

WE MORE WHEN WE WILL PUT ON FINISHING TOUCHES

Private Jack Cameron With Brother Killed, Fighting Gamely for King and Country

Has Thrilling Story of Charge of 26th in Which, He Writes, Whole of "A" Company Supported Noble Party of Thirty—Twice as Many Germans Killed in the Last Two Months Than in Whole War—Dr. MacDonald Writes of Ministration to Wounded—26th Officers Pay Tribute to Their Fallen Men.

"We have killed and wounded more Germans on the British front during the last two months than during the whole war. Now, if some more fellows come, we will put the finishing touches to them."

The above is an extract from a letter written by Private Jack D. Cameron, of the 26th, formerly of Lepreau, to Miss Minnie Gagey, of East St. John. His brother, Hector Cameron, was killed in April.

Private Cameron told that the boys like the action and that those on the firing line are sure that fellows in St. John who have not yet enlisted would gladly shoulder a gun if they realized the fine chance offered at the front for excitement and good sport.

"The king would have been glad if he had seen thirty of our men bombard a whole company of Germans till the Huns broke and ran"—this is Cameron's word picture of the heroic charge by the 26th bombing party.

"There are not many left of this thirty, but they are all heroes, every one of them. 'A' Company finished the job with the aid of their machine gun and not a man hesitated. We are checking the Germans pretty well now. We are putting the shells to them night and day."

"Bullets Faster Than Rain"

In the last letter which he sent to his wife, Private George South, who fell in the charge of the gallant thirty members of the 26th October 13, wrote of a

I visited not long since a couple of towns on our side of the trenches which were made the objects of German hate. The one nearest to us is a Belgian village, whose parish church occupied a commanding position overlooking the enemy's front. The Hun conceived the idea, it is believed, that we were using the church tower as an observation post. At all events, the fine old structure became a target for his artillery, and he shelled it till the whole edifice became a mass of ruins, and many other buildings suffered a like fate. The guard, who was exceedingly solicitous that I should not lose too much time in getting out of harm's way, informed me that in the bombardment a score or more of lives were lost and that a priest was blown to atoms by a shell which exploded in front of the church. All that could be found to identify him was a fragment of clothing, afterwards discovered in the branches of a tree. Shell holes, some of which are twenty feet or more in diameter, still remain on the square and in the gardens to tell the tragic story of vernal wantonness.

A Canadian chaplain showed me a French Bible which he picked up from the ruins. You will be interested to know that it bears the impress of the British and Foreign Bible Society and was in a remarkably good state of preservation. I was too late in my visits to obtain any relics of value, though I did carry away a few small articles which somebody keener on these kinds of souvenirs than I may appreciate some day. I also visited a French city which of late is being treated in a similar way. Before the town had a population of 80,000 and it bears the marks of a prosperous and up-to-date city. For two or three weeks it was shelled every day. The afternoon I was there several "coal boxes" were thrown in and a number of fatalities occurred. Of course the place is damaged and demoralized. But the thing that surprised me was the way in which business was carried on. The people whom I saw in the stores and on the streets were cheerful and unperturbed. Though many buildings stood with gaping holes in their roofs and a number of stores were closed, in other places business seemed to go on as if there was no war. In the stores I found displayed articles of taste and luxury, while the same effort was manifested to cater to the purchaser as is made in any other city.

They were apparently undisturbed by the thought that a big shell at any moment might come crashing through the roof. But it is only fair to surmise that these people are much like ourselves and that behind their placid exterior there is a great deal of anxiety and grief. Another thing that continues to surprise me in all the area is the way in which the farmers carry on their operations. Much of the available field space all along the line at a safe distance behind the reserve trenches and as much as possible is sown with crops. The sowing is done in the usual way, and the farmers and citizens generally are scrupulously respected. By the cultivated fields you frequently see the signs of a busy life. The men are working, and strange as it may seem, these prohibitions are seldom disregarded. But to return to the bombardment, let me say that all this ruthless shelling is accomplishing no military end. The "Boches" persist in the hope that by adopting these haphazard measures they would terrify the inhabitants and drive them to sue for peace. But they surely have no understanding of the temper of the people of this country, for after every fresh assault they are more determined than ever to fight this war to a finish at whatever cost.

