WANTED

uantities of cream and milk, ck the 15th of every month, hese commodities. Reference, da.

REST FARM,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

POWER FROM TIDES AT CAPE SPLIT

Saturday July 15.

Prof. R. P. Clarkson of Acadia University, who is interested in the development of hydro-electric power at Cape Split, was in the city yesterday, leaving late in the afternoon for the scene of operations.

The work of erecting the plant is proceeding steadily. The device for generating the power has been demonstrated by Prof. Clarkson and big financial and industrial men have expressed candid approval of the whole project. Within a year, it is anticipated, the plant will have proceeded sufficiently far, to provide power for a certain area. Within two years, it is believed, the entire plant will be completed and if anticipations are realized the power will be sufficient to supply a wide area. Halifax has practically arranged to be a customer and an effort is to be made to secure St. John as a buyer.

Business men throughout the two provinces are evincing keen interest in the project and many queries are being received regarding the progress made.

LOCH LOMOND PICNIC

The second annual picnic of the Loch Lomond Anglican Sunday School was held at Black River on July 5, with a record attendance. The picnickers assembled on McLeod's Beach and partook of luncheon. An energetic committee of ladies sold candy, fruit, etc., and a good sum of money was realized. After supper the picnickers adjourned to Mr. Moore's house where they enjoyed dancing. Races which were held resulted as follows: Girls under 11, 1st prize, Myrtle Armstrong; 2nd, Beatrice McAndrews.

Girls over 11, 1st prize, Helen Johnston; 2nd, Katie Garnett.

Young ladies' race, 1st prize, Marguerite Jordan; 2nd, Margaret Johnston.

Boys under 11, 1st prize, John DeWolfe, 2nd, Roscoe Armstrong.

Young men's race, 1st Leonard Johnston; 2nd, Claude Sherwood.

Boys over 12, 1st, Arthur Moore, 2nd, Colin Sproul.

Egg and spoon race, 1st, Bessie Johnston.

Free-for-all, men, 1st, Leonard Johnston, 2nd, Frank Johnston.

The Sunday school is indebted to Daniel Johnston, who gave the use of the grounds for the picnic.

The death of Ernest W. Haley, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Haley of Chatham, occurred on Monday morning. He was twenty years of age, and leaves besides his parents, one sister, Miss Minnie, graduate nurse, of Fort Francis, Ont., and four brothers, Michael of Fort Francis, Ont.; Edward, of Restigouche, Que.; John of the 94th Battalion in England, and Albert with the 62nd Battalion on the firing line in France.

Make your FENCEPOSTS ROT-PROOF

DID you know that the ordinarily good fence post which you are accustomed to replacing every four or five years could be made to last 20 years? Creosote treatment does it. And Grade-One Liquid Creosote Oil brings this advantage right to your door because it is creosote in such form that the average home owner and farmer can use it.

Barrett's Grade One LIQUID Creosote Oil

The biggest point about Creosote Oil is that you can apply it by brushing or dipping. No cumbersome, closed cylinder method. Just as simple as painting. And it penetrates deeper than any other preservative. Stop those costly renewals. Use this wonderful preservative on all wood work exposed to earth or dampness.

Carritte-Paterson Mfg. Co., Limited
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Footwear For the Boys Big and Little

CALF LACED BOOTS

Sizes 1 to 5½, $2.25, $2.65, $3.00, $3.35 up to $5.00.
Cheaper lines, $1.75, $1.90, $2.10
Sizes 11, 12, 13½, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25 up to $3.50.
Cheaper lines, $1.50, $1.65
Sizes 8 to 10½, $1.65, $1.90, $2.25 up to $3.00.
Cheaper lines, $1.25, $1.35, $1.40, $1.50
Best quality, new Rubber Sole

Sneaker Shoes, Laced Boots and Sandals, Blue, Black, Tan or White.

Open Friday Evenings and All Day Saturdays Until 10.30 p.m.

