

OFFICER WHO
DARING
IT AT FRONT
ged to Drag Heavy
Front Line Trench

Point He Demoralized
Which Contained Nest
Whole Battery Volun-
Task.

Thursday, July 20.
onsible for the taking of an eighteen pound-
point bombarding the German
Edward J. Puddy, late sergeant of the 1st

said that St. John people would be inter-
city, who left with the First Canadian
the man in charge of the gun. Sergeant
in the incident happened. Orders were re-
to get volunteer detachments to destroy
position known as Stony Ridge at Duck's
wanted to volunteer for it, two guns were
from the left half battery. These guns
village of Givenchy. There the wheels were
and, during the night they were taken
yards from the concrete and steel top

ch had 100 rounds each of high explosive
of his life. Lieut. Kelly's gun fired about
ward, the result of a big German shell.
other members of the detachment were bur-
dug out later. The other gun escaped
Needless to say the Stony Ridge was not
very long afterwards."

Harry Muirhead, who went over with
the first Canadian contingent, and now
commands the 219th Highlanders, and
Lieutenant Wallace Watling, of the
148th, who enlisted with the 26th as a
private and served with that battalion
for several months before being called
home to take the commission he now
holds.

Major Hickey, on behalf of the citi-
zens, welcomed the boys, and Lieuten-
ant Colonel Muirhead and Lieutenant Wat-
ling thanked their host citizens for their
reception. The St. Michael's band
played patriotic airs. His worship an-
nounced that Lieutenant Cecil Mercereau
had arrived in Halifax and would be
home within the next day or two. Lieuten-
ant Mercereau was severely wounded
early in June and is coming home to re-
cuperate. He went overseas with the
first Canadian contingent.

Major Fisher on Leave.
Major C. M. P. Fisher, of the 56th
Battery, now encamped at Petewawa,
arrived in the city yesterday to spend a
few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs.
W. S. Fisher. Major Fisher, in speak-
ing of the Petewawa camp, said that
there were more men there this year
than ever before, and that things were run-
ning very smoothly. Without doubt
it was a fine camp.

Private Hayes Returned.
Private William Hayes, of the Marsh
road, who left in the Army Service Corps
with the first contingent, has arrived in
the city on a brief furlough, and is visit-
ing his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry
Hayes. Private Hayes was invalided
on account of rheumatism, but expects to
return to the front in a few days.
He is receiving a warm welcome
from his many friends.

Did Not Reach Front.
Owing to an error in the issue of Mon-
day morning, Private J. B. Rainford
was represented as having been at the
front, whereas he informs The Telegraph
that he was forced to return to Canada
after arrival in England, owing to ill-
ness.

Tale of a Spider.
When Mark Twain in his early days
was editor of a Missouri paper, super-
stitious subscribers wrote to him saying
that he had found a spider in his paper,
and asking him whether that was a sign
of good luck or bad.
The humorist wrote him this answer,
and printed it—"Old Subscriber—Find-
ing a spider in your paper was neither
good luck nor bad luck for you. The
spider was merely looking over our paper
to see which merchant is not advertising,
so that he can go to that store, spin his
web across the door, and lead a life of
undisturbed peace ever afterward."

AMERICAN COLONEL
GIVES FREE ADVICE
TO RHEUMATICS

SAYS IT'S SHEER FOLLY FOR
ANYONE TO SUFFER
THESE DAYS.