Heroic Staff

The patients who pass through our hands are, with few exceptions, the stuff that heroes are made of. Some of them suffer a good deal, but as a rule they minimize their pain, and manifestly they do. It does one's heart good to hear a chap in speaking of his own case say, "I got off lucky; I didn't get hit nearly as bad as poor old Bill. I feel so sorry for him."

You would think to enter a ward in the morning that you were visiting members of a Sunnyside Club. Of course there are a some who stick to show their optimism, but they are patient and uncomplaining and only sorry that they are out of the fight. Even in the ambulance they sometimes cheer each other

then sets to work to make himself as comfortable as these conditions will allow.

German Hate

I visited not long since a couple of towns on our side of the trenches which were made the objects of German hate. The one nearest to us is a Belgian village, whose parish church occupied a commanding position overlooking the enemy's front. The Hun conceived the idea, it is believed, that we were using the church tower as an observation post. At all events, the fine old structure became a target for his artillery, and he shelled it till the whole edifice became a mass of ruins, and many other buildings suffered a like fate. The guard, who was exceedingly solicitous that I should not lose too much time in getting out of harm's way, informed me that in the bombardment a score or more of lives were lost and that a priest was blown to atoms by a shell which exploded in front of the church. All that could be found to identify him was a fragment of clothing, afterwards discovered in the branches of a tree. Shell holes, some of which are twenty feet or more in diameter, still remain on the square and in the gardens to tell the tragic story of vernal wantonness.

Private W. J. Coholan, who was wounded at Ypres, writing to his mother, Mrs. Patrick Coholan, who resides in the North End, told that he was still in the hospital at Boulogne on Oct. 3 but that he was quite well and expected to be sent to England, fully recovered, in six or eight weeks. He wrote that he was receiving splendid treatment.

Writing from somewhere in France, to the Maritime Baptist this week, Rev. J. A. MacDonald, D.D., now chaplain to the Field Ambulance, 2nd division, gives an interesting sketch of life at the front with the Canadians:

"Since writing last week our ambulance corps was called upon to change its location, and our camp is now situated in another Belgian village, some distance north and about a thousand yards nearer the trenches. We find ourselves in similar conditions to those of our late quarters, only that here a larger number of casualties are daily brought to us. In fact we are now more of a field dressing station than a hospital. We are having all the way from twenty to forty patients pass through our hands per day, and after rendering the necessary aid we send them on to the casualty clearing and other institutions which have ample accommodations and a larger staff of surgeons and nurses. One section of our corps has gone to take charge of an officers' rest, a few kilometres to our rear, on the French side of the border. A beautiful old chateau, with spacious grounds, has been donated for this purpose and forms an ideal place for convalescents who do not mind the sound of the guns. The village school has again fallen to the lot of our inheritance and most of our men are now fortunate enough to sleep with some kind of a roof over their heads. I am billeted in a kitchen with my stretcher on the floor. The family, a small one, carry on their work just as usual and don't mind me, and I come and go and sleep and wake without minding them. Yesterday three officers of an engineering corps came to our door begging for a place to cook their meals for the few days they would be out of the trenches. The good frau and I took them in. We manage to find room for them by pushing my sleeping bag a little closer to the wall, and affecting a few other makeshifts. One does not feel uncomfortable so long as he gets the best quarters there are to be found. A soldier soon learns to accommodate himself to conditions and

Three Carleton Brothers in War



WALTER JOYCE

The call of duty has been ably responded to by the Joyce family of West St. John, three sons of Michael Joyce of 293 Gullford street having donned the king's uniform in different units for service overseas. All are capable, popular young men, who have made considerable sacrifice for the honor of home and empire.