Francis & Vaughan
19 King Street

GERMANS SILENCED IN ONE BOMBARDMENT OF CANADIANS

Offensive at Somme Apparently Gives Our Boys a Breathing Space—Patrols Carrying Out Most Successful Raids, Failing in But One Enterprise.

Ottawa, July 14—Major-General Sir Sam Hughes has received the following communique from the Canadian general representative at the front:

Canadian Corps Headquarters in France, via London, July 14—There was a noticeable dimunition in the volume of hostile artillery duels during the last few days on the Canadian front. Only one severe bombardment was directed upon our positions. Starting at 7.30 in the evening it continued until 10 with exceptional violence. Our heavy and field batteries responded with the greatest vigor, and under the concentrated weight of their fire, the hostile guns were eventually silenced.

Our artillery, on many occasions, shelled the German lines. Enemy machine gun emplacements, observation posts and strong points were damaged and in some instances destroyed. Numerous hostile working parties were also dispersed.

Snipers Get Many Victims.

Our battalions in the front lines displayed particular activity. A daily toll of victims was claimed by our snipers. By night and by day our machine guns harrassed the enemy and hampered his efforts to strengthen his defences. The size and number of our patrols was increased, and an unquestionable ascendancy established over No Man's Land. One night a French-Canadian patrol, under Scout Sergeant Pouliot and Corporal Labelle, was returning from an inspection of the German entanglements when it encountered an enemy party of equal size. Simultaneously bombs were thrown by both sides. Led by the sergeant, our men rushed at the enemy. The foremost two of the Germans were seized and overpowered, while the remainder of the hostile party rapidly withdrew, carrying with it a wounded man. One of the prisoners taken was a corporal, wearing the Iron Cross. On many former occasions Scout Sergeant Pouliot greatly distinguished himself by his courage and enterprise.

Two other French-Canadian patrols had encountered the enemy. In both instancecs the Germans were driven back and suffered casualties.

Germans Disturbed at Night.

Another night scouts of a Calgary battalion located an enemy working party of about 150 men in the open. Word was carried back to our trenches, and the machine guns were promptly turned on the Germans. At daybreak two bodies were still lying on the ground.

At a different point in the line, after a short bombardment by our artillery, five parties of a Winnipeg battalion carried out a raid on the advanced positions of the enemy. The posts were all found vacant, but close to one of them fifteen Germans were discovered in a crater. Bombs were at once thrown among them. The majority of the enemy fled back to their front line trenches, but five or six were left lying at the bottom of the crater, presumably dead. The other parties, having encountered no opposition, advanced to the enemy parapets and bombed his saps and trenches with excellent result.

A patrol of a Montreal battalion, under Lieutenant Fryer, encountered a Grman party numbering over fifty men. Our patrol at once opened fire with a machine gun and the enemy soon withdrew, leaving a number of dead on the ground.

An attempted raid of the hostile trenches by parties of a certain Ontario battalion, under Captain Scott and Lieutenant Ansley and Lieutenant Greacen, was frustrated owing to unsuspected entanglements close to the German parapet. The enterprise was most gallantly conducted by all ranks. Under a withering fire of bombs, machine guns and rifles, our men made repeated and desperate efforts to cross the obstacles and only desisted when the order to retire was received. Our party suffered casualties, but much valuable information was gained in regard to the enemy's disposition in this action.

FRENCH CONSOLIDATING FRESH GAINS; PREPARE FOR SECOND BIG "PUSH"

(By GEORGES LEHIR.)

With the French army before Peronne, July 10—"There, gentlemen, we have reached our destination, a couple of miles before us lies Peronne," said the officer who conducted us through a weary maze of muddy trenches as we came to a low earth-covered shack—a poste d'observation—on the southern slopes of the great Saterre plateau, which, two weeks ago, was thought by the Germans to be an impregnable barrier against all offensive towards the River Somme, which rounds its northern side.

