

A WORD FOR MOTHERS

It is a grave mistake for mothers to neglect their own health. It is only by keeping in good health that they can best care for their children. It is only by keeping in good health that they can best care for their children. It is only by keeping in good health that they can best care for their children.

THE OBSERVER

Vol. VII. AUGUST 18, 1915 No. 10

A WOODSTOCK BOY WRITES OF BLOODY SKIRMISHING

From the Duchess of Connaught Hospital at Clivedon, England, Corporal Burdette W. Harmon, of Woodstock, (N. B.), who was in the marine and fisheries department at Ottawa, gives complete descriptions of fighting when he was wounded.

It was in that engagement that the 1st Canadian battalion lost 800 of their 250 men and that Corporal Harmon was eight times wounded by a German bomb. The letter, written under date of July 28, to Dr. W. O. Kierstead, of U. N. B., follows:

"I am not such a quixotic hero as the Ottawa papers would have you believe. Let me relate a true story of an attack, and while I try to interest you, I hope to clear my name from the charge of bravado."

"We knew for several days before June 15 that an attack was imminent. The bombardments, while largely spasmodic, had been very destructive because we had some very heavy howitzers hammering away at the enemies' trenches. The night before the attack, part of our company placed two 18-pounders within 150 feet of the German trenches. This was a very clever trick, and the boys who took part in it deserve credit."

"Seven of us were told off to report to Colonel Hill, of the 1st battalion. He talked to us for over an hour, and explained by maps the plan of attack. There were to be five bombing parties, one sapper to be attached to each party. The two remaining were to look for mine leads and cut them. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we fell in with our respective platoons, and marched towards the Duke's Hill. We had to round in and out for a mile and a half, in what was exactly like a deep sewer ditch. At 4.30 p. m. we were in the front trench and prepared to rest until 6—the mine was to go up at 6. At 5.30 the artillery lieutenant in charge of the field gun told us to pull away the sand bag barrier that hid his gun from the Germans. We expected a fusillade of shot as we exposed ourselves in the gradually increased opening. We were agreeably surprised. The move drew a very slight addition of rifle fire."

"That gun began to speak. We were right under the muzzle—what a noise! It was sure ear-splitting. I stood and watched the gunner. Without hat, shirt only, and sleeves rolled up he flung those shells into the breach with marvellous skill. Crouched on bended knees with sweat rolling down his face, he looked to me like a warrior of old. He truly was a hero. He fired

twenty shots, and was blown to pieces by a shell that exploded backwards when he opened the breach. Our grinning of which we were proud, was stark and cold. It was an encouragement at such a time. Some score of German crack-shots with machine guns were within 150 feet."

"Lieut. James spoke calmly. 'Boys, in a minute the mine goes up.' I climbed on the firing platform to be ready for a quick spring up the three step ladder. I called Corporal Talbot in charge of the bombing infantry to come up near me in order that the men might better follow, having his familiar figure as a guide. And now the explosion! Can you imagine it? Three thousand pounds of an explosive, as powerful as nitro-glycerine. Lumps of earth as big as barrels went hundreds of feet in the air. I watched it with childish curiosity. The sun, a crimson red, was setting. The rays glistened in the falling curtain and lit it up so that it looked like many rainbows. Now the Angel of Death began to reap. A large lump beat the man behind me to his knees. Lieut. James falls, killed. Our trench is rocked and buried and some scores of our own men are killed and wounded. The rainbow has no interest. I bend my head each moment expecting to have my brains knocked out."

"At last the sky ceased to rain lumps of earth. We leap for the parapet. I notice that Talbot is beside me and we rush forward. As quick as we were, others were much quicker. The short space between the trenches is already filled with charging Canadians. A few fall as we rush forward. I stop for a second beside the yawning crater and try to estimate its extent. I conjectured it was sixty feet deep, and 200 feet across."

"I ran on and the first German I ran across was a little fellow, about twenty, with his leg shattered. He was in the edge of the crater, high up on the mound. Horror and fear were painted on his face. With a broken leg he could not move, and he pitifully moved his hand to his eyes. I thought of all the vows I had sworn, and I knelt to shoot him. Thank God I did not do it, but ran on. The next sight almost made me laugh. About twenty hands seemed to move from the earth. They did not have time to run down their trench and they waited for our rush with heads up. We stopped to shoot a few who were running through the grass towards their second line."

"Our job was to bomb down the front line trench as far as possible. We ran down the trench for about fifty yards and came across a group of about six infantry with another engineer named Boyle. Boyle was boss and he told us that the lieutenant had told him to stay there. Some of us were chagrined. Our orders were to go down the trench to 'Hell.' Col. Hill's orders surely were more reliable than the commands of a lieutenant. A big, splendid looking sergeant says, 'Come on, who will follow me?' I ran after him, followed by the bunch. Boyle included. He didn't lack spunk, but he thought the word of a lieutenant could not be questioned. We ran down the trench for about one hundred yards. We came across two huge cables about one inch in diameter made of many small wires and the whole insulated. Boyle asks how we are to cut these wire clippers were no good. I told him to get a shovel and put it under the cable. We hammered with another shovel until the wire is almost cut. He goes ahead with that job, and the sergeant, aided by myself and others, build a barricade. Boyle had the cables cut by this time and I asked him to go back for reinforcement. He started back, and in a few minutes about ten men came along."

