many resolutions we reached our destination without mishap. Having deposited our "slackers" (raincoats) and whatever other unnecessary gear which encumbered, we interviewed the general manager, who informed us that the cost of bed and breakfast was one and six. This is really very reasonable, for the beds and meals left nothing to be desired (and, as you may imagine, seemed a luxury after several weeks camp life, where you sleep on the hard ground with a rubber sheet and blanket beneath, and where the meals, while substantial enough are not so attractive but that a change can be appreciated).

It was somewhere in the vicinity of five o'clock when we reached London and some time after seven we left our dear old Y.M.C.A. The streets, in reality quite darkened because of the Zeppelin menace, were lighted a great deal better and less care exercised in this particular than is the case at Folkestone and other towns in this vicinity. However, dark though it was there were many things to attract the attention of the soldiers three upon their first visit to the metropolis. It is far easier to be conscious of this attraction than to describe it. First of all, the passing vehicles—the busses in particular, are quite different to what one is accustomed to see on the other side. Then there is the London "bobby" who has an individuality quite his own and one must really come in contact with him to be able to appreciate this. And so, we walked along, taking in these things and making plans to visit the many places of interest in that vast old city on the succeeding morrow.

One of the first of these that I visited was the "Tower." And here I spent the whole of one morning, and then felt that I had not "seen" it. The "Bloody Tower" opened to the public only a few months, could tell many a tale of woe and tribulation, had it but the power to speak. Here it was that the two Princes were murdered in their sleep. Here also were their bodies buried (though later the remains were removed to the "White Tower") at the foot of a stair leading from an upper room to a lower one. If my memory is correct, Sir Walter Raleigh was incarcerated in this particular tower and along a short and narrow parapet he strolled for exercise, while but a stone's throw away from the river Thames, where it is said he conversed with his friends. This parapet is called "Raleigh's Walk." Upon the walls of the lower can be seen quite distinctly the engravings and carvings cut into the stones by the poor unfortunate men (and perhaps women) who were fated to take up an abode therein. The old oak beams and doors he speaks of a substantiality that withstood these many, many years, seem as fit as the day that they were placed there. The old portcullis, too, is in a fine state of preservation, and the guide informed me that it could be dropped, even after these centuries. The name of the particular tower where is kept the arms, offensive and defensive, and other accoutrements of "ye good old times," strikes me for the moment, though I think it was called the "White Tower." This place is a veritable armoury and there can be seen, too, the chopping block. It was while hunting for this particular relic, that I earned the scorn of a beefeater—a hardened old veteran he was, too—for forgetting my history at a time when it would have served me in good stead. I inquired of him where I could see the chopping

was playing a piece which seemed familiar, thought I could not recall the name. I leaned over and asked a gentleman at the same table if he could give me the desired information. I understood his reply to be "My Desire." That afternoon I hunted several music stores for that piece, but without result. When I was in Lyon's another time, I again had reason to ask the name of a selection, quite different from the one I refer to and received the same reply—"My Desire." It puzzled me for a few minutes, until it occurred to me that the words I really heard were "by desire" or as it is termed in Canada, "by request," which proved to be the case.

Monday afternoon I called upon Madame Tousseau. I can see the building, in fancy, quite plainly, a large brick structure very wide with the name "Madame Tousseau" blazoned thereon. I went in, thoroughly resolved to speak to no one, unless that person first uttered words and walked a respectable distance. Everyone was to be guilty of being a "was-work" until proved innocent. I regretted afterwards that I had ever heard particulars of the inmates therein, because many a figure that might otherwise have deceived me, in reality failed to do so. The policeman at the door was a "was-work" before I had ever set eyes upon him. The young lady selling catalogues, likewise, and this knowledge I feel deprived me to a certain extent of my ability to fully appreciate Madame Tousseau's. In other words, I was a little disappointed. The majority of the figures were undoubtedly marvelous from the standpoint of resemblance to the persons they represented. And at times I will admit I had a sense of uncanniness. I recall, that it surprised me to note that many a man or woman who I had always thought of as being tall, were really only of medium height, or people I had thought of as being short, were in reality not so.