For three long hours we had plodded through sticky mud, stumbling at intervals against the narrow trench sides. Half an hour ago our guide electrified us with the quiet words: "Here was where the attack began." It was a long narrow trench, evidently freshly dug, fully fifty yards in front of the deeper permanent trenches. Yet so well had the work been done by the victorious troops that the lines of trenches and bayous dugouts in the aftermath of the battle seemed in nowise inferior to those constructed during the period of comparative inaction.

No Trace of Battle.

The most remarkable feature of our pilgrimage was the entire absence of any traces of the battle. We knew that every foot of the ground was stained with French or German blood, yet no human bodies were visible. The guide told us that two hours after the Germans' first line position was in French hands the wounded already had been treated at advance posts de secours. Stretcher-bearers had made no distinction despite the continuous fire and had gathered friend and foe alike with calm, unhurried rapidity. Our observation post is right on the crest of the plateau. From either side telephone wires radiate and we realize the necessity of the earth being piled above the roof, for here we are in plain view of the German guns across the river, and any sumptuous building would instantly be reduced to fragments.

As far as the eye can see the view is utterly the same; utterly monotonous. Nothing but desolate slopes that once were a thickly populated French countryside. The complete inhumanity of the outlook strikes one tremendously. Here two great armies are at death grips, yet apart from the incessant tumult of cannonade and the never-ending rows of little smoke clouds, new ones forming before the preceding ones have time to melt—one might be thousands of miles from civilization. Our maps are of little assitsance. Here should be Feuillers, there Flaucourt, further on Assevilliers, but one can distinguish nothing save heaps of blackened stones that appear through the glasses. Even the roads have been swept away by the bombardment. Nothing but ditch-like trench lines mark the presence of humans.

"We see the edges of Peronne behind the hill on which we are standing, but down to our left in the valley the semi-circles of bursting shells mark the last German defences barring the river crossing. There, in front of Biaches, our troops are nearest to the immediate goal.

Busy as Ants.

"At present there is a lull. In the words of the official communique: 'We are consolidating our progress,' which means that the heavy artillery is being pushed forward laboriously, while the infantry is digging trenches on the ground captured yesterday morning. Suddenly voices cried 'Look over there, you can see soldiers,' about half a mile before us one sees groups of men like ants, working busily on the hillside. Through the glasses one sees that they are sheltering themselves with extraordinary care. Some have strange oblong shields like the ancient Roman legionaries. Others are grouped under a kind of casemate on wheels whose roof touches the ground in front and rising in a curve behind to give room for the workers. Still others hide behind a ripple of ground or hillocks.

"All are working furiously with picks and shovels. I have been told that the British losses have been heightened by an utter disregard of danger. Even when not engaged in attacks our allies seem still not to realize the necessity of unremitting caution. But the French have learned the lesson that Verdun hammered home, that the best soldier is he who regards his life as belonging to France, something precious, never to be risked save when sheer necessity demands it. That, combined with the magnificent artillery service, is the reason why the French losses in this battle have been less than half—I speak from intimate knowledge—those in any previous French offensive in proptroin to the number of troops engaged.

"Before closing let me note the striking difference in the spirit of troops between this battle and what I saw at Verdun. There the fighting was marked by utter determination, grim and savage; here there is no less confidence, but it is accompanied by a cheerfulness that amounts to gaiety. One realizes that after all the offensive is the form of war best suited to the French temperament. Their first stroke has succeeded beyond expectation, and the effort now preparing will probably be a worthy sequel."

A Literal-Minded Maid.

(Boston Transcript.)

The favorite suitor rang the door bell. "Is Miss Blank at home?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the maid, and she ushered him into the drawing room.

Having waited for almost an hour, he summoned the maid again.

"Did you forget to tell Miss Blank that I was here?" he asked impatiently.

"No, sir," was the reply. "Miss Blank hasn't got back from shopping yet."

"But you said she was at home."

"Yes, sir. She told me positively that she was always at home to you, sir."