MICHAEL J. JOYCE

VINCENT M. JOYCE

Vincent M. was the first to join. He is now in France, one of the many thousands of Canadians "doing their bit" on the firing line. Michael J. and Walter J. have joined the colors. The latter is at Sussex with the 104th, while Michael is on Partridge Island with the siege battery, and both are in hopes of having a family reunion in France, when they cross for active service, with their other brother, Vincent.

LIEUT. F. M. SMITH



I was standing between two wounded chaps the other night on my way home. We were driving very slowly on account of the darkness and uncertainty of the roads, when one who was wounded early in the day began to plead for a sip of water. I kept encouraging him by telling him we would soon be home. At length the other lad took a hand at the cheering business and talked to his companion in a most encouraging way. I imagine his own mother had sometime talked to him in the days of childhood when his finger had or his leg was bruised.

Snipers and Nerves.

The civilian snipers still continue to menace our troops. Since I sat down to write our ambulance was called out to bring in a victim of this meanest type of manhood. One of our boys was carrying a message across a quiet field when he was struck from behind without warning. Fortunately he was able to empty his rifle and thus attracted the attention of a passing squad of soldiers. The only time I want to carry arms and be a combatant is when I hear that a sniper is abroad.

The most trying cases with which we have to do, from a medical point of view, are those whose nerves have gone bad. Last night we brought an officer from the trenches whose nerves were all to pieces. I sat by him in the car and he clung to me like a timid child in the dark. He is an brave and faithful an officer as you could find anywhere, but he has reached the place where he can no longer stand the nervous strain of active warfare. He is one of a number of cases I have already seen. He will no doubt be able in the course of a few months to do good service in a training camp, but until then he should be regarded as nervous weakness should never be permitted to come into the firing line.

The Business of War.

"Like it?" do you ask? So far, yes. There is a lot of the picnic about it as well as somewhat of shambles. We are beyond the stage where we mind if our clothes are soiled and if the tea gets mixed with sugar and floats around on top of your coffee. Files are beyond the stage where swatting counts. We are all in the best of spirits. We think I am a little better off than most, but I am not among us who desire to see another war. The closer they get to it and the more they see of it the more they all hate it. It seems so inadequate and altogether unreasonable that might should make right or that moral right has to indicate itself by physical might. The business of war gives our men no pleasure in itself. Every man, however, takes pride in the work he is doing. Personally I take an increasing interest in my work because it is a rare privilege to serve my kind and because in coming here I feel I have followed the best call of duty, and for that reason, I like to do my very best.

"It is good to be out where the fight is on." To stand where the heaviest guns are long. In the fight for man and God. O, it chills the heart and it dries the brain. And it strikes the arm till your friend is pain. In the fight for man and God. But it's good to be out where the fight is on."

This perhaps may be strange doctrine to some who read it, but like all other doctrine, which involves faith and service, it needs to be demonstrated by actual experience in order to know its painful and blessed truth.

5th Field Ambulance, British Expeditionary Force.

Lieut. F. Morton Smith, son of R. Morton Smith, who was wounded in the arm at Hill 70 during the great drive at the end of September, returned to his native city Monday to remain for five weeks before going back to the firing line. He was in Oxford at Exeter College as a Rhodes scholar when war broke out, and like about 2,000 of the students of the ancient university he trained with the officers' corps there before applying for a commission in the Imperial army. He had taken a course at the R. M. C. and was one of the King Edward Horse, a regiment that has proved itself of immense good in line with the British regulars. He got a commission in the York and Lancashire regiment and was in several of the training camps in England before being sent to France.

Lieut. Smith is bound not to disclose for the present perhaps the most interesting parts of his story while soldiering as it is one of the conditions of an officer's furlough. He says, however, rather laconically, that while his regiment was at Hill 70 which was well on the right of the British lines, after a terrific bombardment of the German lines that lasted for hours, the order to charge came. He and other officers carried a rifle, but as he was going through a wood with the Germans "on the run" he saw a sniper take aim at him from behind a tree, and at almost point blank range of thirty yards. The bullet struck the flesh of the upper arm and passed out at the elbow. He at once, though wounded, shot the sniper through the head. It was some time before Lieut. Smith could have his own wound seen to at the field dressing station, and he was then sent back to Rouen where there is a large English hospital. From there he was sent to London and came on to Canada landing from the Scandinavian at Quebec. He could not remember much of the subsequent affairs as he suffered somewhat from gas poisoning from a shell.