The Chamber of Horrors failed to strike terror in me. In fact it seemed to me hard to understand how credence could be placed in the fable of £25 reward for anyone who would stay alone all night in the famous "Chamber." It looked to me as pretty "easy" money. But I failed to see any notice stuck up, calling for volunteers. This description will seem to you contradictory, perhaps, but I boiled down it really amounts to this. The reproductions were on the walls, marvelous, but there was not one figure that I would mistake for a living being. The Chamber of Horrors, I thought did not live up to its reputation.

The first noted church that I was in was St. Paul's. In fact I was in this edifice twice, and both times in the whispering gallery. Further up could not get, for since the war, the government will not permit anyone to venture on the outside of the dome. The impression I received, en route to the "gallery" was whether I would ever reach there. The guide said that there were some 600 (?) steps and he certainly did not exaggerate. Of course the steps were only 6 inches in height, which fact, explained why I had any "wind" left when I got "there." The first time in the gallery, an old lady sat near me, upon the op-

posite side of the gallery from where the man who "explained" stood. While encircling the gallery, I remember, the echo of the footfalls reminded me of Dickens' account in the Tale of Two Cities, of the room where the rushing of many feet suggested the French revolution. Well to get back to this old lady—when the "man who explained" detailed a short account or history of the building, she was absolutely convinced that there was some kind of a "telephone" that carried the sound. The phenomenon is rather startling, so I did not wonder greatly that she thought as she did, though it was in a way, too, amusing.

Of course the church itself was vast, was beautiful, but the portion which appealed to me as being the most interesting was the crypt (is that the correct term?), where lie so many of the great. The remains of Lord Roberts rest there at the present time. There, as you know, is the tomb of Wellington and Nelson. While I am speaking of churches I will mention my visit to Westminster Abbey, Westminster Cathedral (Catholic) and the Brompton Oratory. There is hardly any need for me to speak of Westminster Abbey, for descriptions of it I suppose are more common than of any church in the world. It was very much as I pictured it would be, though one experiences a sense of regret while on a flying visit, that time will not allow of a longer stay in each place. The Westminster Cathedral (Catholic) is modern. I do not know just when the construction of this building was commenced, but one of the holy fathers told me that it would not be completed for 100-150 years. You can, in a sense, understand this, when you see the mosaic work that has been completed and compare it to that which is to be completed. This work is very beautiful, though does it not seem odd that babies unborn will finish this, now being done by men of our generation?

I asked concerning a picture or two hung in the church. The priest told me that no paintings would be there after the completion of the church, and that the ones I pointed to were really very good copies of the originals, by masters. The Brompton Oratory is situated some distance from the churches I have mentioned, but as it was towards the end of my stay in London, I could only step in and out and really did not have an opportunity of "seeing" it. But I will not bore you further about churches.

The picture galleries (National and National Picture) were included in our itinerary. While some of the better paintings have been removed to a place of safety (Zeppelin attack), there are many left. While not one of the three purported to be an art critic, yet whatever sense of the artistic we had, was well pleased, and we felt that we had put in a pleasant and instructive morning.

The Zoo also had to be "done" so away to the Zoo we went. We saw all kinds of birds and beasts and fishes, reptiles, insects, etc., etc. We came to the conclusion that that Ark of Noah's must have been some structure if it took in all that history relates it did. The monkey house I think provided us with the greatest amount of amusement while there.

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without touching upon our lunch at the "Ye Old Cheshire Cheese." This old tavern, so history relates, was one of the favorite resorts of Dr. Johnson, and the old bench he sat in is still there (?). Someone rather took away somewhat from the romance of the bench, by stating that it had been replaced several times since Johnson's time. However that may be, the place itself is quaint and undoubtedly old. It has the plain wood tables, low ceilings and sawdust floor of other days. Also its reputation for steak and kidney pie and deviled (?) cheese, is still maintained. Long churchwarden pipes decorate the place of each guest and if one only closed his eyes, he could easily people the room with the men (and women) of other days. It was with a little difficulty that we located this place—which is on one of London's busiest streets, but our efforts were well repaid.