Fredericton, N. B., July 14—Twenty-six recruits have signed here for overseas service since Monday morning. The majority are for No. 1 Construction Corps.

Cultivated strawberries are retailing here today at eleven cents.

The body of Mrs. James Mitchell was taken to Moncton this morning for interment.

A. R. Gould of Presque Isle is in the city today.

Insistent Call to All Men of Spirit to Fill 115th at Once

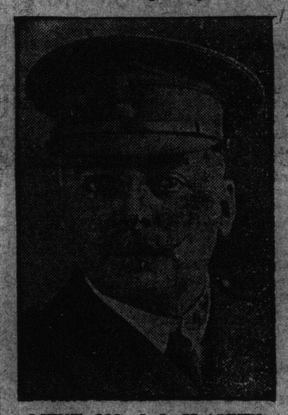
The 115th Battalion, Lieut.-Colonel Wedderburn, O.C., needs 200 men to fill its ranks. The regiment is being held at Valcartier pending these re-inforcements. Men of New Brunswick, you are asked to fill the ranks at once. The above map shows how many men from each county are required. Which county will be first to fill its quota?

COLONEL McAVITY GIVEN A ROYAL WELCOME; TALKS OF WORK OF MEN OF 26TH

Saturday July 15.

Fully 20,000 people crowded around Union station and the contiguous district last night to welcome the gallant commanding officer of the "Fighting 26th," which has made a name and fame which is spelled in bright letters already on the pages of Canadian history.

Early in the afternoon the city began to blossom forth in great splendor with the flags of the Allies, and by 6 o'clock there was a chaos of bunting along King street and leading right down to the station.



LIEUT.-COL. J. L. McAVITY.

Some time before the train arrived a procession, headed by the City Cornet Band, marched to the station. The most striking part of the parade was the presence of some forty or fifty returned soldiers, who formed up and followed the band. Most of the men marched with a perceptible limp, others had arms that had ceased their period of usefulness.

The crowd waited in expectation of Lieutenant-Colonel McAvity and when he finally appeared from the station a great shout went out from the people as they greeted a man who had accomplished much for king and country in France and Flanders.

Mounting an improvised platform, Commissioner McLellan then greeted the returning officer:

The commissioner read an address of welcome from the mayor, commissioners and citizens.

In reply, Colonel McAvity said that he did not desire any credit for the work that had been done by the 26th in France. It was the boys of the regiment that had made the record.

"I did the best I could to lead them," he added, "and they lived up to the reputation of true New Brunswickers.

"We have had great losses," he continued, "which is my only regret, but the regiment is up to strength now and its position at the present time I am not in a position to tell you.

"They go into the trenches tonight. God grant that they may be spared, every man of them, to return."

"Many gallant and brave men have fallen in the 26th Battalion, but what is life anyway?" he asked, "it is but a short span at best and how can man die better than fighting for his country and his king. This is how the men of the 26th died and this is the spirit in which they died."

After he had thanked the citizens for their grand reception the procession moved off. The City Cornet band led and was followed by a platoon of policemen. Seldom, if ever, before have the policemen of the city shown up to such good advantage. They had prepared for the occasion and under Inspector Wickham they made a splendid showing. The Temple of Honor band was also present and joined in the procession and the returned soldiers with stately stride, although many of them will never again be able to march as they did of yore, also were in the procession. A large number of citizens, together with the commissioners followed in automobiles, with Lieut.-Colonel McAvity who had with him S. H. Mayes and Commissioner McLellan. The employes of the Glenwood Range Foundry and those of the McAvity foundry were present carrying flags and joining enthusiastically in the greeting to their chief. Signs bearing the words, "U. R. all Right," "A Year of Service," "We are Proud of You," "Our Returned Hero," and others were carried by those in the procession.

It was sufficient to gladden the heart of any man and Colonel McAvity, speaking to The Telegraph later in the evening said that he was fairly overcome with the wonderful reception he had received.