"I can only say," he added to a Telegraph man last night, "that no troops are more appreciated by the British army officers and men than the Canadians." Lieut. Smith spoke as one who hardly could distinguish between the generosity of the officers who said these things and the real compliment.

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An Officer's Tribute.

Mrs. Charles Reid of Fairville, has received the following letter from Lieut. F. M. Smith, of the 26th Battalion, in which he pays a glowing tribute to her brother, Robert Keenan, who was recently killed while in action. The letter is as follows:

"Bob was in the forefront of the bombers that led the rush to the dense cloud of smoke hid everything from view excepting where here and there a swirl of air would reveal the hurrying, moving forms, while all the time the air was alive with rifle and machine gun bullets, shrapnel, shells and bombs of all descriptions. The turmoil and din was terrible. Our men occupied the crater, but evacuated it just before the Germans blew it up. All through this our men and the Germans were hurling bombs at a few yards distance from each other. The men near Keenan say that his bearing throughout was magnificent. He was hit just as the signal for a retirement came and he dropped just outside the crater, dead. Our men brought in most of the wounded, but had to leave the dead so terrible was the continual fire kept up on this spot. However, under cover of darkness those bodies lying outside the parapet were brought in, Bob among the number. From his wound he must have been killed instantly, and so suffered absolutely by no pain."

His personal values are now in possession of our Regimental Sergeant-Major R. S. Edwards, and will be forwarded to you in due course.

Bob's body now rests in a little grave-

the hospital but his wound is not serious and he will recover all right. Will One Get V. C.

A letter dated October 16, received by Mrs. Amelia Linton, of Main street, Fairville, from her son, Kenneth, of the 26th Battalion, contained much news of interest to local people. It was in part as follows: "We have just come out of the trenches for a rest. I am feeling fine, though we were in there for six days. Things went well until the day before we came out. Our artillery began a bombardment of the enemy's trenches and kept at it for an hour and a half or more, after which the Germans started to reply upon our trenches. How some of us came out alive I do not know. There were shrapnel and shells of every description.

"All we could do was to lie flat in the trenches. I was nearly buried with mud, once or twice, and had four narrow escapes. It seems as if somebody a few steps ahead of me had gotten it every time. We had about fifty-one casualties, killed and wounded. I saw some awful sights that day, but the 26th won a name for themselves. When the people of St. John read of the work of our boys on that day, it should make them sit up a bit. They will find it is no longer a moving picture battalion, as some of them described it.

"One of our men went out under heavy fire and rescued some lads who were wounded and lying between our trenches and those of the enemy. He was recommended for the V. C. General Turner, our divisional commander, was well pleased with the work he did."

The Charge Described.

The Halifax Recorder says:—In a letter received at his home, on Saturday, Sergeant-Major Roy Edwards, of the 26th New Brunswick Regiment, refers interestingly to several Halifax boys now in France. Speaking of Private Maurice McPhee, a Halifax boy, with the 26th New Brunswick, and killed in action, Oct. 18th, Sgt. Major Edwards gives the following graphic description of the circumstances under which he met his fate:

"Another day gone, and now to tell you that Maurice McPhee was killed this afternoon. We were ordered to clear out a crater from which the Germans had been bothering us a lot. It was well known that the task of clearing the Germans out of that position would be very dangerous so volunteers were called for, and the whole regiment stepped forward. It was, however, decided that only a limited number of men could be used to advantage, and out of the thousand who offered, the required number of us were selected. We were then frankly told that there were poor chances of winning through but not a man faltered. The chosen ones just tightened their belts, and then came the word 'go' and with a rush we broke over and headed for that crater that was pouring a storm of bullets across the open ground. Suffice it to say now of the encounter we drove our charge home and captured the crater, but at a heavy cost, our losses in the few minutes it took to reach the crater, and drive out the Germans being 28 killed outright and 90 more or less wounded. One of the killed was gallant Maurice McPhee, as brave a lad as ever fought for the old flag. Tell his friends in Halifax that he died a man's death, as did our other 24 comrades who crossed the Big Div in those few minutes of bloody war."