Rheumatism can't be cured so long as
your system is weak and run down.
You must first build up and get
strength to fight off the disease.
Ferrozone cures because it builds up,
because it renews the blood and dis-
solves the Uric Acid and the poisons
that cause rheumatism.
It is proved right here that Ferro-
zone does cure.
Col. H. M. Russ, of Edwards, St.
Lawrence Co., one of the old heroes
of the Civil War, was completely re-
stored by Ferrozone. Read his state-
ment:
"I couldn't get around without a cane,
and then only with difficulty.
"Rheumatism took complete control of
my limbs.
"Suffering was more intense than hand-
saws on the battlefield.
"When my doctor had done his best
I got Ferrozone.
"The cause of my complaint was
"Ferrozone gave me comfort at once,
eased the pain and took the stiffness out
of my muscles.
"I am well today. Ferrozone cured
me completely. I can jump and run like
I did forty years ago."
Be sensible about your case. If your
present medicine is useless give it up.
Don't experiment again. Ferrozone is
known on all sides to be the only
best cure. Why not get a supply today.
The sooner you begin Ferrozone the
quicker you'll get well. Price 50c per
box or six for \$2.50, at all dealers,
or direct by mail from The Cataract
Co., Kingston, Ont.

AVE-SPRING SEALS AS
BRITISH FORCED THE
GERMAN SECOND POSITIONS

Philip Gibbs Gives Detailed Account of
How British Accomplished Great-
est Feat of the War

An Evil Spell is Now Broken With Advance
—Highlanders, With Blood Set on Fire,
Charge and Capture Positions to Skirl of
Bagpipes—Many Germans Working With
Medical and Ambulance Men in Attending
British Wounded on Field.

(By Philip Gibbs, in the London Chron-
icle.)
over one shoulder. There was hardly a
man among them who wore his steel
helmet, though some carried them along
to rifles, and others wore German hel-
mets, and German caps.
Germans Tend British.

Ambulances were waiting for them,
and stretcher-bearers were busy with
bad cases. The stretcher-bearers have
done their duty as gallantly as the fight-
ing men, and some of their own com-
rades were among the wounded, but
they have been reinforced by men who
do not belong to the R.A.M.C., some
stretchers being carried by men in grey
uniforms with flat round caps, who walk-
ed stolidly, looking about them at all
those British soldiers and at those fields
on the British side with curious eyes, as
though everything was strange to them.
They are German prisoners paying for
the privilege of life and glad to pay.
Later in the day there comes down a
long column of the men not carrying
stretchers, but marching shoulder to
shoulder under armed escort. There are
over 700 of them in this one convoy, and
a living proof that the day had gone well
for British arms. They are tall, sturdy
men for the most part, and, in spite of
their ordeal by fire, most of them looked
in good physical health, though haggard
and hollow-eyed, and a little dazed. It
was a number of wounded among them
who dragged wearily by the side of their
luckier friends, but those who were badly
hurt travelled with our own wounded,
and I saw several of them on litters,
with their heads on the shoulders of the
men who had gone out to kill them,
down like the tide, but long before then
I knew we had broken the second line,
and our men were fighting on the high
ground beyond. The village of Logueval
was ours. Basentin-le-Grand, both
village and Basentin-le-Petit were
ours. The gallant body of men had
swept through Trones Wood, on the ex-
treme right of the line, and patrols were
pushing into Delville Wood and towards
the highest ridge behind the broken Ger-
man trenches.