As the procession began to move away three cheers which seemed to rend the very air were given by those present, followed by another and similar tribute, until the people were hoarse in their efforts to show appreciation to the gallant colonel.

From the Union station to King square the sidewalks were crowded with people and as the returned hero passed along there was prolonged cheering. Outside of his home in Hazen street a large number of friends had gathered to greet him as he arrived and the house was crowded until a late hour by persons who desired to meet an old friend who had made such a splendid record in the great struggle of empire.

"In three days we lost fifty men," said Lieut.-Colonel J. L. McAvity when talking to The Telegraph last night about the exploits of the Fighting 26th. "We were praying that we would get by, that deliverance might be at hand, but you know that prayers without cold steel and high explosive shells availeth little on the western front these days."

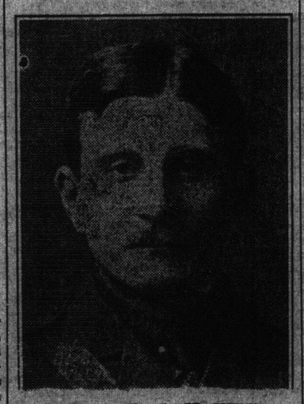
Lieut.-Colonel McAvity, after his long "trick" in the trenches on the western front, returned last night looking in his old time form, although perhaps a little aged by the experiences through which he had passed.

"Sure, I intend to continue in the game," he replied to a question. "My leave is up the 29th of September and I will go back to the front if I am able to before that time. No officer ever shirks his duty and if he finds out that he can return before his leave has expired then he returns. I will return as soon as I feel fit again."

"My men made the 26th what it is today. They have given it the glorious name it bears," he said when asked about his battalion. "I did nothing," he added in an offhand manner, "I simply transferred the orders which I received from headquarters, "although there are times out there when you have to use common horse sense and do the best you can," he added with a smile.

"No man could have received better support from his officers, N.C.O's and men than I received from the boys of the 26th. They carried out every order where it was possible for flesh and blood to maintain its position.

"The regiment sustained a tremendous loss in the death of Major N. H. Belyea. He was second in command and not only an efficient and popular officer but most successful in his work and was considered by brigade headquarters one of the finest officers in the whole brigade.



MAJOR A. E. G. MacKENZIE,
Now in Command of 26th.

"Lieut. Ferguson. No, I should say Capt. Ferguson, for he was in orders to be a captain when he was killed," said Lieut.-Colonel McAvity was another of our fine officers. He was a personal friend of many of the men of the battalion and his death was keenly felt. He was machine gun officer and was another man who was considered one of the most intrepid and had been the most successful in his work of any man in the brigade.

"Lieut. Nesbit and Lieut. Lawson were also killed, they were both good officers and we could ill afford to lose them," he added.

Speaking of the position which the 26th held he said that for seventy degrees of the circle which the battalion held, they were exposed to enfialde fire, and that was one of the reasons for the battalion's heavy losses. He said that the 26th was in the reserve at St. Eloi but that he commanded the battalion the entire time on the Kaemell-Veristadt front, when the battalion held a front of one thousand yards from September 28 until April 3.

"Our losses were great all along but we fought it out the best we could, no man can do better," he said.

"The Germans are good fighters, and the people in Canada should not discount that fact," he said when asked about the enemy. "They are well trained and fight with great determination."

"Just before I left London I received word that Lieutenant Frank Lockhart is wounded and is now a prisoner in Germany" was another statement which Colonel McAvity made. Lieutenant Lockhart was a short time ago reported killed and this news that he is a prisoner in Germany will be received with rejoicing by his friends.

"Ryer" he questioned when asked about the famous D.C.M. of the 26th, "Ryer was a great soldier and will soon be back on the firing line. He didn't know what fear was and he always went where he thought the gunning was the best."

"I remember well the day he was wounded. I was standing alongside him in the trenches, when a German bullet whistled along the trench and cut a chip out of a trench support alongside of Ryer. I saw the chip fly and I said, 'That's a close shave, Ryer old man.' He replied, 'A close shave is right, sir, for they got me that time' and with that he tumbled into the bottom of the trench shot through the thighs."

