FORMER BELLEVILLE BOY DESCRIBES GREAT BATTLE

Mr. Harry C. Dickens Writes Vivid Description of the German Warfare by Gas.

The following letter written by Harry C. Dickens, son of Mrs. C. C. Dickens, of this city, is republished from the Winnipeg Free Press. It was written to Mr. D. B. Snider of Winnipeg, who is Harry's uncle. The letter is self-explanatory:—

D. B. Snider, 70 Langside street, has received a letter from his nephew Harry C. Dickens, who left with the 90th last August and has since been in the firing line pretty continuously. The letter says in part: "Dear Uncle and Aunt: I intended writing you (someone has swiped the pen) for several days, but although it is now about six weeks since I got mine at Ypres, we have been unable to get hold of enough writing paper. I suppose you have seen my name in the casualty lists and also the complaint. Well, I expect to go on furlough for a week, starting in tomorrow, and then back to France, and if it is to be my turn to peg out this time I hope it won't be by the gas route. One dose of that is plenty, as you will believe after reading the description of its effects. We certainly had an exciting time, but were lucky to get away with our lives. As you know the gas came over early in the morning of April 22 and we watched the greenish cloud coming over us without the least idea of what it was. Bullets and shells were becoming as natural as our daily rations but this was something altogether new.

"All too soon it was over us and all around us and I couldn't begin to describe the scene. Our eyes began to smart and fill with water and then something went wrong with our breathing apparatus, and we just laid on the ground gasping for our lives. I was too busy with my troubles to notice much, but remember that several of our fellows were clawing holes in the trench with their bare hands and trying to get their faces buried. This all happened in the morning and as the clouds of poison flew over, the Germans came out to attack. We were warned and pulled ourselves together enough to give them another taste of British rapid fire. They seemed surprised that any of us were alive and soon crawled back in their trenches by way of letting us know that they were peeved. They started up their infernal cannons again, but from then until late that night my mind was a blank. So I must have been unconscious. However the sound of heavy rifle fire reminded me of the fact that there was a war on and I realized that our fellows were stubbornly resisting an attack on three sides, while our lonesome machine gun was spitting out death to many an Allémange sausage-eater. So much for the Little Black Devils. My friend, who was in the same condition, and I were helped in the morning to reach the nearest hospital station, where we were well looked after for a while, but very shortly someone shouted the Germans were coming over the hill. Sure enough they were in large numbers, so all we could do was to climb out and crawl slowly over the edge of a hill while shells and bullets swished amongst us like hail. I cannot understand how we ever came through Some of my pals were finished but I never received a scratch except from flying stones. Finally, unable to go any further, my partner and I crawled into a big brick barn where we laid in the straw for 24 hours.

Too Miserable to Care.

"After our battalion, or what was left of it, had been relieved and sent back in reserve, the Germans were all around the barn by now and we expected any minute that some of them would come up to the loft and playfully run their bayonets through us. To tell the truth we felt too weak and miserable to care. However, some stretcher-bearers of the Northumberland Fusiliers took us back to the nearest motor ambulance station, where we were picked up and sent by ambulance, motor bus and train to a hospital at Rouen. And that was how I came to be in Normandy at apple blossom time. From there we were packed off for England in about 10 days via le Havre and across the channel to Southampton, and from there to a hospital in Birmingham and finally to this camp at Eastbourne on the channel coast. We are only two hours' ride from London, so I expect to go there on a furlough. We wear blue uniforms while in camp here and are petted and spoiled by the people here at Eastbourne. One kind American lady who married Lord Paget has rented a big estate next to this camp and is spending $25,000 for the entertainment of patients. Last week 600 of us went to a play at the Pier theatre, sea front, and afterwards to the Crompton estate, where the ladies served us to tea, bread, cakes and entertained us in all manner of games. It is comical the way the lads go for the big husky fellows in civilian clothes, asking them where is their khaki and how they like being a slacker, with a bit of advice on nerve tonic thrown in. You may think that's a bit previous on our part, but several speakers in a concert hall asked us to make them feel as cheap as we could in the belief that such a course would eliminate the necessity of conscription."