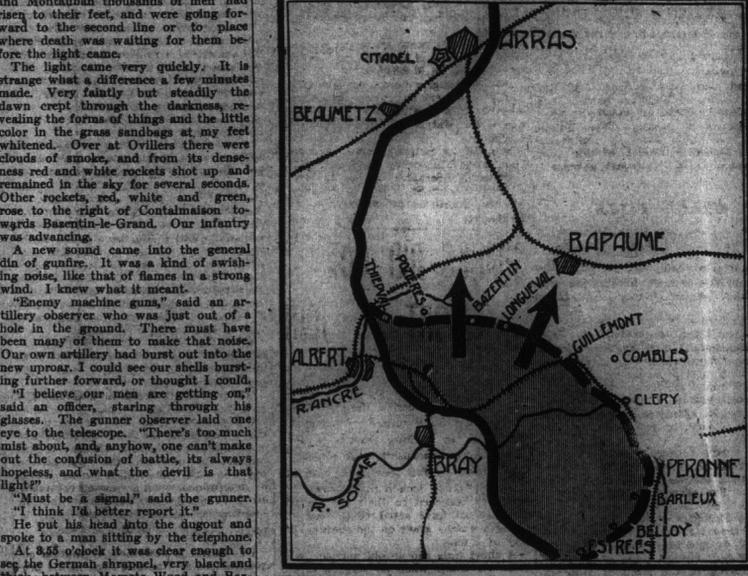
On the left our men swept up and
beyond the Contalmaison line, which
stands far north of the village, a veritable
barrier of attack. It had been
swept, and our losses were not heavy.
The German lines had been captured on
a front of nearly three miles—and cav-
alry was going in.
Fighting in Music.
Scottish troops were among those who
went first into Logueval, men belong-
ing to famous old regiments, and they
fought very grimly, according to the
spirit of their race, with their blood set
on fire by the music of the pipes that
went with them. Before the light of
dawn came and when our guns lifted
forward, they rose from the ground, first
north of Montauban, and went forward
across No Man's Land towards German
trenches.
They had to make a distance of 1,200
yards over open ground, and came at
once under heavy shellfire and enfilade
fire from machine guns. The Germans
had used smoke bombs, and the ground
was lit by the music of the pipes that
number of the men fell, but others went
forward shouting, and reaching the Ger-
man line. In some parts the wire was
not cut by our bombardment, but the
Highlanders hurled themselves upon it
and beat their way.
Machine guns were patterning bullets
upon their ranks, but not for long. The
men poured through and surged in waves
into and across the German trenches.
Every man among them was a grenadier
prowling about and with support
coming up behind, it was with bombs
that the men fought their way. The
German soldiers defended themselves
with their own grenades when their ma-
chine guns had been knocked out in the
first line trenches, but as they sprang
out of their dugouts when the bombard-
ment lifted and our men were upon
them, they had but a poor chance of life
unless they were quick to surrender.
In these trenches in the second
German line are not deeply dug and the
dugouts themselves hardly are bomb
proof.
Infernal Birds from Big Guns.
Along the German second line, be-
tween Basentin-le-Grand, Basentin-le-Petit
and Logueval, at the back of woods, shells
were bursting without a second's pause,
and in the great clusters they tore open
ground and let out gusts of flames.
Flames leapt up and above, and from
the German trenches above Pearl Wood
the dark night was rent with all these
flames, and hundreds of batteries feed-
ing fires. Every calibre gun was at work.
Fierce shells, 16-inch, 12, 7, 8-inch, 4.7,
came overhead like doves, and they ap-
peared, with wings that beat air
into waves and came whining with a
shrill high note and stooped to earth
with monstrous roar. Lighter batteries
far forward were beating a devil's tattoo
—one, two, three, four—one, two, three,
four, with sharp knocks that closed one's
ears. I sat on a wooden box on the top
of an old dugout in the midst of all the
fury. There was a great gun to my left,
and every time it fired it shook the box
and all the earth underneath with violent
vibrations.
The moon disappeared soon after 8
o'clock, and no stars were to be seen,
but presently a faint glow of dawn ap-
peared. The white earth of the old and
disused trenches about me became vis-
ible. A lark arose and sang overhead,
and at 8.30 o'clock there was a sudden
moment of suspense. It was the lifting

AND WHEEL TO WHEEL FOR 190 MILES!



Here is one of the big new guns used by the British to prepare the way for the new drive. The German trenches disappeared in dust before such fire.

THE SITUATION ON THE SOMME



This diagram is purposely drawn out of scale to illustrate the difficult position in which the Germans are placed by the recent British advance. The heavy black line shows the battle front before this offensive started, the shaded portion indicates the latest British advance. It is obvious that the German salient is seriously threatened and that if the advance is pushed much further the German forces to the northward must retire or be cut off. London critics expect an early retirement of the Germans to the Arras-Bapaume-Peronne line.