The first position which was held by the 26th was later taken over by the Northumberland Fusiliers, "and they thought they would have a picnic there," said Colonel McAvity, "and they did sure enough and a hot one at that. Before a week half the battalion was carried out on stretchers."

Lieutenant-Colonel McAvity relinquished his command of the Fighting 26th on June 29 and intends to remain in St. John for some time. During his absence Major A. E. G. MacKenzie is in command and has done some excellent work of late, says the colonel. Colonel McAvity intends to return to the front as soon as possible and take over again his command.

Lieutenant-Colonel McAvity goes today to his summer home at Golden Grove, where he will spend several weeks.

"Bugaboos" of the Human Race.

(Boston Transcript.)

Snakebites and hydrophobia are two bugaboos of the human race in which nearly everybody believes, yet how many persons actually know of deaths resulting from either of these causes? The man who was killed by a rattler or a mad dog invariably lives in the next town, the next county, some other state. The arid tableland of the southwest, where eastern militiamen, unused to the desert and its denizens, are tenting tonight, is the home of most of the deadly reptiles and insects that are found in the United States, yet cases of fatalities resulting from the stings and bites of the rattlesnake, the tarantula, the centipede, the hydrophobia skunk, the fearsome Gila monster and the vicious vinegarroon are rare. They have played a larger part in works of fiction than in the medical books. There is one classic that invariably springs to mind when such a subject as this comes up, the story of the plainsman, camping on the desert, who awakened to find a tarantula on his breast, ready to strike, who froze with horror, and gave himself up for lost, when suddenly a sixshooter cracked, and the hairy monster vanished on a ball of lead. His partner, some "Dead-eye Dick," had grazed his heart with a .44 bullet, and yanked him back from the brink of eternity. Border fiction is full of yarns like these. Of course everyone now knows that the cow puncher forced to camp on the desert at night lies down within the circle of his hair "rope," beyond which no vermin will crawl. If one doubt this, faith itself is shattered. Somehow the people of the southwest manage to live quite as long as other folks. Our soldiers at the front doubtless will have no very terrifying experiences.

Word has been received that Sergeant Harry Spare, formerly of the "Fighting 26th" and resident of Fredericton has been killed in action. He was a native of England and lived in Fredericton three years. He enlisted with the 26th but on arrival on the firing line was transferred to an ambulance unit and was engaged in this latter capacity when killed. He was killed by a shell explosion while carrying wounded back from the trenches. Sergeant Spare was a nephew of Sergeant R. W. Gregory now with the 140th Battalion at Valcartier.

"RUNNING DARNED TELEPHONE EXCHANGE" AN OFFICER'S WORK

Scornful Description of Staff Officer of His Part in Battle Scene While at Headquarters—Brig. General Morrison Tells How the Reports Came During Progress of Battle, Like Returns on Election Night.

Ottawa, July 10—An interesting description of one of the battles in which the Canadians have recently taken part as it appears to an artillery staff officer, has been received from Brigadier-General E. W. B. Morrison.

"Running a darned telephone exchange," is the way in which one of General Morrison's officers describes the fight, but after reading the general's vivid description, which does credit to his early days as newspaper reporter and later editor as well as to his grasp of military detail, the ordinary reader would probably agree that it was slightly more complicated a business than that. The letter follows:

"In the old Napoleonic days generals were pictured as riding forward on dashing chargers, waving their swords and cheering on their troops. Later on, during the Russo-Japanese war, you will remember reading of the general who, after making all his dispositions for the battle, passed the day ten miles in the rear fishing in a little trout stream, awaiting the result. In this war it is more scientific, but less picturesque or enjoyable to be a general. You cannot even do the Izaak Walton act. Perhaps a description of my experiences in the recent battle may be of some interest. Of course, during the week of preliminary artillery preparation most of my staff officers had to go forward a good deal to supervise the preparation and keep in touch with the different points of the line, to see that it had been properly dealt with by the guns. This was extremely interesting, and gave us some soldierly employment, dodging shells and estimating the character of the enemy's retaliation.