Tribute of Respect

The following very appreciative letter was read by Rev. W. T. B. Boyce at the funeral of the late A. H. Carlisle of Smithfield, whose demise we chronicled a few days ago.

Smithfield, August 3rd, 1915.

Dear Brother,

On behalf of the Quarterly Official Board of the Smithfield Circuit and the congregation of the Methodist Church at Smithfield which the late Bro. Carlisle served so faithfully during his life we desire you to read our appreciation of Bro. Carlisle to the friends who may be assembled to to pay their last respects which mankind can pay to fellowmen.

It has been with sincere regret that we have followed the course of the fatal disease which has brought Bro. Carlisle to the "Sunset gate" of this life and ended the career of a very useful and consecrated servant of God.

For several years Bro. Carlisle was the efficient superintendent of the Sunday School at Smithfield, during which time the school prospered under his consecrated management.

He was an Exhorter, licensed by the Quarterly Board and one of his brethren said, "Bro. Carlisle was at all times willing to do his share of the work and could always be relied upon to do his best. He was a man of few words but reliable."

Our Board and congregation at Smithfield feel that we have lost a most consecrated Brother whose presence and help we shall greatly miss.

"But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again."

We desire to expresse to the surviving Brother and Sisters our sincerest sympathy assuring them of our earnest prayers at this time that they may be greatly comforted with the Grace which God supplieth,

"Servant of God, well done,
Thy glorious warfare's past,
The battle's fought, the race is won
And thou art crowned at last."

On behalf of the Smithfield Board and congregation,

Rev. T. H. P. Anderson

Train Pitched Into Cattle

When the nine o'clock C.N.R. train was midway between Trenton and Bayside on Tuesday night, a drove of cattle was struck on the track. One of the animals was killed instantly, being run over and two or three others were thrown bleeding into the ditch with broken legs and other injuries. The train was stopped and it required the help of seven men to extricate the body of the one cow

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In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong. This is evidenced by the following letters which are genuine and truthful:

London, Ont.—"I wish to thank you for the benefit I received by taking your famous medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before my baby was born I was so ill I could not stand long or walk any distance. I had to lie down nearly all the time. After I took your medicine I felt like a new woman. I could work from morning till night and was happy and well. I certainly think it relieves pain at childbirth and recommend it to every woman who is pregnant. You may use this testimonial if you like. It may help some other woman."—Mrs. Frank Corrin, 132 Adelaide St., London, Ont.

Brooklyn, N.Y.—"I was ailing all the time and did not know what the matter was. I wanted a baby but my health would not permit it. I was nervous, my side ached and I was all run down. I heard that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good and took the medicine. I have now a beautiful baby and your Compound has helped me in every way."—Mrs. J. J. Stewart, 299 Humboldt St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE WAR.

As a result of the Patriotic Ward Meetings, fifteen Belleville men have enlisted. As Mr. Porter truly said, "Our young men cannot be cowards." Then why not enlist? One answer is because, like the majority of our Canadian people, they do not understand the stern necessity which exists. Look around us: Do you see any adequate response of native Canadians to the call for men? The people go about their amusements and occupations feeling confident that the immense powers of the Allies must necessarily be victorious. It is true that the allies have swept the ocean clear of the German ships. It is true the navy has bottled up the Germans in the Kiel canal. That they have overcome fearful obstacles in the Dardanelles, but have many more to overcome. That these small armies have in the West, defeated the German plans and have exhibited astonishing prowness in holding in a dead-lock the immense hoards of Germany. But the time has arrived when we must recognize that the future destiny of the world hangs trembling in the balance. We must not hysterically, but calmly and honestly look at the present aspect of the war and endeavour to see what is before us. The affidavit recently made by an army expert states that the German and Austrian armies number together sixteen millions, without counting the millions of Turks. We have no reason to doubt the truth of that sworn statement. How has this result been obtained? The answer is by conscription. Every country in the world but Great Britain and the United States has conscription. Without it, it is feared, Great Britain cannot raise the necessary troops. They have at immense cost taken the registry in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales in order to discover how many men are eligible for the army. A black lined head in yesterday's issue of the Star states that Lord Kitchener and Mr. Asquith have been for several days in consultation, evidently upon conscription. That the young men of Canada will not respond to the call in sufficient numbers seems certain. We may as well prepare for conscription, as it will certainly come. Kipling points out in glowing language, how unfair the voluntary system is. The very best men of the nation volunteers. The shirkers, the cowards, the men who hang back to fill the places made vacant by our noble, patriotic young men, will not enlist. The result of our efforts in Belleville prove this to be true. I know every loyal heart shrinks at the un-English idea of conscription. Bitter as the dose is, it must be swallowed.