"Potash and Pearlmutter" is being staged in London at present, and is a well-deserved success; also "Hindle Wakes." I also saw H. B. Irving in "The Angel in the House."

Passing the High Commissioner's office one morning, I called in and duly entered my name in the register. Sir George Perley was in that morning, and very kindly titled a quarter of an hour in conversation. New Brunswick's representative, Mr. Sumner, was in Sir George's office and he extended me an invitation for me to call at the province's headquarters, which I did the following day. He was most kind and placed his auto at the disposal of the three Soldiers of Fortune for an afternoon. Mr. Sumner is most untiring in his efforts to see to the welfare of the boys from his native province and, in fact, any Canadians will always find the latch-string on the outside of the door of the headquarters of Sir George.

The finest memorial that I saw in London, was the one to Queen Victoria. It impressed me as being an exceedingly beautiful piece of art and is just outside Buckingham Palace. Just a stone's throw away are the memorial fountains, erected by the different colonies and these, too, are one of the sights.

"Lights out!" is sounding. The chances are now that your reply will not reach me in Old England; more I can not at the moment say. Across the Channel "somewhere in France" the 28th are now quartered—possibly they are in the trenches. Over here one realizes the need for more men—every available man. The "Empire is at stake" is no idle cry. The other day I was told that the total amount of money in the world was seventeen billions and that this war has already cost sixty billions. Do you realize what that alone means? England from a monetary standpoint could never afford to declare peace. Then, too, think of the sacrifices in life that the "other fellow" has made and is ready to make and we wonder that an able-bodied fellow can hesitate, can temporize, or secretly resolve to wait until he sees whether the case is to become desperate. I often wonder if he has read even the Summary of Evidence prepared by the Bryce Commission of the atrocities committed in Belgium—does he think for more than a passing moment of the Canadians (soldiers) crucified, this fact. Why do not the papers obtain copies and publish the report I refer to above in full? And on top of it, today we read of the Turkish atrocities—the brutal, pagan destruction of a whole race (800,000) Armenians. Turkey—the ally of Germany. And yet, such chaps I suppose have the nerve to speak disparagingly of the country to the south of Canada. Ah, well, I must reserve some of my prattle for another letter. So, au revoir, Love, JACK.

## SMALLEST ATTENDANCE IN YEARS AT NEW HAVEN DIRECTORS' MEETING

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 27.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway Company was held here today, with the smallest attendance in several years. President Howard Elliott, of the company, presided. In directing attention to the annual statement, covering operations for the year ending June 30, Mr. Elliott also gave figures for the three months ending September 30. On the steam road the revenues increased \$1,599,955 and the operating expenses increased \$42,165.

After allowing for taxes and so forth, he said, the net income for the period was \$2,086,048, an increase of \$487,671 over the same period in 1914.

"MAN TO MAN, LET US TALK THIS WHOLE THING OVER TONIGHT!"

# Lieut-Colonel Geo. W. Fowler

Invites the Men of St. John to His Heart-to-Heart Meeting and Monster Patriotic Demonstration

QUEEN'S RINK STARTING ABOUT 8 O'CLOCK

IT IS HOPED TO MAKE THE 104TH BATTALION THE FINEST BODY OF SOLDIERS EVER ORGANIZED IN THIS SECTION OF THE DOMINION. The ranks are being filled quickly and enthusiastically. Pals in work and pals in private life are joining in groups. The officers being selected are popular and progressive, and everything points to a crackerjack crowd of fellows. The winter's training—whether in Halifax or St. John—will be pleasant work. In fact all military details are now thoroughly systematized and the new unit will be established under the most favorable circumstances.

Sergt. Knight Will Also Address the Meeting

A Rousing Response to the King's Appeal

100 MEN IN A NIGHT Follow the Band! Big Time!