"On the night preceding the attack, all orders having been issued and preparations completed, I went to bed early and was awakened at midnight. The artillery attack was to commence at 12.45 a. m.

Brigade Headquarters.

"Imagine a small room in a Belgian house that faced on a village street, with a garden in front and fruit trees in the rear. On a trestle table in the room a map about six feet square, illuminated by an electric light operated by a small motor engine installed in a hut across the way. A small table in the corner with my papers and reports. Another table in the other corner for the brigade major. On the window sill, on the trestle table, and on the mantelpiece, half a dozen telephones of different makes connected up with the various groups of batteries. Nobody in the room except myself, the brigade major, and the signal officer. All the rest of the staff, thoroughly tired out, were having their first unbroken night's sleep for weeks. Outside a howling rainstorm. Otherwise the quietness of midnight.

"A few minutes before the bombardment is to commence I light my pipe and put my feet on the trestle table to await events. An orderly brings in a pot of hot coffee and sandwiches, and while the brigade major is pouring the coffee, I sit in the corner with my feet on the table consulting my watch. Sharp on the minute a dull rumble through the storm indicates that our batteries have opened. In fifteen minutes the group reports over the telephone that the enemy retaliation on their front has commenced.

"At 1.30 the brigade major remarks: 'Well, the infantry attack is launched, that being the hour specified in the orders. A few remarks pass, and pity is expressed for the poor infantry going forward in the rain and dark. After ten minutes of silence a telephone buzzes and another group reports that the enemy are sending up green rockets. That means they are calling for their artillery support from their front line trenches.

Late Election Reports.

"The remainder of the night resembles the receiving of reports of an election, except that the issues involved are life and death instead of political preferment. Two minutes later another telephone buzzes, announcing that the enemy are sending up red rockets which, as far as we can understand, is the German equivalent for 'S.O.S.' addressed to their artillery. Ten minutes later and another of our groups, which is in support, asks if it can turn on certain batteries. As they say in parliament, the reply is in the affirmative.

An hour of silence follows, broken only by occasional reports that the enemy is putting up a tremendous pyrotechnic display of flares and rockets. At 2.10 a forward artillery observer high up in a certain place—I cannot name and where I would hate to be on a night like this—reports through his group heavy and continuous machine gun and rifle fire. The rest follows in chronological order:

"2.15 a. m.—The brigade major goes outside and reports that dawn is beginning to break. The dull rumble of the heavy bombardment continues.

"2.25 a. m.—An orderly enters with a message from the infantry that jets of fire are issuing from the enemy's trenches on the left, and that the enemy's artillery fire is dying down in that sector.

"2.35 a. m.—Red asteroid rockets, reported in front of the enemy's line on the left, meaning that they appear to be massing there for a counter attack.

"2.45 a. m.—Telephone reports red flares on the right sector. Another reserve group is ordered to take on enemy counter batteries to the south.

"Half an hour of silence ensues. This is the critical time of the night. The success of the attack is hanging in the balance. All our batteries are working for all they are worth. Then everything happens at once.

"3.15 a.m.—Red and green rockets reported at trenches. A red flare at trench—undoubtedly ours, adds the report. Red rockets here, red flares there. 'This is getting exciting,' red flares on the right sector of the attack, red flares in the centre, red flares all over our zone.

"Our infantry have reached their objective. Daylight has come. Outside in the garden the first lark commences to sing ecstatically, as if celebrating the victory. Heavy guns at work.

"The artillery, which has been 'lifting' in front of the infantry as they advance, now establishes its curtain of fire on the enemy's front line trenches, and the rear of the heavies can be heard taking on the enemy's batteries, which have commenced to shell their former front line trenches, which we have captured.

Infantry Successful.