Now it may be asked by those who are eligible and should enlist, and do not, Why is conscription necessary? The answer may be found by taking a glance at the present aspect of the war. Let us face the facts. Russia cannot take the offensive for months as she has lost one million and a half in sixty days. If she can save her army, she will do well. Probably the Teutons will now crush and Germanize poor Servia and Montenegro, which of course (as Russia cannot upset them) they can easily do. Germany will say to Roumania and Bulgaria "join us." If you do so, we will give to each of you the territory you have so long desired. You must turn in your armies to our support. If you will not do so, we will crush you. What can these nations do, but join Germany and Austria? Suppose they do not, or suppose Rumania refuses and Bulgaria consents. The result will be that Rumania will be crushed and handed over to her enemy, Bulgaria. Supposing that either by negotiations or by force that the Germans acquire the immense Balkan Provinces, they will have almost all of Europe. What can prevent this happening? Apparently nothing, save the help what might come from Japan, as the allies must keep their forces in the west. If our ally, Japan, would enter this war, it would be the grandest thing which could possibly happen. If she, does not, the Allies must necessarily stand the sweep of the combined armies of Germany and Austria.

Italy has her hands full, on her own account. Where can the Allies look for help but to Japan? For those reasons conscription must come, and without loss of time.

Baden Powell has stated that the war will end in 1935—God grant that he is mistaken. At the fearful rate of fifteen millions per day which must increase, rather than diminish, the world would be bankrupt long before that period. Many abstruse calculations have been made as to the financial position of Germany. Considering her loss of trade, her alienation from the support of other nations, it is disclosed that she must shortly become bankrupt, as her financiers, it is said, have informed the Kaiser. This may be true, but considering the fact that the people of Germany and Austria know that it must be a fight to a finish, everything having value will be thrown into the melting pot. Let us dismiss at once the cherished bogey, that Germany can be starved into submission. Evidence has accumulated showing the utter absurdity of such an idea. Take the unquestioned fact alone, that Germany and Austria have at least from two to three millions of prisoners, many of whom are employed in her arsenals and fields. These must be starved before the Germans and Austrians starve Take Belgium, North France, Poland and East Prussia, the natives of these countries must starve before the Germans and Austrians will do so.

Unquestionably Germany's commerce is ruined. She cannot openly trade with other countries, owing to the English embargo; but the starvation theory will not work out satisfactorily. At the present time, strange as it may appear, food is cheaper in Germany than in England, but dearer in Hungary. It is wise to be neither optimistic nor pessimistic. Face the music we must, and will. Win at any cost, we must and shall; but to do so, we must have the requisite men and explosives. Young men of Belleville, **Enlist now**. Do not let us have the shame of conscription fastened upon our beloved Canada.

Lord Kitchener says, "In every man's life, there is one supreme hour toward which all earlier experience moves, and from which all future results may be reckoned. For every individual Briton, as well as for our national existence, **that solemn hour is now striking. Let us take heed to the great opportunity it offers, and which most assuredly we must grasp now and at once, or never.**"

Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, says, "I say plainly, that if we do not do more in the future than we have done in the past, we are going to be beaten."

I am, Yours,
John J. B. Flint.