other yard or two, and at last they came
up to the German line, and German
rifemen sheltered behind earthworks and
trunks of trees.
The wood was captured again and
then a queer kind of miracle happened,
and it seemed as if those who had been
dead had come back to life again. For
the broken bulwark of shelled trees
came a number of British boys, dirty
and wild-looking, who shouted out
"Hullo, lads," and "What cheer, matey?"
or just shouted and laughed with a sob
in their throats and big tears coursing
down their grim faces. They were the
West Kent who had first taken Trones,
and then had been caught in a barrage
of fire. With one officer, 300 men had
cut themselves in to the roots of the
trees on the eastern edge of the wood
and kept the Germans at bay with ma-
chine guns.
Meanwhile a number of battalions,
mostly English, but with some Scotch,
were attacking the line between Lon-
gueval and the two Basentins. They,
too, found the fire terrific in places, but
they went through it in a tearing hurry,
hating machine gun fire, and resolved
to end it quickly. They stormed the
German trenches and fought down them
with bombs and bayonets. German sol-
diers came out of dugouts and begged.
As formerly, they came holding out
watches, pocketbooks, helmets, anything
they thought would ransom their lives,
and when they had been taken prisoner
made no trouble about carrying back the
English wounded, but were glad to do
it.

Boy of 19 in Charge.
All was in darkness except when shell
bursts lit the ground, and some of our
battalions lost their sense of direction
towards the Basentin Woods. Prisoners
acted as guides to their own lines.
Five or six of them unwillingly led the
way back. A British officer of 19, a boy,
who has only been in France a month or
two, led one of the companies forward,
because his brother officers had fallen.
They went after him into the Basentin
Wood, and others followed on into and
through the heavy barrage of fire. So it
was on the left, where other battalions
were working pressing forward in waves
to Contalmaison village and the ground
beyond. The second German line had fallen
before our men, and they were over it
and away.

It was about 6 o'clock in the evening
that some of the British cavalry came
into action. They were men whom I
had seen on my way up the battlefield,
a small detachment of Dragoon Guards
and also of Decoon Horse. They worked
forward with our infantry on a
stretch of country between the Basentin
Wood and the Delville Wood, rising up
to a high wood and then rode off alone
in reconnaissance, in true cavalry for-
mation, with their commander in the
rear.
Presently a machine gun opened fire
on them. It was in a cornfield with
German infantry, and the officer in
command gave the order to his men to
ride through the enemy. The dragoons
put their jesses down and rode back and
charged again, among the scattered
groups of German infantry. Some of
these prepared to withstand the charge
with fixed bayonets; others were panic-
stricken and ran forward crying "Fly,

BRITISH SHOW THEIR
PLUCK BY MAINTAINING LINES
CAPTURED FROM ENEMY

The Crucial Period of Great British Drive Has
Now Come, Says Philip Gibbs

Gains So Dear Bought in Blood Can Only Be Maintained
by Spartan Endurance—Boy Wounded Four Times, Twice
by His Comrades, is Now in Hospital.

(By Philip Gibbs, in the London Chron-
icle.)

With the British armies in the field,
July 18—We are again in the difficult
hours that inevitably follow a success-
ful advance when the ground gained at
the extreme limit of our progress has to
be defended against counter-attacks from
close quarters, when the men in exposed
positions have to suffer the violence of
the enemy's artillery, and when our own
gunners have to work cautiously because
isolated patrols of men in khaki may be
mistaken in the dim light for gray-clad
men in the same neighborhood. This
period is the test of our good generalship
and of good captains.
The weather is rather against us to-
day. A thick haze over the country-
side is causing what naval men call "low
visibility," and making artillery observa-
tions difficult. Dead bodies lie on the
high ground and see only the dim
shadow form of places like Mametz
Wood and other woodlands to its right
and left, where the invisible shells are
bursting. Our shells were passing over
head, and I listened to their high whis-
tling, but could see nothing of their
bursts, and for nearly an hour an in-
tense bombardment made a great thun-
der in the air. Behind the thick veil of
mist were falling the words of our
men had to retire for the time, owing
to the enemy's heavy barrage of high
explosives, and we also were pounding
the enemy's lines to the north of Basen-
tin-le-Grand and Longueval, where the
very close to our own lines, and bat-
teries were retreating upon the wood-
lands which we gained and held during
the past three days.