"An hour passes and then another. The enemy are shelling our support lines and endeavoring to prevent the infantry from consolidating trenches captured. Our guns are working overtime. Another hour elapses. The enemy's fire shows signs of weakening. We commence to reduce, to let our guns cool off and give the over-worked gunners a chance to breathe. The telephones buzz jubilantly. 'Infantry successful all along the line and consolidating.'

"5.30 a.m.—Messages from headquarters. 'The artillery have done very well.'

"6 a.m.—'Please convey to troops under your command my hearty congratulations,' circular message from G.O.C. Canadian Army Corps. This is sent out to all the groups.

"The junior staff officers are awakened to take on their watch. The senior staff captain comes in, rubbing his eyes, and listens without enthusiasm to the results of the fight. Then he says scornfully:

"'Running an exchange. 'Huh, a h—— of a lot of fun we had out of it. I wish I was back in the old brigade. This red tape business makes me sick. In the old days we would be in on this fight, instead of back in the rear running a darned telephone exchange.' He has been up at the front off and on for seven days, and yesterday, if a big shell which struck 25 feet from him had not failed to detonate, he would now be 'pushing up the daisies. There is no pleasing some people.

"So the rest of us turn in and go to sleep, undisturbed by the clangour of the ammunition wagons and ambulances on the paved road out in front and with perhaps just a last wistful thought that a brigade in the hand is worth a division on the end of a telephone line."

QUIET AGAIN AT MINTO, WITH MINERS GOING BACK TO WORK

Friday, July 14.

Word was received yesterday afternoon by the military authorities here that thirty-five men had returned to work, after the big strike at the Minto mines. The report said that the Belgians were still restive but that the alien enemies were quiet. The guard left last night at the request of the manager of the mine. Ten men were sent to the internment camp at Amherst, according to the latest advices.

Monday's Trouble.

The climax of the scheme of bringing Austrians and Germans into Minto to work in the coal mines there, which has been attended with difficulty from the start, came on Monday when the aliens employed there started a small rebellion. Dissatisfaction has been growing among them, there have been mutterings and veiled threats, but these did not take concrete form until Monday when the Germans and the Austrians gathered together and began to assert themselves.

It is said they threatened the lives of residents of Minto and that they would destroy the property of the company. The trouble continued to grow until it was realized by the management of the coal company that it might soon get beyond control.

Consequently Manager Henderson, of the Minto Coal Company, telephoned in to the New Brunswick command here asking for assistance which was readily granted and Lieut. Price and Lieut. Bennet, accompanied by two sergeants and thirty-two men, left immediately for the scene of the trouble.

On arrival there they soon quelled the disturbance and ten of the ringleaders were arrested and were taken to the internment camp at Amherst. The military authorities are now in consultation with Manager Henderson in an effort to fix upon some scheme by which to handle the balance of the aliens now at the mines.

These men were brought to Minto several weeks ago when the labor market was almost depleted and the company found it difficult to secure miners to continue the development of their mines. Since arriving at Minto not a few of them have managed to make their escape and with much trouble were recaptured. Once a German always a German is evidently the chief characteristic of these men. However, it is not likely that they will get any further opportunity of making a disturbance at Minto. They will be closely watched.

German Leaders in Trouble.

Latest advices from military officials are to the effect that the serious trouble arose out of a strike in which 200 miners were out. In the trouble which followed five Germans were found to be taking the lead and these were arrested at once.

New Honor for Cyclops.

Some time ago the teacher in a public school was giving a talk on classis mythology. Little Willie was not very attentive, and when it came to the questioning part of the game he was lost in the wilderness. "Willie," said the teacher, closing the book and looking impressively at the youngster, "can you tell me who Cyclops was?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the prompt answer of Willie. "He was the feller what wrote the cyclopedie."

Major Blossonette, second in command of the 165th French Acadian battalion, who has been down in this province for some time carrying on a recruiting campaign, has been given a short leave of absence which he will spend in Montreal.