Auto Speeding

Some 37 auto owners, including four or five from Markham, got blue papers to appear before Police Magistrate Syme at Stouffville on the 17, charged with exceeding the speed limit (15 miles) in Stouffville on the Sunday and Monday prevoius. Most of the ou-of town autoists settled outo f court, the majority of those who fought it out winning their cases. No doubt there was some speeding, but the trouble is some county constables, knowing that the average man will rather pay a small fine than go to the expense and trouble of fighting the case, even if innocent, lay charges indiscriminately on the chance of the case being settled out of the court. The constable is too often after the fees, not after the law breakers. The Stouffville charges were all laid by two county constables who came out from Toronto on the speculatoin of making a haul—and they did.

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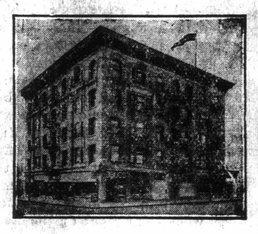

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THE WRECKED ALEXANDRIA

The scene at the foot of Scarboro Cliffs, opposite the wrecked freighter Alexandria, brought back to mind the old days of smuggling. Bare-legged men and boys with bags on their backs and life belts across their breasts, wended their way across the shore line covered with wreckage to paths up the cliff sides, which they knew best. Several naked forms were climbing in and out of the windows. There was no regular bathing suit used at all.

The boat is a complete wreck. It is doubtful if anything can be saved except the old beam engines. She is lying in about five feet of water. The side of the boat facing the lake is completely open, and timbers hang in hopeless wreckage. The stern half of the boat has settled completely. and even the shore side of the boat is all open, showing the interior. The wreckage strews the coastline for miles.

Thousands have visited the scene of the wreck both by radial car and boat and very few have failed to take away some relic of the wreck, whether it was merely a piece of cork or reached the proportions of a sugar barrel. A persistent stream of the curious and thrifty went back and forth from the Bluffs bearing trophies of every conceivable nature.

The Alexandra, with her bow and stern gone, broken in the centre, and open fore and aft on both sides, looks more like a mass of painted debris than a lake steamer. Only the row of cabin window holes, the projecting rock-arm, the barely discernible funnel, and the bold letters Alexandria squarely facing the cliffs, remind you that she once sailed the lakes.

The value of the cargo and vessel, in their hopelessly damaged condition hardly seems to warrant the work of salvage. Nearly everything of any value above the water-line, with the exception of the iron-work, has been taken, and the miscellaneous cargo in the hold, of which the greater part is sugar, is of a perishable nature and is soaked with water.

The hull of the vessel of course is useless, but there is a possibility that the engines may be taken out successfully.

The work of salvage will not be done by the company, however as they have abandoned the steamer to the underwriters. The vessel was insured for $75.000 in thirty different companies in America and England.

The underwriters for these companies are: Wilcox, Peck and Hughes of Buffalo and Johnson and Higgins of New York.

Capt. Bloomfield and his crew, who were miracuously saved from the Alexandria were sent by train to Sorel, Quebec, where they took charge of the steamer Belleville, another freighter of the Canada Steamship Lines, which has been laid up all summer at that city. All the members of the crew will be given berths on the Belleville.

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL

Oney Thompson, Discharged Soldier Faces Very Serious Charge.

Oney Thompson, who was taken from Barriefield camp on Saturday and brought before Justices of the Peace Hunter and Allison during the afternoon, was sent up for trial and will likely get a hearing this week by Judge Lavell. The prisoner is arraigned on a serious charge, the second offence in about two weeks and if he is found guilty may get a long sentence. He was taken from the camp as a disgraced and discharged soldier, and all are much incensed over the man's crime. One soldier stated that if he had been left in the camp over night serious trouble might have resulted.—Kingston Standard.

Mr. and Mrs. Tetley Blackburn, of Belleville, Ont., announce the engagement of their second daughter, Frances Josephine, to Mr. J. Charles Day, B.Sc., of Montreal, P. Q. Marriage to take place early in September.