This woodland fighting has been as
bad as anything in this war, more terri-
fying than anything I have ever seen.
Dead bodies lie on the ground, and
beneath the trees and in the shell holes
a wounded man, who crawled there to
die.
There is hardly any cover in which
the men may take shelter from the shell
fire. The Germans had dug shallow
trenches, but they were covered up by
our "heavies," and it was difficult to dig
in again because of the roots of the
great trees and fallen timber and masses
of twigs and foliage brought down by
British and German guns.

When our troops went into Trones
Wood under a terrible fire they grabbed
about for some kind of cover without
much success, but some of them had the
luck to strike upon three German dug-
outs which were exceptionally deep and
good. Obviously, they were built some
time ago for officers who, because we
haveaken their second line, may have
thought the Trones Wood a fine dwelling
place, and not too dangerous if they
went underground. They went down
forty feet, and panelled their rooms, and
brought a piano down for musical even-
ings. Further on, at the edge of the
wood, our men found a machine gun em-
placement built solidly of cement and
proof against all shell splinters, and it
was from this place that so many of our
men were shot down, and the enemy's
gunners could be bombed out.
One of the most extraordinary experi-
ences of this woodland fighting was
that of the English boy who now lies
in a field hospital smiling with very
bright eyes, and speaking of his home
world seems to him like Paradise after
an infernal dwelling place.
He went with the first rush of men
into Mametz Wood, but was left far
behind in a dugout when they retired be-
hind the second line, and he was some
German soldiers passed this hole where
the boy lay, and he crouched and flung
a bomb down on the off chance that
English soldiers might be there. It burst
on the lower step, and he was killed by
a boy in the dark corner. He lay there
day listening to the crash of shells
through the trees overhead—English
fired, not daring to come out. Then in
the night he heard the voice of his own
countrymen, and he shouted loudly, but
the English soldiers passed by, and he
thought they were the Germans who
were coming to capture him, and he
dug out and rescued him. He prayed for
them to come, and when they came, cap-
turing the wood completely and finally,
these men rescued him from his hole,
dugout and thinking the Germans might
be hiding there, threw a bomb down, and
the boy was wounded a fourth time.
This time his cries were heard, and the
monotonous repetition of his ill-luck
and the victim of it lies in a white bed
with wonderful shining eyes.

Germans Were Afraid.
German prisoners have stories like this
to tell, for they suffered worst of all
under the fury of bombardment, and the
coming and going of our troops in the
woodland fighting. I spoke with one of
them today, one of the new British
men whose number I reckoned as 800,
just brought down from Basentin-le-
Grand. He was a linguist, having been
an accountant in the North German
Lloyd, and he gave me the choice of con-
versation in French, Italian, Greek or
English. I chose my own language, but
let him do the talking, and standing
there in the barred wire entanglements
and surrounded by hundreds of young Ger-
mans, unshaven, dusty, haggard and war-
worn, but still strong and sturdy men,
he described vividly the horrors of the
woods up by the two Basentins, where
he and his comrades had lain under the
last bombardment. They had but little
cover except with what could be scraped
out beneath the roots of the trees, and
trees crashed on them, smashing the
limbs of men, and shells burst and
buried men in deep pits. The wounded
lay groaning under the great shells
which pinned them to the ground, or in
the opening where other shells were
bursting.

From what I can make out some of
the men retreated across the country be-
tween Basentin and Delville Woods, for
they were not men who were captured
by our cavalry.
"My comrades were afraid," said this
German sergeant. "They cried out to
me that the Indians would kill their
prisoners, and we should die if we sur-
rendered, but I said, 'This is not true,
comrades. It is only a tale. Let us go
forward very quietly with our hands up.'
So in that way we went. The Indian
sergeant closed about us and I spoke
to one of our men for mercy for our
men, and he was very kind and a gen-
tleman, and we surrendered to him safely."