"In that desperate rush and the rough house work at the crater, we lost some of the best men in our regiment, but the boys of the 26th are game and ready to repeat as long as a man is left alive."

A letter received by Mrs. Edith Gabriel, Canon street, city, from Capt. A. McMillan, of the 26th Battalion, confirming the news of the death of her son, Private Robert E., on Oct. 13.

Vincent Kelly of Duke street, West St. John, has joined the 104th battalion. He is the third of Mrs. Annie Kelly, Magazine street, to join the colors. Two sons, Fred and Wilfred, are at the front with the Army Service Corps.

Gunner George Thomas Stone, of the 5th Monition Battery, son of G. A. Stone, I. C. R. locomotive engineer, 182 High street, has been promoted, and "given his stripes." He is now bombardier Stone, of Anderson's Battery.

Henry J. Chapman, a former Memramcook boy and son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. J. Chapman, now of Sunny Brae, who enlisted in May in the 44th Battalion at Portage in Prairie, is now in England.

Lieutenant John W. Price, Lewisville, has been appointed to the staff of the 4th Siege Battery, St. John. Mr. Price originally offered for overseas service with the 8th Battery.

LLOYD GEORGE'S AGENT UNDERGOES OPERATION ON JAW IN NEW YORK.

New York, Nov. 5.—D. A. Thomas, the wealthy Welsh coal mine owner, who has been in the United States and Canada several months as agent for David Lloyd George, British minister of munitions, was operated upon today for the removal of some of the bone of his jaw. The operation was reported to have been entirely successful, and Mr. Thomas is in good condition.

Mr. Thomas and his daughter were passengers on the steamship Lusitania when that vessel was torpedoed, and sank off the Irish coast.

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Stirring Speech by Mr. Asquith

Germans Have Not Gained Foot in West Since April — Allies to Save Serbia — Many War Questions Covered

London, Nov. 2.—In his address before the house of commons this afternoon, Premier Asquith stated that Field Marshal Sir John French, commander-in-chief of the British forces, on the Franco-Belgian front, was now in command of nearly 1,000,000 men.

Mr. Asquith said the total casualties in France and Flanders amounted to 377,000. He asserted the Germans had not made a net gain of a foot of ground since April.

The premier accepted his full share of responsibility for the first attack on the Dardanelles, which resulted in failure, with the loss of several capital ships. He said this attack was made after full investigation and consultation with naval experts, and that it was sanctioned by the government, notwithstanding some doubts in the minds of the government's principal naval advisers.

SERBIA'S INDEPENDENCE MAINTAINED

Reviewing the work of the British submarines in the Turkish campaign, the premier said that in the Sea of Marmora they had sunk or damaged two battleships, five gunboats, one torpedo boat, eight transports and 197 supply ships.

Great Britain and France to maintain the independence of Serbia and not let her "become the prey of the sinister and nefarious combination of Germany, Austria and Bulgaria."

The premier asserted the financial situation of Great Britain was serious and that the nation must be prepared to make far greater sacrifices than it had yet done, to enable it to sustain the burden imposed by the war.

The premier added, however, that the war must be won, and that rather than not win he would have no hesitation about making fresh proposals to the house involving some sort of legal obligation.

Mr. Asquith asserted he was confident as ever that the Allies were going to carry their righteous cause to a triumphant issue; and he was not going to shift the burden from his shoulders until satisfied he was unable to bear it. He would not surrender the task so long as he enjoyed health and the confidence of the king and the country.

The announcement was made by Premier Asquith that former Premier Venizelos of Greece whose advocacy of intervention in the war on the side of the Entente Allies led to his resignation, asked France and Great Britain on September 21, for 150,000 men, with the express understanding that Greece would mobilize.