"We climbed over our barricade and advanced. We must have gone over 100 yards when I noticed that the sergeant and myself were alone. He was ahead and one would think he was hunting deer. We passed dead and dying Germans, but did not stop to look in dugouts. It is risky to pass such places, but we thought them empty and chanced it. The sergeant stopped and seized me by the shoulder. 'Do you see them opposite?' he said. The trench was built

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE



DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

like a snake fence and they were in the opposite angle. I saw several heads and one fellow out of the trench. The sergeant and I started to shoot shoulder to shoulder. We fired about four rounds when I felt a pull and heard a thud. I turned my eyes and saw the sergeant bent forward on his rifle with his head blown off just above the eyes. Blood and brains rolled down his face, and his rifle was stained a bright scarlet from the stock to the muzzle. In a glance I saw that he was dead. I was alone and down the German trench. It did not take me long to decide what to do. I beat it back over dead Germans and around corners, further than any Germans would dare come until I met three of our fellows behind our barricade."

"The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Tweedie passed away on Friday morning."

Prof. Watson to Lecture in Aid of Red Cross

The members of the local Red Cross Society are congratulated on having secured Prof. W. F. Watson, who is spending the summer here, give a lecture to raise money for their work. Prof. Watson, whose special work has been chemistry and biology, and who has gained a high place on the public platform in both north and south, will take for his subject The European War. He has been over practically all the territory that is now the seat of war and is quite familiar with all the towns mentioned in despatches. His discourse is certain to be of high interest and instructive. The lecture will be given in Lyric hall on Monday evening. There will also be some special music and Miss Laura Curtis will render a reading. The event is advertised in another part of this issue.

Rideout—Nevers

A quiet wedding took place at the home of Ernest Alsollizel's, Lincoln, on Thursday, August 12, when her daughter, Wilma Blanche Nevers was united in marriage to Wilford Almon Rideout of Peel. Rev. J. A. Cory officiating. After the wedding supper, Mr. and Mrs. Rideout left on the C. P. R. for St. John on a short trip through Nova Scotia. The bride's going away suit was a tailored suit of navy blue serge with black and white picture hat. They will return to Lincoln for a few days before leaving for Florenceville, where they will reside, the bridegroom being the principal of the Florenceville Consolidated School for the ensuing year.

Centreville May Present a Gun

Committees from the Red Cross Societies along with others met on Friday evening in DeLong & Clarke's commodious store to discuss ways and means to purchase a machine gun. There was a great variety of opinions as to the need of guns and the way to provide the money. The meeting broke up with no definite result all due to the lack of one good organizer among either the men or women. It is hoped this matter will again be taken up when there will be less talk and discussion and some definite work done. The Red Cross societies in this section have been well supported and deserve great credit for the work they have done. They all are willing to ably assist any favorable prospect of buying a machine gun, but they ought not be asked to solicit subscriptions for that purpose which is outside the work of their organization. Let the men get busy and organize, form a line of campaign, and then they will have able assistance from the members of the Red Cross. Do it now! There should be no difficulty in raising \$1000 for a field gun in the parishes of Wicklow and Wilmet and the upper part of Peel.

[The Observer suggests that Wicklow and Wilmet together try for a gun and the upper portion of Peel and Kent provide another.]

Centreville people on Saturday received The Victoria Observer for the first. It compares very favorably with the Hartland paper, the readers of which will be pleased to know that both Observers may be obtained for the price of one—1 per year. It is understood that Mr. Stevens, who is back of both enterprises, is now sending the Victoria paper to all subscribers of the Hartland paper, within the county, who pay in advance. Thus The Observer in reality now comes twice a week.

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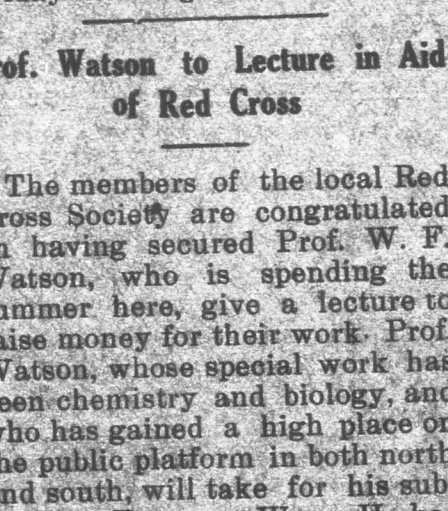
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Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stevens are for the present boarding with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hoyt.

Miss Inman, Miss Mollie Cody's guest, sang a solo in the Methodist church on Sunday afternoon. It was a treat for the congregation.

Miss Fannie West, matron of a Massachusetts hospital, is home for vacation.

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