He was glad to be alive, this man who
came from Wiesbaden. He showed me a
portrait of his wife and boy, and cried a
little, saying the German people did not
make the war, but had to fight for their
country when told to fight, like other
men. All his people had believed, he
said, that the war would be over in August
or September.
Over there on the one small village
of Basentin-le-Grand our heavy howitz-
ers had flung an amazing quantity of
shells. On Friday morning the place
was swept almost flat and lying to the
left of its church and houses but reddish
heaps of bricks and dust, twisted iron and
the litter of destruction, yet there were many
Germans living here when the men of
some famous regiments came through in
the dawn with bayonets and bombs.
There was one great cellar underneath
Basentin-le-Grand, large enough to hold
1,500 men, and here, crouching in its
arcades, were some German soldiers, who
met our men and surrendered, and here
also lay many wounded in their blood
and unbandaged, just as they crawled
down from the ground above, where our
shells were falling.

If any man were to draw a picture of
these things or tell them more nakedly
than I have told them, because now is
not the time nor the place, no man or
woman would dare do so in a war's
glory, or even the "splendor of war," or
any of those old lying phrases which
hide the dreadful truth.

CARDIANS NOT
FOUND WANTING

The following letter is from Rev.
Gustav A. Kuhring, chaplain at No. 8
Canadian Stationary Hospital in France:
"Even though we are for the time be-
ing on foreign soil it must needs be that
we remember the land that gave us birth,
our fair Dominion of Canada. If in the
past we have had our hearts swell with
pride, how much more today when the
whole world acclaims the valor of our
sons and daughters tried and tested in
the fire of human affliction we have by
the grace of God, and the aid of our
Dominion Day, July 1, 1916, marks
a distinctive era in our sense of re-
sponsibility for Dominion, and gratitude
for the privilege of yielding our best
for the cause of the progress of the race.
"Life is too serious to waste any
efforts at present in mere pleasant enter-
tainments and so from the good angels
and sisters come the suggestion that we
subscribe first to purchase flowers to
decorate the graves of our Dominion's
heroes who lie in the cemeteries near by.
No. 8 Canadian General Hospital are
allotted St. Martin's cemetery, No. 3 Sta-
tionary Hospital are allotted that at
Wimereux. It was my good fortune to
assist at Wimereux. At 5 a.m. the sisters
of the order, under their perpetual care
the market to secure the best of the
flowers (none too good for our lads).
"It seems as if all nature is in ac-
cord with our work of love and affection.
Flowers, such as grow only in sunny
places, are in full bloom near by. En-
glish, it is in this cemetery that our
young Canadian dead lie buried, whose
graves we decorated today. One is struck
with the great respect and care with
which the French people have taken
these graves, and under their devotion
whether at Wimereux or elsewhere.
Every completed row of graves is put in
order and permanent rose plants are grow-
ing these days. Each grave is distinctly
numbered. Let the mothers of Canada
for their comfort know that France looks
upon their dead as her own and with
that Celtic charity never forgets them.
We place our tribute of love and affec-
tion as we read aloud the names of our
brothers and sisters gone from us and
gave God thanks for their devotion at
the same time commending the bereaved
to the comfort of God, the holy com-
forter. One stone especially claimed our
attention because it bore such witness to
brave hearts. I omit names. Second
Lieutenant D. H. L. B., R. F. A.,
190 Battery, died and nearly be-
lieved son of L. and E. B., died
February 10, 1915, aged 30, "pro patria."

"Speak not he is consecrated,
Breath no breath across his eyes,
Lifted up and separated
On thy hand, Oh God, he lies."
"We turned our faces back to duty
with hearts warmed with affection for
the slain and the bereaved leaving the
fallen in a sure and certain hope of
the resurrection. When the time shall (D.
V.) come for our return from exile to
the land we love surely it will be with
quickened step and loyal hearts to live
for the law of all laws, Canada our home
and native land."
"GUSTAV A. KUHRING,
"Captain and Chaplain,
"No. 8 Canadian Stationary
Hospital, France."

July 1, 1916.

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