In referring to the situation at the Dardanelles, Mr. Asquith pointed out that the Allied forces were holding 200,000 Turks an added:

"The situation in the Dardanelles is receiving the most anxious consideration of the government, not as an isolated thing, but as part of the larger strategical question raised by reason of developments in the Balkans."

Sir Edward Carson Advises Small Body.

Sir Edward Carson, who resigned last month as attorney-general, addressed the house of commons today, following the speech of Premier Asquith. He said that, in his opinion, the cabinet, however useful in times of peace, was an organization and machine utterly incapable of carrying on the war under present conditions.

It was his preference that the premier should cut down the cabinet to five or six men who would take the whole burden of responsibility.

Sir F. E. Smith New Attorney-General.

Sir Frederick Edward Smith, who has been solicitor-general, has been appointed to succeed Sir Edward Carson as attorney-general, Premier Asquith announced today.

John Redmond, the Nationalist leader, declared that the attacks upon the premier and the persistent pessimism of a portion of the press had had no weight in Ireland, and that the proposal which Mr. Asquith had made with reference to the cabinet was one which, in his opinion, would, for the time being, at any rate, silence "the wreckers."

Ottawa, Nov. 5.—Col. Sir Max Aitken,

official Canadian eye-witness at the front, has cabled the minister of militia for authority to raise a New Brunswick battalion or else to be given a commission in one of the battalions from that province. Other offers to raise battalions, announced today, are from George H. Bradbury, M. P., of Selkirk; Glen Campbell, ex-M. P., and Major Allen, of Truro (N. S.). The 100th of Winnipeg will enlist a second battalion and the 84th a depot cavalry regiment.

Lieut.-Col. Ryan Court Martialled.

The minister of militia today stated that he had no official details of the court martialing of Lieut.-Col. Ryan, of the 6th Mounted Rifles, but that he had heard that on one occasion in France the officer had over-indulged.

The minister paid high tribute to his services in South Africa, particularly at Lillfontein.

Lieut.-Col. Ryan is from Kentville (N. S.), and the 6th Mounted Rifles is purely a maritime regiment with two squadrons from New Brunswick and one from Nova Scotia.

AGENTS V

RELIABLE represent meet the tremen fruit trees throughout at present. We wish four good men to re and general charges in taken in the fruit-g New Brunswick offer opportunities for men offer a permanent p pay to the right men. ton, Toronto, Ont.

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BIRT

HUNTER—To Mrs. Hunter, Sault-Ste-M daughter, Nov. 3, 1915

MARRIA

GAMBLEN-SHARP, 8 at 21 Rebecca street, Coody, John Seymour Co. Ltd., Marven Sharp, county.

STENTIFORD-WA Cathedral of the Immac on the morning of the Rev. Wm. J. Duke, Perry's Point (N. B.), ford, of this city.

DEATH

NORDSTROM—At dence, 7 Carleton street, Freddie, aged nine year, sick and Jennie Nordst, four brothers, mourn.

ALLAN—At Los A Oct. 27, Sadie J. Allan S. Allan, in the 61st year. LETHBY—At Ha in France, E., w Lethby, aged 91 year.

BARRY—In this cit Robert Barry, leaving daughter, one brother to mourn.

ROSE—At Sussex, Sarah Rose, widow, ing one daughter and mourn.

HUBBARD—At Ma county, on the 3rd inst, ridge Hubbard, eldest S. D. W. Hubbard, in his age.

IN MEMO

In tender and lov Arthur Wellesley Gow away November 5, 19 Fresh in our hearts th Yet still our grief is Each passing year bu The day we'll part no

NEAR ANOTH

HUNTING

Harvey Station, Nov son, of the Rear Sett narrow escape from de tomorrow while hunting party with three other seems that they locate took refuge in a thick near the Dead brook. It surrounded the dea bolt for liberty, com some of the hunters on it. Mr. Wilson ha on the line of fire and through his arm near t Dougan, who dressed that the lion was not a short time, but if the three inches near he have been fatal.